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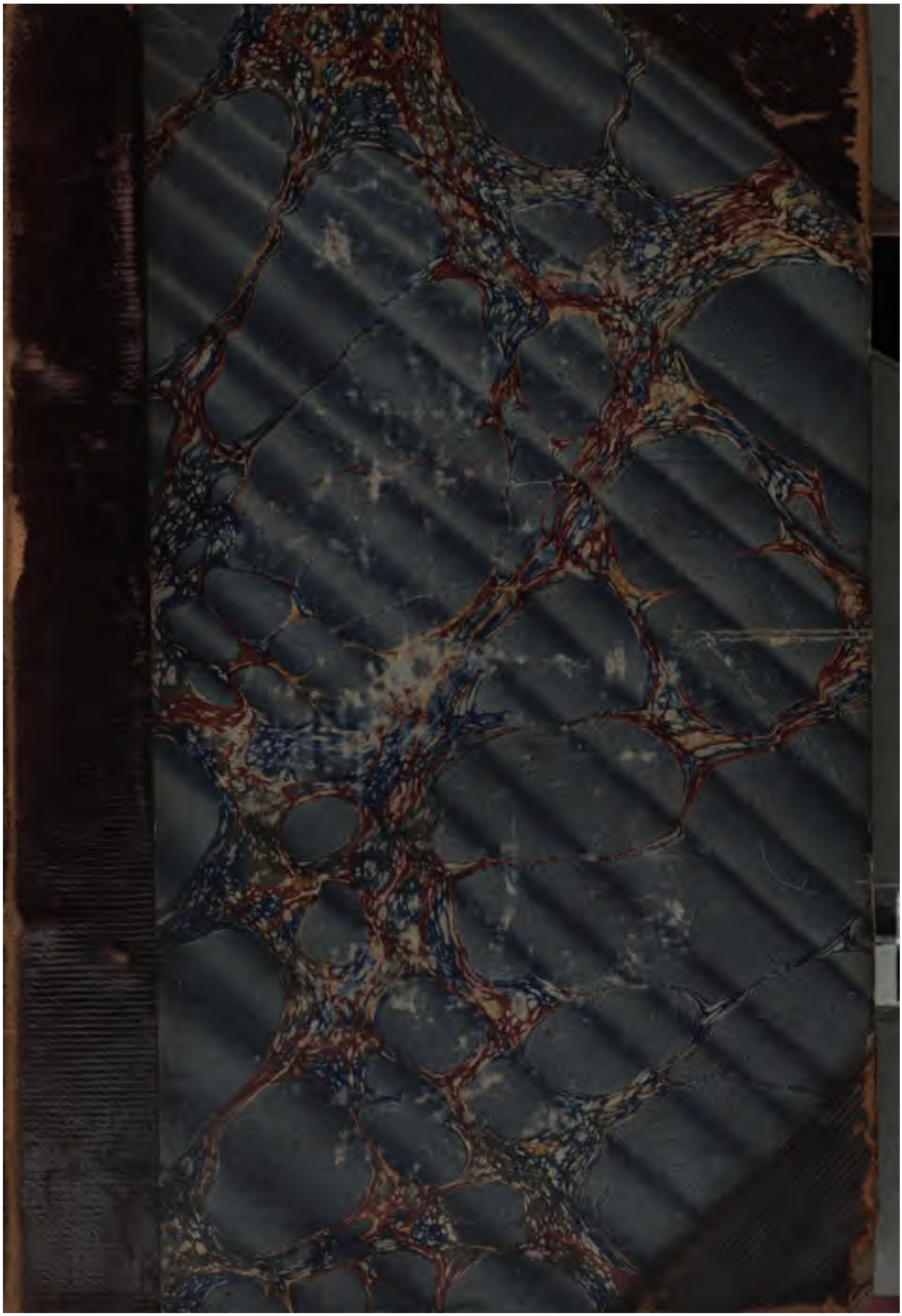

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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

An Illustrated Magazine.

EDITED BY GEORGE STEWART, JR.

VOLUME I.
FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1878.

TORONTO:
ROSE-BELFORD PUBLISHING CO.
1878.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, by the ROSE-BELFORD PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

PRINTED BY HUNTER, ROSE & CO.,
TORONTO.

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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JULY, 1878.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL:

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

THE FIRST PART.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1860, the reputation of Doctor Wybrow as a London physician reached its highest point. It was reported on good authority that he was in receipt of one of the largest incomes derived from the practice of medicine in modern times.

One afternoon, towards the close of the London season, the Doctor had just taken his luncheon after a specially hard morning's work in his consulting-room, and with a formidable list of visits to patients at their own houses to fill up the rest of his day—when the servant announced that a lady wished to speak to him.

'Who is she?' the Doctor asked. 'A stranger?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I see no strangers out of consulting-hours. Tell her what the hours are, and send her away.'

'I have told her, sir.'

'Well?'

'And she won't go.'

'Won't go?' The Doctor smiled as he repeated the words. He was a humourist in his way; and there was an absurd side to the situation which rather amused him. 'Has this obstinate lady given you her name?' he inquired.

'No, sir. She refused to give any name—she said she wouldn't keep you five minutes, and the matter was too important to wait till to-morrow. There she is in the consulting-room; and how to get her out again is more than I know.'

Doctor Wybrow considered for a moment. His knowledge of women (professionally speaking) rested on the ripe experience of more than thirty years: he had met with them in all their varieties—especially the variety which knows nothing of the value of time, and never hesitates at sheltering itself behind the privileges of its sex. A glance at his watch informed him that he must soon begin his rounds

among the patients who were waiting for him at their own houses. He decided forthwith on taking the only wise course that was open under the circumstances. In other words, he decided on taking to flight.

'Is the carriage at the door?' he asked.

'Yes, sir.'

'Very well. Open the house-door for me without making any noise, and leave the lady in undisturbed possession of the consulting-room. When she gets tired of waiting, you know what to tell her. If she asks when I am expected to return, say that I dine at my club, and spend the evening at the theatre. Now then, softly, Thomas! If your shoes creak, I am a lost man.'

He noiselessly led the way into the hall, followed by the servant on tip-toe.

Did the lady in the consulting-room suspect him? or did Thomas's shoes creak, and was her sense of hearing unusually keen? Whatever the explanation may be, the event that actually happened was beyond all doubt. Exactly as Doctor Wybrow passed his consulting-room, the door opened—the lady appeared on the threshold—and laid her hand on his arm.

'I entreat you, sir, not to go away without letting me speak to you first.'

The accent was foreign; the tone was low and firm. Her fingers closed gently, and yet resolutely, on the Doctor's arm.

Neither her language nor her action had the slightest effect in inclining him to grant her request. The influence that instantly stopped him, on the way to his carriage, was the silent influence of her face. The startling contrast between the corpse-like pallor of her complexion and the overpowering life and light, the glittering metallic brightness in her large black eyes, held him literally spell-bound. She was dressed in dark colours, with perfect taste; she was of middle height, and (apparently) of middle age—say a year or two over thirty. Her lower features—the nose, mouth, and chin—possessed the fineness and delicacy of form which is oftener seen among women of foreign races than among women of English birth. She was unquestionably a handsome person—with the one serious drawback of her ghastly complexion, and with the less noticeable defect of a total want of tenderness in the expression of her eyes. Apart from his first emotion of surprise, the feeling she produced in the Doctor may be described as an overpowering feeling of professional curiosity. The case might prove to be something entirely new in his professional experience. 'It looks like it,' he thought; 'and it's worth waiting for.'

She perceived that she had produced a strong impression of some kind upon him, and dropped her hold on his arm.

'You have comforted many miserable women in your time,' she said. 'Comfort one more, to-day.'

Without waiting to be answered, she led the way back into the room.

The Doctor followed her, and closed the door. He placed her in the patient's chair opposite the windows. Even in London the sun, on that summer afternoon, was dazzlingly bright. The radiant light flowed in on her. Her eyes met it unflinchingly, with the steely steadiness of the eyes of an eagle. The smooth pallor of her unwrinkled skin looked more fearfully white than ever. For the first time, for many a long year past, the Doctor felt his pulse quicken its beat in the presence of a patient.

Having possessed herself of his attention, she appeared, strangely enough, to have nothing to say to him. A curious apathy seemed to have taken possession of this resolute woman. Forced to speak first, the Doctor merely inquired, in the conventional phrase, what he could do for her.

The sound of his voice seemed to rouse her. Still looking straight at

the light, she said abruptly: 'I have a painful question to ask.'

'What is it?'

Her eyes travelled slowly from the window to the Doctor's face. Without the slightest outward appearance of agitation, she put the 'painful question' in these extraordinary words:

'I want to know, if you please, whether I am in danger of going mad?'

Some men might have been amused, and some might have been alarmed. Dr. Wybrow was only conscious of a sense of disappointment. Was this the rare case he had anticipated, judging rashly by appearances? Was the new patient only a hypochondriacal woman whose malady was a disordered stomach, and whose misfortune was a weak brain? 'Why do you come to *me*, he asked sharply.' 'Why don't you consult a doctor whose special employment is the treatment of the insane?'

She had her answer ready on the instant.

'I don't go to a doctor of that sort,' she said, 'for the very reason that he *is* a specialist: he has the fatal habit of judging everybody by lines and rules of his own laying down. I come to *you*, because my case is outside of all lines and rules, and because you are famous in your profession for the discovery of mysteries in disease. Are you satisfied?'

He was more than satisfied—his first idea had been the right idea after all. Besides, she was correctly informed as to his professional position. The capacity which had raised him to fame and fortune, was his capacity (unrivalled among his brethren) for the discovery of remote disease.

'I am at your disposal,' he answered. 'Let me try if I can find out what is the matter with you.'

He put his medical questions. They were promptly and plainly answered; and they led to no other conclusion than that the strange lady was, mentally and physically, in excellent health. Not satisfied with questions, he carefully examined the great organs of life. Neither his hand nor his stethoscope could discover anything that was amiss. With the admirable patience and devotion to his art which had distinguished him from the time when he was a student, he still subjected her to one test after another. The result was always the same. Not only was there no tendency to brain disease—there was not even a perceptible derangement of the nervous system. 'I can find nothing the matter with you,' he said. 'I can't even account for the extraordinary pallor of your complexion. You completely puzzle me.'

'The pallor of my complexion is nothing,' she answered a little impatiently. 'In my early life, I had a narrow escape from death by poisoning. I have never had a complexion since—and my skin is so delicate, I cannot paint without producing a hideous rash. But that is of no importance, I wanted your opinion given positively. I believed in you, and you have disappointed me.' Her head dropped on her breast. 'And so it ends!' she said to herself bitterly.

The Doctor's sympathies were touched. Perhaps it might be more correct to say that his professional pride was a little hurt. 'It may end in the right way yet,' he remarked, 'if you choose to help me.'

She looked up again with flashing eyes. 'Speak plainly,' she said. 'How can I help you?'

'Plainly, madam, you come to me as an enigma, and you leave me to make the right guess by the unaided efforts of my art. My art will do much, but not all. For example something must have occurred—something quite unconnected with the state of your bodily health—to frighten you about yourself, or you would never have come here to consult me. Is that not true?'

She clasped her hands in her lap. 'That is true!' she said eagerly. 'I begin to believe in you again.'

'Very well. You can't expect me to find out the moral cause which has alarmed you. I can positively discover that there is no physical cause for alarm; and (unless you admit me to your confidence) I can do no more.'

She rose, and took a turn in the room. 'Suppose I tell you?' she said. 'But, mind, I shall mention no names!'

'There is no need to mention names. The facts are all I want.'

'The facts are nothing,' she rejoined. 'I have only my own impressions to confess—and you will very likely think me a fanciful fool when you hear what they are. No matter. I will do my best to content you—I will begin with the facts that you want. Take my word for it, *they* won't do much to help you.'

She sat down again. In the plainest possible words, she began the strangest and wildest confession that had ever reached the Doctor's ears.

CHAPTER II.

'IT is one fact, sir, that I am a widow,' she said. 'It is another fact that I am going to be married again in a week's time.'

There she paused, and smiled at some thought that occurred to her. Doctor Wybrow was not favourably impressed by her smile—there was something at once sad and cruel in it. It came slowly, and it went away suddenly. He began to doubt whether he had been wise in acting on his first impression. His mind reverted to the commonplace patients and the discoverable maladies that were waiting for him, with a certain tender regret.

The lady went on.

'My approaching marriage, she said, 'has one embarrassing circumstance connected with it. The gentleman whose wife I am to be, was engaged to another lady when he happened to meet with me, abroad: that lady, mind, being of his own blood and family, related to him as his cousin. I have innocently robbed her of her lover, and destroyed her prospects in life. Innocently, I say, —because he told me nothing of his engagement, until after I had accepted him. When we next met in England and when there was danger, no doubt, of the affair coming to my knowledge—he told me the truth. I was naturally indignant. He had his excuse ready: he showed me a letter from the lady herself, releasing him from his engagement. A more noble, a more high-minded letter, I never read in my life. I cried over it—I who have no tears in me for sorrows of my own! If the letter had left him any hope of being forgiven, I would have positively refused to marry him. But the firmness of it —without anger, without a word of reproach, with heartfelt wishes even for his happiness—the firmness of it, I say, left him no hope. He appealed to my compassion; he appealed to his love for me. You know what women are. I too was soft-hearted—I said, Very well; yes! So it ended. In a week more (I tremble as I repeat it), we are to be married.'

She did really tremble—she was obliged to pause and compose herself, before she could go on. The Doctor, waiting for more facts, began to fear that he stood committed to a long story.

'Forgive me for reminding you that I have suffering persons waiting to see me,' he said. 'The sooner you can come to the point, the better for my patients and for me.'

The strange smile—at once so sad and so cruel—showed itself again on the lady's lips. 'Every word I have said is to the point,' she answered. 'You will see it yourself in a moment more.'

She resumed her narrative.

'Yesterday—you need fear no long story, sir; only yesterday—I

was among the visitors at one of your English luncheon parties. A lady, a perfect stranger to me, came in late—after we had left the table, and had retired to the drawing-room, she happened to take a chair near me; and we were presented to each other. I knew her by name, as she knew me. It was the woman whom I had robbed of her lover, the woman who had written the noble letter. Now listen! You were impatient with me for not interesting you in what I had said just now. I said it to satisfy your mind that I had no enmity of feeling towards the lady, on my side. I admired her, I felt for her—I had no cause to reproach myself. This is very important, as you will presently see. On her side, I have reason to be assured that the circumstances had been truly explained to her, and that she understood I was in no way to blame. Now, knowing all these necessary things as you do, explain to me, if you can, why when I rose and met that woman's eyes looking at me, I turned cold from head to foot, and shuddered and shivered, and knew what a deadly panic of fear was, for the first time in my life.'

The Doctor began to feel interested at last.

'Was there anything remarkable in the lady's personal appearance,' he asked.

'Nothing whatever!' was the vehement reply. 'Here is the true description of her:—The ordinary English lady; the clear cold blue eyes, the fine rosy complexion, the inanimately polite manner, the large good-humoured mouth, the too plump cheeks and chin; these, and nothing more.'

'Was there anything in her expression, when you first looked at her, that took you by surprise?'

'There was natural curiosity to see the woman who had been preferred to her; and perhaps some astonishment also, not to see a more engaging and more beautiful person; both those feelings restrained within the limits of good breeding, and both not lasting for more than a few moments—so far as I could see. I say "so far," because the horrible agitation that she communicated to me disturbed my judgment. If I could have got to the door, I would have run out of the room, she frightened me so! I was not even able to stand up—I sank back in my chair; I stared horror-struck at the calm blue eyes that were only looking at me with a gentle surprise. To say they affected me like the eyes of a serpent is to say nothing. I felt her soul in them, looking into mine—looking, if such a thing can be, unconsciously to her own mortal self. I tell you my impression, in all its horror and in all its folly! That woman is destined (without knowing it herself), to be the evil genius of my life. Her innocent eyes saw hidden capabilities of wickedness in me that I was not aware of myself, until I felt them stirring under her look. If I commit faults in my life to come—if I am even guilty of crimes—she will bring the retribution, without (as I firmly believe) any conscious exercise of her own will. In one indescribable moment I felt all this—and I suppose my face showed it. The good artless creature was inspired by a sort of gentle alarm for me. "I am afraid the heat of the room is too much for you; will you try my smelling-bottle?" I heard her say those kind words, and I remember nothing else—I fainted. When I recovered my senses the company had all gone; only the lady of the house was with me. For the moment I could say nothing to her; the dreadful impression that I have tried to describe to you came back to me with the coming back of my life. As soon as I could speak, I implored her to tell me the whole truth about the woman whom I had supplanted. You see, I had a faint hope that her good character might not really be deserved, that her noble letter was a skilful piece of hypocrisy—in short, that she secretly

hated me, and was cunning enough to hide it. No! the lady had been her friend from her girlhood, was as familiar with her as if they had been sisters—knew her positively to be as good, as innocent, as incapable of hating anybody as the greatest saint that ever lived. My one last hope that I had only felt an ordinary forewarning of danger in the presence of an ordinary enemy, was a hope destroyed for ever. There was one more effort I could make, and I made it. I went next to the man whom I am to marry. I implored him to release me from my promise. He refused. I declared I would break my engagement. He showed me letters from his sisters, letters from his brothers and his dear friends—all entreating him to think again before he made me his wife; all repeating reports of me in Paris, Vienna, and London, which are so many vile lies. "If you refuse to marry me," he said, "you admit that these reports are true—you admit that you are afraid to face society in the character of my wife." What could I answer? There was no contradicting him—he was plainly right; if I persisted in my refusal, the utter destruction of my reputation would be the result. I consented to let the wedding take place as we had arranged it—and left him. The night has passed. I am here, with my fixed conviction—that innocent woman is ordained to have a fatal influence over my life. I am here with my one question to put, to the one man who can answer it. for the last time, sir, what am I—a demon who has seen the avenging angel? or only a poor mad woman, misled by the delusion of a deranged mind?"

Dr. Wybrow rose from his chair, determined to close the interview.

He was strongly and painfully impressed by what he had heard. The longer he had listened to her, the more irresistibly the conviction of the woman's wickedness had forced itself on him. He tried vainly to think of her as a person to be pitied—a person with a morbidly sensitive imagination, conscious of the capacities for evil which lie dormant in us all, and striving earnestly to open her heart to the counter-influence of her own better nature; the effort was beyond him. A perverse instinct in him said, as if in words, 'Beware how you believe in her!'

'I have already given you my opinion,' he said. 'There is no sign of your intellect being deranged, or being likely to be deranged, that medical science can discover as *I* understand it. As for the impressions you have confided to me, I can only say that yours is a case (as I venture to think) for spiritual rather than for medical advice. Of one thing be assured: what you have said to me in this room shall not pass out of it. Your confession is safe in my keeping.'

She heard him, with a certain dogged resignation, to the end.

'Is that all?' she asked.

'That is all,' he answered.

She put a little paper packet of money on the table. 'Thank you, sir. There is your fee.'

With those words she rose. Her wild black eyes looked upward with an expression of despair so defiant and so horrible in its silent agony, that the Doctor turned away his head, unable to endure the sight of it. The bare idea of taking anything from her—not money only, but anything even that she had touched—suddenly revolted him. Still without looking at her, he said, 'Take it back; I don't want my fee.'

She neither heeded nor heard him. Still looking upward, she said slowly to herself, 'Let the end come. I have done with the struggle; I submit.'

She drew her veil over her face, bowed to the Doctor, and left the room.

He rang the bell, and followed her into the hall. As the servant closed the door on her, a sudden impulse of curiosity—utterly unworthy of him, and at the same time utterly irresis-

tible—sprang up in the Doctor's mind. Blushing like a boy, he said to the servant, 'Follow her home, and find out her name.' For one moment the man looked at his master, doubting if his own ears had not deceived him. Doctor Wybrow looked back at him in silence. The submissive servant knew what that silence meant—he took his hat and hurried into the street.

The Doctor went back to the consulting-room. A sudden revulsion of feeling swept over his mind. Had the woman left an infection of wickedness in the house, and had he caught it? What devil had possessed him to degrade himself in the eyes of his own servant? He had behaved infamously—he had asked an honest man, a man who had served him faithfully for years, to turn spy! Stung by the bare thought of it, he ran out into the hall again, and opened the door. The servant had disappeared; it was too late to call him back. But one refuge against his contempt for himself was now open to him—the refuge of work. He got into his carriage and went his rounds among his patients.

If the famous physician could have shaken his own reputation he would have done it that afternoon. Never before had he made himself so little welcome at the bedside. Never before had he put off until to-morrow the prescription which ought to have been written, the opinion which ought to have been given, to-day. He went home earlier than usual—unutterably dissatisfied with himself.

The servant had returned. Doctor Wybrow was ashamed to question him. The man reported the result of his errand, without waiting to be asked.

'The lady's name is the Countess Narona. She lives at——'

Without waiting to hear where she lived, the Doctor acknowledged the all-important discovery of her name, by a silent bend of the head, and entered his consulting-room. The fee that he had vainly refused still lay in its little white paper covering on the table. He sealed it up in an envelope; addressed it to the 'Poor-box' of the nearest police-court; and, calling the servant in, directed him to take it to the magistrate the next morning. Faithful to his duties, the servant waited to ask the customary question, 'Do you dine at home to-day, sir?'

After a moment's hesitation he said, 'No: I shall dine at the club.'

The most easily deteriorated of all the moral qualities, is the quality called 'conscience.' In one state of a man's mind, his conscience is the severest judge that can pass sentence on him. In another state, he and his conscience are on the best possible terms with each other in the comfortable capacity of accomplices. When Doctor Wybrow left his house for the second time, he did not even attempt to conceal from himself that his sole object, in dining at the club, was to hear what the world said of the Countess Narona.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a time when a man in search of the pleasures of gossip sought the society of ladies. The man knows better now. He goes to the smoking-room of his club.

Doctor Wybrow lit his cigar and looked round him, at his brethren in social conclave assembled. The room was well filled; but the flow of talk was still languid. The Doctor innocently applied the stimulant that was wanted. When he inquired if anybody knew the Countess Narona, he was answered by something like a shout of astonishment. Never (the conclave agreed) had such an absurd question been asked before! Every human creature, with the slightest claim to a place in society, knew the Countess Narona. An adventuress with a European reputation of the

blackest possible colour such was the general description of the woman with the death-like complexion and the glittering eyes.

Descending to particulars, each member of the club contributed his own little stock of scandal to the memoirs of the Countess. It was doubtful whether she was really what she called herself a Dalmatian lady. It was doubtful whether she had ever been married to the Count whose widow she assumed to be. It was doubtful whether the man who accompanied her in her travels (under the name of Baron Rivar, and in the character of her brother) was her brother at all. Report pointed to the Baron as a gambler at every 'table' on the Continent. Report whispered that his so-called sister had narrowly escaped being implicated in a famous trial for poisoning at Vienna—that she had been known at Milan as a spy in the interests of Austria—that her 'apartment' in Paris had been denounced to the police as nothing less than a private gambling-house—and that her present appearance in England was the natural result of that discovery. Only one member of the assembly in the smoking-room took the part of this much-abused woman and declared that her character had been most cruelly and most unjustly assailed. But as the man was a lawyer, his interference went for nothing: it was naturally attributed to the spirit of contradiction inherent in his profession. He was asked derisively what he thought of the circumstances under which the Countess had become engaged to be married, and he made the characteristic answer, that he thought the circumstances highly creditable to both parties, and that he looked on the lady's future husband as a most enviable man.

Hearing this, the Doctor raised another shout of astonishment by inquiring the name of the gentleman whom the Countess was about to marry.

His friends in the smoking-room decided unanimously that the celebrated physician must be a second 'Rip-van-Winkle,' and that he had just awakened from a supernatural sleep of twenty years. It was all very well to say that he was devoted to his profession, and that he had neither time nor inclination to pick up fragments of gossip at dinner-parties and balls. A man who did not know that the Countess Narona had borrowed money at Homberg of no less a person than Lord Montbarry, and had then deluded him into making her a proposal of marriage, was a man who had probably never heard of Lord Montbarry himself. The younger members of the club, humouring the joke, sent a waiter for the 'Peerage;' and read aloud the memoir of the nobleman in question, for the Doctor's benefit—with illustrative morsels of information interpolated by themselves.

'Herbert John Westwick. First Baron Montbarry, of Montbarry, King's County, Ireland. Created a Peer for distinguished military services in India. Born, 1812. Forty-eight years old, Doctor, at the present time. Not married. Will be married next week, Doctor, to the delightful creature we have been talking about. Heir presumptive, his lordship's next brother, Stephen Robert, married to Ella, youngest daughter of the Reverend Silas Marden, Rector of Runnigate, and has issue, three daughters. Younger brothers of his lordship, Francis and Henry, unmarried. Sisters of his lordship, Lady Barville, married to Sir Theodore Barville, Bart.; and Anne, widow of the late Peter Norbury, Esq., of Norbury Cross. Bear his lordship's relations well in mind, Doctor. Three brothers, Westwick, Stephen, Francis, and Henry; and two sisters, Lady Barville and Mrs. Norbury. Not one of the five will be present at the marriage; and not one of the five will leave a stone unturned to stop it if the Countess will only give them a chance. Add to these

hostile members of the family another offended relative not mentioned in the "Peerage," a young lady.'

A sudden outburst of protest in more than one part of the room stopped the coming disclosure, and released the Doctor from further persecution.

'Don't mention the poor girl's name; it's too bad to make a joke of that part of the business; she has behaved nobly under shameful provocation; there is but one excuse for Montbarry—he is either a madman or a fool.' In these terms the protest expressed itself on all sides. Speaking confidentially to his next neighbour, the Doctor discovered that the lady referred to was already known to him (through the Countess's confession) as the lady deserted by Lord Montbarry. Her name was Agnes Lockwood. She was described as being the superior of the Countess in personal attraction, and as being also by some years the younger woman of the two. Making all allowance for the follies that men committed every day in their relations with women, Montbarry's delusion was still the most monstrous delusion on record. In this expression of opinion every man present agreed—the lawyer even included. Not one of them could call to mind the innumerable instances in which the sexual influence has proved irresistible in the persons of women without even the pretension to beauty. The very members of the club whom the Countess (in spite of her personal disadvantages) could have most easily fascinated, if she had thought it worth her while, were the members who wondered most loudly at Montbarry's choice of a wife.

While the topic of the Countess's marriage was still the one topic of conversation, a member of the club entered the smoking-room whose appearance instantly produced a dead silence. Doctor Wybrow's next neighbour whispered to him, 'Montbarry's brother—Henry Westwick!'

The new-comer looked round him slowly, with a bitter smile.

'You are all talking of my brother,' he said. 'Don't mind me. Not one of you can despise him more heartily than I do. Go on, gentlemen—go on!'

But one man present took the speaker at his word. That man was the lawyer who had already undertaken the defence of the Countess.

'I stand alone in my opinion,' he said, 'and I am not ashamed of repeating it in anybody's hearing. I consider the Countess Narona to be a cruelly-treated woman. Why shouldn't she be Lord Montbarry's wife? Who can say she has a mercenary motive in marrying him?'

Montbarry's brother turned sharply on the speaker. '*I* say it,' he answered.

The reply might have shaken some men. The lawyer stood on his ground as firmly as ever.

'I believe I am right,' he rejoined, 'in stating that his lordship's income is not more than sufficient to support his station in life; also it is an income derived almost entirely from landed property in Ireland, every acre of which is entailed.'

Montbarry's brother made a sign, admitting that he had no objection to offer so far.

'If his lordship dies first,' the lawyer proceeded, 'I have been informed that the only provision he can make for his widow consists in a rent-charge on the property of no more than four hundred a year. His retiring pension and allowances, it is well-known die with him. Four hundred a-year is therefore all that he can leave to the Countess, if he leaves her a widow.'

'Four hundred a year is *not* all,' was the reply to this. 'My brother has insured his life for ten thousand pounds; and he has settled the whole of it on the Countess, in the event of his death.'

This announcement produced a

strong sensation. Men looked at each other, and repeated the three startling words, 'Ten thousand pounds!' Driven fairly to the wall, the lawyer made a last effort to defend his position.

'May I ask who made that settlement a condition of the marriage?' he said. 'Surely it was not the Countess herself?'

Henry Westwick answered, 'It was the Countess's brother;' and added, 'which comes to the same thing.'

After that, there was no more to be said—so long, at least, as Montbarry's brother was present. The talk flowed into other channels; and the Doctor went home.

But his morbid curiosity about the Countess was not set at rest yet. In his leisure moments he found himself wondering whether Lord Montbarry's family would succeed in stopping the marriage after all. And more than this, he was conscious of a growing desire to see the infatuated man himself. Every day during the brief interval before the wedding, he looked in at the club, on the chance of hearing some news. Nothing had happened, so far as the club knew. The Countess's position was secure; Montbarry's resolution to be her husband was unshaken. They were both Roman Catholics, and they were to be married at the chapel in Spanish Place. So much the Doctor discovered about them—and no more.

On the day of the wedding, after a feeble struggle with himself, he actually sacrificed his patients and their guineas, and slipped away secretly to see the marriage. To the end of his life, he was angry with anybody who reminded him of what he had done on that day!

The wedding was strictly private. A close carriage stood at the church door; a few people, mostly of the lower class, and mostly old women, were scattered about the interior of the building. Here and there Doctor Wybrow detected the faces of some of his brethren of the club, attracted by curiosity, like himself. Four persons only stood before the altar—the bride and bridegroom and their two witnesses. One of these last was a faded-looking woman, who might have been the Countess's companion or maid; the other was undoubtedly her brother, Baron Rivar. The bridal party (the bride herself included) wore their ordinary morning costume. Lord Montbarry, personally viewed, was a middle-aged military man of the ordinary type: nothing in the least remarkable distinguished him either in face or figure. Baron Rivar, again in his way, was another conventional representative of another well-known type. One sees his finely-pointed moustache, his bold eyes, his crisply-curling hair, and his dashing carriage of the head, repeated hundreds of times over on the Boulevards of Paris. The only note-worthy point about him was of the negative sort he was not in the least like his sister. Even the officiating priest was only a harmless, humble-looking old man, who went through his duties resignedly, and felt visible rheumatic difficulties every time he bent his knees. The one remarkable person, the Countess herself, only raised her veil at the beginning of the ceremony, and presented nothing in her plain dress that was worth a second look. Never, on the face of it, was there a less interesting and less romantic marriage than this. From time to time the Doctor glanced round at the door or up at the galleries, vaguely anticipating the appearance of some protesting stranger, in possession of some terrible secret, commissioned to forbid the progress of the service. Nothing in the shape of an event occurred—nothing extraordinary, nothing dramatic. Bound fast together as man and wife, the two disappeared, followed by their witnesses, to sign the registers; and still Doctor Wybrow

waited, and still he cherished the obstinate hope that something worth seeing must certainly happen yet.

The interval passed, and the married couple, returning to the church, walked together down the nave to the door. Doctor Wybrow drew back as they approached. To his confusion and surprise, the Countess discovered him. He heard her say to her husband, 'One moment; I see a friend.' Lord Montbarry bowed and waited. She stepped up to the Doctor, took his hand, and wrung it hard. He felt her overpowering black eyes looking at him through her veil. 'One step more, you see, on the way to the end!' She whispered those strange words, and returned to her husband. Before the Doctor could recover himself and follow her, Lord and Lady Montbarry had stepped into their carriage, and had driven away.

Outside the church door stood the three or four members of the club who, like Dr. Wybrow, had watched the ceremony out of curiosity. Near them was the bride's brother, waiting alone. He was evidently bent on seeing the man whom his sister had spoken to, in broad daylight. His bold eyes rested on the Doctor's face, with a momentary flash of suspicion in them. The cloud suddenly cleared away; the Baron smiled with charming courtesy, lifted his hat to his sister's friend, and walked off.

The members constituted themselves into a club conclave on the church steps. They began with the Baron. 'Damned ill-looking rascal!' They went on with Montbarry. 'Is he going to take that horrid woman with him to Ireland?' 'Not he! he can't face the tenantry; they know about Agnes Lockwood.' 'Well, but where *is* he going?' 'To Scotland.' 'Does *she* like that?' 'It's only for a fortnight; they come back to London, and go abroad.' 'And they will never return to England, eh?' 'Who can tell? Did you see how she looked at Montbarry, when she had to lift her veil at the beginning of the service? In his place, I should have bolted. Did *you* see her, Doctor?' By this time Dr. Wybrow had remembered his patients, and had heard enough of the club gossip. He followed the example of Baron Rivar, and walked off.

'One step more, you see, on the way to the end,' he repeated to himself, on his way home. 'What end?'

CHAPTER IV.

ON the day of the marriage, Agnes Lockwood sat alone in the little drawing-room of her London lodgings, burning the letters which had been written to her by Montbarry in the bygone time.

The Countess's maliciously smart description of her, addressed to Dr. Wybrow, had not even hinted at the charm that most distinguished Agnes—the artless expression of goodness and purity which instantly attracted everyone who approached her. She looked by many years younger than she really was. With her fair complexion and her shy manner, it seemed only natural to speak of her as 'a girl,' although she was now really advancing towards thirty years of age. She lived alone with an old nurse devoted to her, on a modest little income, which was just enough to support the two. There were none of the ordinary signs of grief in her face, as she slowly tore the letters of her false lover in two, and threw the pieces into the small fire which had been lit to consume them. Unhappily for herself she was one of those women who feel too deeply to find relief in tears. Pale and quiet, with cold, trembling fingers, she destroyed the letters one by one, without daring to read them again. She had torn the last of the series, and was still shrinking from throwing it after the rest into the swiftly destroying flame, when the old nurse came in, and asked if she would see 'Master Henry',

—meaning that youngest member of the Westwick family, who had publicly declared his contempt for his brother in the smoking-room of the club.

Agnes hesitated. A faint tinge of colour stole over her face.

There had been a long past time when Henry Westwick had owned that he loved her. She had made her confession to him, acknowledging that her heart was given to his eldest brother. He had submitted to his disappointment, and they had met thereafter as cousins and friends. Never before had she associated the idea of him with embarrassing recollections. But now, on the very day when his brother's marriage to another woman had consummated his brother's treason towards her, there was something vaguely repellent in the prospect of seeing him. The old nurse (who remembered them both in their cradles) observed her hesitation; and sympathizing of course with the man, put in a timely word for Henry. 'He says he's going away, my dear; and he only wants to shake hands and say good-bye.' This plain statement of the case had its effect. Agnes decided on receiving her cousin.

He entered the room so rapidly that he surprised her in the act of throwing the fragments of Montbarry's last letter into the fire. She hurriedly spoke first.

'You are leaving London very suddenly, Henry. Is it business or pleasure?'

Instead of answering her, he pointed to the flaming letter, and to some black ashes of burnt paper lying lightly in the lower part of the fire-place.

'Are you burning letters?'

'Yes.'

'*His* letters?'

'Yes.'

He took her hand gently. 'I had no idea I was intruding on you at a time when you must wish to be alone. Forgive me, Agnes—I shall see you when I return.'

She signed to him, with a faint smile, to take a chair.

'We have known one another since we were children,' she said. 'Why should I feel a foolish pride about myself in your presence? why should I have any secrets from you? I sent back all your brother's gifts to me some time ago. I have been advised to do more, to keep nothing that can remind me of him—in short, to burn his letters. I have taken the advice; but I own I shrank a little from destroying the last of the letters. No—not because it was the last, but because it had this in it.' She opened her hand and showed him a lock of Montbarry's hair, tied with a morsel of golden cord. 'Well! well! let it go with the rest.'

She dropped it into the flame. For awhile she stood with her back to Henry, leaning on the mantle-piece, and looking into the fire. He took the chair to which she had pointed, with a strange contradiction of expression in his face: the tears were in his eyes, while the brows above were knit close in an angry frown. He muttered to himself, 'Damn him!'

She rallied her courage, and showed her face again when she spoke. 'Well, Henry, and why are you going away?'

'I am out of spirits, Agnes, and I want a change.'

She paused before she spoke again. His face told her plainly that he was thinking of *her* when he made that reply. She was grateful to him, but her mind was not with him: her mind was still with the man who had deserted her. She turned round again to the fire.

'Is it true,' she asked, after a long silence, 'that they have been married to-day?'

He answered ungraciously in the one necessary word:—'Yes.'

'Did you go to the church?'

He resented the question with an expression of indignant surprise. 'Go to the church?' he repeated 'I would

as soon go to——.' He checked himself there. 'How can you ask?' he added in lower tones. 'I have never spoken to Montbarry, I have not even seen him, since he treated you like the scoundrel and the fool that he is.'

She looked at him suddenly, without saying a word. He understood her and begged her pardon. But he was still angry. 'The reckoning comes to some men,' he said 'even in this world. He will live to rue the day when he married that woman!'

Agnes took the chair by his side, and looked at him with a gentle surprise.

'Is it quite reasonable to be so angry with her because your brother preferred her to me?' she asked.

Henry turned on her sharply. 'Do *you* defend the Countess, of all the people in the world?'

'Why not?' Agnes answered. 'I know nothing against her. On the only occasion when we met, she appeared to be a singularly timid, nervous person, looking dreadfully ill; and *being* indeed so ill that she fainted under the heat of the room. Why should we not do her justice? We know that she was innocent of any intention to wrong me; we know that she was not aware of my engagement——'

Henry lifted his hand impatiently, and stopped her. 'There is such a thing as being *too* just and *too* forgiving?' he interposed. 'I can't bear to hear you talk in that patient way, after the scandalously cruel manner in which you have been treated. Try to forget them both, Agnes. I wish to God I could help you to do it.'

Agnes laid her hand on his arm. 'You are very good to me, Henry; but you don't quite understand me. I was thinking of myself and my trouble in quite a different way, when you came in. I was wondering whether anything which has so entirely filled my heart, and so absorbed all that is best and truest in me, as my feeling for your brother, can really pass away as if it had never existed. I have destroyed the last visible things that remind me of him. In this world, I shall see him no more. But is the tie that once bound us, completely broken? Am I as entirely parted from the good and evil fortune of his life, as if we had never met and never loved? What do *you* think, Henry? I can hardly believe it.'

'If you could bring the retribution on him that he has deserved,' Henry Westwick answered sternly, 'I might be inclined to agree with you.'

As that reply passed his lips the old nurse appeared again at the door, announcing another visitor.

'I am sorry to disturb you, my dear. But here is little Mrs. Ferrari wanting to know when she may say a few words to you.'

Agnes turned to Henry, before she replied. 'You remember Emily Bidwell, my favourite pupil years ago at the village school, and afterwards my maid? She left me, to marry an Italian courier named Ferrari—and I am afraid it has not turned out very well. Do you mind my having her in here, for a minute or two?'

Henry rose to take his leave. 'I should be glad to see Emily again at any other time,' he said. 'But it is best that I should go now. My mind is disturbed, Agnes; I might say things to you, if I stayed here any longer, which—which are better not said now. I shall cross the Channel by the mail to-night, and see how a few weeks' change will help me.' He took her hand. 'Is there anything in the world I can do for you?' he asked very earnestly. She thanked him, and tried to release her hand. He held it with a tremulous lingering grasp. 'God bless you, Agnes!' he said in faltering tones, with his eyes on the ground. Her face flushed again, and the next instant turned paler than ever; she knew his heart as well as he knew it himself—she was too distressed to speak. He lifted her hand to his lips, kissed it fervently, and,

without looking at her again, left the room. The nurse hobbled after him to the head of the stairs: she had not forgotten the time when the younger brother had been the unsuccessful rival of the elder for the hand of Agnes. 'Don't be down-hearted, Master Henry,' whispered the old woman, with the unscrupulous common sense of persons in the lower rank of life. 'Try her again, when you come back!'

Left alone for a few moments, Agnes took a turn in the room, trying to compose herself. She paused before a little water-coloured drawing on the wall, which had belonged to her mother: it was her own portrait when she was a child. 'How much happier we should be,' she thought to herself sadly, 'if we never grew up!'

The courier's wife was shown in—a little meek melancholy woman, with white eyelashes, and watery eyes, who curtseyed deferentially and was troubled with a small chronic cough. Agnes shook hands with her kindly. 'Well, Emily, what can I do for you?'

The courier's wife made rather a strange answer: 'I'm afraid to tell you, Miss.'

'Is it such a very difficult favour to grant? Sit down, and let me hear how you are going on. Perhaps the petition will slip out while we are talking. How does your husband behave to you?'

Emily's light grey eyes looked more watery than ever. She shook her head and sighed resignedly. 'I have no positive complaint to make against him, Miss. But I'm afraid he doesn't care about me; and he seems to take no interest in his home—I may almost say he's tired of his home. It might be better for both of us, Miss, if he went travelling for a while—not to mention the money, which is beginning to be wanted sadly.' She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and sighed again more resignedly than ever.

'I don't quite understand,' said Agnes. 'I thought your husband had an engagement to take some ladies to Switzerland and Italy?'

'That was his ill-luck, Miss. One of the ladies fell ill and the others wouldn't go without her. They paid him a month's salary as compensation. But they had engaged him for the autumn and winter and the loss is serious.'

'I am sorry to hear it, Emily. Let us hope he will soon have another chance.'

'It's not his turn, Miss, to be recommended when the next applications come to the courier's office. You see, there are so many of them out of employment just now. If he could be privately recommended—' She stopped, and left the unfinished sentence to speak for itself.

Agnes understood her directly. 'You want my recommendation,' she rejoined. 'Why couldn't you say so at once?'

Emily blushed. 'It would be such a chance for my husband,' she answered confusedly. 'A letter, inquiring for a good courier (a six months' engagement, Miss!) came to the office this morning. It's another man's turn to be chosen—and the secretary will recommend him. If my husband could only send his testimonials by the same post—with just a word in your name, Miss—it might turn the scale, as they say. A private recommendation between gentlefolks goes so far.' She stopped again, and sighed again, and looked down at the carpet, as if she had some private reason for feeling a little ashamed of herself.

Agnes began to be rather weary of the persistent tone of mystery in which her visitor spoke. 'If you want my interest with a friend of mine,' she said, 'why can't you tell me the name?'

The courier's wife began to cry. 'I'm ashamed to tell you, Miss.'

For the first time, Agnes spoke sharply. 'Nonsense, Emily! Tell me the name directly—or drop the subject—whichever you like best.'

Emily made a last desperate effort. She wrung her handkerchief hard in her lap, and let off the name as if she had been letting off a loaded gun :— 'Lord Montbarry ! '

Agnes rose and looked at her.

'You have disappointed me,' she said very quietly, but with a look which the courier's wife had never seen in her face before. 'Knowing what you know, you ought to be aware that it is impossible for me to communicate with Lord Montbarry. I always supposed you had some delicacy of feeling. I am sorry to find that I have been mistaken.'

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE'S BURIAL.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

WITH folded wings and folded hands,
We laid him down upon the sands—
The white sea-sands—one night in June,
While o'er us shone the full-orbed moon.

We made his grave upon the beach,
A rood beyond the surge's reach !
With buds and flowers of rosy dyes,
We heaped his grave,—with tearful eyes !

You said, " Oh Love ! that he should die ! "
You said, " Oh Love ! awaits the sky.
" Since Love is dead, what can remain,
But sorrow, darkness, doubt and pain ? "

We kissed the flowers that o'er him lay !
We wept the lingering hours away !
The spot we haunted many a year,
With blinded eyes and hearts a-sear !

Where Love lies buried, you and I,
Though far apart, one day shall lie,—
Shall lie asleep—to waken not,
Our losses, like ourselves, forgot.

THE YELLOW TIBER.

BY GRACE GREEN.

NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE TIBER.

I

"ECCE TIBERIM!" cried the Roman legions when they first beheld the Scottish Tay. What power of association could have made them see in the clear and shallow stream the likeness of their tawny Tiber, with his full-flowing waters sweeping down to the sea? Perhaps those soldiers under whose mailed and rugged breasts lay so tender a thought of home came from the northerly region among the Apennines, where a little bubbling mountain-brook is the first form in which the storied Tiber greets the light of day. One who has made a pilgrimage from its mouth to its source thus describes the spot: "An old man undertook to be our guide. By the side of the little stream, which here constitutes the first vein of the Tiber, we penetrated the wood. It was an immense beech-forest. . . . The trees were almost all great gnarled veterans who had borne the snows of many winters: now they stood basking above their blackened shadows in the blazing sunshine. The little stream tumbled from ledge to ledge of splintered rock, sometimes creeping into a hazel thicket, green with long ferns and soft moss, and then leaping once more merrily into the sunlight. Presently it split into numerous little rills. We followed the longest of these. It led us to a carpet of smooth green turf amidst an opening in the trees; and there bub-

bling out of the green sod, embroidered with white strawberry-blossoms, the delicate blue of the crane's bill and dwarf willow-herb, a copious little stream arose. Here the old man paused, and resting upon his staff, raised his age-dimmed eyes, and pointing to the gushing water, said, '*E questo si chiama il Tevere a Roma!*' ('And this is called the Tiber at Rome!') . . . We followed the stream from the spot where it issued out of the beech-forest, over barren spurs of the mountains, crested with fringes of dark pine, down to a lonely and desolate valley, shut in by dim and misty blue peaks. Then we entered the portals of a solemn wood, with grey trunks of trees everywhere around us and impenetrable foliage above our heads, the deep silence only broken by fitful songs of birds. To this succeeded a blank district of barren shale cleft into great gullies by many a wintry torrent. Presently we found ourselves at an enormous height above the river, on the ledge of a precipice which shot down almost perpendicularly on one side to the bed of the stream. . . . . A little past this place we came upon a very singular and picturesque spot. It was an elevated rock shut within a deep dim gorge, about which the river twisted, almost running round it. Upon this rock were built a few gloomy-looking houses and a quaint, old-world mill. It was reached from the hither side by a widely-spanning one-arched bridge. It was called Val Savignone." Beyond this, at a small village called Balsciano, the hills began to subside into gentler slopes, which gradually merged in the plain at the little town of Pieve San Stefano.

Thus far the infant stream has no history: its legends and chronicles do not begin so early. But a few miles farther, on a tiny branch called the

CAPRESE.

Singerna, are the vestiges of what was once a place of some importance—Caprese, where Michael Angelo was born some four hundred years ago. His father was for a twelvemonth governor of this place and Chiusi, five

miles off (not Lars Porsenna's Clusium, which is to the south, but Clusium Novum), and brought his wife with him to inhabit the *palazzo communale*. During his regency the painter of the "Last Judgment," the sculptor of "Night and Morning," the architect of St. Peter's cupola first saw the light. Here the history of the Tiber begins —here men first mingled blood with its unsullied waves. On another little tributary is Anghiara, where in 1440 a terrible battle was fought between the Milanese troops, under command of the gallant free-lance Piccinino, and the Florentines, led by Giovanni Paolo (commonly called Giampaolo) Orsini; and a little farther, on the main stream, Città di Castello recalls the story of a long siege which it valiantly sustained against Braccio da Montone, surnamed Fortebraccio (Strong-arm), another renowned soldier of fortune of the fifteenth century.

As the widening flood winds on through the beautiful plain, a broad sheet of water on the right spreads for miles to the foot of the mountains, whose jutting spurs form many a bay, cove and estuary. It was in the small hours of a night of misty moonlight that our eyes, stretched wide with the new wonder of beholding classic ground, first caught sight of this smooth expanse gleaming pallidly amid the dark, blurred outlines of the landscape and trees. The monotonous noise and motion of the train had put our fellow-travellers to sleep, and when it gradually ceased they did not stir. There was no bustle at the little station where we stopped; a few drowsy figures stole silently by in the dim light, like ghosts on the spectral shores of Acheron; the whole scene was strangely unreal, phantasmal. "What can it be?" we asked each other under our breaths. "There is but one thing that it can be —Lake Thrasimene." And so it was. Often since, both by starlight and daylight, we have seen that watery sheet of fatal memories, but it never wore the same shadowy yet impressive aspect as on our first night journey from Florence to Rome.

Then what historical associations, straggling away across three thousand years to when Perugia was one of the thirty cities of Etruria, and kept her independence through every vicissitude until Augustus starved her out in 40 B. C.! Portions of the wall, huge smooth blocks of travertine stone, are the work of the vanished Etruscans, and fragments of several gateways, with Roman alterations. One is perfect, imbedded in the outer wall of the castle: it has a round-headed arch, with six pilasters, in the intervals of which are three half-length human figures and two horses' heads. On the southern slope of the hill, three miles beyond the walls, a number of Etruscan tombs were accidentally discovered by a peasant a few years ago. The outer entrance alone had suffered, buried under the rubbish of two millenniums: the burial place of the Volumnii has been restored externally after ancient Etruscan models, but within it has been left untouched. Descending a long flight of stone steps, which led into the heart of the hill, we passed through a low door formerly closed by a single slab of travertine, too ponderous for modern hinges. At first we could distinguish nothing in the darkness, but by the uncertain flaring of two candles, which the guide waved about incessantly, we saw a chamber hewn in the rock, with a roof in imitation of beams and rafters, all of solid tufa stone. A low stone seat against the wall on each hand and a small hanging lamp were all the furniture of this apartment, awful in its emptiness and mystery. On every side there were dark openings into cells whence came gleams of white, indefinite forms: a great Gorgon's head gazed at us from the ceiling, and from the walls in every direction started the crested heads and necks of sculptured serpents. We entered one by one the nine small grotto-like compartments which surround the central cavern: the white shapes turned out to be cinerary

urns, enclosing the ashes of the three thousand years dead Volumnii. Urns, as we understand the word, they are not, but large caskets, some of them alabaster, on whose lids recline male figures draped and garlanded as for a feast: the faces differ so much in feature and expression that one can hardly doubt their being likenesses: the figures, if erect, would be nearly two feet in height. The sides of these little sarcophagi are covered with *bassi-rilievi*, many of them finely executed: the subjects are combats and that favourite theme the boar-hunt of Kalydon; there was one which represented the sacrifice of a child. The Medusa's head, as it is thought to be, recurs constantly, treated with extraordinary power: we were divided among ourselves whether it was Medusa or an Erinnys with winged head. The sphinx appears several times: there are four on the corners of an alabaster urn in the shape of a temple, exquisite in form and features, and exceedingly delicate in workmanship. Bulls' heads, with garlands drooping between them, a well-known ornament of antique altars, are among the decorations. But far the most beautiful objects were the little hanging figures, which seemed to have been lamps of a green bronze colour, though we were assured that they are *terra-cotta:* they are male figures of exquisite grace and beauty, with a lightness and airiness commonly given to Mercury; but these had large angel pinions on the shoulders, and none on the head or feet. There was not a scholar in the party, so we all returned unenlightened, but profoundly interested and impressed, and with that delightful sense of stimulated curiosity which is worth more than all Eurekas. With the exception of a few weapons and trinkets, which we saw at the museum, this is all that remains of the mighty Etruscans, save the shapes of the common red pottery which is spread out wholesale in the open space opposite the cathedral on market-days—the most graceful and useful which could be devised, and which have not changed their model since earlier days than the occupants of those tombs could remember.

But time would fail us to tell of the Baglioni, or Pope Paul the Borghese, or Fortebraccio, the chivalric *condottiere* who led the Perugians to war against their neighbours of Todi, or even the still burning memories of the sack of Perugia by command of the late pope. We can no longer turn our thoughts from the treasures of art which make Perugia rich above all cities of the Tiber, save Rome alone. We cannot tarry before the cathedral, noble despite its incompleteness and the unsightly alterations of later times, and full of fine paintings and matchless wood-carving and wrought metal and precious sculptures; nor before the Palazzo Communale, another grand Gothic wreck, equally dignified and degraded; nor even beside the great fountain erected six hundred years ago by Nicolo and Giovanni da Pisa, the chiefs and founders of the Tuscan school of sculpture; nor beneath the statue of Pope Julius III., which Hawthorne has made known to all; for there are a score of churches and palaces, each with its priceless Perugino, and drawings and designs by his pupil Raphael in his lovely "first manner," which has so much of the Eden-like innocence of his master; and the Academy of Fine Arts, where one may study the Umbrian school at leisure; and last, but not least, the Sala del Cambio, or Hall of Exchange, where Perugino may be seen in his glory. It is not a hall of imposing size, so that nothing interferes with the impression of the frescoes which gaze upon you from every side as you enter. Or no; they do not gaze upon you nor return your glance, but look sweetly and serenely forth, as if with eyes never bent on earthly things. The right-hand wall is dedicated to the sibyls and prophets, the left to the greatest sages and heroes of antiquity. There is something capricious or else enigmatical in the mode of presenting many of them—the dress

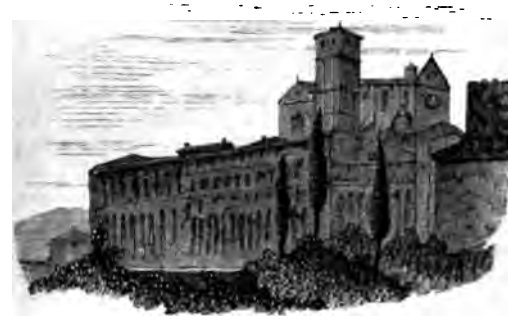
TODI.

attitude and general appearance often suggest a very different person from the one intended —but the grace and loveliness of some, the dignity and elevation of others, the expression of wisdom in this face, of celestial courage in that, the calm and purity and beauty of all give them an indescribable charm and potency. At the end of the room facing the door are the "Nativity" and "Transfiguration," the latter, infinitely beautiful and religious, full of quiet concentrated feeling. We were none of us critics: none of us had got beyond the stage when the sentiment of a work of art is what most affects our enjoyment of it; and we all confessed how much more impressive to us was this Transfiguration, with its three quiet spectators, than the world-famous one at the Vatican. Although there are masterpieces of Perugino's in nearly every great European collection, I cannot but think one must go to Perugia to appreciate fully the limpid clearness, the pensive, tranquil suavity, which reigns throughout his pictures in the countenances, the landscape, the atmosphere.

The cliff on which Assisi stands rises abruptly on the side toward the Tiber: long lines of triple arches, which look as if hewn in the living stone, stretch along its face, one above another, like galleries, the great mass of the church and convent, with its towers and gables and spire-like cypress trees, crowning all. It is this marriage of the building to the rock, these lower arcades which rise halfway between the valley and the plateau seeking the help of the solid crag to sustain the upper ones and the vast superimposed structure, that makes the distant sight of Assisi so striking, and almost overwhelms you with a sense of its greatness as the winding road brings you close below on your way up to the town. It is a triple church. The uppermost one, begun two years after the saint's death, has a magnificent Gothic west front and high steps leading from the piazza, and a rich side-portal with a still higher flight leading from a court on a lower level. As we entered, the early afternoon sun was streaming in through the immense rose-window and flooding the vast nave, illumining the blue star

studded vault of the lofty roof and the grand, simple frescoes of Cimabue and Giotto on the walls. Thence we descended to the second church, in whose darkness our vision groped, half blind from the sudden change; but gradually through the dusk we began to discern low vaults stretching heavily across pillars which look like stunted giants, so short are they and so tremendously thick-set, the high altar enclosed by an elaborate grating, the little side-chapels like so many black cells, and through the gloom a twinkle and glimmer of gold and colour and motes floating in furtive sunbeams that had strayed in through the superb stained glass of the infrequent windows. The frescoes of Giotto and his school enrich every spandril and interspace with their simple, serious forms — no other such place to study the art of that early day — but a Virgin enthroned among saints by Lo Spagna, a disciple of Perugino's, made a pure light in the obscurity: it had all the master's golden transparency, like clear shining after the rain. From this most solemn and venerable place we went down to the lowest church, the real sepulchre: it was darker than the one we had left, totally dark it seemed to me, and contracted, although—it is in the form of a Greek cross—each arm is sixty feet: in fact, it is only a crypt of unusual size; and although here were the saint's bones in an urn of bronze, we were conscious of a weakening of the impression made by the place we had just left. No doubt it is because the crypt is of this century, while the other two churches are of the thirteenth.

There are other things to be seen at Assisi; and after dining at the little Albergo del Leone, which, like every part of the town except the churches, is remarkably clean, my companion set out to climb up to the castle, and I wandered back to the great church. As I sat idly on the steps a monk accosted me, and finding that I had not seen the convent, carried me through labyrinthine corridors and galleries, down long flights of subterranean stone steps, one after another, until I thought we could not be far from the centre of the earth, when he suddenly turned aside into a vast cloister with high arched openings and led me to one of them. Oh, the beauty, the glory, the wonder



CHURCH AND CONVENT OF ST. FRANCIS, AT ASSISI.

of the sight! We were halfway down the mountain-side, hanging between the blue heaven and the billowy Umbrian plain, with its verdure and its azure fusing into tints of dreamy softness as they vanished in the deep violet shadows of thick-crowding mountains, on whose surfaces and gorges lay changing colours of the superbest intensity. Poplars and willows showed silvery among the tender green of other deciduous trees in their fresh spring foliage and the deep velvet of the immortal cypresses and the blossoming shrubs, which looked like little puffs of pink and white cloud resting on the bosom of the valley. A small, clear mountain-stream wound round the headland to join the Tiber, which divides the landscape with its bare, pebbly bed. It was almost the same view that one has from twenty places in Perugia, but coming out upon it as from the bowels of the earth, framed in its huge stone arch, it was like opening a window from this world into Paradise

Slowly and lingeringly I left the cloister, and panted up the many steps back to the piazza to await my companion and the carriage which was to take us back to Perugia. The former was already there, and in a few minutes a small omnibus came clattering down the stony street, and stopping beside us the driver informed us that he had come for us. Our surprise and wrath broke forth. Hours before we had bespoken a little open carriage, and it was this heavy, jarring, jolting vehicle which they had sent to drive us ten miles across the hills. The driver declared, with truly Italian volubility and command of language and gesture, that there was no other means of conveyance to be had; that it was excellent, swift, admirable; that it was what the signori always went from Assisi to Perugia in; that, in fine, we had engaged it, and *must* take it. My companion hesitated, but I had the advantage here, being the one who could speak Italian; so I promptly replied that we would not go in the omnibus under any circumstances. The whole story was then repeated with more adjectives and superlatives, and gestures of a form and pathos to make the fortune of a tragic actor. I repeated my refusal. He began a third time: I sat down on the steps, rested my head on my hand and looked at the carvings of the portal. This drove him to frenzy: so long as you answer an Italian he gets the better of you; entrench yourself in silence and he is impotent. The driver's impotence first exploded in fury and threats: at least we should pay for the omnibus, for his time, for his trouble; yes, pay the whole way to Perugia and back, and his *buon' mano* besides. All the beggars who haunt the sanctuary of their patron had gathered about us, and from playing Greek chorus now began to give us advice: "Yes, we would do well to go: the only carriage in Assisi, and excellent, admirable!" The numbers of these vagrants, their officiousness, their fluency, were bewildering. "But what are we to do?" asked my anxious companion. "Why, if it comes to the worst, walk down to the station and take the night-train back." He walked away whistling, and I composed myself to a visage of stone and turned my eyes to the sculptures once more. Suddenly the driver stopped short: there was a minute's pause, and then I heard a voice in the softest accents asking for something to buy a drink. I turned round -beside me stood the driver, hat in hand: "Yes, the signora is right, quite right: I go, but she will give me something to get a drink?" I nearly laughed, but, biting my lips, I said firmly, "A drink? Yes, if it be poison." The effect was astounding: the man uttered an ejaculation, crossed himself, mounted his box and drove off: the beggars shrank away, stood aloof and exchanged awe-struck whispers; only a few liquid-eyed little ragamuffins continued to turn somersets and stand on their heads undismayed.

Half an hour elapsed: the sun was beginning to descend, when the sound of wheels was again heard, and a light waggon with four places and a brisk little horse came rattling down the street. A pleasant-looking fellow jumped down, took off his hat and said he had come to drive us to Perugia. We jumped up joyfully, but I asked the price. "Fifty francs" -a sum about equivalent to fifty dollars in those regions. I smiled and shook my head: he eagerly assured me that this included his *buon' mano* and the cost of the oxen which we should be obliged to hire to drag us up some of the hills. I shook my head again: he shrugged and turned as if to go. My unhappy fellow-traveller started forward: "Give him whatever he asks and let us get away." I sat down again on the steps, saying in Italian, as if in soliloquy, that we should have to go by the train, after all. Then the new-comer cheerfully came back: "Well, signora, whatever you please to give." I named half his price—an exorbitant sum, as I well knew—and in a moment

TEMPLE OF THE CLITUMNUS.

more we were skimming along over the hard, smooth mountain-roads : we heard no more of those mythical beasts the oxen, and in two hours were safe in Perugia.

II.

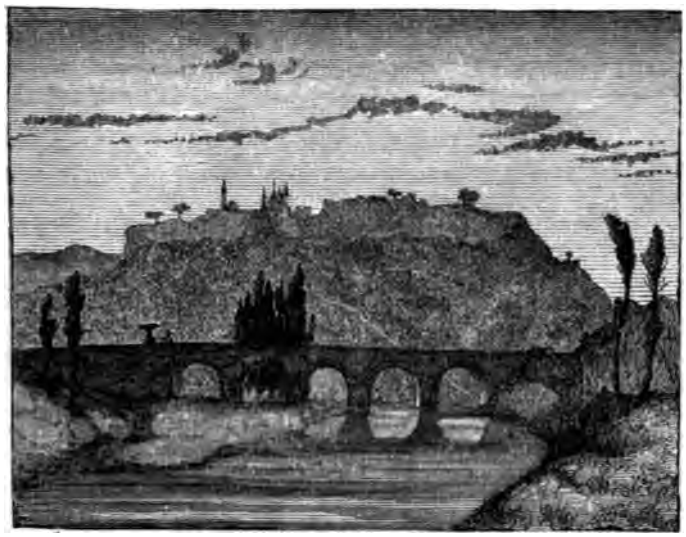
ONE branch of the little river which encompasses Assisi is the Clitumnus, the delight of philosophers and poets in the Augustan age. Near its source stands a beautiful little temple to the divinity of the stream. Although the ancients resorted hither for the loveliness of the spot, they did not bathe in the springs, a gentle superstition holding it sacrilege for the human body to lave itself in a stream near its source. They came by the Via Flaminia, the old high-road from Rome to Florence, which crosses the modern railroad hard by. Following its course, which takes a more direct line than the devious Tiber, past Spoleto on its woody castellated height, the traveller reaches Terni on the tumultuous Nar, the wildest and most rebellious of all the tributaries. It was to save the surrounding country from its outbreaks that the channel was made by the Romans B. C. 271, the first of several experiments which resulted in these cascades, which have been more sung and oftener painted than any other in the world. The beauty of Terni is so hackneyed that enthusiasm over it becomes cockney, yet the beauty of hackneyed things is as eternal as the verity of truisms, and no more loses its charm than the other its point. But one must not talk about it. The foaming torrent rages along between its rocky walls until spanned by the bridge

of Augustus at Narni, a magnificent viaduct sixty feet high, thrown from ridge to ridge across the ravine for the

THE FALLS OF TERNI

passage of the Flaminian Way—a wreck now, for two of the arches have fallen, but through the last there is a glimpse of the rugged hillsides with their thick forests and the turbulent waters rushing through the chasm. Higher still is Narni, looking over her embattled walls. It is one of the most striking positions on the way from Florence to Rome, and the next half hour, through savage gorges and black tunnels, ever beside the tormented waters of the Nar until they meet the Tiber, swollen by the tributes of the Paglia and Chiana, is singularly fine.

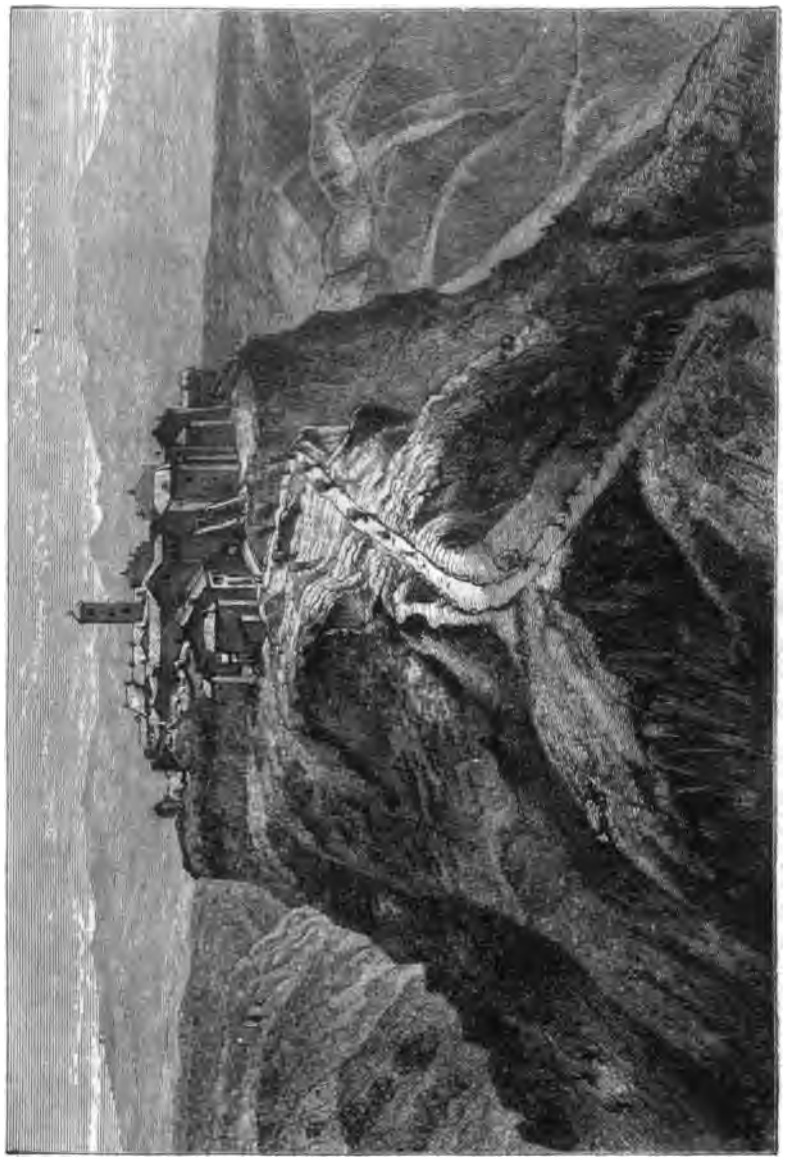
The discomfort of Perugia was luxury to what we found at Orvieto, and it was no longer May but December, when it is nearly as cold north of Rome as with us; and Rome was drawing us with her mighty magnet. So, one wintry morning, soon after daybreak, we set out in a close carriage with four horses, wrapped as if we were going in a sleigh, with a *scaldino* (or little brazier) under our feet, for the nearest railway station on our route, a nine hours' drive. Our way lay through the snow-covered hills and their leafless forest, and long after we had left Orvieto behind again and again a rise in the road would bring it full in sight on its base of tufa, girt by its walls, the Gothic lines of the cathedral sharp against the clear, brightening sky. At our last look the sun was not up, but broad shafts of light, such as painters throw before the chariot of Phœbus, refracted against the pure ether, spread like a halo round the threefold pinnacles: a moment more and Orvieto was hidden behind a higher hill, not to be seen again. All day we drove among the snow-bound hills and woods, past the Lake of Bolsena in its forbidding beauty; past small valleys full of naked fruit trees and shivering olives, which must be nooks of loveliness in spring; past defiant little towns aloft on their islands of tufa, like Bagnorea with its single slender bell-tower; past Montefiascone with its good old story about Cardinal Fugger and the native wine. We stopped to lunch at Viterbo, a town more closely connected with the his-



ORVIETO.

tory of the Papacy than any except Rome itself, and full of legends and romantic associations : it is dirty and dilapidated, and has great need of all its memories. Being but eight miles from Montefiascone, we called for a bottle of the fatal Est, which we had tasted once at Augsburg, where the host of the Three Moors has it in his cellar, in honour perhaps of the departed Fugger family, whose palace has become his hotel : there we had found it delicious—a wine as sweet as cordial, with a soul of fire and a penetrating but delicate flavour of its own —how different from the thin, sour stuff they brought us in the long-necked, straw-covered flask, nothing to attest its relationship to the generous juice at the Three Moors except the singular unique flavour ! After this little disappointment we left Viterbo, and drove on through the same sort of scenery, which seemed to grow more and more beautiful in the rosy light of the sinking sun. But it is hard to tell, for nothing makes a journey so beautiful as to know that Rome is the goal. As the last rays were flushing the hill-tops we came in sight of Orte, with its irregular lines of building clinging to the sides of its precipitous cliff in such eyrie-wise that it is difficult to say what is house and what is rock, and whether the arched passages with which it is pierced are masonry or natural grottoes ; and there was the Tiber—already the yellow Tiber—winding through the valley as far as the eye could follow. Here we waited for the train, which was ten minutes late, and tried to make up for lost time by leaving our luggage, all duly marked and ready, standing on the track. We soon began to greet familiar sites as we flitted by : the last we made out plainly was Borghetto, a handful of houses, with a ruined castle keeping watch on a hill hard by : then twilight gathered, and we strained our eyes in vain for the earliest glimpse of Mount Soracte, and night came down before we could descry the first landmarks of the Agro Romano, the outposts of our excursions, the farm-towers we knew by name, the farthest fragments of the aqueducts. But it was not so obscure that we could not discern the Tiber

between his low banks showing us the way, the lights quivering in the Anio, as the train rushed over the bridge and when at length we saw against the



CIVITA BAGNOREA.

clear night-sky a great dark barrier stretching right and left, we knew that the walls of Rome were once more before us: in a moment we had glided through with slackening speed, and her embrace enfolded us again.

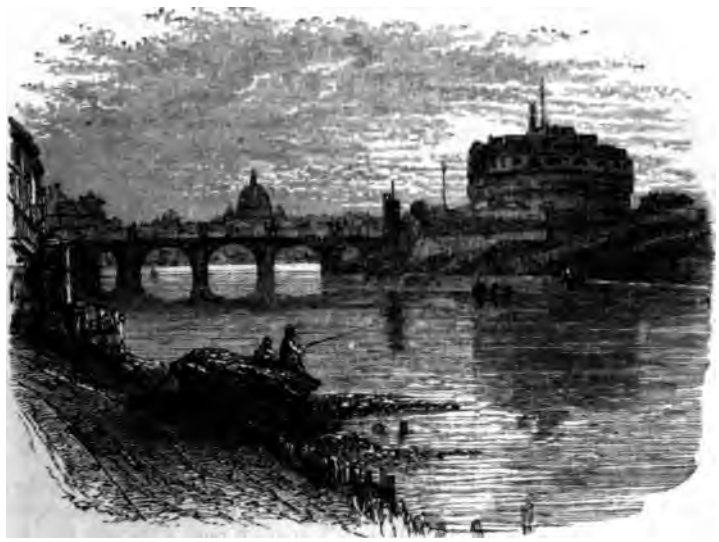
The Tiber winding as it does like a great artery through the heart of

Rome, is seldom long either out of sight or mind. One constantly comes upon it in the most unexpected manner, for there is no river front to the city. There is a wide open space on the Ripetta—a street which runs from the Piazza del Popolo, at the head of the foreign quarter, to remoter parts—where a broad flight of marble steps descends to the level of the flood, and a ferry crosses to the opposite bank: looking over at the trees and fields, it is like the open country, yet beyond are St. Peter's and the Vatican, and the whole of what is known as the Leonine City. But one cannot follow the Tiber through the streets of Rome as one may the Seine in Paris: in the thickly-built quarters the houses back upon the stream and its yellow waves wash their foundations, working wrath and woe from time to time, as those who were there in the winter of 1870 will recollect. Sometimes it is lost to sight for half a mile together, unless one catches a glimpse of it through the carriage-way of a palace. From the wharf of the Ripetta it disappears until you come upon it again at the bridge of St. Angelo, the Ælian bridge of ancient Rome, which is the most direct passage from the fashionable and foreign quarter to the Trastevere. It must be confessed that the idle sense of mere pleasure generally supersedes recollection and association after one's first astonishment to find one's self among the historic places subsides; yet how often, as our horse's hoofs rang on the slippery stones, my thoughts went suddenly back to the scene when Saint Gregory passed over, chanting litanies, at the head of the whole populace, who formed one vast penitential procession, and saw the avenging angel alight on the mausoleum of Adrian and sheath his sword in sign that the plague was stayed; or to that terrible day when the ferocious mercenaries of the Constable de Bourbon and the wretched inhabitants given over to sack and slaughter swarmed across together, butchering and butchered, while the troops in the castle hurled down what was left of its classic statues upon the heads of friend and foe, and the Tiber was turned to blood!

THE TIBER, FROM ORTE.

ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN, FROM THE FALLS OF THE TIBER.

of man — the stately remnants of ancient aqueduct, temple and tomb; the tall square towers of feudal barons, around which cluster low farm-build-



THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

ings scarcely less old and solid: the vast, gloomy grottoes of Cerbara, which look like the underground palace of a bygone race, but which are the tufa-quarries of classic times; the ruined baths of Zenobia, where the rushing milky waters of the Aquæ Albulæ fill the air with sulphurous fumes; and, as a climax, the Villa of Hadrian, less a country-place than a whole region, a town-in-country, with palace, temples, circus, theatres, baths amidst a tract of garden and pleasure-ground ten miles in circumference. Even when one is familiar with the enormous height and bulk of the Coliseum or the

ISLAND OF THE TIBER.

CUPOLA OF ST. PETER'S.

Baths of Caracalla, the extent of the ruins of Hadrian's Villa is overwhelming. Numerous fragments are still standing, graceful and elegant, but a vast many more are buried deep under turf and violets and fern: large cypresses and ilexes have struck root among their stones, and they form artificial hills and vales and great wide plateaus covered with herbage and shrubbery, hardly to be distinguished from the natural accidents of the land. ' solitude is as immense as the spa After leaving our carriage we wa ered about for hours, sometimes ly in the sunshine at the edge of a gi grassy terrace which commands Campagna and the Agro Roman beyond whose limits we had come- where, like a little bell, St. Pet dome hung faint and blue upon horizon; sometimes exploring the numerable porticoes and galleries, replacing in fancy the Venus de dici, the Dancing Faun, and all other shapes of beauty which o occupied these ravished pedestals niches; sometimes rambling about flowery fields, and up and down am the hillocks and dells, meeting no until at length, when completely wildered and lost, we fell in wit rustic belonging to the estate, guided us back. We left the place w the sense of having been in a sepa realm, another country, belongin another age. The whole of that to Tivoli was like a dream. The was sinking when we left the preci

TIVOLI.

CASTLE AT OSTIA.

of the villa, and twilight stole upon us, wrapping all the landscape on which we looked back in softer folds of shade, and resolving its features into large, calm masses, as the horses laboured up the narrow, stony road into a mysterious wood of gigantic olives, gnarled, twisted and rent as no other tree could be and live. The scene was wild and weird in the dying light, and it grew almost savage as we wound upward among the robber-haunted hills. Night had fallen before we reached the mountain-town. Our coachman dashed through the dark slits of streets, where it seemed as if our wheels must strike the houses on each side, cracking his whip and jingling the bells of the harness. Under black archways sat groups of peasants, their swart visages lit up from below by the glow of a brazier, while a flaring torch stuck through a ring overhead threw fierce lights and shadows across the scene. Sharp cries and shouts like maledictions rose as we passed, and as we turned into the little square on which the inn stands we wondered in what sort of den we should have to lodge. We followed our host of the little Albergo della Regnia up the steep stone staircase with many misgivings: he flung open a door, and we beheld a carpeted room, all furnished and hung with pink chintz, covered with cupids and garlands. There were sofas, low arm-chairs, a writing-table with appurtenances, a tea-table with snowy linen and a hissing brass tea-kettle. Opening from this were two little white nests of bedrooms, with tin bathtubs and an abundance of towels. We could not believe our eyes: here were English comfort and French taste. Were we in May Fair or the Rue de Rivoli? Or was it a fairy-tale?

The Campagna has one more aspect, different from all the rest, where the Tiber, weary with his long wandering, rolls lazily to the sea. It is a dreary waste of swamp and sandhill and scrub growth, but with a forlorn beauty of its own, and the beauty of colour, never absent in Italy. The tall, coarse grass and reeds pass through a series of vivid tones, culminating in tawny gold and deep orange, against which the silver-fretted violet blue-green of

the Mediterranean assumes a magical splendour. Small, shaggy buffaloes with ferocious eyes, and sometimes a peasant as wild-looking as they, are the only inhabitants of this wilderness. The machicolated towers of Castel Fusano among its grand stone-pines stand up from the marshes, and farther seaward another castle with a single pine; but they only enhance the surrounding loneliness. Ostia, the ancient port, which the sea and river have both deserted, is now a city of the dead, a Pompeii above ground, whose avenues of tombs lead to streets of human dwellings more desolate still. It is no longer by Ostia, nor even by the Tiber, that one can reach the sea: the way was choked by sand and silt seventeen centuries ago, and Trajan caused the canal to be made which bears his name; and this is still the outlet from Rome to the Mediterranean, while the river expires among the pestilential marshes.

TO HELEN.

BY R. MARVIN SEATON.

WHEN old Anacreon twanged the lyre,
And sang his burning strains,—
When Sappho tuned her heart of fire,
To float o'er Attic plains;
Soft Delphic breezes bore their lays
To god-like ears above;
And Venus heard their songs of praise
Attuned to her and *Love*.

When Lesbian harps responsive rang
As Alceus touched the chords,
And tuneful bards of Ida sang
Their songs in Doric words
Of wondrous power, the zephyrs bore
The theme to mighty Jove,—
The theme which sweeps the wide world o'er,
The mystery of *Love*.

And should *I* now attempt to sing
My simple lays to thee,
As Cupid struck, of old, the string,
And tuned the melody,
So would my Muse, with eager wing,
Impassioned, sweep the chords;
And Love, and Love alone, would sing
The warm and tender words.

THE EARLY ENGLISH STAGE.

BY J. L. STEWART.

THE stage was honourable in Greece, but despised in Rome. The Roman actor, although patronized and applauded for his art, was accounted too despicable to be numbered with the tribes. This Roman prejudice against the player, which only genius like that of Roscius and Æsopus could overcome, has been inherited in part by modern nations. In France the actor was forbidden benefit of clergy, and even denied the sacrament of marriage, being forced to choose between celibacy and illicit union. In England the stage struggled for long years against the Church and the hostile element of society, and is even yet an object of more or less reprobation to the most of the dissenting sects. This prejudice on the part of devoutness and respectability is sufficient, in itself, to account for the lack of reverence and the disregard of appearances which have always been, to some degree, characteristic of the profession, without seeking for causes in the nature of histrionic art itself to account for levity and license. Proud of their calling, devoted to their art, rejoicing in their stage triumphs, actors are not likely to frequent churches where their business is disparaged, to reverence creeds which are construed as condemnatory of all they love, to listen respectfully to preachers who tell them that the first step towards salvation is the abandonment of their beloved mistress. The Church, by turning its back on the players, merely made itself an object of more or less hatred and contempt to them, accomplishing no good by its hostile attitude, because the love of art is stronger than the fear of clerical anathema, and doing harm by losing the influence for morality and sobriety which it might have wielded over those it banished from its pale. Society, also, by shutting its doors on the artist, made him, to a certain extent, heedless of its laws, reckless of its censure, and defiant of its prohibitions. So much may be said without pretending to decide whether, in the first place, the license of the stage provoked the hostility of these spiritual and social forces, or whether their hostility and indifference preceded the breaking away of the actors from the bonds of orthodoxy in doctrine and conduct.

The dramatic genius of the ancient Britons found expression in the Druidical ceremonial, and much of the success of these rites in impressing the minds of the worshippers was, no doubt, due to the artistic instincts of the people—instincts which recognized the truthfulness of the symbolism, and naturally took it as a faithful representation of truth itself. When the missionary visited the Anglo-Saxon he made use of the prevailing taste for the rude minstrel and theatrical performances of wandering players, and presented the doctrines of Christianity, and incidents in the lives of the Saviour and the saints, in dialogue and song. The best actor was thus the most effective preacher, and when St. Adhelm took his harp and sang a rattling ballad to an audience that was growing weary of his doctrinal dialogues, he simply supplied a precedent for some of the devices by which divines of later times have kept their congregations together. Later on, when the Church ruled all the land, and employed more dignified methods of imparting instruction, the profane element gained predominance in dra-

matic representations. The roving glee-men were gladly welcomed by the monkish communities, both for the gossip they brought and the entertainment they afforded. The monks wrote songs for them, and became enthusiastic amateurs in the profession themselves. The Church took alarm. As its priests were not able to withstand the fascinations of the men of harp and song, it was determined to protect clerical decorum by banishing temptation, and it was, therefore, decreed in solemn Council, and sanctioned by the sign manual of the King, that "actors and other vagabonds" named in the decree should no longer be admitted to monasteries. Was it for the same reason, in later times, that the Puritans became so hostile to the stage? Could they not trust themselves in the presence of its allurements? Had they more faith in the banishing of temptation than in resisting its seductive influences? It would seem so. The Council of Clovershoe merely guarded the monastic orders from contamination with showmen, while the Puritans forbade dramatic representations throughout all the land. The Puritans of the present day frankly acknowledge that they discountenance the drama, not because it is evil in itself, but because its associations are impure, its attractions too great for certain minds, and its aims and ends of no benefit to mankind.

When the Miracle-plays, which brought God down to dwell among men, and the Moralities, which showed how virtue and vice struggle for mastery, were finally abandoned by the Church, and the Chronicle-plays had served their purpose of reviving the past for the instruction of the present —doing for profane history what the Mysteries had done for sacred—the dramatic genius of the nation finally developed into legitimate tragedy and comedy; and art for art's sake, art that gave laws to itself, art that acknowledged no limitations except those imposed by the mind of man and the power of expression, found a home on English soil.

Amateur theatricals became the rage at court, in the great country-houses, and in the colleges. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, set the fashion of having a company of players among his servants, and allowed them to act for the public amusement when he was not in the mood to be entertained by them. His example was followed by others, and these companies were duly authorized by royal license, in 1572, to play wherever they pleased when their masters gave them permission. They "were generally of a roystering character," we are told, and "ill-regarded by the Church," and yet apparently great favourites with many members of the clergy, who composed plays for them, and even aided in their production. The pride of authorship was stronger than the fear of censure. The author of the first English play that can claim the title of comedy was a reverend Eton master, and the play was called "Ralph Roister Doister," a name which would be considered peculiarly appropriate in these days for a farce. He was ejected from his place a year after the production of his comedy, charged with having aided and abetted the robbery of the College plate, and, therefore, his connection with the stage was not likely to elevate it to a higher plane of respectability. But the fate of Nicholas Udall did not deter other clerics from engaging in dramatic composition. It was not long after his time that Bishop Bale, nicknamed the "Bilious," was upholding the Reformation and the throne of Edward VI. by embodying his ideas on theology and statecraft in lively comedies. Rome was the object of his coarse and vigorous satire, and his audiences were divided into those who applauded and those who hooted. Gosson, whose productions were not appreciated by the audiences who visited the theatres when Shakspere was a young man, dipped his pen in muriatic acid, or some other equally biting

liquid, and wrote "A School of Abuse," which, he said, "contained a pleasant invective against players, poets, jesters, and such like caterpillars of a commonwealth." He may have deemed it pleasant, but the actors must have regarded it as only less disagreeable than the author's plays. His censure was as severe and as personal as that of the latest reverend assailant of the stage, and his style as flippant and as full of sacred allusions. From Gosson to Talmage is a long way, but there is a strong family likeness between their writings on theatrical matters. Gosson's logic must surely have been the model on which Talmage formed his. Domitian favoured plays, he said, and was justly punished when a player disturbed his domestic felicity; Caligula allowed players and dancers more familiarity than he permitted to Senators, and the fitting catastrophe was his murder when returning from a play; when Britons lived on acorns and water they were giants and heroes, but since they had taken to plays they had degenerated into a puny people, incapable of patriotic and warlike deeds. But Gosson did not confine himself to abstruse disquisitions on the demoralizing effects of the drama. He described the audiences, and gave such detailed descriptions of the failings and vices of the actors and their associates as only could have been written by one who loved the subject. His pictures of the manners of the time are invaluable. "In our Assemblies at plays in London," says this worthy moralist, with a descriptive faculty that the modern newspaper reporter may envy, "you shall see such heaving and shouting, such pitching and shouldering to sit by women, such care for their garments that they be not trodden on, such eyes to their laps that no chips light on them, such pillows to their backs that they take no hurt, such masking in their ears, I know not what; such giving them pippins to pass the time; such playing at foot-saunt without cards; such ticking, such toying, such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home when the sports are ended, that it is a right comedy to mark their behaviour." It is to be feared that the parson of St. Bodolph's watched the women rather too much for one of his profession.

Elizabeth smiled on the players, and gave them just as much freedom as they seemed disposed to make what she considered a good use of. She patronized them liberally, and kept a jealous watch over their performances. They increased so rapidly in number under the sunshine of royal favour as to become a nuisance, and it was enacted that all players who presumed to give performances without the license of two Justices of the Peace at least would be treated as rogues and vagabonds. William Shakspere was eight years old at the time. Four years later the Earl of Leicester's theatrical servants were authorized, by royal patent, to play, "as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them." There was one play produced by them, something more than a score of years later, that was not very solacing. It was Shakspere's "Richard II." The representation of the deposition and murder of a king, applauded as it was by the public, was not calculated to enhance the serenity of a queen who was so conscious as she of having powerful enemies. Essex, Rutland and Southampton were constant attendants at the play, and Elizabeth listened not unheedingly to the whisper that they were promoting it for the purpose of familiarizing the people with a crime which they meditated. The hold this fear took of her is shown by her passionate exclamation to Lambard, Keeper of the Records, when he found her at the palace in one of her unguarded moods, "I am Richard! Know you not that!" And yet, characteristically enough, she

did not prohibit the play, but permitted it to run until it grew stale. It was revived for a night when the revolutionary attempt was about to be made. Essex and his followers screwed their courage up by watching the performance, on the stage, of the deed they were about to attempt in real life, but they learned that it was not so easy to depose a real queen as a stage king. She evidently had not learned the part they had written for her, and gave no heed to the prompter.

The magistrates sternly opposed the royal authority permitting the acting of plays in the city, and succeeded in driving the players out. They established themselves in Blackfriars, near the city limits, and were safe from legal interference so long as they behaved themselves. But they set their faces against authority in many ways: - ridiculing the aldermen and justices who had persecuted them, rehearsing during the hours of worship, playing on forbidden days, and introducing prohibited religious and political subjects. Punishments had only a temporary restraining effect, the players seeming to have an irrepressible desire to come in conflict with the magistracy. They prospered fairly, however, always having good friends at court to lessen fines and shorten terms of imprisonment, and theatres multiplied. Shakspere wrote his immortal dramas, aided in their production, and retired to dignified leisure in the country. The acquisition of some degree of wealth by the proprietors, and the consequent prosperity of all connected with the stage, had an excellent restraining effect, and offences grew much less common.

The plague was very severe on the profession in James I.'s reign, not by carrying off the players, but by leading to the prohibition of performances. When the plague raged badly plays were not permitted at all, and it was not until the deaths from it were reduced to thirty a week in London that the theatres were allowed to reopen. When the deaths fell to six a week the players were allowed to come to court. The fear of spreading the deadly disease by the gathering of audiences, and not faith in the pulpit declaration that the players were responsible for the calamity, led to the prohibition of theatricals while it raged.

But the theatre was not left long undisturbed after the plague had abated. The struggle between King and Parliament came, and the players were involved in the common doom. The Parliament, to use a modern parliamentary phrase, sat upon them, informing them in a solemn enactment that "they were no better than heathens; that they were intolerable to Christians; that they were incorrigible and vicious offenders, who would now be compelled by whip, and stocks, and gyves, and prison fare, to obey ordinances which they had hitherto treated with contempt." Their great author had scoffed at princes' favours, but they would have exchanged the rule of the Parliament of that day for the despotism of the most arbitrary and fickle prince in Europe. They struggled against the decree, and were vigorously hounded down by officers of the law and mercilessly punished. They gave up the unequal contest after a brief trial of strength, and most of them took military service, partly to escape starvation and partly to get revenge on the parliamentarians. But the cause they espoused was already hopeless, and they crossed swords vainly with Cromwell's Ironsides. The struggle ended, King Charles was headless, and the theatres remained closed. The players were in a sorry plight. They had lost, what Shylock protested so strongly against parting with, the means by which they lived. The musicians became itinerant street and tavern fiddlers; the supes became paupers; the playwrights took to the production of penny pamphlets, and the actors resorted to many shifts to keep up a threadbare respect-

ability and a partially filled stomach. Some of them started mixed entertainments which would now come under the head of variety business, and, by carefully banishing the word play, escaped being pounced upon by the authorities, but when a company came together quietly and reopened the Cockpit their performance was broken in upon by a body of Puritan troops, and they were captured and marched off to prison in their stage costumes. Several noblemen near London frequently opened their houses to the actors, and a messenger went around and individually notified the chosen audience and players when and where the performance would be given. Lady Holland, whom the Cromwellian headsman had made a widow, was one of the most hospitable in this respect, apparently taking much satisfaction in promoting the amusements which the executioners of her husband so strongly condemned. Collections were made for the players at the close, and the money divided according to their professional standing. Theatricals in those days must have borne the same relation to the drama in this as a drinking-den under the ban of the Dunkin Act does to the licensed bar-room of a first-class hotel. Prince Oliver, as Macaulay delights in calling him, could not tolerate Shakspere from the lips of an actor, but hired professional buffoons and laughed at their rude practical jokes.

All the players who lived through this period of dramatic starvation rejoiced when the Protector, who had done everything for them inconsistent with that title, yielded up the ghost, and when Monk arrived with his army they hastened to him for licenses to re-open the theatres, and once more the drama entered on a legitimate career in England. Thomas Betterton, a youth who had studied for the stage during the Puritan reign, and drank deeply of its traditions from the old actors, went at a bound to the top of the profession, and became the central figure of the resurrected drama. His genius filled the treasury, and the destitute old actors basked in the golden sunshine which his presence called forth. His reign lasted fifty-one years, during which time he created one hundred and thirty characters. A writer says of him that "he was as mirthful in Falstaff as he was majestic in Alexander; and the craft of his Ulysses, the grace and passion of his Hamlet, the terrible force of his Othello, were not more remarkable than the low comedy of his Old Bachelor, the airiness of his Woodville, or the cowardly bluster of his Thersites." The stage rose with more glory than it had when it fell. Betterton was not only a great actor, but an honourable gentleman, an honest man, and gave dignity to the profession of player. The poor old fellows with whom applauding audiences and good dinners were mere traditions, gathered around him and shared in the prosperity which he created. It was glorious summer after their long winter of discontent. The people patronized the theatre more freely on account of its having been so long closed to them. There was a reaction against straight-laced living, and the actors reaped the advantage of it. He was the pride of the play-going populace for half a century. Charles II., James II., Queen Mary and Queen Anne sent him admiring messages, and King William's Dutch pride was softened so much that he summoned him to a private audience, and, learning that the managers of Drury Lane were threatening a reduction of salaries, granted a license to "Thomas Betterton, Gentleman," to open a new theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. His wife was in every way worthy of his genius and goodness. They met and loved on the stage, where she enacted the hapless Ophelia to perfection, and lived happily all their lives. In an age when the court set the example of unchastity, when kept mistresses were granted patents of nobility and admitted to polite society,

when actresses increased their professional and social popularity by going off the stage for a time with some dissolute nobleman, these two were distinguished for the possession of all the domestic virtues.

The charming and virtuous Miss Saunderson, whom Betterton married, was one of the first actresses on the English stage, the female parts having been played by men or boys before the fall of Charles I. The supremely feminine heroines of Shakspere were thus presented on the stage in the time of the great dramatist. It would appear but natural, excusable certainly, if female characters, created for men to represent, were coarse, flippant, masculine; and the fact that they are so delicate, so etherial, so airily graceful, so bewitchingly womanish in every motion and speech, although their creator could not have looked forward to their impersonation by feminine beauty and grace, is another proof that the wonderful genius of Shakspere was not to be dwarfed by the circumstances of his time. He created according to the laws of nature, and left his creations to find fitting interpreters. The merely clever man of talent allows himself to be governed, in his choice of subjects and their treatment, by the tastes of the time, careful not to risk lack of appreciation by rising too high above the popular level, while the man of genius, possessed of the truth by patient seeking or divine inspiration, gives it to the world, confident of its acceptance, or regardless of the adverse fate which seems in store for his productions. It mattered not to Shakspere that he wrote only for the stage, only for the playgoers of his time, and that his women were to be impersonated only by men. He paid no heed to such discouragements. His women were thoroughly feminine. They were not adapted to the capacities of the male actors who were to interpret them to the audiences. No feminine characteristic that would seem out of place in a male representative c part, no emotion that would b subtle for a man to express, was ted by the dramatist. He lis only to the voice of Nature, and expression to the truth as he fou conscious of well-doing whether cess attended his efforts or not. should have seen his exquisitely cate female creations impersonat Miss Saunderson and the many b ful women who have followed l the same line. It must have painful to him to see Ophelia, N da, Viola and Desdemona repres without the feminine instinct only genius like his own endows with.

It was a great advance for the considered as an exponent of a also as a popular entertainment, women were allowed before th lights, but it did not elevate it m or tend to lessen the antagonis tween it and Puritanism. Miss derson appears to have been the only woman on the stage in les II.'s time who was both bea and virtuous. Mrs. Hughes proudest and one of the most l ful of them all, surrendered to l Rupert's wooing, and there was joy in the gay court of the King that martial philosopher fell int fashion of the time by settin housekeeping with a mistress fr stage. She led the Prince in sorts of extravagances, and his had to be sold to pay his debts he died. So little disgrace w tached at that time to unions u tified by the Church or State their beautiful daughter, name perta, made an aristocratic mar and her descendants are amor English aristocracy. Mrs. Kn pretty, wayward, sweet-voiced woman, who played rakish fine and saucy waiting-women, wa tered with a jealous and ill-ten husband. Old Pepys speaks affectionately of her in his diar seems proud of the fact that hi

was jealous of the bewitching actress, whom she called a wench, and to whom he applied the pet-name of jade. He describes many a street ramble with her, and gives this picture of her home: "To Knipp's lodgings, whom I find not ready to go home with me; and there staid reading of Waller's verses, while she finished dressing, her husband being by. Her lodging very mean, and the condition she lives in; yet makes a good show without doors, God bless us!" If she had not been married her beauty and sprightliness might have gained her a luxurious home like that enjoyed by Mrs. Hughes. Anne and Rebecca Marshall, the two beautiful women whom Nell Gwyn, when she taunted them with their slips from virtue, called the "praying daughters of a Presbyter," did more honour to their art by their playing than to their clerical father by their lives. Pepys, whose eye for a pretty woman was as keen as that of any other man, admired these fair and frail sisters exceedingly. He says of Rebecca that she was "mighty fine, pretty and noble." Mrs. Boutel was prudent enough to take care of her surplus receipts, and amassed quite a fortune. She was distinguished for fascinatingly innocent looks and ways, and won hearts by the score. Mistress Davenport had the virtue or the wit to refuse the energetic suit of dissolute Aubrey de Vere, the twentieth and last scion of his race who held the earldom of Oxford, until he proposed marriage, which she assented to. He had the ceremony performed privately, by a trumpeter who served under him in the army, and kept the secret until they quarrelled. Then she threatened suicide, but thought better of it, and the King, to whom she appealed for redress, ordered the Earl to pay her an annuity of £300 per year, a respectable income in those days. Pepys "was very glad" to see "the old Roxalana in the chief box, in a velvet gown, as the fashion is, and very handsome." She was greatly disappointed at missing the title of Countess, but a velvet gown and a seat in the chief box were not so bad after all.

At least two of the actresses of this period won what was, to them, the distinction of Charles's roving fancy. He took Mary Davies, who danced and sang better than she played, off the stage, and gave her an establishment of her own, the only persons who were scandalized by the proceeding being his other mistresses and the Queen. Her Majesty showed her displeasure by leaving the room when the new favourite appeared in a play at Whitehall. Lady Castlemaine called Miss Davies "an impertinent slut," and Nell Gwyn invented a new practical joke for Charles's annoyance. Their daughter, Mary Tudor, became Countess of Derwentwater, and her son, the third Earl, lost his head in the cause of his cousin, the first Pretender. The other theatrical alliance of Charles was more lasting and absorbing than this. The name of the vivacious, witty, beautiful, and good-humoured Nell Gwyn is known wherever Charles II. has been heard of. She began her theatrical career as an orange girl, making the pit wonder at her beauty and the audacity of her ready wit. Charles Hart, the actor (a nephew of Shakspere's sister), was captivated by her peerless young beauty, taught her how to act, and placed her on the stage. She was not a success in serious parts, but when she took comedy roles, "stamped the smallest foot in England on the boards," and laughed with her peculiarly sympathetic laugh, she carried court and town by storm, and became the first favourite of the drama. Her dancing on the stage, her repartees behind the scenes, and the natural feeling she threw into parts suited to her, kept her in the position which she gained so quickly. When but seventeen, and having been on the stage two years, she left the boards to live at Epsom with Lord Buckhurst

afterwards Earl of Dorset, a wild youth, but one of the finest gentlemen of his time, an honour to the court and a patron of letters. Nelly wearied of housekeeping in a year, separated from Buckhurst, returned to the stage, and soon became a greater attraction to the King than the reigning favourite. She left the stage again, after a brief and brilliant term, was given a fine establishment, kept a carriage, and was the envied of all the female dramatic world of the day. Charles's infatuation grew rather than diminished, and her establishment became more magnificent as his indulgence increased. Their first son was born at her house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, their second at a fine establishment in Pall Mall, in the garden of which Evelyn used to see her and the King walking. The eldest boy was made Earl of Burford and Duke of St. Albans, becoming the founder of a long line. Her expenses, for the first four years of their union, were £60,000, and then she was granted £6,000 a year from the excise taxes, with £3,000 more for each son. She appeared at court and everywhere, blazing in diamonds, had a magnificent country house, and gambled like a princess. She was extravagant, generous by impulse, negligent in dress, natural in manner, thoughtless as a child, bright as the sunshine, and fascinating always. The populace did not take so kindly to her as the aristocracy, for while the latter visited her and made much of her, the common people frequently jeered at her in public, without disturbing her equanimity in the least. If she had been of aristocratic origin there would have been no hooting at her carriage by the vulgar. Charles was fond of her to the last, and with his dying breath commended her to his brother's care,—"Don't let poor Nelly starve." She died in her thirty-eighth year of apoplexy, before the end of James's short reign; her debts were paid out of the public purse by order of the king, and the great Archb Tennison preached her funeral ser

The next most celebrated actr the seventeenth century was Eliz Barry, "the great Mrs. Barry," was born about the time of the I ration. Her father expended hi tune in raising a regiment fo King, and lost his life in the str The fatherless girl, after studyi some time for the stage, wi making much progress, attracte attention of the witty and w young Earl of Rochester, who f love with her after the fashion c day and took the direction of her trical studies. He took infinite with her education, superintendi many as thirty rehearsals fo purpose of making her at hon the boards. She impressed the when she appeared on the sta fifteen, more by her beauty her playing, gained in favour g ally, and rose to be the acknowl queen of the stage when she c the part of Monimia in Ot tragedy of "The Orphan." Cibber says of her: "In char of greatness she had a prese elevated dignity; her mien an tion superb and gracefully maj her voice full, clear and stro that no violence of passion could much for her; and when di or tenderness possessed her, sh sided into the most affecting m and softness. In scenes of defiance, or resentment, while sh impetuous and terrible, she p out the sentiment with an en ing harmony." Aston says of he "her face ever expressed the pa it somewhat preceded her acti her action did her words." versatility and industry equalle of Betterton, in playing with her greatest triumphs were ach Her Belvidera, Cassandra (in den's "Cleomenes"), Isabell Southerne's "The Fatal Marri Lady Brute (in Vanbrugh's voked Wife"), Zara (in Cong

"The Mourning Bride"), Calista (in Rowe's "The Fair Penitent"), and Clarissa (in "The Confederacy"), were triumphs that followed fast on each other, and she was soon rich as well as famous. She could invest an apparently commonplace phrase with a meaning that touched the deepest chords of the heart. Her utterance, in "The Orphan," of the words, "Ah, poor Castalia!" filled every eye with tears; and when, as Queen Elizabeth, she asked, "What mean my grieving subjects?" her queenly grace and dignity made the house ring with applause. Aston gives the highest praise to her power of pleasing in comedy, in which she was as unrivalled as in tragedy. "So entirely," he says, "did she surrender herself to the influences of the characters she represented, that in stage dialogues she often turned pale or flushed red, as varying passions prompted. Mrs. Betterton excelled her in Lady Macbeth, and she excelled all in every other important female character. Her lovers were many, but none of them could tempt her from the stage. She ruined them during the leisure she snatched from her profession. She defied the coffee-house wits who made epigrams on her love affairs, laughed at those who hinted at mercenary motives, and made no secret of the fact that her two daughters had different fathers—Sir George Etherege and Lord Rochester. She never lost the favour of the public, was petted and patronized by all the fine people of the day, and spent the last three years of her life, after her withdrawal from the stage, in dignified retirement at Acton. Dr. Doran says of her portrait: "They who would see how Mrs. Barry looked living, have only to consult Kneller's grand picture, in which she is represented with her fine hair drawn back from her forehead, the face full, fair, and rippling with intellect. The eyes are inexpressibly beautiful. Of all her living beauty, living frailty, and living intelligence, there remains but this presentment."

There was something royal in the manner in which the actresses of those days violated the laws of chastity without incurring odium or ostracism. The King could do no wrong, neither could their royal highnesses of the drama. Once crowned by the pit, and no obscurity of origin or looseness of conduct shut them out from polite society. This is illustrated fully as strongly by the lives of later actresses. Of those who gained reputation upon the stage during Mrs. Barry's reign only Mrs. Bracegirdle appeared to care for the reputation of chastity. But so incomprehensible did this appear to the wits of those times that they ridiculed her decorum as the affectation of an impossible virtue. As she would hardly have been ashamed of yielding to the solicitations of her noble lovers, in the then state of public opinion on the subject, it is fair to accept the assurances of Cibber and other admirers of hers that she was chaste as Diana. Her singularity in this respect did not prevent her being extremely popular on the stage and much sought after in private life. She inspired a thousand hearts—players, dramatic authors, lords and gentlemen—with passionate love, and offered them all friendship in return. Congreve was one of the sighing host. Other actresses grew rich by spoiling their lovers, but she coldly refused presents from hers. Walpole gives an instance of the manner in which she snubbed Lord Burlington, who had long persecuted her with his ardent attentions. He says: "One day he sent her a present of some fine old china. She told the servant he had made a mistake; that it was true the letter was for her, but the china for his lady, to whom he must carry it. Lord! the countess was so full of gratitude when her husband came home to dinner!" But so little was virtue like hers regarded in those days that an attempt to abduct her was

not looked upon as any great crime. Captain Hill was the hopeless lover who proposed to get possession of the beautiful brunette in this way, and so noble did the proposition seem in the eyes of the fashionable world that Lord Mohun readily engaged to render assistance. These worthies engaged a carriage, hired six soldiers to assist them, and attempted to carry the actress off from the house of a friend, where she was spending the evening with her mother and brother. But the friend and brother kept the rascals at bay with their good swords until the screams of the women drew a crowd, and the game was up. Was there any thought of having the gallant captain and the noble lord arrested? Nothing of the kind. They were allowed to unite with Mrs. Bracegirdle's friends in escorting her home, and there seems to have been no thought of punishing them for their base attempt. The worthy pair remained in the street, and when the actor Mountfort, one of Mrs. Bracegirdle's friends, came along and said something not very flattering to Hill, that energetic lover ran his sword through the actor's body before he could draw in defence. Hill fled and Mohun surrendered himself, was tried by his peers for murder, acquitted by a majority verdict, and lived to kill and be killed by the Duke of Hamilton in Hyde Park.

Mrs. Bracegirdle's star waned before the increasing brilliancy of Anne Oldfield's, and she left the stage to her younger rival. Anne Oldfield, like Mrs. Barry, was the daughter of a soldier, and was placed on the stage by one who appreciated her talents as well as her beauty. She went on the stage at fifteen, and at twenty became famous by the creation of Lady Betty Modish in Cibber's "Careless Husband." Cibber, Chetwood, Davies, and other writers of the time, seem never to tire of praising her eyes, her voice, her elegance of manner, her figure, her gracefulness, her intelligence, her humour and vivacity. She went to house for Maynwaring, without ing the stage or troubling the c to grant the Church's blessing, society took no notice of the ir larity, but made her as welcon before to its polite circles. Afte death she listened favourably General Churchill's proposal to the head of his establishment, society smiled approval as be One day, when the actress wa court, Queen Caroline said to her hear, Mrs. Oldfield, that you an general are married." "Madam," the smiling reply, "the general l his own secrets." So little was the of such a connection, then, between vourite actress and a man of quality the Queen could gossip with her a it. "She was to be seen on the terr Windsor," says one of her biograp "walking with the consorts of d and with countesses, and wive English barons, and the whole group might be heard calling another by their Christian na When she died her remains la state in the Jerusalem Chambe honour never before accorded to one of her rank in life, the p thronged to the solemn spectac though royalty itself was awaitin last sad rites, and she was lam by friends in every walk of life. Hervey and Lord Delaware among the pall-bearers. Her two Maynwaring and Churchill, were sent, and it is a disputed point ther she had other children. The inherited her wealth, most of w she had honestly earned by her fession, and became fine gentlem

The modern theatre has to plain only of the fickleness of public, but the fickleness of the was a much more frequent cau complaint in the seventeenth cen The players were called the ser of their majesties, and as ser they were often used. There w standard of propriety, decency or lity, but the King's arbitrary will

the players were imprisoned, forced out of one company and into another, and the theatres closed, at his pleasure. Lacy, famous for his Falstaff, and without an equal as a comedian, spiced one of his parts with too many sarcasms on courtiers, and the King ordered him to be locked up, and kept him imprisoned several days. Lacy quarrelled with the Hon. Edward Howard, author of "The Silent Woman," in which he was playing when he offended the King, and called him more fool than poet. Howard struck Lacy on the face with his glove, and the actor smote the author on the head with his cane. Howard went to the King, and the theatre was closed as a punishment for the offence. Charles's wrath was not long-lived, however, while his love of Lacy's acting was strong, and the player was soon restored to favour. This is but one of many instances that might be given of the capricious tyranny of the court over the stage.

Many anecdotes of the actors of those days have come down to us in the memoirs of those times. Mohun, the rival of Betterton in versatility and some other respects, had been an officer in the army during the civil war, and did not cease to be a gentleman when he went on the stage. Cardell Goodman, whose rascally conduct gained him the name of "Scum," began his professional career with so small a salary that he and a brother actor shared the same bed, and had but one shirt between them. Goodman took to the road for relief from his necessities, and soon found himself in Newgate, with the catastrophe of Tyburn in prospect for the fifth act of his career. The King pardoned him, and the popularity he had won by his escapade gained him so good a professional salary that he could afford a whole shirt with ruffles without resorting to highway robbery. He became the favourite of the Duchess of Cleveland, the discarded mistress of Charles, who provided him with horses, wardrobe, and all the ready cash he needed. He was actually proud of this infamous connection, boasted of it, and lost none of his standing in the profession. His career of pleasure was cut short by his restless rascality. He was annoyed by two of the Duchess's children, and employed an Italian mountebank to poison them. The plot was discovered, and "Scum" once more narrowly escaped the hangman. Joe Haines, a favourite low comedian, was a great practical joker, like some popular comedians of the present day, and gained as much notoriety off the stage as on. He engaged an unsuspecting clergyman as "Chaplain to the Theatre Royal," and sent him behind the scenes to call the company to prayers. After Sunderland's conversion to Catholicism, under the proselytizing influence of James II., Haines tried to palm himself off on him as a convert, saying the Virgin came to him in a dream and cried: "Joe, arise!" Sunderland, too shrewd to be caught by chaff, replied that "she would have called him 'Joseph,' if only out of respect for her husband." Another incident of his life has been incorporated in plays and appropriated by biographers of other scamps. When in the hands of two bailiffs he saw the carriage of the Bishop of Ely approaching. "Let me speak to him," said Haines; "I'm sure he will satisfy you." The carriage was stopped, and the witty rogue put his head in and informed the Bishop that "these two Romanists were inclined to become Protestants, but had some scruples of conscience." "My friends," said the devout Bishop to the bailiffs, "if you will presently come to my house I will satisfy you in this matter." So Haines was set free, and the Bishop was so much afraid of ridicule that he paid the £20, when he came to an explanation with the officers in regard to their scruples of conscience, rather than have the story get out, and Haines and the bailiffs showed their gratitude by telling everybody.

The diary of the sharp-sighted Pepys gives graphic glimpses of the audiences of those days. The King and his mistresses were almost constantly in the boxes, the sight of them being sufficient recompense to such as Pepys for attending. He was not very well pleased with his visit to the Red Bull, an inferior theatre, 20th March, 1661, where he first went "up to the tireing room, where strange the confusion and disorder there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poore, and the actors but common fellows. At last into the pitt, where I think there was not above ten more than myself, and not one hundred in the whole house. And the play, which is called 'All's Lost but Lust,' poorly done; and with so much disorder, among others, in the musique-room, the boy that was to sing a song, not singing it right, his master fell about his eares and beat him so that it put the whole house into an uproare." It is evident from this that struggling theatricals in those days were much as they are now. He was much better pleased, a month later, at the Cockpit, when he saw "The Humoursome Lieutenant" acted before the King. He says: "But my pleasure was great to see the manner of it, and so many great beauties, but, above all, Mrs. Palmer, with whom the King do discover a great deal of familiarity." In August of the same year he and his wife went to see "The Jovial Crew," where "the King, Duke and Duchess, and Madame Palmer were, and," adds Pepys, "my wife, to her great content, had a full view of them all the while." Soon afterward he and his wife were "seated close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content." Two days later he was at the play again, when, he says, "it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and most ingenious lady, which pleased me much." The pleasures of the play-house, to gentlemen of Mr. Pepys' tastes, were by no means confined to the performance, for an entry informs us that "all the sure of the play was, the King Lady Castlemaine were there pretty witty Nell Gwynn, a King's house, and the younger shall sat next us, which pleas mightily." Here is a longer and interesting passage from the dated 4th Feb., 1666-7: "So dined, my wife and I to the I play-house, and there saw aclius,' an excellent play, to traordinary content, and the from the house being very ful great company; among others Stewart, very fine, with her lock up with puffes, as my wife calls and several other great ladie their hair so, though I do not l but my wife do mightily—but only because she sees it is the fa Here I saw my Lord Rocheste his lady, Mrs. Mallet, who hath all this ado married him, and hear some say in the pitt, it is a act of charity, for he hath no But it was pleasant to see how body rose up when my Lord Butler, the Duke of Ormond' come into the pit towards the the play, who was a servant to Mallet, and now smiled upon h she on him. I had sitting next a woman, the likest my Lady maine that ever I saw anybod another, but she is acquainted every fine fellow, and called th their name, Jacke and Tom, a fore the end of the play frisked other place."

It is pretty plain from thi manners were rather free and and that the pit was a great pla gossip. But here is another pi dated a few days later, fully a gestive: "To the King's hou 'The Mayd's Tragedy,' but ver the while with two talking ladi Sir Charles Sedley, yet pleased t their discourse, he being a str And one of the ladies would did sit with her mask on, all the

and, being exceeding witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him ; but was, I believe, a most virtuous woman, and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not tell ; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him, by that means setting his brains at work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means to find out who she was, but pulling off her mask. He was mighty witty, and she also making sport with him very inoffensively, that a more pleasant rencontre I never heard. But by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly, to which now and then Sir Charles Sedley's exceptions against both words and pronouncing were very pretty."

And here is an entry that would have increased Mrs. Pepys' jealousy of the gay little actress who was so great a favourite of her husband's : "To the King's house, where I did give 18d., and saw the last two acts of 'The Goblins,' a play I could not make anything of by these two acts, but here Knipp spied me out of the tireing-room, and come to the pit-door, and I out to her, and kissed her, she only coming to see me, being in a country-dress, she and others having, it seems, had a country-dance in the play, but she no other part ; so we parted, and I into the pit again till it was done. The house full, but I had no mind to be seen."

The actresses of those days had very little privacy in their professional lives, all the secrets of their make-up being exposed to the gallants whom it was the custom of the time to admit to the dressing-rooms. Pepys tells us, in the following entry, of one of his visits to these apartments : "To the King's house : and then, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms : and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit. And here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of Flora's Figarys, which was acted to-day. But, Lord ! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loathe them ; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk ! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was pretty."

When the actresses were ready for the stage these favoured gallants, among whom Pepys was on this occasion, stood at the side scenes, lounged into the pit and talked with the pretty orange girls, listened when they were pleased, and then back to the dressing-rooms when the act was over, the lady who attracted the greatest number of visitors having a feeling of superiority over the others. Sir Hugh Middleton very ungallantly made harsh criticisms on the appearance of the ladies, and Beck Marshall replied so sharply that he brutally threatened to kick her. She informed the King, and the titled ruffian employed a fellow to smear her face with filth as she was leaving the theatre. The result was that a royal decree forbade gentlemen to visit the dressing-rooms, but as this prohibition was as unpopular with the actresses as with the gallants themselves, it was soon disregarded, and the easy-going Charles paid no more attention to the matter.

With orange girls selling fruit and indulging in badinage in the pit, wits engaging in wordy wars with masked ladies in the boxes, fops oscillating between the dressing-rooms and the pit, footmen fighting for places in the gallery, and quarrels arising at times which had to be settled then and there, the theatre must have been an interesting place of resort in the seventeenth century.

A LAST NIGHT AT RIDEAU HALL, APRIL 5TH, 1878.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

I.

WHEN pain ends, and the fevered brow
With life's best blood again is flushed,
And friends again aloud may speak,
And footsteps are no longer hushed,

And through the open chamber door
Out and across the summer lawn,
We pass, a prisoner no more,
By nature's strong impulses drawn;

Even then, such strength in habit lies,
Some still regret may stir the heart;
For, formed in suffering, tenderest ties
Must sever, and dear friends must part;

The great world draws the working hand
Again to toil and daily strife,
And all the trouble of the land
O'erwhelms the quiet thoughtful life

Which late we led, with book and pen
Rehearsing, in the ebb of pain,
The movements of the waves of men
That rise and fall and rise again.

II.

So often, that last night, my Lord,
Which we shall pass beneath your roof—
That last fair scene, that last sweet word,
Which put our pulses to the proof,

I could not join the rapturous throng,
Whose hands, responsive to their hearts,
Gave tribute to the touching song,
And echo to the actors' parts.

For 'here,' I said, 'there comes an end
To these five years of pleasant play,
This night's the last that we shall spend,—
To-morrow dawns a darker day.

'Ring down the curtain, silent all,
Clasp hands with half a sob at heart,
Fling o'er the scene its proper pall,
And silent, with bent head, depart;

'We shall not witness in our time
Again such scenes of grace and joy,
Such blendings rare of prose and rhyme,
Such happiness without alloy.'

III.

Sir, you will pass to your high place,
Among the peers of mother land,
And matched with loveliness and grace,
Beside the Throne of England stand.

And we shall sigh as spring by spring
Returns in vain, for nights like those
Fair nights we saw when you would bring
Foes who forgot that they were foes,

At your desire; and faces fair
As any the sun shines upon,
To form a social gathering rare,—
But all that pleasure's past and gone.

Henceforth we hold your memory dear
As long ago in pleasant France
They worshipped him who was your peer,
Who carried first his knightly lance,

And saw old Barbizan die, and passed
To quiet scholar days, with song,
Love, art and letters, and at last
Breathed out a quiet soul though strong.

And later time still holds him dear
The good King Rene of Anjou,
And we will cherish till we die,
Like pleasant memories of you.

IV.

Yet not alone, for festive nights
And days of pageant and of pride,
And art that social life delights
Shall thy high name with us abide;

For you have shown the statesman's soul,
And the strong ruler's guiding hand,
Wit to convince, will to control,
And wisdom governing this land;

Have given us fame in every land,
And higher station in our own
Great Empire, and thy name shall stand
Forever here, as grand in stone

Still stand the names of those who gave
Grandeur to Greece and power to Rome--
We need not seek one classic grave,
We find our hero here at home.

Thou shalt not cease thy high career
When down the broad St. Lawrence stream
Thy great brave-breasted bark shall steer
And these five years become a dream;

Thy fame shall grow, thy hand be set
To higher tasks, and thou shalt show
We keep the breed of nobles yet,
That won us empire long ago.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED IN THE FIRST THIRTEEN CHAPTERS OF THE NOVEL.

SISTERS AND BROTHERS OF THELEMA.

MIRANDA DALMENY (*Lady Abbess*).—A beautiful and wealthy heiress, owner of Dalmeny Hall, where she lives with her widowed mother. In love with Alan Dunlop. Has no hobbies. Possesses a sympathetic charm of manner, which makes every one confide in her.

NELLY DESPARD (*Sister Rosalind*).—Young and beautiful. In love with Tom Caledon, but forbidden by strict maternal injunctions from giving him any encouragement.

ADELA FAIRFAX (*Sister Cecilia*).—A Catholic. Plays beautifully on the piano and organ.

SISTER AWDREY.—A genius. Has written a play, which has been rejected by all the managers in London. Writes novels, and pays £50 each, besides cost of printing, &c., for the privilege of getting them published. Edits one of the three Abbey papers.

SISTER ROMOLA.—Scientific. Has a laboratory, and makes "really dreadful stinks."

SISTER CORDELIA.—Yearns to see womanhood at work.

SISTER HERO.—A bright-faced girl, not a bit fierce. A worshipper of "advanced" women.

SISTER SILVIA.—A Ritualist.

SISTER UNA.—Artistic.

CLAIRETTE FANSHAWE (*Sister Desdemona*).—An elderly widow. In her young days a great actress.

ALAN DUNLOP (*Brother Hamlet*).—Son of Lord Alwyne Fontaine. Owner, in right of his dead mother, of Weyland Court, formerly Weyland Priory (The Abbey of Thelema), a grand old pile. A youthful enthusiast, fresh from Lothian College, Oxford, with a mission to reform the world. An apostle of culture, and of "The Great Movement of the Nineteenth Century."

TOM CALEDON (*Brother Lancelot*).—In love with Nelly Despard. A member of the great army of ineligibles, being "passing rich" on a pitiful £700 a-year.

ROGER EXTON (*Brother Peregrine*).—A wealthy merchant, recently returned from Assam, where he has made a large fortune in tea or indigo. Although only a little over thirty, his face is lined with multitudinous crowsfeet. Apparently a suitor (not yet declared) for the hand of Nelly Despard. Has published a poem called "Lalnee and Ramsami, or Love Among the Assamese."

PAUL RONDELET (*Brother Parolles*).—Fellow of Lothian College, where he was a student with Alan. An intellectual prig; affects omniscience; so highly cultured that he cannot possibly avoid pitying his fellow-creatures. Talks in languid, dilettante fashion of the *Renaissance*, the Higher Culture, the Higher Art, &c.

BROTHER CHRICHTON.—Chose his own name, because he said he knew nothing, and could do nothing.

BROTHER BENEDICK.—Edits one of the Abbey papers.

BROTHER BAYARD.—Lectures on the Eastern Question.

BROTHERS MERCUTIO, LESMAHAGO, and PARIS.

OUTSIDERS.

LORD ALWYNE FONTAINE.—Fourth son of the fourth Duke of Brecknock. Alan's father, and a widower. Wealthy and epicurean, with a contented mind, a good heart, and an excellent digestion. Gets as much enjoyment out of life as possible. Looks upon his son's vagaries with a half-pitying, half-amused tolerance. Lives at chambers in London.

STEPHEN BOSTOCK.—Bailiff of Alan's farm. Vulgar-minded and dishonest.

THE VICAR OF WEYLAND.—Enjoys social gatherings—balls, dinners, theatres, concerts, &c. Wrote a play when young, which ran twenty-five nights. Writes novels under an assumed name.

LUCY CORRINGTON.—Eldest of his three daughters. Pretty and good-natured.

PRUDENCE DRIVER.—Librarian in the village Free Library established by Alan.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-XIII.

ALAN DUNLOP (formerly Alan Fontaine), the hero of the novel, is the owner of Weyland Park, in the midst of which Weyland Court rises in stately grandeur. Adjoining his estate stands Dalmeny Hall, the home of Miranda Dalmeny, an heiress, who, by her father's death, became one of the richest girls in the county. With her lives her invalid mother. Alan and Miranda (who is three years his junior) have known each other from infancy, having, as children, walked, ran, and rode together; as boy and girl, played, quarrelled, made it up, and told each other all their thoughts; and, as youth and maiden, grew up together, shared the same sympathies, had the same vague yearnings for that glorious future which is the dream of generous youth, and, like a new Paul and Virginia, rode about the country together, talking, thinking, and dreaming poetry, sentiment, and enthusiasm. On the principle that *il y a toujours un qui aime et un qui est aimé*, Miranda loves Alan, a feeling of which he is unaware, and which he does not return, at least consciously.

At the age of one or two and twenty, Alan leaves Oxford and returns to his country seat, eager to start on his career as a regenerator of the world. After consulting with Miranda, who, though sympathising with his aims, only half approves of his projects and method, he determines to begin with the labourers on his own estates, to whom he delivers a course of lectures in the village school-room. The labourers listen with the same stolid stare or closed eyes with which they receive the Vicar's sermons, and the result is absolute failure. Alan, convinced in this unpleasant way that a three years' residence at Oxford is not quite enough by itself to teach him the great art of managing and leading men, determines to take a trip round the world, and see men and things for himself. After travelling through Canada, the United States, Japan, China, India, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, and Russia, he returns home, and immediately sets to work on his mission of reform. Partly with a view to get at the real feelings and ideas of his peasantry, and partly in order to set a practical example of industry, sobriety, and culture, he determines to live as they live,—to hire himself out under his own bailiff as a common labourer on his own estate; to work as his labourers work, and to dress, feed, and lodge as they do. He takes one of the humblest cottages in the village, puts on a smock frock, and engages himself as a labourer at eighteen shillings a week, on which sum he makes up his mind to live—eschewing tobacco and beer as luxuries. One day in the week, however (Sunday), he devotes, dressed as a gentleman, to discussing his plans with Miranda. He raises the wages of his labourers, and shares with them the profits of the farm, on co-operative principles, after deducting expenses and interest on capital. He establishes a weekly Village Parliament, to discuss the affairs of the farm and the village; opens a Co-operative Store and a Good Liquor Bar; builds a Bath-House and Public Laundry; and establishes a Free Library and Reading-Room. He also entertains projects for a series of weekly lectures on scientific subjects, a night-school, a drill-shed, a picture and art gallery, village festivals and dances, a monthly ball, a small theatre to be open for a month in the year, a band of village musicians and a madrigal club, and expeditions or excursions to distant places.

Shortly after the commencement of this experiment, a discussion is had between Alan, Miranda, and Clairette Fanshawe, as to how to utilize Weyland Court, now that Alan no longer lives there, and Miranda starts the idea of founding a society where ladies and gentlemen can live together without any aims, either religious, political, or social,—a band of men and women who would simply lead the pleasantest life attainable, and never forget that they are gentlemen and gentlewomen. Upon this hint, and adopting the idea from Rabelais, Weyland Court is converted into The Abbey of Thelema, Alan insisting, as a condition of his consent, that Miranda shall be Lady Abbess. Accordingly, Weyland Court becomes an abode of pleasure—a sort of Castle of Indolence—inhabited by ten brothers and ten sisters of the Order of Thelema. Each brother and sister has two rooms, also one for his or her servant, making sixty rooms in all, besides plenty others to spare for guests. There is a grand dining-hall, also used as a ball-room, a beautiful drawing-room, and several breakfast and morning rooms; and there is stabling for fifty horses, and a kitchen fit for a City Company. Each pair of novices (male and female), on election, undergo a grand ceremony of initiation, upon which each subscribes to the three following vows:—First, to make no vow against the honourable and desirable condition of wedlock, not to defame the sweet name of love, and never to pledge oneself to live alone; second, to take joyfully whatever wealth the Heavens may send; and third, to be bound by no conventional rules, to live as one pleases, and to do and say whatever honour and gentlehood permit. The motto of the Order, adopted from the great master, François Rabelais, himself, is "FAY CE QUE VOULDRAS,"—do as thou wilt. An idea of the mode of life in this Abbey of Pleasure may be gathered from the following list of "Engagements for Tuesday, July 10th, 1877":—

11.00 A.M.—Brother Bayard will deliver a Lecture in the Hall on the Eastern Question.
12.30 P.M.—Organ Recital by Sister Cecilia.
2.30 P.M.—Polo in the Park, if the Brothers like to play.
5.00 P.M.—The Abbess will receive in the Garden.
6.00 P.M.—Carriages will be ready for those who want to drive.
7.30 P.M.—Dinner. Choral night (that is, the band will play and chorister boys will sing during the feast).
9.30 P.M.—Performance of an entirely new and original comedietta, in two acts, in the Theatre of the Abbey. Stage Manager, Sister Desdemona.

The members of the Order are free to attend these engagements or not as they please. There are also three weekly papers published in the Abbey—the *Thelema Gazette* and two others—all edited by brothers or sisters.

There is a secondary plot arising out of the mutual love of Tom Caledon and Nelly Despard. The young girl's mother is a widow, not over wealthy, ambitious, and anxious that her lovely daughter shall make a grand match. She has accordingly forbidden Tom to think of anything serious, and enjoined her daughter to favour the addresses of his rival, Roger Exton, an East India merchant, retired and wealthy.

One aim of the authors of this singular novel appears to be, to deal indirectly with the great problem of Rich and Poor, Capital and Labour, Producers and Consumers, Working Bees and Drones, by bringing into sharp contrast the life of the labourer on the one hand, whose lot is toil from year's end to year's end; and, on the other, the life of "society," whose only aim is "to enjoy." Whether the sequel of the story will indicate any solution to this painful problem, remains to be seen. So far, after a year or two's trial, Alan's experiment has resulted only in dismal failure. His labourers resent his coming to work among them as an intrusion; they will not attend his Weekly Parliament, nor patronise his Co-operative Store, Good-Liquor Bar, or Library. As regards them, and their lack of sympathy with his projects, Alan's ever-recurring complaint is, "I cannot enter into their minds;" and his want of success is gradually producing its natural effects—despondency and despair. Winter passes away, and spring; and summer finds him still plodding away among the furrows all day, and working for the rustics all the evening. But he grows worn and downcast, finding no fruit of all his toil.

Chapter XIV.

"With evening came the banquet and the wine;
The conversazione; the duet,
Attuned by voices more or less divine."

THE dinner-hour was half-past seven, a time fixed by Desdemona, as *Arbiter Epularum*. She said she did not want to turn night into day, and liked to have an evening. Dinner was served in the great hall, which made a noble refectory. Not only Desdemona, but one or two of the brothers exercised steady surveillance over the *menu*, of which the great feature was that it presented every day a dinner which was not only excellent, but also composed of few courses.

"There are," said Desdemona, "only two or three countries which have any distinctive dinners. But by judicious selections of *plats* we may dine after the fashion of any country we please."

So that sometimes they dined *à la Francaise*, and sometimes *à l'Espagnole*, when they had Olla Podrida; or *à l'Arabe*, when there was always a pilaw, or *à l'Inde*, when there were half-a-dozen different kinds of curry, from prawn curry, which is the king, prince, and even the emperor of all curries, down to curried vegetables; or *à l'Allemande*, when they had things of veal with prunes; or *à l'Anglaise*, when, in addition to other good things, there was always a sirloin of beef; or *à la Russe*, or *à l'Italienne*. As there is no cookery in America, it was impossible, save by the aid of canvas-backs, to dine *à l'Americaine*. A servant stood behind every other guest, and instead of the wine being brought round, every man named what he would take. The table was lit by wax candles only, which shed their soft light upon the flowers and silver. And all round the table stretched the great hall itself, the setting sun still lighting up the glories of the windows, and wrapping in a new splendour the painted glass, the black beams of the roof, and the silken banners of the fraternity. When the sun was set and the day ended, the hall was very dark and black save for the table itself, the lights upon the sideboards, and, on choral nights, the lights for the musicians and the choir.

Nelly sat between Tom and Brother Peregrine, who occupied his place by right of his age in the Order, which was that of the youngest. She thought she had never before assisted at a banquet so delightful and so splendid. Opposite to her was Miranda, at whose right was Alan Dunlop, fresh from the

fields, looking grave and even melancholy. Next to him, Desdemona, clad in a robe of heavy satin, looking animated and happy. There was music too, to make the feast more luxurious. The boys who sang the hymn at the Reception were there, in a sort of stage costume, and the band which played at yesterday's ball, which was, indeed, a company brought down from London expressly for the Abbey. They played soft music, old-fashioned minuets and gavottes, music selected by Cecilia, which was not intended to fire the blood, nor lead the thoughts into melancholy channels, nor constrain the talkers to give their undivided attention to it; music of a certain gravity, as becomes dinner music, which should inspire thought, recall memories, but not be sad. And from time to time the boys threw up their fresh young voices into the air in some tuneful old part-song, which fell upon the ears of the guests, bringing a sense of coolness as from the spray of a fountain on a summer noon. Dining was no longer the satisfaction of an appetite; it became the practice of one of the fine arts. And the claret was of the softest, the hock of the most seductive, the champagne of the brightest.

For dress, the men wore a black velvet costume, designed by Desdemona herself, though I think Mr. Planché would have recognised it. The sombre black was relieved by the collar of the Order, and the crimson rope which girded every waist. It was a dress which sat well upon men who were young and tall. The brothers were all young and mostly tall. As for the sisters, they wore what they pleased, and they naturally chose to wear what suited them best. But all had the collar, the hood, and girdle of the Order. Sister Desdemona surrounded her portly person with a magnificent robe of satin, in which she might have played a stage queen. Miranda had some gauzy and beautiful dress of a soft grey, and Nelly wore white.

"It is like a dream, Tom," said the latter. "It is so splendid as to almost wicked. Do you think really a dream? Shall I wake u find myself in Chester Square with mamma exhorting on the s ness of dancing three times w detrimental?"

"Especially if his name is Ton don," said that brother.

They gave one toast every eve which Alan, or Brother Haml the Public Orator gave, without s or ceremony.

"The Master."

Then all rose, and murmured a drank

"Fay ce que vouldras."

The theatre had been built i last century by a former D owner of Weyland Court, after hi designs. The stage was small, but enough for all ordinary purposes especially adapted for drawing comedy. The auditorium was circular, the seats being arrang that every row was a foot-and- above the one below it, like a R theatre. It is an admirable meth sight and hearing, but has the disa tage of narrowing the number audience. The lower seats consis easy-chairs, in crimson velvet upper ones, which were given servants, who could bring as ma their own friends as they pleased, padded benches, with arms and The house held about a hundre eighty or two hundred, and on ings of performance was gen quite full. It was lit by oil lam wax candles only, so that the were necessarily of the simpler and no effects of light could ever tempted. Desdemona, by right previous profession, was naturall stage manager. It was she wh ducted the rehearsals, drilled the separately and together, suggest bye-play, and sometimes, if a suited her, went on the stage he

The piece played to-night was a drawing-room comedy, taken, of c from the French: time, and the

dress, the last century; dialogues sparkling with cleverness, and that kind of epigram which only the French dramatists seem able to produce; which has a point, but yet does not stab; which disarms an enemy, but does not fell him to the ground; which turns the laugh against him, but does not insult him—in fact, dialogues of the days when men respected each other on account of the appeals to duels.

It was a very little after-dinner piece and took less than an hour in all, so that one rose from the amusements refreshed and not fatigued, as one generally is by a long evening at the theatre.

Then they all went back to the drawing-room. It was an old-fashioned room, very long, narrow, and low, running along a whole side of the quadrangular court; its windows opened out upon lawns; it was dimly lighted by only a few lamps and candles, and these were shaded so that the rooms would have been almost dark save for the brightly-lit conservatory at one end.

The evening was all too short. One or two of the sisters sang and played; there was talking and, so far as Nelly's practised eye could discern, there was more than one flirtation—at least there was the usual symptoms.

Peregrine sat by her and began to talk, but his idle words jarred on the girl's ears, and seemed out of tune with the beauty of the day and the place. She escaped, and took refuge in the conservatory, where Tom Caledon was sitting with Miranda, Desdemona, and Alan Dunlop. She noticed then how heavy and careworn the young Squire, who was also a farm labourer, was looking.

"You like the Abbey, Nell dear?" asked Miranda.

Nelly sank upon a cushion at the feet of the Abbess, and took her hand.

"It is too wonderful and delicious," she said; "I feel as if I were in a dream. Miranda, if mamma knew the glorious time I am having here, and —and"—here she glanced at Tom—"and everything, I should be recalled like an ambassador."

"It is a great relief to me," said Alan, "coming over here after a rough day and finding myself among you all. My house was never put to so good a purpose before."

"How does your public kitchen get on, Alan?" asked Miranda.

"Nothing gets on well," he replied gloomily. "We started very well. We had five and forty women cooking their dinners at the same time. We gave them the materials for the first day, you know—chops and steaks. Next day, when no materials were given, nobody came; and nobody has been since, except my own woman."

Miranda sighed.

"Why do you persist in going into the troublesome village, Alan?" Desdemona murmured from her chair, which was close to some heavily-scented flower, the property of which was to soothe the soul with a sense of luxury and content and to make it irritable at the thought of struggle, discomfort, or unrest. Else Desdemona was generally the most compassionate and sympathetic of creatures. To be sure she never could quite sympathise with Alan's schemes, and she lost her patience when she drove out and, as sometimes happened, met him in a smock-frock driving a cart in the lanes. "Why do you go into the troublesome village at all, Alan?" she asked in such a voice as they acquire who linger too long in lands where it is always afternoon. "Come up and always stay here with us, in the Abbey of Thelema. Here you shall be wrapped in silk, and lulled to sleep by soft music: or you shall take your part, acting in the delightful comedies we are always devising. We will make much of you Alan."

But he shook his head.

Then that elderly lady, intoxicated with the perfume, went on murmuring softly:

"I take my part in the play and

make my points, and it is so like the stage that I look round for applause. Children, I will not be called Desdemona any more. I am in a glorified Bohemia—not the place where poets starve and artists borrow half-crowns, and both make love to milliners—but in Shakespeare's Bohemia, where Miranda is "Queen," and I am one of the Ladies-in-Waiting, and this is a Palace in the City of Prague."

CHAPTER XV.

"It was a lover and a lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino."

"I THOUGHT, Tom, we were to be Lancelot and Rosalind in the Abbey?" said Nelly.

They were in the park, sitting under the shade of a mighty chestnut. Outside, the stillness of a hot summer noon. For once, Tom had the girl all to himself, without the lean and crows'-footed young Nabob, who persistently intruded himself upon his proposed duets with her. Quite alone, she was very pretty that morning, he thought; prettier, even, than on the evening when, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, she danced the minuet with him in the robes of a sister.

Perhaps a corresponding vein of thought was running through her mind, too. Girls do not, I believe, fall in love with men for their beauty, and certainly no one ever called Tom Caledon an Adonis. Adonis is generally pictured as slender, delicate, effeminate. Tom was broad-shouldered, strong of limb and sturdy. There was nothing effeminate about his short curly hair, his ruddy cheek, his swinging stride. "Tom," Nell might have said to herself, "is the best of all the men I know, and the most considerate for me. He is not so clever as Mr. Rondelet: he isn't so full of projects as Mr. Dunlop: he is not so distinguished as Brother Bayard, V.C.; but he is the best of all the brothers, and I wish—I wish——"

I do not know what she might have wished, because Tom began answering her questions very slowly.

"When we are together, Nell, which is not often, on account of that confounded fellow who haunts you like a shadow, we may forget the monastic names."

"It is not my fault, Tom, that we are not oftener together. I can't *tell* people to go away and leave you and me alone, can I?"

"But you needn't encourage people," he grumbled.

"I had a letter from mamma yesterday," Nelly went on. "She has heard, she says, 'that a Mr. Roger Exton, who has made a large fortune in Assam, is at Weyland Court'—she won't give in to calling it the Abbey—and she hints that, so long as I behave properly to Mr. Exton, she will let me go on staying here."

Tom growled.

"So you see, Tom, if you want to see anything of me, you had better make up your mind to tolerate Mr. Exton."

"Hang Mr. Exton!"

"I am sure I should not care if you did. But don't be cross, Tom. Remember you are in the Abbey of Good Temper. Besides, it is not like what you used to be in the good old days. We will be a good deal together if we can. Perhaps," she sighed, "we shall never get the chance again."

"Do you like it, Nelly," Tom asked, "being—a good deal together, I mean?" His face was not so frank and open as his companion's.

It was a year and a day since he had put a question, similar in import, but perhaps of more special meaning, to the same young lady. It was on Ryde Pier, and in the evening, what time the summer waters of the fair Solent stretched broad and smooth on either hand, and the lights of the ships at Spithead, the yachts in the roadstead, and of Southsea five miles away,

made long lines across the ocean lake, while the summer air was soft and warm: while the lazy water of the flowing tide lapped at the supports of the pier and gurgled among the planks below: while, as they two leaned side by side, looking out beyond the pier, and picturing endless happiness, the steps of those who came and went upon the pier dropped unheeded on their ears, and the music of the band was only the setting of the love-song in their hearts.

A year and a day. Did she, he asked, in faltering tones, did she like him well enough to be always with him? No matter what answer she gave. It was what he hoped, and it filled his heart with joy unspeakable, so that the rest of that evening was spent within the gates of Paradise.

Well, it is a very pleasant place to visit even for a single night, and the memory of it lingers, and is a happiness to dwell upon. But, unfortunately, these visits never last long, and in Tom's case, he was promptly expelled by a person who, somehow, had the guardianship of his Paradise. The angel with the flaming sword in this instance took the form of the young lady's mamma. She was a person of commanding presence, great power of speech, trained by long battle with her late lamented warrior-spouse to use winged words like sharp arrows, and, being herself poor and of good family, filled with ambitious hopes for her daughter, so lovely and so sweet. Therefore, when Tom confessed that his income was under seven hundred a year, and that he had no prospects to speak of or prospects of the vaguest and most unreliable character, Mrs. Despard allowed wrath to get the better of politeness, and let Tom have it. He must never, under any circumstances, speak of such a thing again. She was surprised, she was more than surprised, she was deeply hurt, at what she could call nothing but a breach of confidence. She had trusted him with her daughter, feeling sure that she was safe with one who had known her from infancy. With his means, his very, very humble means, the matter was ridiculous and not to be thought of for a moment. Did he know the expenses of house-keeping? Did he know the cost of bringing up a family? Had he thought that her daughter, her Eleanor, was to become a common household drudge?—And, finally, she must wish Mr. Caledon good morning for ever. Henceforward, they were to meet as strangers.

So Tom found himself outside the door. It was a facer. And there was no help for it. The energetic widow followed up her onslaught by a letter, in which she said that she should feel more at her ease in Ryde, if Tom was out of it; and that, if he did not see his way to changing his quarters, she should be obliged to sacrifice the rooms which she had taken for two months at eight guineas a week.

So poor Tom had to go, packed up his portmanteau, and went mooning about by himself on the Continent. He did not enjoy himself much till he came to the Engadine, which was full of Rugby and Marlborough masters, so that the contemplation of their great superiority, and the listening to their artless prattle, soothed his soul and made him think of Mr. Rondelet, the man in whom Alan Dunlop believed.

A year and a day: and here he was again at the Pearly Gates, and no infuriated mamma as yet in sight.

"Do you like it, being a good deal together?" he asked, ungrammatically.

"Yes," she replied, frankly and without the least hesitation. "Haven't I told you so, over and over again? Men will never believe what one says. Does it please you, Tom, to hear me say it again? I do like it then; I like it very much; I like it too much for my peace of mind, Tom. Will that do?"

"Oh, Nelly!" cried the enraptured lover.

"I like being with you better than with anybody else, man, woman, or

child, in the whole world. I am sure it ought to be so. You have known me so long that you are a kind of brother by this time."

"Brother! oh!" Tom groaned.

"Which reminds me"—her manner changed suddenly. While she confessed her "liking" for Tom's society, her face was glowing, and her eyes were soft and tearful. She was very near having a weak moment, only that stupid Tom was afraid, and let the opportunity for a bit of real love-making go by. "Which reminds me," she said, suddenly putting on a careless and even a flippant air, "that there are certain things which cannot be talked about."

"Why not, Nelly?"

"Because they are impossible things; yes, Tom; quite—quite. Isn't there a rule that the brothers are not to say foolish things to the sisters?"

"No rule of the kind, at all," he said. "In fact I was never in a country-house where so many foolish things are said. To be sure the place is full of charming girls."

"And of course you find it easy to say foolish things to all of them," she said with the least little delicate shade of real jealousy.

"Don't Nelly; you know well enough." Tom was again ungrammatical, but perfectly intelligible.

"This is a world, Tom, as mamma says, in which common sense is wanted. You have only got seven hundred a year. I have got—nothing. Can we—could we—does anybody live on seven hundred a year?"

"I believe Dunlop is living on eighteen shillings a week," Tom replied. "But we could, Nelly. I have calculated it all out on paper, and we really could. And you should have a horse to ride as well."

"And a season in town; and a run down to Brighton; and perhaps six weeks on the Continent; and you to have your club and hunter—oh! and my dress, because mamma has always said that she should not consider it her duty to help me after I was married. Tom, *can* we do all this on seven hundred a year? Ask your heart, as they say on the stage."

Tom was silent for a few moments.

"But we need not want all this, Nell. We could live somehow where things are cheap—beef at twopence, and potatoes free—you know; and we would be"—here he looked queer—"we would be economical, Nell."

She burst out into a merry laugh.

"You are a ridiculous boy, Tom. How *could* we be economical? Isn't the life we lead the only life we can lead with any pleasure? And are you not a most extravagant man? How much do you owe?"

"One can't be very extravagant on seven hundred a year," said Tom with a sigh. "And to think that you of all girls are ready to throw yourself away for money—oh, Nell!"

"Tom, I've heard that kind of thing said in novels and in plays, over and over again, but you know in real life it is silly. Lord Methusalem marries little artless Lily, and then the satirists talk about it as if it were so awful for Lily. Why, Tom, she isn't artless at all; she likes it. She knows perfectly well what she is doing. Am I artless, do you think?"

"You look artless, Nelly."

"You know very well, then, that my looks are a snare. I never had any secrets from you, Tom, had I? Who knows better than you that I must marry, if I marry at all, a rich man; and the richer the better? I suppose that men are not necessarily brutes and bears because they are rich. Why, there is Alan Dunlop; he is rich and not a brute; and half-a-dozen of the brothers; and lots of them I know. I really do not see why a rich man should not be as pleasant as a poor one, though he never is in the novels. My husband must be rich, and I only hope with all my heart that he will be pleasant."

"But it's such a mercenary—I mean—you know what I mean."

"I know, Tom," said Nell. "If we

could do just whatever we liked, there is nothing I should like better than to say 'yes' to you—just as I did in the dear old pier; you know that, Tom, don't you?—and go straight away to church, you and I together. Oh! how happy I should feel while the clergyman tied the knot! And what a rage mamma would be in! But that is all nonsense. We are born in a rank of life, as the Catechism says, and have to be contented therewith. That is, I suppose, we must accept our fate and make the best of it. And my fate is —not Tom Caledon—poor old Tom! but somebody or other—Lord Methusalem perhaps. And don't think I shall be miserable and die of a broken heart! I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall make a fair bargain. I shall marry a man who will give me a good income, a position, kindness, and—and—perhaps—what *you* make such a fuss about, Tom"—here she turned red and hesitated, picking at a flower —"what they call—Love. And I shall give him all I have got to give —all any woman can give—myself." She stopped for a moment, and seemed as if she was trying to collect her thoughts. "And it will be a bargain all to my advantage."

"What, Nell? A man gets *you*, and you think it is a bargain to your advantage?"

"Ah! Tom, you think that girls are artless, you see. That is the mistake that men make. My dear Tom, we are miracles of common sense and prudence."

Tom pulled the most dismal face in the world.

"Don't, Tom." Nelly laughed and then sighed. "Don't. It's hard enough as it is, not being able to—to have one's own way. You might at least help me."

"I will, Nell. I declare I will. I promise you that I will not ask impossible things—as you call them. But you must give me something for my promise. You must walk with me, dance with me, and ride with me."

"I will do all that," said Nelly. "But Tom, you must not be angry if I—flirt with anybody I like among the Brothers of the Order."

"I suppose," said Tom ruefully, "that I have no right to say a word, whatever you do. And there are plenty of men here for you to flirt with; and I suppose I shan't have a chance of edging in a word at all."

"Certainly not, if it is a disagreeable word," she said.

Tom got up.

"There *must* be something wrong in the management of the world," he said, "when two people like you and me, who are made for each other, can't be married for want of a few miserable dollars. Why, Nell, can you conceive anything jollier than for you and me to be always together, to do what we like, go where we like, and live as we please? Do you think you would get tired of me? To be sure I am not clever."

She shook her head; something like a tear came in her eye, and she did not look up.

"I should never get tired of you, Tom. It is the men who get tired of their wives, not the women of their husbands."

"I wonder, now," said Tom, whether I couldn't go in for something and make money. There was MacIntyre of ours, I remember. He went into the Advertising Agency business, and told somebody, who told me, that he was making a thousand a year over it. And there was another man who went into wine on Commission. And another who took to writing. And Tom Bellows went into manure."

"And I hope he stuck there," said Nelly. "Oh! Tom, to think that you will ever make anything. You? There's another point of resemblance between us, Tom, that we are both born to spend, not to save. It is a much happier condition of life. And now let us go home for luncheon. Is not that Peregrine coming to meet us?"

"I thought he couldn't let us alone very long," growled Tom.

CHAPTER XVI.

"So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself."

AFTER nearly a year of continual effort in the village, it was almost time that some results should be arrived at. And yet the young Reformer's countenance grew darker every day as he looked about for what should have been the fair and smiling harvest of his toil, and found only the same old weeds. Every one of his projected reforms had been by this time fairly commenced. The Parliament—the plan of which he had hoped to widen, so as to make it embrace the broad interests of the whole village instead of the comparatively narrow business of a single farm—was a House of empty benches. On the suppression of the gratuitous supper the rustics ceased to take any further interest in the proceedings. A show of a weekly conference was held, it is true, but it was like the Roman Senate under the Empire, having no power, and being the mere shadow of a name. It consisted, indeed, entirely of a duet between Alan Dunlop, himself, and his bailiff. Perhaps, now and then, the two young men of religious principle who had charge of the Co-operative shop and the Good Liquor Bar, put in a silent appearance. Occasionally, as has already been stated, the meetings were attended by the saturnine schoolmaster. He showed little enthusiasm for a movement which brought no good to himself. The cobbler of anti-religious sympathies abstained after his first visit. If you could not discuss Atheism, what was the good of Parliament? He considered all this talk of farm work sheer waste of time, which might much better be devoted to the destructi Christianity, monarchy, and the tocracy—to parcelling out the and introducing communism. night the young man they called liam came and proposed, with gr liberty of expression than might been expected of him, a vote fo increase of wages and the decre hours, which he supported on the that it would afford the labourers to attend the night-school an reading-room. But Mr. Bostock short work of him, so that he can more. Still the Parliament was up, and Prudence Driver entere minutes regularly, acting as Cle the House. Also, Alan always i duced his new ideas first to the H and then circulated them in the of tracts.

In the course of the year qui extensive literature of tracts gre in the village, all written entire the Squire, and most generously away for the exclusive use of the ple. Among them were—

The *Tract on the Co-operati Employer and Labourer*, with a tative Conjecture on the share the latter ought to have in the P This was the treatise presented t first sitting of the Parliament, b it was unfortunately mistake paper provided as pipe-lights, i came immediately out of prin believe a copy is now as rare Editio Princeps of *Gargantua*.

The *Tract on Total Absti* which followed, produced the r which such tracts always do. women got hold of it and quote ures. Then came domestic dis ments, and the men, to escape nag went to the *Spotted Lion*, where agreed on the merits of the Tract wondered why no one followed Squire's example. But the w chalks did not grow less.

The *Tract on the Good L League* obtained an accidental i tance, from the fact that the lan of the *Spotted Lion* thought it

meant as an attack upon himself, particularly when the writer spoke unkindly of treacle, salt, and sugar as additions to beer which ought not to be made. Otherwise, this Tract would certainly have fallen flat.

In the same way the *Tract on Co-operation in the Village shop* met with no readers except the one village shopkeeper. She, like the landlord of the *Spotted Lion*, resented its appearance as aimed directly at herself and her own interests. But her weekly lists of tick did not diminish.

The *Tract on Cleanliness in the Home* was kindly and even cheerfully received by the men. They snorted, chuckled, and grinned, wondering what the women would say to it. Their wives, however, thought the Squire had best keep to subjects more proper to man-folk, and spoke disrespectfully about meddlers, even throwing out hints on the subject of dish-clouts.

The *Tract on Art in Common Life* was, as Alan felt himself, a little above their heads. The beautiful language regarding Common Things, the Blade of Grass, the Tuft of Moss, the common wild flowers, and the singing of the lark in the sky, fell unresponsive on their hearts.

The *Tract which recommended daily bathing* was received with an apathetic silence which left no room for doubt as to the opinion of the village.

The *Tract about Free Libraries and a Public Reading-room* was considered to concern other people. Probably it had been printed and given out at their doors by mistake. The villagers, anxious not to think their Squire a madman, charitably put this down as the postman's error.

The *Tract on Amusements* excited surprise rather than curiosity. They were to dance every week—dancing was an Art strange and forgotten. They were to have a theatre—they had never seen a theatre—and a circus, and a band of music, and to go out all together for holidays. Like the boys and girls, which was degrading.

The *Tract on the Model Cottage*, showing how the garden and the pig-sty paid the rent and provided the Sunday dinner of beef and cabbage, with the pudding under the gravy, excited aspirations which were as fleeting as vague, and were speedily drowned in beer. It may be confessed that not one single cottage grasped the idea that roast beef and Yorkshire pudding were attainable objects.

The great difficulty was, that nobody wanted to read—nobody wanted to change—nobody wanted to improve. The duty of discontent had not been taught these simple rustics. It was sad for Alan to hear in the evening those voices of the real village Parliament raised in clamorous cheerfulness in their tap-room which were silent at his own Assemblies; it was sad to feel that his tracts fell unheeded on dull and contented ears; it was sad to meet the Vicar and acknowledge that, so far, he had done no better from his cottage than his reverence from his pulpit: or the Vicar's daughters, who respected him mightily and were unfeignedly sorry to learn how things did not advance a bit, and how the only purchasers at the Co-operative shop were themselves and Miss Dalmeny. Perhaps the failure of his shop and his bar was the saddest thing about the whole experiment, because, in establishing them he had, as he told Miranda, appealed to the very lowest principle, that of self-interest. Could people be so stupid as not to be alive to their own interests? Both the excellent young Christians who resided together and administered shop and bar stood, all day long. at the receipt of custom with brightly varnished beer-handles and polished counters, but had no custom. And yet the tea was good and the sugar good; and the beer was the bright and sparkling fluid from Burton, not the sugary mess of the *Spotted Lion*.

For this stiffnecked generation took

kindly to nothing except what was actually given to them. As long as soap was distributed the mothers came to the Public Laundry. When they had to bring their own soap, they preferred the seclusion of home. The men, for their part, gave a ready patronage to the Bar so long as the tap ran free, which was for the first week. During that blissful period every man was allowed a pint in the evening. By this it was intended to cultivate the village palate into a taste for real beer. The pint despatched, it was mournful to see them slouch across the road and enter their accustomed tap-room.

It was almost as painful to visit the Library where Prudence Driver sat every evening alone. Now and then, perhaps, the schoolmaster might look in to borrow a book and exchange gloomy remarks with her. Then he would go out, and the door would bang behind him, and the girl would sit by herself wondering *why* people preferred to be ignorant, and endeavouring to master the principles by which her Prophet was guided. Once the shoemaker, already referred to, came with a list of books beginning with Toland and Volney, and ending with Renan. As none of these works were in the Library, he explained to Prudence that she was an accomplice in the great conspiracy, of which every king, priest, and holder of property was a member, for keeping the people in ignorance. It is impossible, however, to satisfy everybody, and when the Primitive Methodist minister of the circuit visited the Library and found the works of certain modern philosophers upon the shelves, he asked the Librarian whether she realized the possession of a soul, and whether she knew of the punishment allotted to those who wilfully disseminate error. So that it seemed as if nobody was pleased. But the girl had her consolations. Sometimes Mr. Dunlop himself would sit in the reading-room all the evening, and now and then he talked with her over his plans. Sometimes Miss Miranda would call at the Library in the afternoon. And sometimes the young ladies from the Vicarage would come in and run round the shelves like butterflies, brightening up the place. Otherwise Prudence Driver's life was a dull one.

The *Public Laundry and Bath-houses* were as deserted as the Library.

After the work of nearly a whole year, was there nothing?

Yes; one thing there was. When the Squire, at vast expense, hired a whole circus company and had performances open to all the people—just as if they had been so many ancient Romans—for nothing, they appreciated the act at its highest possible value. Never was any performer more popular than the clown. And yet, in spite of the temporary popularity which accrued to him by reason of the circus, Alan did not feel altogether as if the success of this experiment was a thing, to the student of the Higher Culture, altogether to be admired. It was much as if a great tragedian were to step suddenly, and by no conscious will of his own, into the position of a popular Tom Fool.

Keenly conscious of this, Alan next got a company of comedians. They were going about the country playing a piece which had been popular in London. It was not a great piece, not a play of that lofty ideal which Alan would have preferred to set before his people, but it was something better than the clown's performance. On the first night the villagers came in a body. They expected another clown. What they saw was a set of men and women in ordinary costume, carrying on and talking just like so many ladies and gentlemen. That was not acting at all. No real interest in it; no red-hot poker; no tumbling down and dislocating limbs; no spectacle of discomfiture and suffering such as calls forth at once the mirth of the rustic mind. The next night

nobody came but a few children. Clearly, the dramatic instinct was as yet but feeble,

About this time Alan had a great consultation. It was in Desdemona's "cell,"—a luxurious apartment at the Abbey—on Sunday afternoon. Those who were present at the Conference were Desdemona herself, Miranda, Tom Caledon—who was rather short of temper in consequence of discovering that Nelly had gone for a walk with Mr. Roger Exton—Mr. Rondelet, and Alan himself.

The Abbey was very quiet that afternoon; the drowsy influence of the midsummer day lay upon all, and made them talk languidly and dreamily.

"After a year of work," said Alan, lying back in his chair and speaking to the ceiling, "there is nothing." He raised himself and addressed Miranda.

"I told you, Miranda, at the very outset, that Habit was the great enemy. I begin almost to believe that nothing can be done against that deadly enemy."

Then Mr. Rondelet, standing by the open window, toyed delicately with his eye-glass which he half raised twice, and as often dropped. I really believe that he could see as well without it. Then he stroked his smooth cheek and smiled languidly.

"You have proclaimed," he said . . . there was always a little difficulty about Mr. Rondelet's *r*'s, which had a tendency—a tendency only, not a brutal determination—to run themselves into *w*'s. Mankind are divided in opinion as to whether this is affectation or a congenital infirmity . . "You have proclaimed," he said, "the responsibilities of wealth. You have set an example which may be followed and must be quoted."

"It will be quoted," said Tom Caledon, who was sitting by Desdemona. "It will be quoted most certainly, but as for being followed——"

"I have made an experiment," said Alan, "in what I believe to be the right method. But the success has not been, I confess, altogether what I could desire. It seems almost impossible to enter into their minds."

"Perhaps," murmured Desdemona gently—"Perhaps, Alan, they haven't any."

"And perhaps," said Mr. Rondelet, "there is still something to be said in favour of the old method of imposing obedience and laying down rules. Our ancestors assumed to possess what *we* certainly do possess—the Higher Intelligence."

"That is driving, not leading," said Alan. "My principle is the Example. It was an old Oxford principle, Rondelet."

Miranda observed with a sigh, that she had hoped to see some development in the direction of Art.

It was an unfortunate remark, because the failure of the Picture Gallery was the most conspicuous of all Alan's late defeats. No one, after the first day, cared to go into the Picture Gallery at all.

"I hoped," said Alan, "that we should made the gallery into a sort of silent and continuous educator. That series of pictures showing the development of manhood from the flint-weaponed savage to—to——" here he looked at the Fellow of Lothian College—"to the highest product of modern civilisation, I thought would become at once a stimulus to the discontent I want to engender."

"Even the contemplation of the—the Highest Modern Product failed to interest them?" asked Mr. Rondelet, with a show of carelessness, as if he did not know that in the neglect of the Highest Modern Product he had himself been neglected.

"Yes; they took no interest in the progress of civilisation. Then I had a series to illustrate the History of England. But they cared nothing about the History of England."

"There were the dances," said Miranda, joining in the chorus of lament-

ation. "Oh, I did hope that something would come of the dances! A weekly dance, with an inexpensive supper - a real dance - of quadrilles and waltzes for the people. It seemed so delightful. And to think that we should break down from such a trifling cause as boots."

"Did they," asked Desdemona, languidly, "did they try to waltz in the boots of their working-hours?"

"Well," said Miranda, "the fact is we forgot that detail. On the first night Tom was good enough to give us his assistance. But there was only one girl, Alicia Bostock, who could be made to go round at all, and she being the daughter of the bailiff, is, I suppose, a little above the rest. Dancing is extinct among the English peasantry. It is a lost art."

"Begin again next winter," said Desdemona. "Provide plenty of thin shoes, and I will go down and teach them how to dance."

"You must give them a supper, too," Miranda said, "otherwise they will certainly not come. They are like little children, who must be approached by the temptation of something to eat."

"The night-school has to be shut now, Miranda," continued Alan, gloomily. "We have been going on for some time with a single pupil, Prudence Driver's brother. I have reason to believe that she bribed him into attendance, and that, as she is at the end of her resources, he refuses to attend any longer."

"Then," said Tom, "as you have gone quite through the whole of your projects, and they are all dead failures, I suppose you are ready to come back to civilisation again."

"And own to failure?" Alan replied. "Not yet. The last word has not been spoken."

Then Mr. Rondelet, leaning against the open window-frame and letting his white fingers roam daintily about his smooth cheek, spoke low and in a certain measured accent, as if the warmth and sunshine of the afte had entered into his soul:

"You have shown the way, Du You have taken the place whi Oxford man of our school was l to take. You have illustrated *should* be and what *will* be, pe in the fulness of days. You hav shown how immeasurably in ad of the age is that school to whic belong. The common herd now what it is—the Higher Life. have done, we think,"—he spok he was in himself the Common of *Lothian*—"enough for honou the centuries to come the tale w be allowed to drop and be forg It will grow and spread from thi centre of Weyland village till comes a great mythus. In the of the generations, antiquaries v trying to trace back your lege the far more remote birth of th God Fable, and the allegories of V Moses, Tammuz, and Apollo. be demonstrated that Alan Du history, as preserved in a fragm condition, was an allegory, const slowly, and bit by bit, of the pr of the year. You will be relega the prehistoric period. Treatis be written to show that your existed before Homer, and is re to in the Iliad; that it was a l of the great Aryan family of tra in spite of the inevitable G scholar who will try to make y Semitic. And with all the ta one will be able quite clearly to ate you from Hercules, Sams Apollo. You are doomed to b prehistoric. Round your nam gather proverbs, sayings, legend miracles. You will be accepte even worshipped, as the Founde new religion; men will dispute f the genuineness of the miracles on the authenticity of the re and lastly, on the broad fact w you ever really existed or no fact, I see very well, and clearl phecy, that everybody in the futu have to become Dunlopians o

Dunlopians, and a High Place for your Worship will be set up in the Village of Weyland. So far, at least, you have succeeded."

Desdemona clapped her hands, and even Miranda, who was not always pleased with Mr. Rondelet's remarks, laughed. Alan alone did not seem to appreciate the fulness of the glory prophecied.

"Another thing you have done," said Tom, the practical, "is that, with your extra three shillings a week for your farm-labourers and your free feeds, the whole village has grown fat. I met two men yesterday, once thin, who positively waddle. They now bear before them, like an alderman——"

"And your festivals, Alan," asked Miranda. "Did the last go off well?"

Alan hesitated for a moment.

"So far as the children were concerned," he said, "we got on very well. The Vicar was there, with the girls, and we amused them. The women were less easy to please, and I am sorry to say that, owing to some confusion about the orders for beer, the men all got drunk. We left them behind, lying on the roadside in different stages of intoxication."

"It will be reported," said Mr. Rondelet, "in the *mythus*, that the young god was such that those men who gazed upon his face fell to the earth instantly, as if they were drunken with new wine: but that the women followed him singing hymns."

"We went to Weyland Priory," said Alan, unheeding. "I lectured in the ruins, but who knows with what result?"

There was silence for a space. And then Mr. Rondelet left the open window and sought a chair which stood in the midst of the group, just as if it had been left there for the Master. And laying his chin upon his left hand, in such wise that the fore-finger and the second finger were parted and lay on either side of his mouth, and sitting so that the elbow of the left arm rested on the chair, he spoke slowly:

"I have brought myself to think, notwithstanding all the talk we had in Oxford, when we were younger men, Dunlop, that the great men—the giants—of the Renaissance were right in leaving the common herd to their own devices. They lived like gods, apart, and enjoyed by themselves the true pleasures of the Higher Culture."

This Fellow of Lothian could never utter a dozen sentences without lugging in the "Higher Culture."

"Had they gone below, had they tried to improve, to change the vulgar crowd, they would have lost the cream and glory of life. In these days there is again a small school of Humanists—chiefly or wholly sprung from Oxford—of whom the world knows little. Therefore we live by ourselves. Shall we not, then, live *for* ourselves? Perhaps fate—the gods—chance—may throw in the way of one or two"—he looked, perhaps accidentally, at Miranda—"a companion, a woman, whose social and æsthetic taste may be our own, and whose lines of Culture may be the same. What more delightful life may be imagined than an atmosphere of art among a little circle, from which all ignoble people will be excluded, all contact with the uncultivated hedged out? This Abbey of Thelema partially, but only partially"—here he looked at Tom Caledon, as if that young man marred with his broad shoulders and stalwart figure the delicate effeminacies of his ideal—"only partially, I say, realises my ideal. So hedged in, our lives would become first a mystery and then an example to the admiring world; and in this way Culture would be helped by emulation. This, however, Dunlop, is a different method from yours. What do you think, Miss Dalmeny?"

"Your method seems to me the highest form of selfishness," she replied.

"But to return to your project, Alan," said Desdemona. "Are you

quite sure that you began in the right way?"

"I still think so," he said. "The fault is with me, not with my method."

"Everybody who has a method thinks that," said Tom Caledon. "I like having none, and using the world as I find it."

"The clown of to-day," said Desdemona, "is the clown of yesterday and of to-morrow. But if you really hope to make any change you must begin with the children. And for that purpose you want a woman's help. You must have a wife, Alan."

He gazed intently upon his adviser for a few moments, and was silent. And presently they began to talk about other things, and the church bells rang out pleasantly beyond the park, making the soft air of the summer day melodious. And the three men all fell to thinking about the same subject, each from a different point of view. For Tom was in love, and wanted to carry that sentiment to a legitimate conclusion by marriage: and Alan was in earnest, and thought to complete his experiment by marriage, and Mr. Rondelet was in debt, and wanted to clear off his liabilities and make himself free from similar annoyances for the future by marriage.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

IN years agone did glint about her hair
The sunshine sweet, and in her tender eye
The violet blossomed; Does it blossom there,
And with her cheek do envious roses vie?
I do not know! 'Twas once a thought of mine
That when she spoke the birds did gailier sing--
That when she smiled the sun did brighter smile—
That when she laughed all seasons were like spring.
Ah me! To me no season e'er can bring
The purple glories of the days of old—
The birds that sang as they no more can sing—
The morning's crimson, or the evening's gold!
The ear is deaf except to discord sore,
And beauty charms the eye no more, no more!

THE BAR OF ONTARIO EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

BY D. B. READ, Q.C.

EIGHTY years is not a long period in the history of a nation, but when, as in the case of Ontario, that period comprises the whole or nearly the whole of the legal history of a Province, the period has more significance. The infancy of a nation is of interest to every citizen; the infancy of law ought to possess an interest with the whole community, but is of especial interest to those engaged in legal pursuits.

The student of law does not care so much to examine into the origin of the law, as to travel on in beaten paths, the paths that lead to emolument or future fame in his calling.

It is well, however, that he should be reminded of the early years of the profession on which he has entered; and it is with that view that I have ventured to write a short essay on the subject of "The Bar of Ontario Eighty Years Ago."

The Bar of Ontario is, in some respects the offspring of the Bar of Quebec, as it existed prior to the division of the old Province of Quebec into the two separate Provinces of Lower Canada and Upper Canada, which took place in 1791, the 31st year of the Reign of His Majesty King George the 3rd.

In the year 1785, the 25th year of the reign of King George the 3rd, there was enacted in the Province of Quebec an Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance concerning Advocates, Attornies, Solicitors and Notaries, and for the more easy collection of His Majesty's Revenue." This Ordinance enacted that "No person shall be commissioned, appointed or permitted to "practise as Barrister, Advocate, Solici- "tor or Proctor, unless articled for five "years to some Advocate or Attorney, "duly admitted and practising in the "Province, or some other part of His "Majesty's Dominion, unless such per- "son shall have been already called to "the Bar or entitled so to be, and in "practice as an Advocate or Attorney "in some Court of Civil Jurisdiction "within some part of His Majesty's "Dominion."

The Ordinance further provided "That no person should be commis- "sioned unless examined by some one of "the first or most able Barristers in the "presence of the Chief Justice or two "Justices of the Court of Common Pleas "and found of fit capacity."

It was under this Ordinance that causes were advocated in the old Province of Quebec, comprising the Province of Upper and Lower Canada.

In 1791, 31st year of the Reign of King George the 3rd, the Imperial Parliament passed a law giving to each of the Provinces a Legislative Council and Assembly, and the Upper Canada Parliament, at its first Session in the following year, 1792, passed an Act enacting "That thereafter in all matters of controversy relative to Property and Civil Rights, resort should be had to the Laws of England as the rule for the decisions of the same."

Up to the passing of this Act the laws which had been in force in regard to Property and Civil Rights were the laws of Canada, the French law.

It was soon found, after the passing of this enactment, that it was necessary to have Advocates in the Province of Upper Canada, skilled in the Eng-

lish law, and to that end the Legislature on the 9th July, 1794, 34th year of His Majesty's Reign, passed an Act entitled "An Act to Authorize the Governor or Lieutenant Governor to License Practitioners in the Law," by which it was enacted that the Ordinance of Quebec to which I have previously referred should be suspended, and "That it should be lawful "for the Governor, Lieutenant Gover- "nor, or a person administering the "Government of this Province, by Li "cense under his hand and seal, such "and so many of His Majesty's liege "subjects, not exceeding sixteen in "number, as he shall deem from their "probity, education and condition in "life best qualified to act as Advocates "and Attornies in the conduct of all "legal proceedings in this Province." The 4th Section of the Act provided "That nothing therein contained "should prevent any person duly quali- "fied according to the provisions of the "said Act or Ordinance (Ordinance of "Quebec) contained from being admit- "ted to the exercise of the practice of "the Law conformably to the said Act."

In 1803, several gentlemen availed themselves of the Act 34 Geo. 3rd., cap. 4, referred to. In the Journals of the Law Society there is this entry:

"6th April, 1803.

"The following gentlemen, William Dickson, D'Arcy Boulton, Jno. Powell, William Elliott, William Warren Baldwin were admitted to the Bar by License of Lieutenant-Governor Peter Hunter, made in pursuance of an Act of the Province entitled 'An Act to authorize the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, or other person administering the Government of this Province, to License Practitioners in the Law. The License is set forth in extenso in the record, and states that the gentlemen had been examined by Henry Allcock, Esquire, Chief Justice, and found fit."

Why these gentlemen availed themselves of this Act instead of passing the Law Society does not appear. Six years before their admission, on the 17th July, 1797, a meeting of Barristers took place at Newark, now Niagara, for the formation of a Law Society. The following is an extract from the books of the Law Society in Osgoode Hall.

"NEWARK, July 17, 1797.

"In obedience to the direction of an Act passed this session in the Parliament of the said Province, the following gentlemen assembled at Wilson's Hotel, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the above day:

JOHN WHITE, A. G.,
PETER DEGRAY, S. G.,
ANGUS MACDONNELL,
JAMES CLARK,
CHRISTOPHER ROBINSON,
ALLEN MCLEAN,
WILLIAM D. POWELL,
ALEXANDER STEWART,
NICHOLAS HAGERMAN,
B. C. BEARDSLEY."

The subject of the meeting being taken into consideration, it was moved by the Attorney-General, that the Act of Parliament of the Province be read, and it was read accordingly by Mr. Beardsley, the junior.

The subject of the meeting referred to was the carrying out of the Act read by Mr. Beardsley, 37 Geo. 3rd, cap. 13, passed 9th July, 1797, entitled "An Act for the better "regulating the practice of the law, "by which the persons theretofore "admitted to practise in the law, and "practising at the Bar of any of Her "Majesty's Courts in the Province "were authorized to form themselves "into a Society to be called the Law "Society of Upper Canada, as well for "the purpose of establishing of order "amongst themselves as for the pur- "pose of securing to the Province "and the profession a learned and "honourable body to assist their fel- "low subjects as occasion may require, "and to support and maintain the "constitution of the said Province."

These records from the books of the

law Society, and the Acts of Parliament mentioned, are valuable to be referred to as showing

1st. That after the division of the Province of Quebec into the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada the Legislature of Upper Canada very soon saw the necessity of retaining and giving effect to the Ordinance of Quebec relative to Attornies and Advocates, thus at once giving license to trained practitioners in the law, not only those who had been called in the Province of Quebec, but, as the Ordinance expressed it, "those who had "been called to the Bar or entitled so "to be and in practice as an Advocate "or Attorney in some Court of Civil "Jurisdiction within some part of "Her Majesty's Dominions."

2nd. That the further necessity existed of having called to the Bar gentlemen licensed by the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada after examination as to fitness by the Chief Justice of the Province as one skilled in English law.

3rd. To crown all the formation of a Society "for the purpose of securing to the Province and the profession a *learned* and *honourable* body "to assist their fellow-subjects as occasion might require, and to support and maintain the *constitution* of "the said Province."

The young law students of this day hardly realize the fact that eleven years had not passed after the Treaty of Peace was signed declaring the Independence of the United States, before the Legislature of the Province of Upper Canada had set to work by legislation in the direction of providing that gentlemen of education and probity should be those privileged to conduct legal proceedings for their fellow subjects in the Province. There were no Inns of Court in 1797, yet, nevertheless, the gentlemen of that day had not forgotten the origin of some, at least, of the Inns of Court; for they met in Wilson's Tavern or Inn at Newark, to transact their business.

Cunningham, in his "Inns of Court," published in 1780, thus writes of settled places for students of the law, called Inns of Court and Chancery. He writes: "So that soon afterwards" (*i.e.* after Edward 1st had appointed John de Metingham Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and that the other judges should provide in every court attorneys and lawyers to do service in the court,") "though we have no memorandum of the direct time, or absolute certainty of the places, we may safely conclude that they settled in certain *hostels* or *inns*, which were henceforth called Inns of Court, because the students in them did there not only study the laws, but such other exercises as might make them the more serviceable to the King's Court, as Sir John Fortescue in the 49th chapter of his book *de laudibus legum Angliæ* observeth when he saith, *that the students in the University of the Laws* (for so he calleth the *houses of Court and Chancery*) *did not only study the laws, to serve the Courts of Justice and profit their country, but did further learn to dance, to sing, to play on instruments on the ferial days and to study divinity on the festival, using such exercises as they did who were brought up in the King's Court.*"

Whether or not the lawyers who met in Wilson's Tavern, at Newark, on July 17th, 1797, to discuss matters appertaining to their profession, did dance, or sing, or study divinity, there is no record. But if they did they were not without precedent, one of the dearest things to a lawyer's existence.

The names of those who attended the meeting of the 17th July, 1797, as well as those who were called to the Bar by the license of the Lieut.-Governor in 1803, after due examination as to fitness by the Chief Justice, are familiar to all those acquainted with our Canadian legal history. There are men now living who knew the majority of them, and many know

the high position those descended from them have won both on the Bench and at the Bar of Canada.

Much more could be written on this subject that would be interesting, not only to the student of the laws but to every citizen of our country. I have only opened the door that others may follow. Though not grey with age, there is some antiquity connected with Canadian law and Canadian lawyers that deserves place in the memory of all. Osgoode Hall stands as a monument, commemorative of the early founders of our Canadian law. The portraits of many Chief Justices adorn the walls. Alas! that she has not preserved the likeness of William Osgoode, Chief Justice in 1792, from whom her name was taken, and who was and is an honoured name in the judicial history of our land.

BUTLER'S "HUDIBRAS."*

BY L. C. ALLISON, M.B.

IN obtaining Dr. Zachary Grey for an editor, Butler has been hardly less fortunate than was Rabelais in his English translator, Sir Thomas Urquhart. Never, unless it be in that sole happy instance, has there been an editor more thoroughly and exactly in sympathy and harmony with his author, or who has taken more delight in echoing his sentiments and expatiating upon them with illustration and comment. His edition is, and always will be, *the* edition of *Hudibras*. Though the worthy Doctor has been dead and buried for more than a hundred years, and we have never seen his portrait, we can still conjure up before our mind's eye, a perfect ideal image of him as he must have existed in the flesh. A stout, jolly, rubicund, fuzz-wigged, shovel-hatted, clerical dignitary, an ardent Anglican ecclesiologist, a thorough Church and State man, and in every point most orthodox and loyal from his wig to his shoe-buckle such seems the very man by nature, instinct, and education, prepared to be the applauder, expositor and illustrator of the great Church and State poet. Such a man in short as we can conceive of, only by supposing him the growth of a good old-fashioned divinity education in a good old English University at the commencement of last century, transplanted to, and raised in, a snug country living, and finally matured in the close of some old cathedral town. If this *eidalon* be the result of error, we only hope that no unkind antiquarian will ever break in upon our ignorance to correct it; at present we can fancy the commentator only such as we have described him.

His notes and illustrations amount in fine print to more than twice the bulk of his author's text. They are most curious and valuable, and contain many racy reminiscences of a most interesting period of English history, which is by no means too well illuminated, by the few of its authors

"*The Chandos Classics.*"

* Hudibras. By Samuel Butler, Esq.—With Notes and a Preface, by Zachary Grey, L.L.D. London: F. Warne & Co. New York; Scribner, Welford & Co.

whose works have reached us in an available form. These illustrations have been disinterred for us by the Doctor, from, heaven knows what out-of-the-way sources, from old dusty manuscripts in college libraries, from the records of country parishes, from all sorts of quaint old books, broadsheets and pamphlets, famous in their day of from one to two hundred years ago, yet long since (but for the Doctor's pious care which has saved these relics by pinning them on at the tail of his immortal text) vanished in total and hopeless oblivion. The Doctor's faith in his authorities is simple and child-like—marvellous and boundless. In the way of reference, nothing comes amiss to him, so that abuse or ridicule of the detested Roundhead party comes withal, and when the wisdom, learning, honour, courage, or other amiable qualities of their loyal adversaries are to be commended and commemorated, the case is the same. Amongst all the thousand-and-one contemporary sources of authority mentioned in these laborious notes, scarcely any are known by name in our own day, even to scholars, excepting a few such as Heath, Heylin, Echard and Clement Walker, who have been preserved for a short time from total oblivion, chiefly as we presume, by their extraordinary powers of lying and the extra and singular incredibility of the wonders which they relate. For the characters of the leading independent ministers, Dr. Grey gravely cites Walker's *History of Independency*, for the biography of Oliver Cromwell, his most trusted guide is Heath, and for the proceedings of the sequestrators and committee-men he follows Cleveland and L'Estrange, which is much the same sort of thing as if a writer in A. D. 2000, were to describe Pope Pio Nono and the late Emperor of the French from the publications of Mazzini, give a sketch of the internal condition of England in 1850, from the *Decadence* of Ledru-Rollin, and draw the characters of George III. and Mr. Pitt, from materials furnished by the late Peter Pindar. But all this only renders the Notes more racy and piquant to the reader. The very violence of the partisanship which they display, prevents their doing any harm in our day as false history, while, as an exhibition of the lengths, to which party-spirit and an honest hearty hatred, can carry even a reverend author of the mature age of fifty-seven, who is writing about occurrences a century old in his own time, they are an exquisite literary treat and curiosity. But it is not in matters political alone, that the Doctor's credulity surpasses. In tales of witches, ghosts, spells, charms, apparitions, sympathetic powders, and in monstrous fictions by the privileged class of travellers, his collection is unrivalled, and his faith apparently implicit. We cannot recall an instance of a single one of these tales in which the most exorbitant draft upon the hearer's credulity does not seem to be punctually honoured at sight by the Doctor. Whether he is giving us a circumstantial record of an undisputed historical fact, such as the Self-Denying Ordinance, or the Westminster Assembly, or some breath-catching fiction by a traveller, compared with whom Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was a Humboldt for truth and knowledge, or some brutal falsehood by Heath* or Heylin, his manner is ever the same. He makes a calm, matter-of-fact statement of the circumstance, as of a thing quite satisfactory to his own mind, and requiring no comment confirmation or explanation to be addressed by him to anybody else. At the first glance, the reflection which these Notes excite, is that they furnish a most instructive commentary upon more things than the text of *Hudibras*. What must have been the status of University education, and the general diffusion of knowledge in England, a

* An infamous author, to whose authority nobody but Dr. Grey has ever had the courage to appeal. The general character of his work is best expressed by the adjective "carrion" with which Mr. Carlyle has not unjustly branded it.

hundred and thirty years ago, when a clergyman nearly sixty years old, holding the highest degree that his University can bestow—a man as one might think in every way qualified to represent the dignity of his profession and the general learning of the country, could have attempted to illustrate history for his readers by such references as these? A reader whose tastes and sympathies were strongly republican, might for a moment feel inclined to address him from his own text:—

> . . . "Nothing but the dust
> Of Human Learning you produce,
> Learning, that cobweb of the brain
> Profane, erroneous, and vain
> A trade of knowledge as replete
> As others are, with fraud and cheat.
> An art to incumber gifts and wit,
> And render both for nothing fit,
> Makes light,* inactive, dull, and troubled
> As little David in Saul's doublet—
> A cheat that scholars put upon
> Other men's reason and their own,
> A sort of error to ensconce
> Absurdity and ignorance
> That renders all the avenues
> To Truth, impervious and abstruse,
> By making plain things, in debate
> By art, perplexed and intricate,
> For nothing goes for sense or light
> That will not with old rules jump right,
> As if rules were not in the schools
> Derived from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
> This Pagan, Heathenish invention
> Is good for nothing but contention."

But upon thinking a little, a different view suggested itself—that the Doctor is more probably "not essentially in madness, but mad in craft," and that the precise extent of his credulity, like that of Hamlet's lunacy, must always remain undetermined and undeterminable by the reader. We incline to believe that Dr. Grey was far from being the learned simpleton that he has represented himself, and that he has deliberately sacrificed some part of his reputation for sagacity with his readers, to the desire of making converts, were it only among the more careless and ignorant of them, to the truth of his political opinions and the righteousness of the royal cause. If this be the case, it only shows how weak upon an appeal to posterity that cause must appear, for which so much hearty good will, joined to so much multifarious learning and diligence can say so little.

Setting aside Dr. Grey's partisanship, which is of that kind, of which a reader soon ceases to take much notice, his notes are most amusing and entertaining reading. One cannot open the book anywhere without lighting upon some piece of information, which, if not valuable, is at least curious to know, and which he does not remember having met with anywhere else. Taking a random dip,* we find an account of Roger Bacon, and another of Dr. John Dee, the seer, containing particulars enough to delight an antiquary. A second opening,† gives us a satire upon the new justices of the peace under Cromwell, and another upon the curious and subtle debates of the Assembly of Divines and the ignorance of Biblical geography and antiquities displayed amongst them. The opposite page supplies a bitter and characteristic attack by Clement‡ Walker upon the committee-men, one of them "lately made of a basket-hilted yeoman, with a short-handed clerk tacked to the rear of him to carry the knapsack of his understanding." A third§ gives us some curious extracts from the old statutes relating to matrimony, which are very properly left in their original Latin, for the benefit of the learned only. A note upon St. George,‖ the patron Saint of England, ends by telling us how "Mr. Jacob Bobart, Botany Professor, at Oxford," did, about the year 1700, out of a dead rat ingeniously distorted and dried, manufacture what the learned men of time immediately pronounced to be a genuine dragon, "and one of them sent an accurate description of it to Dr. Magliabecchi, librarian to the Grand Duke of Tus-

* Wisdom.
* Wisdom.

* P. 177.
† P. 78.
‡ A gentleman whose baptismal name was not happily chosen.
§ P. 224.
‖ P. 64.

eany." The final event of this curiosity was to be "looked upon as a masterpiece of art, and as such deposited either in the Museum or the Anatomy Schools." Has any modern Oxonian seen or heard anything of this famous rat? And so might we go on dipping into these Notes all day, and in no instance fail to find some direct or indirect memorial of the quaint old times both of the commentator and his author. They appear to us fully to deserve the commendation which Lord Macaulay has bestowed upon the works of Horace Walpole. . . . "A profusion of varieties of trifling intrinsic value, but so quaint in fashion, or connected with such remarkable names and events, that they may well detain our attention for a moment. A moment is enough; some new unique . . . is forthcoming in an instant. . . . . It is not in their beauty, it is not in their utility that their attraction lies. *Dr. Grey* is constantly showing us things, not of very great value indeed, but things which we are pleased to see, and which we can see nowhere else."

The epitaph upon Butler's monument calls him "the first and last of poets in his way," and equal praise may justly be claimed for Dr. Grey as a commentator.

Not in all points however. He does not put forward much pretension to delicacy of taste or acuteness of criticism in a literary point of view. When he has Homer, Virgil, or Shakspere to quote from, he has not much chance to make a poor selection, but of the extracts which he gives us from contemporary poetry we can only say that we hope that they are not fair samples of the general tastes and abilities of their authors. A collection of "*Loyal Songs, 1731*," which is frequently referred to, and appears to have been a great favourite with the Doctor, seems, even allowing for the times and the heat of party feeling, to be a perfect museum of scurrility and vulgarity, and as destitute of poetical as of all other merit. Oldham's satires, both in prose and verse, deserve the same character, and no better. Some affairs which the Doctor quotes to us as the unpublished productions of Butler himself, must surely have been imposed upon him. To us they seem to lack everything that Butler's verse should have, except his peculiar metre, which is about as poor a character as could be possessed by an imitation of Mr. Carlyle recalling only his peculiar literary style, or one of Burns reproducing nothing of that poet but his Scotch dialect. One curious instance, and so far as we know a solitary one, in which Butler has copied and extended the thought of a famous poet who preceded him, and has in his turn been closely copied by another famous poet who followed him, should have had a note upon it from any critic of ordinary observation. Chaucer says, in *The Frankleine's Tale:*

> "Love will not be confined by Maisterie.
> When Maisterie comes, the Lord of Love anon
> Flutters his wings, and forthwith he is gone."

Butler makes the widow say, in her serio-comic argument against matrimony:

> "Love, that's too generous to abide
> To be against its nature tied.
> For, where 'tis of itself inclined,
> It breaks loose when it is confined,
> And, like the soul its harborer,
> Debarred *the freedom of the air*,
> Disdains against its will to stay,
> But struggles out and flies away."

And every one quotes, or has heard quoted, the celebrated couplet from Pope's *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard:*

> "Love, *free as air*, at sight of human ties
> Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."

Pope, in a note, acknowledges some obligation to Chaucer, but says not a word of the more elaborate expression which we are satisfied that he took directly from *Hudibras*. Chaucer

says nothing about "free as air," and Dr. Grey in this matter apparently knows nothing of either Chaucer or Pope, though the Epistle was published in 1717- twenty-seven years before the annotations upon *Hudibras*. Nor does he think the passage worthy of a note at all, but passes on in his usual quiet manner to quote his favourite subtleties from Dean Swift, Lipsius, Juvenal, and the "Salisbury Missal of 1554." But we are lingering too long over the worthy Doctor and his Notes, however great the temptation, and we must reserve some space for a few brief words about Butler himself.

It has often appeared to us a matter for legitimate surprise that such an author as Butler should not be much more generally read than he is. For, when we consider the attractive quaintness of his rhyme, the combined lightness and vigour of his fancy, and the exquisite brilliancy of his wit, we must place him in the very front rank of English poetical satirists, if not at the head of them all. In the important points of originality in style and manner, we think his claim of supremacy unquestionable. If it be true that "brevity is the soul of wit," he must stand equally high, for no other author has ever managed to pack up so much concentrated wit and fancy in so short a poem, composed, to speak generally, of such short lines and sentences. There is about all his utterances a curtness, a brevity, and a directness which goes straight to the point. Arrogant folly in high places, and ignorant impudence playing solemn masquerades in the garb of wisdom, are, to be sure, no novelties in any stage of the world's history, and earlier as well as later writers than Butler have often made them the objects of cutting satire. But no other author, either before or after him, has ever displayed so much of that power so invaluable to the caricaturist, of seizing at a single masterly grasp upon the most salient and vulnerable features of his subject and com them within the compass of a fe lines, into such a striking and inspiring portrait. His studies they excite our laughter and times stir the depths of our d produce so much the effect of r possible human nature that v hardly, without reflection, se they are actually but caricatures remind us of nothing so much some of those inimitable sketc Leech, in which five or six small t of the pencil not only present complete face or figure, but im the whole of that face and that a most lively and characteris pression. Unlike many other s Butler deals in no roundabout ations, or artfully refined allusi never winds about his subject fuses us with a series of views several different oblique light never attempts to heighten his by carefully toning and shad colours, or repeating the n strokes of his brush. He select instant, his standpoint— alway mirable one for his purpose, a that point at once dashes off a so lively and forcible that the never dreams for a moment of sible existence of any other an point of view. Solid and we in every part must be the armour that does not somewh other present a fatal crevice t strong-handed and quick-eyed p and tough must be the vitality can survive many wounds fro keen and powerfully driven sh is little to be wondered at t Church and Court for whom h much, and from whom he rec little, should have rejoiced in that he had given Puritanism i blow, and enthusiastically w the work, though they neglect starved the man.

One of the most remarkable ler's superficial peculiarities short, broken and "jiggy" rh his versification, a fashion whic

rably suits the curt and sententious manner in which he delivers his thought. So well does his style of expression harmonize with his manner of thinking that each seems a necessary concomitant to the other. This characteristic metre is so well known that many readers who never opened his book can recognise a quotation from Butler when they hear it, as one might single out a stranger in the distance by the fantastic cut of his clothes. Some have even gone so far as to consider this metre as a thing of beauty in itself, and an assistance to the poet in the expression of his ideas. In Butler's case for the reasons just stated, there may be some truth in this view, but assuredly it was not found so by his numerous imitators in his own time, now all dead and forgotten, nor will it be so found by writers in general. In literary as well as in physical feats, those which seem to the spectators to be performed with the greatest ease, are not always found to be the easiest to imitate. It requires masterly ability to play splendid and spirited tunes upon a homely instrument, and when such a thing has been done we are too apt to overlook the skill of the performer in fixing our attention upon the novelty and rudeness of the machine which he uses, and associating some peculiar inscrutable virtue with *it*. Many admirers of Burns appear to have fallen under a delusion of a similar kind. Of all the wonderful circumstances in the career of that extraordinary genius, not the least remarkable is that he should have made himself a world-wide renown through the medium of the Lowland Scotch dialect, a patois which like every other may have its beauties for a native ear, but in which it has always seemed to us a piece of the most bare-faced affectation for a foreigner to pretend to find anything attractive. Not so much from any natural proclivities of his own, as from the inexorable hardness of the social conditions under which his life was passed. Burns had also acquired some objectionable peculiarities in his ways of writing and thinking, a tendency to coarseness and vulgarity, and a want if not of actual reverence, at least of regard for the conventional decencies of expression in matters of moral and religious observance. Perhaps his chief reason for attacking these forms was their being held in high favour by the world which had used him so ill, but whatever their cause, the expressions remain and must always be regretted as unnecessary and accidental blemishes. Many of his admirers on the contrary regard them as virtues and worthy of imitation—the latter unfortunately an easy task to very ordinary powers. These things are to genius what heavy weights are to a fine racer, he may run well under them and even brilliantly, and that he does so, makes his performance all the more marvellous and splendid. Yet in witnessing it we cannot withhold a regretful wish that we could see the fine powers exhibited *without* the drawbacks. Almost every great genius has had about him some peculiarities of fashion, which seem to a careless observer to be his most characteristic features, merely because they lie mostly upon the surface and are the most easily copied. To an ordinary apprehension these things do not appear as what they really are—the mere occasional fashions and eccentricities of genius. They seem to be the thing itself, the charm or incantation in which lies the whole secret of the performance, and which now that it has been found out any person of ordinary ability and industry may repeat to as good advantage as the original discoverer. To people in search of short cuts to fame, the old suit of clothes, ragged enough in many cases, and thought ungraceful and unbecoming during the wearer's lifetime, seems a very mantle of Elijah. Wearisomely has the world been as it still continues to be, pestered by such people with imitations of Burns in which the coarsest and commonest vulgarity,

and the dreariest of platitudes and trivialities are thought to be rejuvenated and rendered attractive by being clothed in the horrid "harsh grumbling grunting guttural," which as the writers fail to see, represented, not the wings which raised the poet aloft, but the weight which he had to drag with him and sustain during his flight.

In a similar manner, during the time when his works were at the height of their popularity, many English satirists tried in vain to conjure with the old clothes of Butler. Several specimens of their performances are given in the foot-notes of this work, a few good, some indifferent, but mostly very poor. Their authors had plenty of zeal for the cause, but almost no other point in common with their original. His wit, his invention, and his fancy could not be imitated so easily as his grotesque versification, to copy which was within the power of any one possessing ability enough to improvise a nursery rhyme. Even Prior, by far the ablest of the imitators, soon discovered this, and abandoned the attempt. The truth is, that if Butler's short and broken metre had not harmonized so rarely with the curt and sketchy style of his word-painting, it would have been too heavy a burden for even his genius to carry. For his work is not a vulgar burlesque, with which every kind of mountebank-tumbling and trickery would be in harmony. It is a deep and masterly satire upon sectarianism, social foibles, and human nature in general, not wholly addressed to our sense of the ludicrous, but pointed throughout with reason and argument—that is reason from one single and limited point of view, and argument of that kind* which looks unanswerable until it is tested by discussion. To write pathos and sentiment, political argument, or even plain narration of any ordinary dignity, in the broken and hopping metres of nursery rhyme, has always seemed to us one of the most s feats of literary legerdemain t be attempted by genius. A well and as far as our knowledge most a solitary instance of wh talents can do in this direc Hood's "*Bridge of Sighs*," which will be for ever memora only for its exquisite and tende but as one of the most sing literary curiosities, considered with reference to the contrast its style and its subject. Of and all the higher kinds of se Butler is well-nigh destitute : fervour of his political hatred to blunt in him even the sensibilities of human feeling pears in his jocular reference mutilated ears of the pillorie tans, and to the brutal treat the remains of Cromwell and the Restoration. But in a and description he makes his verse as effective and telling most polished of styles, and places he even makes it ser medium for conveying the true of thought and expression. T is a topic hackneyed enough poets of the sentimental and order ; but Butler, who has v in common with such, and one leading characteristics is a he tempt for all metaphysical c tions, can treat her thus upon

> "The sun grew low and left the skie
> Pulled down (some write) by ladie
> The Moon pulled off her veil of lig
> That hides her face by day from s
> *Mysterious veil, of brightness ma*
> *At once her lustre and her shade,*
> And in the lanthorn of the night,
> With shining horns hung out her
> *For darkness is the proper sphere*
> *Where all false glories used to ap*
> The twinkling stars began to mus
> And glitter with their borrowed l
> With sleep the weary world relieve
> By counterfeiting death revived,"

The only other allusion makes to the moon has always to us very beautiful :—

> "The Queen of Night, whose large
> Rules all the sea and half the land
> And over moist and crazy brains
> *In high spring-tides at midnight*

* To wit, special pleading.

A bright full moon, in a placid midnight sky, a dead calm, or at most a very light breeze, and the full ocean lapping upon the very tops of the wharves and edges of the seaside paths in little silvery ripples, are influences that might excite into activity fancies more sleepy and brains less irritable than those of lunatics.

It is not to be wondered at that an author who can convey sentiments such as these in the metre of *Hudibras*, should find no difficulty in making that verse a medium for almost anything in the way of graphic description or closely reasoned argument. The lines in which Butler describes the character of the Presbyterian Puritan are well known, but will always bear quotation :

"For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit ;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church militant.
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks.*
Call fire, sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on
And still be doing, never done ;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding something still amiss ;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick ;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to ;
Still so perverse and opposite
As if they worshipped God for spite ;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long the other for :
Free will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow ;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail they will defy
That which they love most tenderly,
Fall out with mince-pies, and discharge
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge," etc.

Here are embodied in a few forcible touches, all the most prominently disagreeable features of the extreme sectary of the day—his sour stupidity, his arrogant mental self-sufficiency, his love of unprofitable and irritating metaphysical argument, his ultra-Judaical intolerance, his love of tormenting his neighbours, and the morbid opposition of all his notions of true religion to every sort of innocent bodily pleasure and recreation. Such points of character could not fail to appear most odious to a man of Butler's temperament, which was that of an easy-going materialist—a man who loved to have his jest and his laugh at everything and everybody, to take the world as easily as he could find it, and make the best of everything in it. If any importunate counsellor should wish to worry him with uncomfortable suggestions about the deep importance of truth and justice in the abstract, and the necessity for adopting them as far as possible for practical guides in matters not only of religion, but of politics and social economy, his readiest answer would be, "Let me alone of your guidance." To him, the new scheme of manners and morals appeared to be in no respect more sound than the old ; while it was confessedly much less easy and pleasant to follow. He saw that these outward ensigns which to him were in substance the very thing called Puritanism itself, could be easily assumed and outdone at a moment's notice by the very worst of mankind, —nay, as the Puritan party grew in power, this *was* done every day before his own eyes. He could not see the earnestness, the truth, the self-denial, the high integrity, and the sound Christian principle which lay behind these outward shows and at their foundation. He had no eye for the folly and wickedness in high places, the deep corruptions in society, and the frantic misgovernment in Church and State which had called them forth, and made them the badges and party-ensigns of nine-tenths of all the earnestness, worth, and strength of the nation. In his view, they were simply hateful means, followed to a mean end, the elevation of an insignificant and repulsive sect to power, at the price of the

* Not "KNOX," as some modern wags might suggest.

destruction of all the ancient and honourable customs and institutions of the nation.

Butler's chief defect was a want of earnestness, or rather of the power and habit of looking back to the causes and first principles of things. He was eminently a Conservative. If he found a custom or an institution of old standing, and such as it had been transmitted unaltered, or even somewhat improved, from the times of his ancestors, if the nation had upon the whole, progressed and prospered under it, if his own tastes and inclinations (for the foundations of his political opinions seem to have lain no deeper than these), were in harmony with it, he never thought it a point worth inquiry how far such institution or custom might have its foundation laid on truth, justice, or the "eternal fitness of things;" or how far amendment might be indispensably called for if whatever of good or beautiful there was about the usage was to be saved from sharing the inevitable fate of what was ugly and odious. Enough for him that the thing was there, that it had come legitimately into its place, and that attempts to disturb it would probably be followed by an immense amount of heart-burnings, of dissensions, and of public as well as private mischief. It was, according to him, the duty of every rightly-thinking citizen to stand by such an institution to the uttermost extremity, and to look upon all those who would try to alter it, as wickedly disturbing the public peace for the advancement of their own selfish interests. Choosing his party from the motives, he brought to its aid such a power of wit and fancy, and such a fertility of abuse and sarcasm as we can find exceeded by no writer of any period. From its first appearance his work was hailed by the then dominant Royalist party as the best and most successful vindication of their cause. A distinction which in our opinion, still belongs to it. We say nothing here of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, a work whic ever clever in its reasoning a in its composition, is beyond th of most readers, and can gene called available or attractive scholars. A weak cause such Royalism of Clarendon is now generally confessed to have l always better served by wit a ter than by more ponderous e tions against which the heavy a of controversy can always be l to bear by any one who choos at the trouble of doing so. Mc while Clarendon writes only studious and learned few, writes for everybody, and app the general faculties which a sessed by all mankind, the lea well as the vulgar. No highl vated intellect nor extensive tions of learning are needed reader to enable him to en burlesque encounters of Hudib Ralpho with the common sens country, or their delightfully and ludicrous polemical contr with each other. The auth not draw outlines for his reade gination to fill up or detain hi long disquisitions however learn acute about persons and proce which have by age lost to most all their minuter features of i By the force of his genius he a mountebank figure, by his m powers of wit and ridicule he it with every personal quality t render its possessor hateful a temptible. And this deform ness, of which every one who c or understand at all, can app the effect, he holds up to the tion of a laughter-smitten worl true and faithful likeness of t cal Puritan leader. Such repr tions have with the majority o kind, a power of immediate in which fifty elaborate compo such as Clarendon's could not e a hundred years. No one now Clarendon, but *Hudibras* sho is, has contributed more f

phrases to our everyday English speech than any other book, except Shakspere's works or the Bible. The story of the neglect and ingratitude with which Charles II. and his Court treated Butler is well known. Butler appears never to have followed any regular trade or profession by which he might have gained an independent livelihood, and the only posts which we find any record of his having filled, are those successively of tutor and secretary in two or three private families. Of his few patrons, the only one who appears to have afforded him anything beyond a mere maintenance in return for such labours, was the witty and gallant Lord Dorset, who introduced him at Court, and otherwise did what he could for him, which after all it appears was not much. Charles is said to have taken great delight in the poet's work, carried it about with him and often quoted from it, a story which appears probable enough, for there seem to have been many points in common between Butler and his royal master. Among these we may reckon a talent for raillery and satire, a taste for polite conversation and for brilliant retorts and jests, and a fondness for taking ingenious and fanciful rather than sensible or profound views of things and matters in general, combined with an aversion from or at least a carelessness for the less showy and more practical duties of life and society. Butler had many of the qualifications that usually keep men poor. His dependence upon literary patronage, his shifting and migratory employments, and the careless habits of life which he possessed in common with the majority of his party and of the society which he frequented, were all unfavourable to the prospect of much pecuniary accumulation. He must at most times have felt the pressure of poverty severely. Charles is said to have once presented him with three hundred pounds from which, however, he derived no further advantage than the honourable payment of certain pre-existing debts which absorbed the gratuity to the last shilling. Other substantial aid from the Court, he received none. In the preface of this edition, are some lines said to be his, but which we can by no means confidently accept as such without some better endorsement than appears to be procurable. Or likening them to coin rather than to paper negotiabilities we may say that they ring upon the counter with a very cracked and uncertain sound, to the effect that

> This prince* whose ready wit and parts
> Conquered both men's and women's hearts

Could not follow any of the ordinary pursuits of his life (into which we are sure that our readers will excuse our following him with the poet) without having *Hudibras* within consulting reach,

> But this good king it seems was told
> By some, that were with him too bold,
> If e'er you hope to gain your ends,
> Caress your foes and trust your friends.
> Such were the doctrines that were taught
> Till this unthinking king was brought
> To leave his friends to starve and die,
> A poor reward for loyalty!

These lines are probably a posthumous tribute from some literary admirer. But whether Butler ever condescended or not, to importune the Court for that recognition which his services not less to their own cause than to the literature of his native country had so well deserved, it cannot be questioned that they took no further notice of him, and that he died miserably poor. Wycherley, the dramatist, attempted to make interest for him with the Duke of Buckingham (Dryden's "Zimri",) and an appointment was made, but the Duke upon some passing impulse, ran off from it and thereby missed the opportunity of putting at least one good action upon record to offset the rest of his useless and worthless life. In 1680, Butler breathed his last and was buried as his biographer tells us with affectionate

* Charles II.

and affecting minuteness: "At the charge of his friend, Mr. Longueville, of the Temple, in the yard belonging to the church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, at the west end of the said yard, on the north side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway." (This reads like being "squeezed into a corner" indeed). For forty years he lay covered by these two walls and no stone recorded his memory, till in 1721, "John Barber, citizen and alderman of London" handed his own name down to posterity along with that of the poet, by erecting a monument to the latter in Westminster Abbey, which ass the Latinity fashionable at the Butler's claim to the title of "Th and last of poets in his way – a pious care of the friend who has it. "lest he who when alive was tute of almost all things should lil want a monument when dead afterwards gave rise to the cele epigram by Samuel Wesley, of all our readers have probably hea

When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him when starved to death and turned
Presented with a monumental bust
The poet's fate is here an emblem shown,
He asked for bread and he received a ston

HON. MR. MILLS' LAND BILL FOR THE NORTH-WEST TI TORIES.

BY GEORGE S. HOLMESTED.

IN some former numbers of the *Canadian Monthly*,* attention was directed to an improved system of land transfer, which was inaugurated some years ago in South Australia, and subsequently adopted with great success in all the Australian Colonies; and the advantages likely to accrue from the introduction of that system into Canada—and, more particularly, Ontario—were pointed out. The merits of the Australian system, it would seem, have approved themselves to the Minister of the Interior, and, at the recent Session of the Dominion Parliament, he brought in a Bill providing for the introduction of that system into the North-West Territories.

Of the superiority of the Australian system, over that which at present exists in Ontario, there can scarcely be two opinions, and it is hardly possible to deny that a system which enables a man to say "here is a single docu which evidences my title to my compare it with the public regist if it agrees, you are perfectly s dealing with me," bears no comp with that other, by which y driven to make inquiry into various transactions, by which th has been transmitted from ha hand, until it became vested person who claims to be the owner,—transactions perhaps e ing over a long period of years, a evidence of which is often diffi procure, and, even when procu very difficult to weigh; and y authenticity and legal validity which transactions must be ascer at the peril of incurring the p loss of the estate. On the on you have a system which gives sanction to each transaction as i place; on the other, you have one leaves every transaction con with the land open to litigatic

* Vol. IX., p. 322; Vol. XI., p. 76.

dispute, until a Statute of Limitations shall have barred the right to litigate—a right which may even now in Ontario, under some circumstances, be kept alive for fifty or sixty years, or even longer.

The only plausible objection that can be alleged against the Australian system is, that when applied to titles of any degree of complexity, the first step necessarily involves a certain amount of expense, because the title must be submitted to a judicial examination before it can be registered; but the increased security of title and facility for dealing with the property, which the registration would secure to the owner, would, in most cases, be more than an equivalent for the preliminary expense.

The objection of expense, however, loses all its force when it is sought to apply the Australian system to a country where, as in the North-West, the great bulk of the land is yet vested in the Crown, and the Minister of the Interior is acting wisely, in thus early endeavouring to give to those territories a land system adapted to the necessities of the people, and at the same time free from those artificial technicalities, which are such fatal defects in the English law of real property.

It would, of course, be out of place here to enter into any very minute review, of the measure which Mr. Mills recently submitted to Parliament, extending as it does, over forty-nine pages and comprising one hundred and eighty-two sections—at the same time a general glance at some of its provisions will doubtless prove interesting. Having to deal with a country where, as we have said, the land is still principally vested in the Crown, Mr. Mills has seen his way to dispense with any provision for the investigation of titles prior to registration—the number of grants already made, being, it is to be presumed, too trifling to need any special legislation.

The officials, by whom it is proposed to administer the Act, are to be called Registrars of Titles, and are to be appointed for certain districts, to be set off from time to time as occasion may require. It does not appear that it is intended to appoint any chief functionary to whom all the various district registrars shall be subordinated; whether this plan which forms a leading feature in most of the Australian Acts is departed from on principle, or merely on the ground of economy, the writer does not pretend to determine. It appears to be worth consideration, whether it would not be better to secure that uniformity of action, and that thoroughness of work which the existence of a controlling central authority would be likely to ensure, even though it should occasion some additional expense, rather than leave each district registrar to get along as best he can by his own lights, and according to his own individual views of his duty.

It appears to the writer that to some such central authority might be safely committed the determination of the various questions which must necessarily arise in administering the Act, and which could in time be more readily and satisfactorily adjusted by such an officer, who would be constantly accessible, than by reference to the law Courts; saving, however, a right of appeal to the Courts when the parties desired it.

The long distances and difficulties which in a newly-settled land prevent the ready communication of the inhabitants with one another are, however, arguments, it must be confessed, in favour of decentralization; but how far they are entitled to prevail, only a practical acquaintance with the country can enable one to say.

Mr. Mills has to some extent accepted the principle that the succession to lands and goods should be the same. It is a matter of regret, however, that he has not seen fit to adopt that principle without reservation. His not having done so in some measure ap-

pears to mar the symmetry of his proposed legislation. By the 36th section he has provided that grants from the Crown shall be in fee simple: but by section 63 he provides that the lands of a person dying intestate, except lands held in trust (an exception which appears to the writer a mistake), shall vest in the administrator "in like manner as chattels real." This appears likely to lead to a confusion of ideas, and needlessly so. If lands are to be granted in "fee simple," it is the inherent quality of such lands—unless a new definition is to be given to that term, that they should vest in the heirs of the owner on his dying intestate. Mr. Mills appears to wish to bring a sort of hybrid estate into existence, which, while called "a fee simple," is not to go to the heirs, but to the personal representative. Is there any necessity to use the terminology of the feudal system? Why not treat the matter from the standpoint of common sense, and give to the word "ownership" a legal signification which shall denote the largest estate a subject can hold in land: and to the word "owner," the signification of a person entitled to such an estate?

It has been said that Mr. Mills has only to some extent accepted the principle that the succession to lands and goods should be the same. He has not accepted it in its fulness, in that he proposes that after payment of debts the residue of the land is to be transferred by the administrators to the persons entitled as heirs of the deceased proprietor, instead of his next of kin. He, moreover, proposes that, in the case of the owner dying testate, the land is to vest, not in the executor, but in the devisee.

Mr. Mills appears to have adopted the idea of a Bill which has been many times before the English House of Commons, and which, in like manner, proposed to limit the right of the personal representative to those lands, only, as to which there is an intestacy. Fortunately, Mr. Mills can find nearer home, in the Island of Newfoundland, an example of the more extended application of the principle, which, having been tested for over forty years, is at all events deserving of his thoughtful consideration. In that Island, in 1834, the succession to goods and lands in all cases was assimilated, and as the writer, through the kindness of a friend, has been enabled to procure from the learned Chief Justice of Newfoundland, a brief statement as to the state of the law there, both before and since the assimilation of succession took place, and his opinion of its operation, he cannot help thinking that its publication may be of interest, and that no apology is needed for introducing it here—merely premising that the statement was prepared in answer to a series of questions framed with the view of drawing forth, as far as possible, such information on the subject as appeared likely to be of practical use in considering the applicability of the principle to the Province of Ontario, and the probable objections that might be suggested against it.

The following is the statement of the learned Chief Justice above referred to:—

"Prior to the passing of the 'Real Chattels Act' in 1834 (*Con. Stat. Newfoundland*, c. 35), the law of Newfoundland regarding real property was in a very indefinite and unsettled state.

"The law of England was regarded as wholly unsuitable to a country, where for a long period under the operation of the Imperial Fishery Acts, the first occupant in the spring was entitled to hold for the season that part of the shore (the only part of the soil considered of value), of which he could take possession; where, until a comparatively recent period, Crown grants of land other than mere licenses of occupation would not be made, and where for several years after the commencement of the present century no one could build, or even substantially repair, a permanent dwelling

without the express permission of the Governor.

"Accordingly, Chief Justice Reeves, in 1792, held that land and plantations in Newfoundland were nothing more than chattel interests, and should, in cases of intestacy, be distributed as such (Archibald's Digest, 125), and in 1818 the same point was ruled by C. J. Forbes (*see Williams* vs. *Williams*, *Select Cases in the Supreme Court of Newfoundland*, 120).

"The late learned and talented Registrar of our Supreme Court, E. M, Archibald, observes in his Digest. p. 126, that he never knew or heard of a claim for dower in the Island, and that, though the Statute of Frauds had been held to be in force, a will of lands had not been regarded as invalid for the want of three witnesses.

"On the other hand, later Chief Justices, (Boulton and Bourne), seem to have been of opinion, that the laws of England in relation to lands, were in force in Newfoundland prior to the Real Chattels Act, and of this opinion have been, I think, the majority of the profession, at least of late years, and even C. J. Forbes held the Statutes of Limitation to be a bar both to the Crown's and a subject's claim to land. (S. C. 144, 195, 203.)

"To remedy this state of confusion and uncertainty the Local Legislature, immediately after the grant of representative institutions in Newfoundland in 1832, passed "the Real Chattels Act," at first with a proviso restraining executors and administrators from disposing of land for a longer term than one year without the consent of the Supreme Court, but afterwards (this clause being disapproved of as inconsistent with the principle of the Bill, by the Colonial Office,) in its present shape.*

"The Act was quite in accordance with public opinion and feeling on this subject, and there is no doubt it was a wise and salutary measure, particularly suitable to a young country, in which the complex laws springing from the feudal system, would seem to be entirely out of place.

"By one stroke it swept away primogeniture, entails, curtesy, dower and numerous other incidents of land in England; reduced to the condition of a literary curiosity, a large body of real property law, and by the substitution of a single and simple tenure for the complex titles by which land is held in the Mother Country, it lessened litigation, and rendered simple and easy the proof of titles, and the construction of deeds and wills.

"The transfer of land *inter vivos* is effected by any writing sufficient under the Statute of Frauds, accompanied by registration, as against subsequent purchasers and incumbrancers. Its devolution at death is regulated, in cases of intestacy by the Statute of Distributions, and where there is a will, by the provisions of our Local Wills Act, which are the same for a devise of land as for a bequest of money.

"The Statute of Uses has of course now no application here, but trusts of land are created, moulded and dealt with as trusts of terms are in England.

"A husband can dispose absolutely, during coverture, of lands of his wife not settled to her separate use. Where there is no such disposition or settlement they remain to the survivor.

"No public inconvenience, so far as I am aware or have heard, has attended the abolition of the English law of

*The Act as it appears in the Con. Statutes of Newfoundland is as follows:

"1. All lands, tenements and other hereditaments in Newfoundland and its dependencies which, by the Common Law, are regarded as real estate, shall in all Courts of Justice in this Island be held to be chattels real, and shall go to the executor or administrator of any person or persons dying, seized or possessed thereof, as other personal estate now passes to the personal representatives, any law, usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

"2. All rights or claims which have heretofore accrued in respect to any lands or tenements in Newfoundland and which have not already been adjudicated upon, shall be determined according to the provisions of the foregoing section; but nothing herein contained shall extend to any right, title, or claim to any lands, tenements or hereditaments derived by descent, and reduced into possession before the 12th day of June, A.D. 1834."

inheritance. The proviso in the Act saving rights reduced into possession, of the effect of which I have found in former years a few instances, but the operation of which has now substantially ceased from the lapse of time, effectually guarded against this evil.

"Apprehensions were at first entertained lest the unlimited power over lands, given by the Act to personal representatives, should be attended by mischievous consequences: but experience has shown these fears to have been groundless, the security given by administrators, and the ready intervention of Courts of Justice having been found to be sufficient protection, for creditors, legatees, and next of kin.

"The administrator and executor deal with land as with a chattel. the latter where the claims of creditors do not intervene, having, of course, regard to the dispositions of his testator, and litigation has, I think, diminished rather than increased by reason of their being clothed with this power.

"I am not aware of any inconvenience having been felt by the abolition in effect of the Statute of Uses. The abolition of the power of creating entails, has been productive of good rather than evil, as apart from other important considerations, it defeats the desire to exercise a lengthened posthumous influence over the disposition of their property to which many testators are so prone.

"The principle of the Act is, I think, perfectly understood by the public, and is regarded with general satisfaction, as answering the demands of justice, by placing all the children in cases of intestacy upon the same footing, and as facilitating the recovery of debts.

"In fine after an intimate and practical acquaintance with the operation of this Act for forty years, I can heartily recommend it as a marked reform in the law of landed property.

"In Canada circumstances may exist of which I am ignorant which may render its introduction there impracticable or inexpedient, but of Newfoundland, it is not too much that I know of no Act of the ture which has been more exte useful.

"My brother Judge, Haywe curs in these observations, wh can use in any way you please.

"(Signed) H. W. Ho

"St. John's, April 23rd, 18

No words the writer can u add anything to the force of tl mony, thus so ably and lucidl by the learned Chief Justice, a practical benefits resulting fr principle of succession embodie Newfoundland Act.

To some people the writer n sibly have seemed to be so revolutionary in his ideas u subject of the reform of our r perty law; but it is to be noted no material respect, has he su any changes save such as hav already actually tried elsewh found by practical experience a marked improvement on our system.

The rights of wives and h in each other's lands seem of la to have taxed all the ingenuity Canadian legislators, and Mr is no exception; he proposes, enough, to abolish dower, and thereof he would provide that a husband dies, *whether testate testate* as to any land of whic then owner in fee simple, le widow surviving him, one-t such lands shall descend to he simple," provided her right is red as provided by the Act. the 70th section it would appe he intends to exonerate the v share from liability for the d her deceased husband.

The writer has already in a article (*a*) stated the injustice h ceives to exist in placing the v claim for dower paramount claims of creditors; those obj apply with the same force t

(*a*) CANADIAN MONTHLY, Vol. xii. p. 478,.

Mills' proposition. It is difficult to see on what principle of natural justice or equity such a proposal is based. The only ground which suggests itself to the writer is this, that it may be said that at a time when the head of the family is taken away, if the law allowed the whole of his property to be taken in satisfaction of his debts, the widow and children might be left destitute and become, perhaps, a charge upon the public; so, in order to prevent such a contingency, the creditors who have been foolish enough to trust the deceased debtor, must forego their just claims upon one-third of his lands, which third they could have made available in his lifetime—in order to provide means for the maintenance of the widow of the debtor. But if this is a just principle, why not extend it to personal property as well, and why not give the children of the debtor also, a provision at the expense of the creditor? It is even doubtful on the Bill, as brought in, whether the widow would not be able to defeat the rights of mortgagees who had express charges upon the land. As to that there ought surely to be no doubt or question, and the claim of the wife should, at all events, be limited to one-third of the land after payment of all charges actually existing upon it at the time of her husband's decease.

Although the Bill provides that the widow's share in her deceased husband's land shall be free from the claims of creditors, the right of the husband in his deceased wife's lands would appear to be made subject thereto, but on what principle this difference is made is not very plain.

It appears to the writer that the Bill under consideration would be sensibly shortened, and materially simplified by the introduction of the provision of the Newfoundland Act. Sections 51, 52, 53, 54, 63, 64, 69, 70, 113, 114, and 115 might then be dispensed with.

In addition to the objections already stated to the way Mr. Mills proposes to deal with the question of the share of the real estate to be allotted to the widow, or widower, of a deceased owner, there is the further objection, that it would seem that he intends that their respective interests, shall vest without the intervention of the personal representative, and this objection applies equally to lands devised, and lands held in trust.

With regard to trust estates, it would appear that they are not to pass to the personal representative, in any case, so that where there is a sole trustee it would seem that the trust estate would pass under the 38 Vic., c. 49 (D), to the heirs at law of the trustee, as defined by that Act, and thus it might happen that on the death of the trustee the trust estate would become vested in half a dozen or more infant children, than which nothing could well be more inconvenient. Surely there can be no doubt that it would be far better that a trust estate should pass to the personal representative, who is almost always a person *sui juris*, and capable of representing the trust estate, than that it should go to infants, involving as it does a law-suit to get the estate out of them again.

By permitting land devised, to vest at once in the devisee, without coming through the personal representative, how is the devisee to satisfy any one dealing with him, that his devisor's debts have been paid? Under the Newfoundland Act it would seem that the executor must assent to the devise in the same way that he does to a bequest of personalty before the title of the devisee is confirmed, and this seems to be the correct principle and at once obviates all enquiry as to whether or not the land devised, is subject to debts.

The transmission of property by death, under such a system, ceases to create any difficulty in the title. On the death of the owner, the whole of his property, real and personal, vests in the same person; a person empowered by law to administer it—such

of it as is necessary to apply in payment of debts is so applied, and what remains is distributed by proper transfer from the personal representative among the devisees or legatees in the case of their being a disposition by will, and in the case of intestacy, among the next of kin according to the Statute of Distribution.

The more the subject is considered, the more plainly apparent must it be, that this latter system is in accordance with common sense and best calculated to secure both simplicity of title, and at the same time the proper application of the estates of deceased debtors.

Mr. Mills, in addition to providing for the registration of titles and the succession to real estate, has also introduced into his Bill some useful provisions, facilitating the realization of mortgage debts, also for the ejectment of persons wrongfully holding possession of lands, and for enabling tenants in common and others to obtain partition. If the personal representative were empowered to deal with the real estate as fully as he is in Newfoundland, he would then have power to make partition, and that would in a great many cases, be found a simpler and much more effective way of securing the division of property amongst several persons claiming as next of kin of a deceased person, than that provided by the Act, besides being much less expensive.

Mr. Mills' Land Bill has failed to become law during the recent session, but it is to be hoped that it will not be lost sight of in the future, and although in its present shape it may not be all that could be wished, nor as beneficial as the writer ventures to think it might be made—at the same time it is so manifestly a step in the right direction that the future inhabitants of the North-West will, even if the actual legislation should go no further than at present proposed, have just reason to thank the learned gentleman for his labours in their behalf.

SONNET.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

A QUIET valley by green hills surrounded—
Our friends, the brooks with willows overhung;
By these green hills and the blue sky was bounded
Our little world, when you and I were young.
What tales were told us and what songs were sung,
What dreams we dreamed, and what wild hopes we nurst;
On the far slopes to sight what castles sprung,
And through the clouds what glorious visions burst!
—As time rolled on our world grew wider,
And you lay down and died, long years ago;
I railed at fortune then—but can I chide her?
For you, oh friend, no doubt 'twere better so,—
For what have I met since, but pain and sorrow,
Grief for the past, and doubt about the morrow!

YACKERBENDERKELLIE.

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE OF CENTRAL INDIA.

BY ALFRED HARVEY.

At an accidental meeting of a number of military men in the "far west," the following among other stories, was related by a gentleman who vouched for the truth of the facts.

THE end of the year 1862, found me a "galloper," otherwise, an aid-de-camp to General M——, commanding at Mhow, Indore, Central India.

The wet monsoon had set in, and that dreary condition of deluge existed everywhere to such a degree, that every man stuck to his bungalow as a snail does to its shell. The cattle-tracks, which, by courtesy, are called native roads, were mere bogs in which any living thing heavier afoot than a snipe, stood the best chance in the world of suffocation, and even the government highway was so barely passable, that all travel over it save that which was absolutely necessary, had long since ceased. It was at this period that I was ordered with a batch of dispatches to Sir H—— M——, British resident at Marajah, Holkao, some 15 or 20 miles from Mhow.

I started, after the sweeping denunciation of the service, appropriate to the occasion, at as rapid a gait as my staunch little Arab mare would carry me. My constant companion, a magnificent man-hunting blood-hound, which had come into my possession at an assault on the slave pens at the Granite Needle, on the West Coast of Africa, some years previously, trotted by my side, sharing with me the benefit of the shower of mud which my horse dashed up at every swashing step.

My temper was not improved by the wild wind which swept my cloak aside, allowing the rain to soak thro' the stout uniform which I wore, and I felt rather savage, as I thought of the snug warm room and the well-supplied table the other fellows were nursing at the moment. I could almost sniff the fragrance of the brandy pawnee, and the pungent odour of the cigars, and as the darkness gathered closer and the bank of dense black clouds worked higher and higher in the sullen sky, I urged my mare to constantly increasing speed, cursing my luck as we went.

What with bad temper and thoughtlessness combined, I pushed the poor beast too hard, and between the heavy road and the speed at which we had been going, I felt her pace break and her flanks throb between my knees. It was now quite dark as far as any remnant of the day was concerned, and I pulled her up a trifle, keeping on at a smart canter, guided by the lightning in whose vivid and almost continuous light, I could see the streaming road stretching away before me like a river. Occasionally I called to the dog, for in the solitary night the deep bark with which he always answered me was more than good company.

"Cheer up, old girl," I said, patting the mare's wet neck, as the familiar white ten mile post flitted by us like a storm troubled ghost, "a short hour more and our night's work is over." She whinnied a reply and the instant after stumbled, going down upon her knees, and shooting me, unprepared as I was for such a movement,

straight over her ears. I dived deep into the mire, which fortunately, however, padded the road sufficiently to save my bones. Brushing the mud from my eyes as quickly as possible and scraping the thick coating of it from my bleeding face, I hastened to examine my fallen horse. I found that she had swerved a little from the beaten track, and set her off foreleg in an ant hill, badly breaking the leg above the joint. There was nothing for me to do but put an end to her misery with a pistol ball, which I hastened to do immediately. Pitching my saddle into the bushes by the roadside, I set out to tramp the remaining ten miles, to the Residency.

"Horse dead, uniform in rags, face looking as if I had been kissing a red hot gridiron, a pretty figure I cut for a Residency bungalow," I soliloquized, as I floundered through the deep mire. "D —— the service, being cashiered is a joke to this." To add to my misery the lightning ceased with a suddenness, which every student of East Indian storms will have noticed, leaving me in utter darkness.

What was to be done, it was quite as impossible for me to spend the night on the road, as it was to advance or retreat through the cimmerian gloom without a guide.

As a last resort, although with faint hope of a response, I emptied two chambers of my revolver in the air.

The wind swooped down upon me from the right of the road bringing, as I fancied, mingled with the sound of rushing rain and rustling foliage, the sound of a faint "hallo." I fired again. This time the sound was unmistakable. Faint, not so much from distance as from the nameless noise of the wind and rain, but clear and silvery, almost like the call of a woman. At the same time a light twinkled through the bushes which fringed the road, and plunging towards it, I found myself in a narrow path, down which I pushed, shouting with all my might. Suddenly the brush ended, and I stood looking over a blank black vo which no distinction between and sky could be traced, at the which had attracted my attentio was not a bright light, but rat singular, unearthly glow, full of st gleams of fantastic colour, like the ing gases over a retort of melting A formless mass of fire, a lar flame quivering with some appro life, swaying and pulsing into figures, shapeless, yet suggesti form, the whole body of light co within a square black space, a rainbow had been cut in the ch gloom.

Urgent as my need of shelter there was something so extraord in this strange beacon, set like a g tic fen-fire– a coloured Jack O'La in the velvety blackness of the n that I hesitated, and half turned before it. Then ashamed of my ness, I emptied the last chamb my revolver, and listened.

The hallo came again. Clear lodious, yet, like all else about the unearthly, a part and parcel, i weird sweetness, of the ghostly b of the pulsive light. It was und edly the voice of a woman.

"Thank God it is a voice," I as the muffled echoes of my answ cry died away into the storm. " for a shelter at all events."

With the light for a guide, I m few steps forward, heard a growl behind me, and felt myself s by the leg with such violence, tha teeth of the animal which had fa ed on me, penetrated my stout r boot. At the same instant, a mendous crash of thunder came, qu followed by a flash of lightnin vivid, that I could distinguish e sharp feature in the fronds of a of palms, which crested the summ a distant hill. For a moment al heavens glowed like a sheet of w hot steel.

In that glow I saw at my very so close, that the convulsive m ment which I made in my horror

a stone plunging with a responsive echo into a black chasm, a rift in the level plateau, on which I could distinguish the splintered columns and mutilated idols, of what had once been a native temple, now a mass of ruins amid long grass and thick, rank weeds.

The light by which I saw this, perished as suddenly as it had been born. Not daring to move, I waited, quivering in every nerve, for another flash, when I felt the massive head of my dog, rubbing against my cold hands. It was the sagacity of the faithful animal, which saved me on the brink of that terrible death.

I grasped the dog's head firmly; in the unutterable horror which froze me to the very marrow, I would have welcomed a cobra to my breast, for the sake of the life which animated it.

My light had disappeared with the lightning, all sound had died away with the thunder, even the wind held its breath and the rain fell silently with a hot heavy touch like the falling of drops of blood. The gloom was suffocating in its intensity. In the ebony-like darkness my optic nerves became as the conductors of an electric battery, and sparks of pale fire danced before me, every one of which, was in its minutest detail, a pigmy reproduction of the flaming spirit form, from which the voice had issued. Another minute and I would have gone raving mad.

It was another flash of lightning saved me. Less vivid and prolonged than the last it still endured sufficiently long to enable me to note that the chasm ended a short distance to my right, and that a broad but neglected path, led from it up a low hillock, to a European bungalow, with its compound rank with untrimmed vegetation. Scarcely knowing what I did, I bounded forward, beat the gate down from its rotting post, tore through the trailing shrubbery, and threw myself panting and exhausted, upon the broad veranda, clutching the grass that grew in tufts in the interstices of the sagging plants, and feeling the rain beat in on me in fierce gusts, as I would have felt the faint light breeze from my punkalo, on a June afternoon.

My weakness was, I fancy, now of brief duration. I say I fancy, for I might as well remark here that from the moment I first saw the light, I lost all count of time. I am not a coward, physically or morally, and once in contact with the evidence of human existence, all my fright rapidly passed away, my muscles relieved of the tension of terror, relaxed, my nerves found relief in rest, and I began to reason with myself, in no little disgust, at what I now considered an absurd and disgraceful weakness, from a fever-tempered blood and a brain excited by unusual events and surroundings, into that condition of excessive irritation, in which a mole-hill of fact becomes a mountain of fancy, and one sees phantoms in the sunlight and hears voices where no voices are.

"What an idiot I am," I thought, as I scrambled to my feet, and worked my stiff joints into pliability again by a few rapid turns up and down the long veranda. "One might fancy I was suffering from a delirium. I see lights, hear voices, and get frightened as easily as a woman. The chances are that the place is deserted, it certainly looks like it. But, at all events, I'll get in-doors for the night."

Advancing to the central door of the bungalow, I applied my foot vigorously to the mouldy, ant-eaten wood, and, with little difficulty, forced an entrance into the interior. The place, to all appearance, had for its sole occupants rats, mice, roaches, &c., &c., and with the faint light from a lucifer I could see them scudding away in all directions. Hastily collecting some wood, I soon, by the light of roaring fire, was able to view the quarters to which chance or fate had consigned me.

I found myself in a large and lofty room, which had evidently been unused for some length of time, but had at some period been occupied by persons of taste and refinement. On the plastered walls were the remains of what had once been silken hangings, but which were now reduced to shreds and tatters by the combined attacks of ants and other creeping things, while, scattered about the room in dire confusion, were pictures, bric-a-brac, and other chaste ornaments not often seen in an up-country bungalow.

What can this mean? I muttered, a bungalow so near the highway, deserted, as from all appearances it has been for years, is strange, to say the least of it. I will see if there be anything in the other rooms which may help to solve the mystery, and, converting the leg of a table into a torch, with my dog by my side, I explored, one by one, the rooms of the deserted domicile, but without success; I returned to the apartment I had first entered as ignorant as when I left it. Above, in the ceiling of the room in which I had installed myself, was, apparently, the abode of snakes, rats and other noxious creatures. A strange rumbling sound was heard, as the rats scampered about with loud, pattering feet. The combined effect of noise within and storm without was annoying in the extreme, but at last nature came to my assistance, and my tired eyes were closed in sleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by my dog, who lay crouching by my side, his whole body shaking as if in an ague fit.

The storm had ceased, and the yellow moonlight was streaming through the open door, making every object appear as clear as if seen by the light of day; bidding my dog lie quiet, I turned over, intending to resume my disturbed slumbers. As I turned, my eyes met those of a woman, who was standing by the open doorway. She was tall and magnificently formed, and dressed in a small close upper garment, partially open at tl tightly fitted over the shoul ending above the waist, of gold colour and sparkling wi showing minutely her forr

The face and features were beauty, but in her black vel there was a fierce vindicti curiously mingled with one and terror, a look such as a f when struggling between twc of hate and fear.

Her lips moved as if she w ing rapidly, but no sound rea ears.

I attempted to speak, bu ched tongue refused its offic moisture gathered in thick he upon my brow. My wh trembled with the intensity emotion. A terror took pos my senses, such as I had nev experienced, even when fa Russian guns, or in a hand encounter against heavy odd

There was something horri and unnatural about this st man, and I was paralyzed w at seeing her lips move s without producing any soun

She moved a step nearer, a hideous triangular gash from the ear to the shoul which the blood was clotted black crust, the wound alm ing the head from the body.

She now retreated towards where she paused a moment oned me to follow her.

How I gained my legs I l but with magnetic influenc drew me as a magnet does a

As I advanced within a I noticed that a strong, a corpse-like odour, emanated being, who with imperious h oned me out into the moonli moved backwards with a soi ing motion, with her great l steadily fixed upon mine. noises incident to a tropi sounded around me as I follc upon her track. Great bats

flapped past, almost brushing me with their slimy wings, the night hawk uttered its dismal note, and was answered back from the jungle by the laughing cries of the restless jackal; my dog too, every now and then, howled mournfully.

This ghoul, or spirit from another land, I know not what to call her, led me on unresistingly till she reached the brink of a dark murky chasm, when she paused and stretched out her hand toward me. For half a second her eyes left mine and in that brief space of time I recognized my peril. I hastily threw myself face downwards and grasped the rugged edge of the precipice. With a low wailing cry of disappointment, the woman launched herself into the abyss, and vanished from my sight.

It was some time before my nerves recovered the shock they had received, and I was able to drag my weary limbs away from this fell spot.

Dawn was just breaking as I reached the part of the highway, from which I had turned the previous night, and I had not got far on my way to the Residency, ere I was overtaken by a party of brother officers, who had set off in search of me. My dead horse had been found on the road, by some native water-carriers the previous night, and they had reported the fact at headquarters.

For weeks I was so utterly unstrung and unnerved by what I had gone thro' on that awful night, and by fear of ridicule, that I was unable to enter into any explicit detail of the affair. At last, however, I could bear it no longer, and so took General M——— into my confidence and related to him everything that had occurred, even at the risk of being laughed at.

"Very strange," muttered the General, as I finished my narrative, "that bungalow used to be occupied by a man, when I came to the station seven years ago, of whom no one knew anything except that he had with him as pretty a native woman as I ever saw —they suddenly disappeared, however, the man leaving instructions that the place was to be left undisturbed until his return. I will send up a party to look about the place tomorrow."

The following day some coolies were sent up to search the bungalow and ravine. They found at the bottom of the chasm the body of a woman, the flesh being shrivelled and dried up like that of a mummy.

Some years afterwards it came to my knowledge that a man, who was about being executed for a barbarous murder committed in Bombay, confessed before execution, that years before in a frenzy of jealousy, he had slain his native mistress in that lonely bungalow, and had afterwards thrown the body into the ravine.

The natives, ever since the finding of the body, have called the spot Yackerbenderkellie — the vengeance-seeker.

OUR FOREST TREES.

BY MRS. TRAILL.

IN the brief outline which I propose to give of the native forest trees of Canada, the pine seems naturally to claim preeminence, both on account of its noble growth and its great value as a source of wealth to the Province, whether we regard it in a commercial point of view or as a means for affording employment to a large portion of the industrial classes, especially the *habitans* of Lower Canada. It would require the knowledge of a practical merchant to enumerate the value of our pine forests when summed up in all its departments. Some idea may be formed of the importance of this branch of trade by even a casual glance at the vast piles of pine boards and timbers, laths and shingles that are ready at every port along the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, to freight the vessels that are waiting to bear off the ever accumulating mass to the destined markets east and west, to England or the United States, to distant islands and foreign lands, our noble trees, in the form of lumber, find their way. It would be a curious history could we follow one of our grand old forest pines from its first development in the backwoods a tiny slender thing, of a few thready-spiney leaves —to its towering height and pillar-like grandeur, lifting its dark plumy head above its compeers, drinking in the light and rains of heaven, to the time when it measures its giant length upon the ground, brought low by the axe of the sturdy chopper. It would be vain to follow out the destiny even of one such mighty pine, or to weave a romantic history of its voyagings, its wanderings, and its uses. So, leaving the imaginary, we will take up again the sober thread of our subject.

Extensive as is the reign of the pine tribe in this country of woods and forests, forming a large proportion of the native trees, it has probably at some more distant period occupied a still further range than it now does. In the hardwood lands—where the largest pine trees are now found growing, singly or in isolated groups, from three or four to perhaps a small group —the resinous substance commonly known as *fat pine* is found in larger quantities and in finer quality than that on the pine ridges where the trees are more abundant. This fat pine is the residue of concentrated resinous knots, and roots, where the mighty trunks of which they formed a part have long since crumbled into dust, where oaks, and beech, and maples, in every stage of growth, from the hoary tree in extreme old age to the tiny seedling, occupy the soil where once those giant pines grew and flourished. The decay of the pine is a slow process more than a century, perhaps two or three, must have passed over before one of the massive trunks to which those knots and roots belonged would have become so completely decomposed as to leave no trace behind excepting these almost imperishable portions. Some of the pieces of fat pine are so saturated with the oils and resinous secretions as to assume somewhat the colour and fragrance of fat amber, an article that is often found in small nodules and water-

washed fragments on the beaches on the eastern shores of England.

The forced marches of civilization have wrought such wondrous and rapid changes in what used to be the backwoods of Canada forty years ago, that now it seems almost a thing of the past to write about or to speak of such matters. The writer recalls to mind the old time when in early spring the waters of the still lake, with its dark pine-clad shores used to be enlivened with the canoes and skiffs of the fisher, stealing out from the little bays and coves, with the red glare of the fat-pine all ablaze, casting its stream of light upon the dark surface of the waters, from the open-grated iron basket or jack, as it was called, raised at one end of the little vessel on a tall pole. In those days the lakes and inland waters swarmed with fish, which formed one of the resources for the table of the backwoods settler. But now, the sawmills and saw-logs, the pine-bark and the saw-dust have driven away the fish by rendering the waters unhealthy and poisonous, and the game laws have told hard upon the poor Indian also. The little fishing skiff, the lighted jack and the fish-spear, like the natives, are passing away.

The pine-knots still however have their uses in lighting up the caboose fires on the lumber rafts, and, may be, in the far backwoods shanty. The settler's wife still performs her evening tasks of sewing and knitting by the blaze of the pine roots and knots which the younger children have collected before the wintry snow has hidden them away under its cold, fleecy covering.

There are still lingering among some of the older settlers those who can recall to mind the time when lamps and candles were hard to obtain, and the evening light was supplied by these homely gleanings from the forest. I have seen a cheerful circle gathered round the wide hearth so lighted up. The little ones shared the rugs of bear and wolf skin with the favoured hound and shaggy retriever, while the glancing light fell on the swiftly plied knitting needles of the mother and elder sisters, and the father sat quietly enjoying the cheerful scene, and rest from a day of manly toil, or superintending some rustic work of his sons. Nor was there any want of pleasant talk or memories and tales of better days, to entertain us as we sat listening in that log-house by the light of the pine-knots. Ah, well! if those days of the old pioneers in the backwoods had their privations, they also had their pleasures; they remain as way-marks on the journey of life, and are not without their use.

The white pine generally occupies the ridges of light land above the shores of lakes and streams, rejecting the low alluvial flats and swampy ground. In wettish soil, such as old beaver meadows, the tree becomes gnarled, and knotty and misshapen, throwing out many rugged, twisted branches and is utterly useless as timber.

On casting your eye along the border land of any of our inland waters a distinct series of vegetable productions may be noted, each belt distinguished from the other.

1st. Then we perceive on the ground nearest to the water, rooted in the deep alluvial soil, dwarf willows of several kinds, the red-barked cornel, black alder, winter berries (known also as pigeon berries, high-bush cranberries (American guelder-rose), sallow poplars, and some kinds of hawthorn; and wreathing these in leafy-tangled masses, the frost and fox grape vines. Then come cedars, black ash, the fragrant tacamahac (balsam poplar), and balsam fir. These moisture-loving trees fill up the lower range. The stately white pine towering above takes the higher ground, often in a continuous belt, while the deciduous, or hardwood trees, which seem ever pressing onward, take the tableland—a Benjamin's portion—

seeming ever bent on encroaching on the *pine limits*, fulfilling their great mission, that of preparing for man a more fertile soil, better suited for the operations of his hands and the growth of the life-supporting cereals. The decomposition of the leaves, bark, and woody fibre of the oak, basswood, beech, maple, cherry, and other deciduous trees, is in God's kind providence a source of fertility, of the blessings of which man is ultimately the recipient. Yet he that receives the gift is often unmindful of the way in which for unnumbered ages it has been preparing for him, by agents appointed for the work. These unconscious labourers have silently been fulfilling the will of Him "who commandeth and it is done."

A noble object is one of our stately forest pines rising in one uninterrupted column. The grander to the eye as it measures it, for the very simplicity of its outline, and we repeat with the poet:

"Than a tree—a grander child earth bears not."

Looking upwards, the eye follows its massy shaft rising in solitary majesty—"fit mast for some high Admiral;" and such its probable destiny if chancing to grow in the vicinity of lake or river's shore it come within the ken of some adventurous lumberman (your Jean Baptiste has a specially keen eye for a good stick of timber), its fate is sealed.

Soon the lonely echoes of the forest are ringing with the blows of the sturdy axeman on the devoted trunk—and many a vigorous blow is struck before that forest giant inclines its dark-plumed head, and with a rending crash, measures its length upon the groaning and trembling earth.

The height of one of these large pines varies from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in height, and occasionally reaches a higher altitude. A lumberman told me that he had cut nine saw-logs, each measuring twelve feet in length from one pine, besides, leaving the butt ground, four feet high.

Yet even a tree of this into insignificance when com the pines of Oregon and The Wellingtonia gigant reaches the enormous heig hundred and fifty feet, thre and even nearly four hun Or the gigantic auracarias cient world.

The roots of the pine do so deeply into the ground as suppose, but send them mor tally along almost on the sur one circumstance accounts f quent sight of upturned tre size. The feathery heads o rise on an average fifty feet tops of the tallest hardwoo the rich and generous soil of and maple woods, the pine greatest bulk and heigh straight, tall and robust i deed the monarch of the equalled even by the state often called the king of tre

When growing in open on some of our plains-land soil is light, the pine d abundance of lateral branc bushy head which gives it s an appearance, that you m clined to regard it as a disti quite unlike the pine of These branching feathery cely attain to any great siz very handsome objects with evergreen boughs clothing even to the ground, but th useful for ornament in the As timber they are wo building purposes.

In the dense forest it is has surmounted the tops jacent trees which have hi puted its right to a fair sl and light that the pine is velop its branches. Up to of its life its course has wards, always upwards—it few and weak and but scan with leaves, scarcely give

its glorious future—it has had to work its way under many difficulties, but having once obtained access to freer air and sunshine, it increases in growth rapidly. The comparative height of the pine may be seen at a glance by casting your eye along the dark line that divides them from the hardwood trees. They stand in serried ranks, their arms extending on either side in a horizontal direction like an army drawn up in line. Each whorl of branches answers for a year's growth. The usual way in which the age of a tree is ascertained is by counting the rings of wood, each ring counting for a year, but this is not a perfectly accurate method, as in its early infancy these woody deposits cannot be ascertained, and a time may come when the tree having attained to its perfect maturity may continue to exist as a tree, long after its vital functions have ceased to add to its yearly substance. There is another way in which we may approach to the knowledge of the tree's age. This is by counting the whorls of branches which are added year by year till it has attained its full meridian height, and the leaves deepen in colour till about the beginning of July when they have reached their usual size. This growth of leaves endures the intense cold of winter, but as the frost intensifies they lose their verdure and acquire a sombre blackish hue. A perceptible change has come over the evergreens, even these hardy natives of the forest seem to mourn the absence of the warm sunbeams, and to be sensible of the iron rigours of a Canadian winter.

In April the rising of the sap is felt in every branch, fresh energy pervades the tree in every part. A deep refreshing greenness enlivens the dark dull foliage, and the pine tribe, retouched by the breath of returning spring stands forth in renewed beauty long before the bare, leafless trees of the forest have put forth one single green bud. The new growth of the yearly shoots does not take place till the month of May; it is but the refreshing and retinting of the old leaves that comes to cheer our eyes thus early in the season; and as we look upon their rich verdure we call to memory those sweet lines in Mrs. Hemans' Voice of Spring, so familiar and so descriptive of our pine woods:

"I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the earth looks bright where my steps have been."

The cone of the white pine appears about the same time as the new shoots, but below the wood of the former year's branch, they are narrow, curved of a deep or rather bluish green, soft and leathery, slightly pointed, and often covered with clear drops of turpentine, which becomes white and hardened in the course of the year. The winged seed lies at the base of each scale, imbedded in the leathery covering, carefully secured from injury during its embryo state. The ripened seeds form the food of a large number, both of our birds and smaller animals. The seedling pine is a pretty, tiny, tufted thing, with a slender stem, and a number of dark green needle-like leaves. Look at this pigmy, can it be the original of yonder stately tree? And yet it's so. Every year a new set of shoots spring from a conical scaly head at the top of the main central stem of the former year's growth. From this head are developed from five to seven straight upright shoots; of these the middle one is the longest and strongest, and forms the leader; sometimes accident, as wind or frost, as in ice storms, injures this central shoot, and two of the nearest and stoutest take its place, so that a double crown is formed.

After a little while the scales that had protected the young spiney leaves fall away,* leaving the leaves in clus-

* These enveloping brown scales are considered by botanists to be the original, but effete leaves of the pine; the needle-like spiney leaves that they have nursed and cherished, are a secondary growth; each

ters of fives, clothing the fibrous woody stems of the new growth which hardens as the season advances. The leaves deepen in colour, and by the latter end of June and July the cones begin to form in the older trees.

* The yearly growth of the new pine shoots measures from eighteen inches to full two feet, in a healthy free-growing young tree; but in the dense forest the length of the main shoots are still longer. The bark of the pine for many years remains smooth and green. As the trunk increases from within, rifts in the surface, near the roots, begin to appear, increasing year after year as the tree comes to maturity. The bark has roughened and divided into rugged masses, deeply channelled somewhat lozenge-wise, becoming of a whitish grey without, but of a deep, brick-red within, lying in thin layers one upon the other. In the red pine the bark exfoliates, and is thrown off in shell-like plates in the older trees. In very old pines, the bark thickens to the depth of some inches. Within this crust various flies deposit their eggs each trunk containing a world in itself of insect life.

The great red-headed woodpecker, with others of the tribe, attack these trees; instinct teaches them where they may find the hidden food in the greatest abundance.

From early dawn till sunset calls them to their rest, the forest resounds with their noisy labour, tapping, rapping, rending, till large sheets of bark already loosened by the worms beneath, strew the ground in broken fragments while the tree, naked and bare and desolate, stands among its fellows with death and decay stamped upon its pillar-like trunk. It is a curious sight that stately column all graven as with some curious grooving tool in a thou-

sand fanciful devices- -sor rare intaglio all deeply cut and wavy lines, as by some hand, the tracery varying and depth, and breadth acc the size and nature of the bourer. There are some fe most delicate and elaborate terns, others as if an attemp made to imitate the stem an of a tree. These things are tl the borers and sawyers.

The inmates of a new lo shanty in the bush are oft by the curious sounds that ing the still hours of the ni is then that they are chiefl and the wakeful good-wif what can cause the monoton ing, rasping noise that she hours together, or what those heaps of fine sawdust the cleanly swept floor belo barked walls of her cabi sounds and these heaps o are the work of the indefati yers enlarging their domic the bark of the pine logs.

These sawyers are large worms of a yellowish colou noses and strong forceps; part of the creature's body than the lower, which is of many flexible rings. Tl of the body is rough and the finger when you touch The creaking sound is pr the animal drawing the bo down and causing an abra wood as if by the action These insects are among th hosts that make their dwel forest trees and bring them tion by slow but certain ste

"In the pine forests of th States," says Nuttall "th acres of trees have been de insects in their dormant s not bigger that a grain of ri

The woodpeckers, which l the charge of destroying t search of these worms, o those in which these insi

ormation has an important part to play in promoting the growth and welfare of the tree.

* The age of a pine tree, till it reaches its meridian height, has been reckoned at a period of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years. This, as regards its upward growth; but this does not include the full duration of the tree while living.

mies have already destroyed their vitality. In the bark of the healthy tree the bird finds nothing to repay his labour—let us give the woodpecker due credit for his sagacity.

"In all labour there is profit," says the wise king, and, depend upon it, the woodpecker does not spend his hard work for nought.

Though the pine tribe, with the exception of the larch, which is deciduous, does not lose the foliage of the spring at the time the hardwood trees cast their leaves, yet they too throw off their leaves, but it is of former years, some say the leaves of three years age—certain it is, that no sooner has the increase of the present year ceased than a gradual fall of leaves begins to take place silently and imperceptibly all through the last summer months. And so on to the fall, the dead and useless foliage drops to the earth till a deep carpet of the pale, golden, thready leaves is strewed beneath the tree, on which the foot of the passer by may fall unheard, as if shod with velvet shoes.

How beautiful, how grand are those old pine woods! The deep silence that pervades them! How solemn the soul feels—as if alone with the great Creator, whose mighty person is shadowed dimly forth in His works! There is music, too—deep, grand, solemn music—when the wind is abroad, and sweeps the tops of those mighty crested pillars above you; in softer, lower cadences it touches those tender harp-strings, or swells with loftier sound in one grand hymn of praise.

It seems as if one could never exhaust the subject, so much might yet be written on the pines of our own Canadian forests.

ROUND THE TABLE.

ANONYMOUS letters are sufficiently annoying, but not calculated to harrow up the feelings like an announcement of this kind, which appears as an advertisement in the *Globe*:—

A GENTLEMAN WHO IS PESTERED WITH the too frequent visits of his friends takes this method of requesting they will not call in future unless invited. VERBUM SAP.

Who is the gentleman? is the question which rises up and stares the reader menacingly in the face. Perhaps he is one of my friends; perhaps, horrible thought, I am one of his friends, and am included in those to whom the notice is directed. I go over the list of my acquaintances and try to fix on the one. Have I been boring any one with too frequent visits? No, no. Yes, there's the Smiths—pshaw! The girls like my visits well enough, and the old man is not the one to rush into print in that mysterious manner. When he concludes to stop my visits he will abruptly tell me to keep out of his house; that's the kind of man he is. Could it be Jones? Well, hardly, although I feel conscious of having called for a chat with his

pretty and interesting wife oftener than the average husband could reasonably be expected to like. Is it Robinson? He's a stingy fellow, and begrudges the cup of tea a visitor drinks, but would hardly have expended fifty cents on an anonymous expression of his irritation. There's old Grocery; could he be the man? No, he would not use Latin. Who is the man? Am I aimed at? Such are the harrowing questions which haunt me. I am resolved to cut all my acquaintances, for fear of longer intruding on any of them. No; I will visit oftener than ever, and try and discover the pestered party. What an ignoble animal it is, anyway. "Pestered with the too frequent visits of his friends," indeed. Just as though a fellow like that could have any friends. "Not call in future unless invited." A long time they will have to wait for an invitation, unless he sees a chance of making something out of them—of talking them into some scheme for his own profit over his coffee or wine. The hook will be altogether too plain in that case, and he will not succeed. When the hermit leaves his cave and moves among the habitations of men it is either to beg or steal, and when this man opens his doors and asks his fellows in they will naturally say to themselves, "What's his little game?" No, old Verbum Sap, it won't do; no washee, washee. If your friends discover your identity they will stop calling, no doubt, and will also return your invitations unanswered. Your intimation that their calls are unwelcome is an insult they will never get over. People, modest people at least, are always haunted with a lingering doubt about the manner in which their visits are regarded by their friends; fight against this doubt as an enemy, and never forgive the man who says or does anything to make it stronger. You will be left alone if you are discovered, never fear. And you ought to be discovered. What right have you to render thousands who never knew you uneasy, and su themselves and their friend anonymous announcement right have you to set eve man to wondering whether are weary of him? You o geon, you ought to be chol visiting card. A pretty sp are, grinning an ear-to-ear your acquaintances, making lieve you are delighted to and then insulting them in ion! I have one comfort and cling to it fondly. It lief that you will never hav courage to make your sen visiting known, and will b suffer on in silence, knit brows, biting your nails, an your teeth because people in mistaking your artificial genuine good-will. I can se old boy, and hear your pro ances when the visitor you h on has got beyond hearing enjoy them! You are coward; you deserve yo ment; you ought to be ov visitors. If I could disco should cause a report to that you intended rememb visitor in your will, the am legacy to depend on the their calls. Thus I would for the embarrassment you h me. How you would gr the infliction, and pray hea lieve you of a burden whi from yourself, if you we sneak you are, would remo

Ministers of the Gospel quently been found fault w dealing, from their pulpits where, with those mixed q religion and science whic prominent a portion of curr sions. In reply it has bee on behalf of the clergymen impossible for most of th the slender stipend which ables them to eke out a

for themselves and their families, to devote anything to the purchase of those works, containing the latest results of modern thought, which are pouring in so plentiful a stream from the press; and that it is consequently impossible for them to keep *au courant* with the literature of scientific or critical doubts and difficulties. The claim is just. The pay of most clergymen in this country, especially in rural districts, is utterly inadequate to meet any such demand. The remedy which I would suggest is that, wherever a minister is provided with a manse or parsonage, one of the rooms should be fitted up as a library and well stocked with suitable theological and scientific works, and that a sum of one or two hundred dollars should be expended annually in the purchase of new works and periodicals as they come out. The library would not be the property of the minister, but would merely be available for his use during his incumbency, and would devolve upon his successor on like terms. Another scheme which occurs to me as suitable for the larger cities, such as Toronto and Hamilton, is the establishment, at the united cost of all the congregations in the city, of a Theological Library, similar to the Law Library at Osgoode Hall, to which access for reference might be had by all resident clergymen and theological students, as well as by others who might be accorded the privilege by ticket as in the case of the British Museum Library. Of course no amount of mere reading will enable anyone to speak with authority on a purely scientific question, such, for instance, as the variation of animals and plants under domestication, as discussed by Darwin after forty years' patient observation and reflection. But a course of reading in Lyell, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, Fiske, Tylor, Lubbock, Max Müller, and others, would unquestionably enable clergymen of average ability to deal with religio-scientific questions such as the Mosaic cosmogony, the age of the world, the origin, descent, and antiquity of man, and the origin of language, religion, and civilization, far more satisfactorily than it is possible for them to do at present. And surely this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

F. T. J.

—The "Monks of Thelema" will probably remind more than one of our guests to take down his Rabelais and turn up the well-known page where that sarcastic fragment is to be found. How great a favourite Rabelais has been, and with men of what different minds! In his own country it is even now the highest praise that can be bestowed on a young man, aspiring to make a position in the world of letters, to remark "il sait bien son Rabelais." In England we must not forget the shockingly bad rhyme with which Browning commemorated his delight, when, after pitching away some diabolically dull work that had been vexing his soul, he sat down with

> "Half a loaf and a bottle of Chablis;
> Made up his mind to forget the oaf
> Over a jolly chapter of Rabelais."

Kingsley too, as can be seen by the Rabelaisian structure and idiom of his 'Water Babies' (at least in those parts where Kingsley is not purely himself and at home among the water weeds or the king fern) was an ardent lover of Rabelais. I can lay my finger on the passage which gave Kingsley the idea of one of his most thoughtful short poems. Here it is,

"Item, and forasmuch as in those days no women entered religion save such as were wall-eyed, or who limped or rejoiced in a hump behind their shoulders or were in other ways ugly and misshapen, foolish, stupid, bewitched or somewhat damaged in character; neither any man except he were a sniveller, or of low birth, a ninny or a lazy-bones-stay-at-home (By the way, said the monk, what end can a woman serve who is neither fair nor good? Why, to enter religion, replied Gargantua.

True, said the monk, and to hem shirts)– therefore it was ordained that the Abbey of Thelema should only receive men and women of handsome form and feature, well born and gently nurtured." (1)

Compare the interjection of the Monk Frère Jean with the little poem of the "Ugly Princess" and see how Kingsley has brought out the sad side of the same thought, the pathos of the soliloquy culminating in the lines,

"I was not good enough for man,
And so am given to God."

But what first put it in my mind to speak about the Abbey at all was to call the attention of my fellow-guests to the fact that two hundred years before Rabelais was born the Abbey was in existence, under another name it is true, but yet the same in all its main points. The monastic system was too broad a mark to escape the shafts of ridicule till the time of Rabelais, and even as early as the days of Edward I. men's minds, shaken up by the political activity of the Barons' war, dared to parody the extravagances and caricature the corruption of the monastic orders. Besides songs to this effect in doggerel Latin (probably the productions of the regular clergy, who hated the monks with the double hatred of professional competition and of national antipathy, for most of the monks were foreigners) there is extant a powerful satire in Norman French, descriptive of the Order of Bel Eyse.

The rule of this order, the ballad-singer tells us, adopts a point from each of the other orders. In language which, being so much earlier than Rabelais, must be excused if it sometimes reminds us of his coarseness, the author tells us that the Order of Fair Ease resembles that of the Abbey of Sempringham (now long ago forgotten) in that the brothers and sisters live in the same building, only with the variation that the dividing walls which disfigure the Abbey of Sempringham find no place in Bel Eyse. From another Brotherhood is taken the rule that all inmates shall eat "well and plentifully" three times a day, and if company comes the fare shall be none the worse on that account. The Franciscans of Beverly were found worthy of imitation in one very important particular. From them was borrowed the laudable custom of drinking well both at and after meals, and during the burning of a candle at collation. Since regulations are nothing if not precise, it was ordained that this candle (horrible to relate !) should be as long as a man's arm below the elbow. Nor was dress forgotten. The long dragging mantles and richly housed palfreys of the Hospitallers were taken for patterns.

The rule of the Canons, who eat flesh every day (except Friday and Saturday) commended itself as just and worthy of being followed and with considerable forethought it was also provided that in case fish should fall short on Saturday, the hungry brethren might eat anything which "fut en la mesoun." Then from the Black Monks (Benedictines) they took the comfortable doctrine that it was good to be drunk for the sake of society, and as a drinking bout over night notoriously makes one bad company the next morning, it followed as an unfailing corollary that the brethren must be in bed late to sleep off the fumes. It was not too much to ask a member of this order to imitate the Minor Friars and swear never to lodge with a poor man. In fact charity to the poor man and respect to one's own victualling department alike forbad it. Finally the Dominican preachers were clearly right in holding it no pride to mount a horse when their feet were sore, but "we" the gay monks of Bel Eyse, "always ride."

Thus closes this peculiar song[1], so

(1) Gargantua –Bk I, Chapter 52.

(1) I have omitted in my note-book to state the edition of English Political Songs from which this specimen is taken: but believe it is one of the publications of the Camden Society; the page is 137.

akin in spirit to the "Fay ce que vouldras" of Rabelais' Abbey,

"E c'est l'ordre de Bel-Eyse
K à plusours trobien playse."

F. R.

—Will the friend who spoke last at the table, in May, pardon me if I say that his course of remark brought forcibly to my mind some points made by the Duke of Argyll, in a suggestive article on "Hibernicisms in Philosophy," published some years ago in the *Contemporary Review*? Many of the guests will, no doubt, recall the article. As a nearly perfect specimen of the confusion of thought which marks the genuine Irish bull, the Duke mentions that a young lady (Scotch, by the way) on being asked in his hearing "Do you remember Donald Ferguson?" made the following discriminating reply: "No, I recollect his face, but I don't recollect him by name." Instances where the contradiction in thought is almost as striking, though so veiled by metaphysical verbiage as to be less obvious, are adduced from the philosophers. J. S. Mill, for instance, after reasoning with his usual cogency in the *Fortnightly* that the fact of the "Non-existence of Abstract Ideas" was one of Berkeley's three great metaphysical discoveries, goes on to analyze with his usual acumen the meaning of the term "abstract idea"—which must, of course, by hypothesis be meaningless. The result is that he clearly proves it to be complex, and so shows that it is non-existent by resolving it into its elements, and proving it to be composite. "Abstract ideas are thus summoned into the witness-box, examined and urged to confess, like the poor Irishman, that they 'lie dead in a ditch.'" The full beauty of Mill's Hibernicism stands out to view when we put in the back ground the fact that it is this same philosopher who afterwards contends "that an abstract idea—abstract up to the double distilled essence of abstraction—is the only reality of which we have any assurance in the world." The reference is, of course, to his famous definition of matter as a "potentiality of sensation."

The "bulls" of philosophers would afford a not uninteresting topic for table talk, and did time and space permit—as they do not just now—one might venture, not having the fear of the author of "Little Great Men" before his eyes, to collect a small herd for exhibition. Meanwhile it is high time I should say why the page on the Mystery of Matter, reminded me of Argyll's article. The whole article seemed to me to be a Hibernicism. Its aim is, manifestly, to suggest and favour the doctrine of Monism as opposed to Dualism. The arguments adduced, or suggested, to prove that "the Universe is a unity," or that there is no basis for the common belief that the essence of the mind is distinct from that of matter, are, if I have rightly analyzed the paper, about as follows:—

The essence of spirit is identical with that of matter, because

First.—We know absolutely nothing about the essence of *either*.

Second.—Boscovich and Faraday, and others, hold that matter is simply a congeries of force-points, and so "*in its nature spiritual.*"

Third.—Some cannot conceive of spirit but as occupying space, and if it *occupies space* it must be material.

It is not my purpose here to point out the defects in the argument, though it seems singularly inconclusive. What strikes me is the constant recurrence of terms which assume, and assume as a matter of necessity, the existence of the very difference whose existence it is the object of the writer to deny. Notice, in proof of this, the italicized words. It would not be easy, I fancy, to find a better illustration of Sir W. Hamilton's remarks on "Love of unity" as a source of error in philosophy. There is hardly a sentence in the paper which does not tacitly assume that radical dichotomy which seems so

inseparable from both thought and speech. This dichotomy, forced upon our mind in virtue of their constitution, by the very nature of things, is the real difficulty that not only underlies, but suggests all the theories in question. Matter reveals its phenomena to sense, spirit to consciousness. The one set of phenomena suggest space as a logical *sine qua non* of their existence, the other cannot be conceived in terms of space. The one is described by adjectives, the other demands the use of verbs. The two things, in short, seem to be as broadly distinguished as it is possible to conceive, in thought, in language, in manifestation—hence, by Hibernicism, they must be one in essence.

For a specimen, Hibernicism in a single sentence, take the following: Monism, we are told, proclaims "that force cannot exist without matter, nor matter without force; that force and matter, spirit and substance, mind and body, are essentially one and indivisible."

Now, if "force" and "matter" are essentially one and indivisible, the words must be synonymous, or at least equivalent. If so, why not substitute algebraically in the above formulæ, "Force cannot exist without force," &c. Is it not obvious that these very sentences derive their only meaning from the assumed diversity of the very things they are proclaiming to be identical? Let the reader try a similar substitution of terms in almost any philosophical work, and he will soon get a conception of the havoc which literal Monism would make of much of our best thinking. If then the tendency, not only to distinguish but to contrast broadly the two things (the one thing [?]), is so deeply ingrained in the texture of the mind itself, what sufficient ground can there be for assuming Duality to be a delusion and a snare, and Monism the only true philosophy? Why is it harder to conceive of two diverse "Unknown Realities" than of one as indicated by the too widely contrasted signs?

I must stop. But in do must confess to an intense cu know how it can be shown t idea of the spirituality of the s derived by Christianity, not Old or the New Testament, l the Platonists. Surely it ca that both these Testaments the idea *passim*: surely it But I give it up. J.

It strikes me as a disquieti tom of the feverish activity times, that one so seldom me a-days a person who, while qu mere animalism, can yet thorough and systematic bit ness. I feel sometimes quite faced beside the incessant e my friends because of my capacity for the *dolce far niente* theless, believing it to be a g certainly is a pleasant thing the courage of my convictio make a point of devoting at l an hour a day to absolute, pr ted and studied laziness. always being admonished a necessity of regular exercise meals, and regular sleep; a face of the proverbial readin ever-officious personage to f chief for idle hands to do, it some boldness to plead in p guage for regular idleness. recreation and more or less quite orthodox; but my he on this point carries me fa these; and the consequence that every evening after din come semi-recumbent, and quiescent for half an hour o hide what many good people sider a very bad example und of tobacco-smoke. The smok way, is merely an adjunct,— al arrangement between my my nerves, which I will neit upon others nor relinquish The main principle is involv "lolling," as it is called by s

and inconsiderate acquaintances. This, I am free to confess, I enjoy *per se*, with a zest that comes of deliberate cultivation of an innate taste for it; and as an epicure relishes an *entre-met* which, to the untrained palate may be quite insipid. Let me hasten to disclaim for it even the merit of being a short period of meditation or self-examination. It is nothing of the kind. My thoughts have less weight than the thin rings of smoke rising about me; and my condition is one of pure passivity and human oysterhood. Now I repeat distinctly that I consider this not only pleasant, but profitable and exemplary; and I have played Asmodeus to my own domestic privacy in no spirit of egotism, but with a purpose; that of urging upon all restless souls at this Table, or within hearing of it, that they would be very much the better in body and mind if they would "lie off" similarly for some short period every day; or, if they are scandalized at this proposition, that occasionally, at any rate, they should altogether cease from troubling and be at rest. With many —a daily increasing number—this has become almost an impossibility. They are losing the very faculty, if ever they had it, of absolutely resting for short or long spaces of time. They are wound up to such tension that they must always be "still achieving, still pursuing,"—using every spare minute, and lamenting that the day has not twenty-five hours. I know several men to whom quietude is vanity and vexation of spirit; and who, if they do attempt to play the *fainéant* for a little while, can succeed no further than in keeping their hands idle, while their brains take to "worrying." With some men this is natural; they are happy I suppose, and useful; although I cherish the opinion that a man who cannot sit still is a nuisance. With the majority, however, it is neither natural nor healthy, but one of the morbid results of the high pressure at which we are most of us forced to live in these days. The victims are many, yet it is not the work that kills, but this very feverishness and nervous intensity which is kept up until relaxation brings only dejection and "fidgetiness," unless spiced with some excitement. There is a moral here for our prohibitionist friends, which, however, I shall not stop to point just now.

As I feel bound to suggest some practical application of the doctrine I have been preaching, let me beg that the sale of hammocks this summer be very large; and end with a little parable. Two hammocks were hanging the other day under trees which overlooked the blue waters of the St. Lawrence where they commence to wind their way down among the Thousand Isles. It was the Queen's Birthday, but all the sulphurous abominations of a noisy loyalty were far out of hearing, and instead of them the birds were twittering among the fresh young leaves, and the soft breeze sighing for us that we could not always be there. One of the hammocks was rocking violently to and fro, kept in jerky motion by a leg which hung over the side and gave energetic kicks at the grass beneath. The other hammock swayed gently in the wind, and its curve was broken only by a protruding hand which held a cigarette. First hammock, loq.: "forty and eighty,—a hundred and twenty,—and B.'s fifty, a hundred and seventy; C. ought to give a hundred, and Z., too, but they need persuading; I might be drafting letters to them now;—have you a pencil about you?" Second hammock: "rum tum ti tum, fal lal deedum,—look at that nest up there,—eh? A pencil? No; have a cigarette." First hammock, an active philanthropist of appalling energy, with a new charity "on the brain;" second hammock,—a passive holiday-maker who has left his energy at home and is uncertain and indifferent as to whether he has a brain or not;—myself.

A. W. G.

—When a man commits murder and is hanged for it, or beats his wife into a jelly and is cautioned and let go, or fined ten shillings, in proportion to the enormity of the offence, the demands of justice are said to be satisfied and the world breathes freely until the next offence against law and order is committed. The Statute books, in their ancient but inexpensive bindings, and looking very formidable and wise on the justices' shelves, contain a list of the penalties, made and provided, for almost every crime in the calendar, save one. This latter crime is unmentioned in the whole category of the dry but legitimate literature which the descendants of Lycurgus, in their wisdom, provided for the coming generations of mankind. We know what we will get if we fire our neighbour's barn, or rob his granary, or indulge in the African pastime of stealing his chickens. We know that garrotters are sometimes whipped, and till-tappers occasionally get "six months." We cannot even attempt to take our own life with impunity. If we manage it successfully we stand a chance of being buried in the cross-roads "with a stake in our inside," and if we fail in the attempt to take ourselves off and the vigilant policeman hears of it, we are marched off to jail and allowed to reflect on the value of life in a seven but not very benign cell. Indeed the most trifling misdemeanor is open to that poetic justice which, we are told on good authority, is inseparable from the commission of crime. The offence against mankind, which the gentlemen in long robes have strangely omitted from the respectably long list of evil deeds and their penalties, is by no means a trivial one. Some sins are more heinous than others, but this one is beyond all question *the most* heinous of them all. When a man commits murder he does it perhaps under great provocation, for one cannot always live pleasantly with his mother-in-law. He may be driven to the deed of manslaughter by an over-indulgence in an inferior quality of whiskey, or in the heat of passion, he may have struck a talkative county map-agent, a blow which resulted in the depopulation of a race that has sprung up quite regardless of the provisions laid down in the Malthusian doctrine, and unmentioned in the published works of the truly good Mrs. Besant. There is reasonable excuse for the commission of murder, and even horse-stealing sometimes, and we would not always hang a man for forgery, unless the amount of money involved was too disgustingly small, and even then a life term in Kingston, in the penitentiary, or in one of its hotels, would be quite sufficient punishment. As we remarked before there is one crime unknown to the law, and the penalty for its commission should be nothing short of hanging. We have no patience with those literary dogs who worry the toothsome things out of Burns, and Byron, and Milton, and Spenser, and Shelley, and then let loose into the world what they call an expurgated edition of Mr. So and so's works, carefully prepared, like an apothecary's dose, for the use of children and boarding-school girls. Mr. Fields mentions somewhere, in his "Underbrush," I think, the story of an old gentleman who indulged in the custom of tearing out of his books, every leaf that contained anything particularly bright and good, and putting the same into his pocket. These expurgated books, like the abridged novels of Scott and Dickens, should be burned at the stake, to which their editors should be appropriately and securely bound. Respectable publishers should discountenance every attempt which is made to destroy the force and beauty of an author's work. Surely the creator of a poem or a story knows what he wants to say. Then, for Heaven's sake let him speak out. No one is forced to read what he has written. Let us have the whole story without abridgement, alteration or mutilation. Did you see that last book of Swinburne's, bound

in a certain white purity of style? How modest they are getting in New York to be sure. Did you notice the little lines of stars—those sheet-anchors of the composing-room—hiding the suggestive passages of those translations from Villon? What a cunning publisher it is. Why the old story is being forgotten. Bluebeard forbade his wife to open the little door which revealed the secrets of one room, and —of course, she opened it. Of course, Eve ate of the forbidden tree. Of course, when the English edition of Poems and Ballads comes to town,—well, we know what pages will be opened first!

T. E.

CURRENT EVENTS.

IT appears to be understood now that the Dominion elections will not be held until the autumn. Meanwhile, no doubt, the party journals will continue to devote, or rather lavish, their "valuable space" in confusing statistics which practically go for nothing; the public ear and the public patience are sure to be vexed sorely by a series of oracular deliverances, stereotyped in form and substance, and which, like what are called "orations" in the American Congress, may be taken as delivered by common consent. It is a little hard upon human nature that, in the genial season of ease and relaxation—that breathing interval from the oppressive air of the working world—when the "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and Paterfamilias is ransacking guide-books, and furbishing up portmanteaus, and weighing the probable strain upon his balance at the bank from the long-anticipated escape to sea-shore, or lake retreat, that politicians should persist in being troublesome. "Tis very strange," as Tom Hood says, "them kind of men won't let a body be," particularly at the very time when he wants to "be"—to be away from care and anxiety, and to be comfortable. What, in the name of common sense, if such a thing exists, does any man care about Pacific Scandals, Secret Service, Kaministiquia, Georgian Bay, Neebing Hotel, and other jobs, in the sultry term, when it is the height of human felicity to lie out on the grass, *sub tegmine fagi*, in the fresh, pure breezes of heaven, "thinking of nothing at all?" Unhappily there are thousands of us who cannot escape from the eternal grind of the labouring mill—chained there, without respite, from year's end to year's end, like Mantalini to his mangler. And what a prospect is theirs, when it is considered what our newspapers will be like, during the dog-days! The ten digits dancing in the mazes of infinite combinations, statistics run mad and partizan rancour run madder, will sum up the political banquet of the ensuing four months. If Mr. Rine or some other apostle of abstinence would make a crusade upon the partizans and bind the million not to read a party editorial or pamphlet or countenance a single dreary pic-nic prior to the elections, he would deserve a statue as the benefactor of his race and generation. Nobody cares a rap about the

factitious agony the journalists heap up; there is a stolid indifference growing upon the people which, so far as the factions are concerned, may be salutary, but considered in relation to the welfare of the state, may easily pass into that numbness which foreshadows paralysis. It is time that the intelligent man shook off the lethargy which is premonitory of decay and dissolution, and a few earnest words, honestly and ingenuously meant, may serve to arouse them to a sense of their duty to Canada, its hopes and its progress.

In a speech at Brantford on the twenty-fourth of May, Sir John Macdonald uttered these notable sentences, "It was all very well for men to try to divide the people into Tory and Grit, Conservative and Liberal, Liberal-Conservative and Conservative-Liberal. They might do so, but there was a great body of people in this country who cared for the interests of Canada, and not for the interests of party; people who were brought up as either Conservatives or Reformers, but who were determined to take the course which would best advance the best interests of their country, of those they loved, and those who loved them." Of course, the Opposition leader wished it to be understood that every patriotic man, answering to his description, must and would go over to his camp; indeed he unfortunately added—"He had found, wherever he went, this class of men rallying around him." It is certain that the number of men who prefer country to party is increasing with encouraging rapidity; and, to our view, this is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. But a mere change of masters, a transference of ownership and allegiance is, by no means, an emancipation from party thraldom. "Under which King, Bezonian, speak or die," said Pistol to Shallow; but an independent citizen in a free state is not, or at least ought not to be, a "Bezonian"—a needy hanger-on of any body. He should think and act for himself, as a rational and intelligent uni tical power. How will ei elector or country be benefit only change in the aspect of desertion from one abject se another! It is true that Macdonald offers a temptin all preferring country to pa fiscal policy which is at least rather than cosmopolitan a *aiue*; but what does he p do with the fish, after he ha them! If they are to be h the merely inferior creature for the sport or profit of t they might just as well h netted by Mr. Mackenzie; fish-pond is just as shallow, brackish as the other.

Complaints are heard on ev of the intrinsic, or at all ev practical unworthiness of p political life. That there i bility in them, no one can v deny; and yet, after all, at w does the chief *onus* of resp lie! The cause of this publi tion is certainly partyism, k ground after it has become offensive dead for any u pose and offensive, becaus foul and loathsome activi dered in the unburied d who is to blame that it is n out of sight! Clearly, thos joy the benefit of free i without caring what become If all those, referred to by Macdonald, and others, w the ruts of party simply be fathers did, or their acquain or for any other lazy rea may languidly prevail, wou to the fact that there is suc and such an authoritative duty, upon the discharge or which depend momentous i face of Canadian politics wo from its eclipse. It is passi that men who pride thems their personal integrity, scrupulous and painstaking

which they fulfil every social obligation in the family, the counting-house or elsewhere, are rather proud of the repudiation of all duties to the great country in which they live, and under whose liberal institutions they flourish, grow rich and at last die in the odour of sanctity. If a man were heard proclaiming that he did not care for his family, that his commercial credit might shift for itself, or that reputation was only one counter in his game of craft or chance, he would be set down as a knave or a fool; and yet, it is no proof of fatuousness, rather the contrary, it would seem, for the upright citizen to imagine that he has no duties to perform to his country, or that if he sacrifices any thought or time to it, the offering is deemed absolutely a free gift, surrendered grudgingly and with no expectation of return.

Has any man the right to say, "I do not care for politics?" Is it any excuse for his apathy or his ostentatious disregard of his civil duties, to urge that parties are bad, that all public men are equally corrupt and that the good man—the Horatian *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*—ought not to defile himself with the unclean thing? No man's life is rounded and complete, who neglects one duty which his position as a man and a member of society imposes upon him—least of all those obligations which are entailed upon him by the enjoyment of free and unfettered movement and action in a country like ours. People prate of rights *ad nauseam*; do they ever reflect that there is no right, which fails to impose a corresponding duty? It would, perhaps, be better if the demagogue did his work less thoroughly than he does. It is the modern fashion to treat the liberal institutions which cost our sires their blood, much as the spendthrift heir treats the fortune his parents painfully accumulated in weary, anxious years of toil. The virtue of representative government lies in the use that may be made of it; it has been hard to win in most countries, and has survived in but a few; and yet some men appear to imagine that the plant will endure a foul atmosphere and an arid soil, flourish in darkness and survive neglect. If the party system, now obtaining, has outlived its usefulness, whose fault is it that the besom of destruction has not been applied? If politics are base and sordid, what are they doing, who should elevate and dignify them? The very fact that our public life is so unworthy as it is, should be a standing reproach—a sting in the conscience—to all who fold their arms and stand by "to let things take their chance" because, forsooth, both parties and all politicians alike "are tarred with the same stick."

Mazzini had the reputation of being a leveller and a Socialist; but he was not by any means forgetful that God and duty were words of solemn import. To him the people were at once the source of power and the clientage for which he was a zealous and faithful advocate while he lived. But he knew that whilst man was jealous of rights and self-assertion, with or without reason, he was apt to forget that he owed any correlative obligation in return. "I love you too well," were his manly words in the preface to 'The Duties of Man,' "either to flatter your passions or caress the golden dreams by which others seek to gain your favour. My voice may sound too harsh, and I may too severely insist on proclaiming the necessity of virtue and sacrifice, but I know, and you will soon know also, that the sole origin of every right is in a duty fulfilled." * The Republican triumvir of Rome, who proclaimed as his motto "God and the people," had a different conception of man's obligation from that in fashion where easy-going folk find free institutions ready to their

* See "Giuseppe Mazzini," a paper by Mr. Frederick Myers, in the April number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

hand, and yet are quite willing that they should go to the dogs if they cannot take care of themselves. What do the people of this generation possess of civil and religious freedom that they have not received? Will they not be responsible in the court of conscience, and at the bar of posterity, if they fail to bequeath the precious heritage, pure and unimpaired as it descended to them? Our fathers used to boast of "hearts resolved and hands prepared" to guard those political blessings they enjoyed: but then they knew how to prize what they had toiled so hard to win. Now, forsooth, it is even vaunted by some men, otherwise scrupulous enough in the discharge of duty, as if it were the acme of sublimated virtue, that they are political Gallios, quite ready to let their governmental system run to seed sooner than raise a finger in its behalf. Political ethics, in fine, appear to be the only branch of morality to which human responsibility does not attach, and in which a man may shirk his duty with a sort of supercilious pride. A great deal is urged about the unworthy strifes of party and their unsavoury character, and with too much truth; but whose fault is that, if not the fault of those who shirk the duties they owe to their country and its future? Will a stagnant pool, where "slimy things do crawl with legs upon a slimy sea," empty and purify itself? That it has become so foul and offensive is the fault of the men who stand aloof with folded arms, or, if they act at all, throw all their influence in favour of perpetual miasmas. The old fable of Hercules and the carter was not irreverently applied by the stern Puritan when he replied to one who exclaimed in despairing impotence "Well! God mend all!" "Nay, but we must help Him to mend them." If those who profess a fastidious sense of honour, purity, and delicacy refuse to help the waggon out of the slough because it is miry and may soil their fingers, they must not be surprised if it remains there or sinks still deeper in the mud.

The approaching general elections will determine the complexion of Dominion politics for half a decade; and therefore it becomes all who can exert influence by tongue or pen upon the electorate, to urge earnestly and solemnly the important nature of the trust each voter has received and the serious responsibility it entails upon him. So long as the peccadiloes and short-comings of party are treated either as food for contemptuous jest or coarse vituperation, there is little hope of any change for the better. What is needed just now appears to be serious, honest and well-balanced judgment on public affairs—less scandal and invective, and more earnestness in thought and action. "Measures not men" said Junius, "is the cant of affected moderation;" but he canted himself when he urged that plea in extenuation of his scurrilous personalities. In Canada we ought to pay some regard to both, but our politics have sunk so low that measures cease to trouble most men, and abuse of men seems the only resource of partizans on either side. There is too much Jack Hornerism in our political life; and if the old nursery rhyme had depicted that exemplary stripling when he was standing disgraced in the corner, with a dunce's cap on his head, as well as sitting there eating his Christmas pie, we should have had the type of Jack out of office and Jack in it. The latter, as usually represented when putting in his thumb, and proclaiming, with every plum he takes out, "What a good boy am I!" The former stands under the shadow of the rod, scowling and muttering naughty words at his self-complacent mate. Ought not the conduct of public affairs, to be something more serious and dignified than such interminable and unworthy child's play as this?

To say that politics must necessarily be degrading and unclean is absurd; because the remedy is in the hands of

the people; and if they choose this autumn to aid in the continuance of the prevailing system, it will go far to prove that the politics are quite good enough for them. A low tone in public men may be occasioned by many temporary causes, such as the withdrawal of any questions which can reasonably divide men into factions; but this ought not to be endured one hour longer than the country can help it. If parties have decayed and their usefulness, whatever it may have been, is fatally and hopelessly impaired, why not sweep them out of existence as plagues, spreading mischief and moral disease all around them. It may be said that the existing parties are too well organized to be successfully resisted; but what can withstand the all-pervading might of a healthy public spirit, bent upon making a reformation in political affairs? Nothing is wanting but a resolute determination to effect a cure, and the task is as good as done. Of course those who think that government is an ingenious device, ordained by Providence, for the benefit of place-hunters will cling desperately to partyism; but, after all, they form a small and insignificant minority. The moment the people refuse to pay the piper, or to dance to his discordant notes, the political atmosphere will be purified of dust and vile noise and everything grow clear, and calm, and bright. So long as men continue to vote blindly for any man, however incapable or unworthy he may be, solely because the wire-pullers bid them do so, it is impossible to hope for any beneficent change. On the other hand, if each elector will cast his vote and wield his influence under a solemn sense of duty to his country, breaking away from the irksome and irrational bondage of party and acting like a free man, the factions now playing their puny parts on the stage will disappear like gossamer before the evening zephyr. It is because we are firmly persuaded that the preponderating majority of the people are heartily tired of the party system as it now exists, that we earnestly, and without the suspicion of a sinister motive, urge them, as they love this glorious Canada of ours, to arouse from their lethargy, acquit themselves like men, and not only be strong but prove their strength at the polls.

The Premier has addressed public meetings at Lindsay, Toronto, and in Lambton, whilst the leader of the Opposition has delivered himself at Brantford. Naturally, after all the chaff of recrimination is abstracted from these speeches, there remains as solid grain, only the discussion of the fiscal question. It would be exceedingly fortunate, if we could add that they threw any light upon this subject; instead of that, it is not going too far to say that they have confused and perplexed the question, and darkened what they affect to elucidate. The question which the electorate will be asked to determine—and it is really the only principle at stake—is whether this country is to have a national policy, defensive, not retaliatory, encouraging, not forcing industries which may and can flourish amongst us? Is Mr. Cartwright's policy of discouraging manufactures to prevail any longer, or shall a fiscal scheme suitable to the needs and the environment of the Dominion be inaugurated? With Free Trade or Protection as theories we are not concerned; the issue before the country is pressing, concrete, practical. The Finance Minister not only refuses incidental protection to Canadian industries, but when he might do even a little on their behalf, actually goes out of his way to avoid even the suspicion of a duty which might possibly be of benefit to the community. If there be two articles, one of which can neither be produced, prepared nor manufactured in Canada, and another which may be either or all of these, Mr. Cartwright is sure to choose the first as the subject of taxation, even if it be a necessary of life. Now it certainly

seems to ordinary common sense, that such a policy is simply suicidal, and that no scheme, better calculated to stunt the growth, and impede the progress of the Dominion, could possibly be devised. What have we to do with the results of American Protection — excessive to the verge of insanity — or with Cobden's Free Trade in corn, thirty years ago, in England? The problem to be solved is, what fiscal system is best suited to Canada, here and now, considering the neighbours with whom she has to deal, and the way she is treated by those neighbours. Nothing is more provokingly irrational than those constant appeals to an old country having a monopoly in shipping and manufactures — such as form the style of Ministerial speeches. In an English review lately, an instructive paper on "Politics in Australasia," contained this pointed remonstrance with the theorists: "Colonial politics, when discussed in Great Britain, are invariably treated from a home point of view. Free Trade has proved remarkably successful in promoting the commercial prosperity of the Mother Country; therefore the colonists of Victoria ought to adopt a Free Trade tariff, and are rank heretics for presuming to think that Protectionist principles are better suited to the peculiar circumstances of the colony. The argument, indeed, is not put in that bold shape — there is much talk of immutable principles and the like, but that is the pith of it." In fact, the economic theory, so far as it bears upon this question, is grounded on the fallacy that any set of scientific axioms of universal application can be dogmatically asserted, where the subject matter is so variable and complex as human society. It is as reasonable to ask assent to principles stated, with mathematical precision on fiscal matters, as to scrawl out a constitution, in the continental fashion, to be adopted by all peoples or forced upon them. Mr. Mackenzie, like most of the school, went back to the Anti-Corn Law Agitation in England; but what ana be drawn between the Mother in 1845-6, and Canada in 18 the former case, there were th factors in the calculation, over tion, an insufficient supply o and established manufactures, no rival. Here we have spar lation, grain is so abundant very largely exported, and ther manufactures in proportion t sources of the country; and *doctrinaire*, having found the at home, of Free Trade in c sists upon applying his two-f where it is absolutely useless o In England, the measure wh the people cheap bread, may l Free Trade, if the ring of that pleases any one, but it was in a policy which fostered the industries, as certainly and more surely than if it had be Protection, and taken the bonuses, bounties or customs Free Trade in corn meant, rapid fortunes to the cotton Manchester, and the cutlers field. It was thus a contest the farm and the factory —a h ning match in the pursuit of There was nothing elevated, cosmopolitan, or even human movement; it was, from its ception, purely selfish in aim, financial its results. Englanc time, adopted the policy h nal condition and relative amongst the nations dictate should our rulers refuse to a same common sense now? Wh imperatively demanded is a t tem based upon an intellig comprehensive survey of the stances in which Canada i first, as a new country, strug its rightful place among the and secondly, as being conte with a more powerful, wealt getic, not over scrupulous a mercially hostile Republic. would be deemed an idiot wh insist upon the dismantling

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ıtesmanship. The appeals
· made to Casey, Greeley,
· ultra-Protectionists across
are suspicious; and the

statistics the journals manipulate with so much deftness are as misleading as figures always are in the hands of thaumaturgic theorists, or as that agony of the digits through which Mr. Mackenzie led the Toronto workingmen. What this country needs is neither Free Trade nor Protection gone crazy; but a Canadian fiscal system, suited to its stage of progress, and the peculiar character of its environment. Can we hope to get such a system from either of the parties which are now appealing to the people!

It has been already hinted that the vacation speeches recently delivered, have not been of a profound or enlightening kind; and, therefore any close criticism of them seems needless. But there is one feature in party tactics which imperatively calls for public censure. Of late years political addresses, and even rather heated discussions have been carried on decently, and with some regard to the ordinary amenities and proprieties of life. There are indications, however, that the unruly elements are about to assert their continued existence, and that, in the cities, at least, there may be a return to the unseemly, we had almost said brutal, scenes people were accustomed to in the early days of Responsible Government, and the political storms over the Clergy Reserves and other now extinct issues. It is not at all pleasant to be compelled to say it, but it is the truth, nevertheless, that the rowdyism which interrupts public meetings, howls, groans, and hisses, like wild beasts in a menagerie at every political opponent, no matter how conspicuous he may be as a party leader, or a public man, is for the most part in the service of the Opposition. It seems necessary to call attention to this unsavoury subject, and to invoke public reprobation upon all who are rude and cowardly enough to resort to so despicable a practice. Years ago, in the public halls of Toronto, we have seen crowds of men, interchanging cheers and yells for hours together,

during which not one intelligible sentence uttered by those who essayed to speak was permitted to reach the ear. It might have been hoped that people had emerged from that stage of uncouth savagery; but it painfully appears that the coarse spirit of these days has been dormant, not dead. There is no doubt a base residuum in both political parties, and wherever it shows its appearance in uproar and disturbance, it ought to be at once sternly rebuked and silenced by all decent and honourable men. It is perhaps the meanest and most ungenerous, because it is the easiest thing to do, and the most difficult to protect a public man against, for any set of fellows to band together for the sole purpose of crushing liberty of utterance, and preventing anything like fair play to those from whom they differ. The unmannerly, as well as the unmanly, treatment of Mr. Mackenzie at the Skating Rink is the latest efflorescence of this ruffianism, and it becomes a serious question how far any political party can afford, with advantage to itself, to give impunity and even indulgence to its lawless members. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Mackenzie's administration of public affairs, of his railway and financial policy—and we have what appear to us substantial reasons for censuring them—he is the Premier of the Dominion, and his station ought to be respected by those who oppose his views or his acts. Moreover, he is, at any rate, an honest and patriotic man, about whom there is no sham or personal guile, as his candid opponents need not be ashamed to admit. Those who persist in maligning him have overshot the mark, and may perhaps find that, instead of serving the country by their vituperation, they may rally about the Cartwright policy all those who suspect the root of all this vindictiveness is to be sought in the uneasy gnawings of a self-accusing conscience. It is not a noble practice, on the other side, to sneer at "the gentlemen's party;" would that there were a greater power of gentlemanly instinct in our party polemics; only it must be of the sterling sort, percolating through the mass and impregnating it with a generous love of chivalrous dealing and old-fashioned fair play. A veneering of gentility on a rotten wood-work only makes bad worse; for it keeps out the free, fresh air and concentrates and preserves the essence of decay. Canadians are mostly too intelligent to tolerate a "jingo" party, that can only boast of such advantages which accrue to a country from the union of fashionable vice at the clubs with the coarse and brutal animalism of Bethnal Green or Ratcliffe Highway. Having pointed out the danger and the mischief, it may be safely left to honourable Conservatives to apply the remedy.

It is more pleasing to turn to the other side of the picture. Sir John Macdonald has addressed the people in divers constituencies this year, has always received a patient hearing, and made himself personally acceptable. Those who talk of "bogus" testimonials and fictitious demonstrations deceive no one, not even themselves. Whatever be his faults, the Opposition leader is by far the most popular man in the Dominion. He is a great sinner, some may urge, but then he is no hypocrite; never attempts to deny his mistakes or shield them under a cloak of puritanic pretence. There is a refreshing manliness in his confessions which reminds one of Fielding's heroes, who were always sinning, always repenting, and always being forgiven and caressed. It is the *bonhomie* —the frank, free good nature of the man—which attaches Sir John to the popular heart, and convinces people that he cannot be the political reprobate his adversaries would fain persuade them that he is. Moreover, he stands before the country as the exponent of a national policy in finance —a policy which at once appeals to the common sense and to the substan-

tial interests of the electorate. Most men never pause to consider whether a leader "doth protest too much" or calculate what he is to do with the protectionist, or any other elephant to be won in the approaching raffle; it is sufficient for them that he does protest, and claims to be a competent keeper of the animal he professes to covet. At Brantford, the appearance of Lady Macdonald as the recipient of a free-will offering from the people, added grace and a touch of human sympathy to the demonstration. It speaks volumes for the tone of Canadian feeling, that men love to link their political bias with the genial and mellowing influence of home and the domestic affections. Pleasing and altogether beneficent as Lady Dufferin's example has been in our public and social life, not the least notable of its effects is to be traced in the unobtrusive and womanly delicacy with which Lady Macdonald and Mrs. Mackenzie have taken their places by the side of their husbands, and occupied at rare intervals, and for a brief space, the public eye and the public interest and regard. Nothing could have been more graceful or in better taste than her ladyship's neat little speech of thanks to the workmen of Brant, and it may fairly be accepted as an omen of better things in political life—that female influence, on both sides, is beginning to shed its benign light abroad, to soften, let us hope, the harsh asperities of the time.

A *mot* of Sir Robert Walpole's is every now and then used, and always perversely misquoted. It was at the time when all the discontented spirits, Whig and Tory, the "Patriots" as they called themselves under Pulteney, Carteret and Bolingbroke, assisted by "that terrible cornet of dragoons," the impetuous Pitt, were barking at the heels of the great Premier. "I know those men well," said he, "and every man *of them* has his price." By leaving out the italicized words, the phrase has been tortured into a cynical belief in universal venality. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Journal of Commerce*, appears, unintentionally no doubt, to do us a similar dis-service. About party government in the abstract, it is not worth while to argue, although its benefits, even when at the best, seem to be grossly exaggerated; but we did not say that parties are *per se* an unmitigated evil, but only that these parties—the *soi-disant* Reform and Conservative factions of the day—are nuisances, pure and simple, have no pretext for existence, and ought to be swept away by the fury of popular indignation. The *Journal* has said the same thing itself over and over again, and, to us, it seems a duty we owe to the public, and calculated to be of great service in the interests of the country, to urge and reiterate it again and again. On the eve of a general election, no amount of vituperative rhetoric, muddled statistics or pic-nic recrimination in every form can possibly effect an amelioration in contemporary politics. Nothing can change the face of affairs, but the firm conviction rooted in the public mind, that the greatest foe to Canada and its progress is not this party or that party, but both of them together; and we could quote partizan authority for every word we have uttered against them. Lord Macaulay is cited to establish what no one ever denied, and what has been insisted upon in these columns, that the two parties have never been the whole nation—"nay, that they have never, taken together, made up the majority of the nation." But in Canada it is necessary to go a step further, and say, in addition, that the two parties are so managed by wire-pulling and scheme that not even the partizan minority rules, but an insignificant minority of that minority. Party is defined as a combination of men united to secure the common weal by carrying out some policy or urging some principle upon which they are agreed; pray what policy or what principle can the exist-

ing factions call distinctively their own? Take any subject of vital moment, the Pacific Railway or the Tariff, for instance, and does the party system of the day meddle with it or anything else that it does not muddle and addle almost before it has chipped the shell? One has only to compare the unpatriotic Reformers who affect to believe in a national fiscal policy, and yet sacrifice it at the bidding of party leaders, with the perverseness of the Conservatives in relation to the affairs of Quebec. It is the spirit of "Canada First," although the *Journal* sneers at it, which is gradually alienating the mass of the people from these parties and gradually sapping their foundations. No one asserts that public men of any political stripe "desire the prosperity of other parts of the Empire in preference to that of Canada." Our contemporary is condemning what it evidently does not adequately understand. Nationalists claim that the Dominion shall have a policy suited to its circumstances, and containing some promise of a fruitful future: and, inasmuch as the existing parties are the chief obstacles in the path, they ought to be swept as rubbish out of the way. The present system means party first, with or without principle, the country and its interests afterwards, if compatible with party success. An old and faithful public servant, Mr. Wicksteed, is quoted as bearing testimony to the really sincere desire for the public good, animating the leaders during a long series of years. No one desires to blur that roseate portraiture; but, taken in the most literal sense, it does not invalidate our position. It is partyism, not Nationalism, which blackens the characters of public men, denies their honesty of purpose and impeaches their integrity; it is an essential feature in the very system we condemn. Ministers, and legislators generally, have, no doubt, patriotic impulses, and do not wantonly initiate measures calculated to injure the country; but then the good they would do must be effected "by the party, through the party, and for the party." The organization, in the end, ceases to be merely an instrument to secure desirable ends, and becomes an end in itself, with which the public good is at last unwittingly confounded. Because it seems beyond dispute that the present factions have ceased to represent any principle or to have any aim except their own success at the polls, that, in our view, every patriotic and enlightened elector is solemnly called upon to aid in their disintegration to the best of his power. If even a considerable portion of that majority referred to by Macaulay, and recognized measurably by Sir John Macdonald, will only do their duty, the work will be decisively accomplished in a few months. It appears as certain as anything in the future and depending upon human volition can be, that neither party will have much to boast of at the polls; as in Quebec the breaking up can hardly be delayed, and then, but not before, Canada may expect the reconstruction of its political system and an awakening of its national life, hopeless in the existing paralysis of sound principle and energetic action. Since the *Journal of Commerce* desires the same consummation, why does it causelessly complain?

Mr. Blake's Arms Act has been proclaimed in the district comprising the City of Montreal and the County of Hochelaga. So far, so good; but it is much to be feared that unless some more impartial and vigorous a magistrate than Mayor Beaudry takes the matter in hand, the proclamation and the law will prove a *brutum fulmen*. In the Council, he stated that it was not purposed to take any steps to preserve the peace, on the frivolous pretext, which appears to be a figment of his imagination, that the Police Committee stand in his way. Clearly, the new Act ought, supposing the step constitutional, to have contained a clause authorizing the Government to intervene whenever there is reason to

fear riot and bloodshed, which the civic authorities are either unwilling or unable to prevent. The public peace and security to life and property are far too precious to be jeopardized by the crafty inertness of Mr. Beaudry and his friends, who do not appear to care what blood may be spilt on the 12th so long as the Orange procession is broken up. The action of grand juries last year in ignoring bills where there was much more than a *primâ facie* case against the accused; the partizan conduct of petit juries in convicting or acquitting according to the sectarian bias of the accused; and the verdict of the coroner's jury in the Colligan case afford melancholy evidence that Montreal justice is wretchedly one-sided and inadequate. The poor man, shot on the night of the Concert, was engaged himself in a lawless act, lying in wait for a number of people who had done him no harm. He was prepared to commit a felony, and yet, in the verdict, there was no censure passed upon him or his gang of cowardly ruffians. The jury found that to be wilful murder, with malice aforethought, which could not be more than manslaughter, and might turn out to be justifiable homicide—that is to say, in the technical sense of the term. An Act to put down party processions was demanded by these jurors, but the death they investigated had nothing to do with any procession at all, but was occasioned primarily by the man's own unlawful act. Whether the Quebec Legislature will pass such a measure this session or not it is premature to ask; it is a step which ought not to be resorted to, if any less harsh and arbitrary means can be devised to preserve Montreal from the bloody and disgraceful scenes which appear to be imminent.

The Toronto Orangemen represented their case to Mr. Mackenzie; but as they probably knew before, the Premier can legally do nothing, save upon requisition from the municipality. It seems likely that a disingenuous attempt will be made to get party capital out of any riot on the 12th. The Dominion is called upon to do an unlawful act—to transcend its legitimate sphere in order to protect the procession in spite of the Mayor. There is no doubt that if he listened to the tempters, they would be the first to denounce his course, as "unconstitutional," and if he persists in his refusal, they can, of course hold him responsible for the *fracas* and the bloodshed he is powerless to prevent. It is Mayor Beaudry's duty to preserve the peace, and if he is determined to shirk it, there ought to be some means of inflicting exemplary punishment upon him, proportionate to the gravity of his offence; but, as Mr. Mackenzie remarked, it will not make the discharge of that onerous duty any lighter, if some thousands of Ontario Orangemen repair to Montreal, armed to the teeth, and flaunt their flags and sashes, or play offensive airs before the exasperated Roman Catholic Irish. It should be clearly understood that every man who enters the proclaimed district with a revolver on his person breaks the law; and if, as their leaders urge, the Ontario Orangemen cannot walk there in procession, unarmed, it is quite plain that they cannot legally walk there at all. To go without weapons is not to add anything to the fighting strength of the Order; to carry them is to be a transgressor of the statute; why then go thither, when it is necessary either to be of no use as allies, or to be effective only by defying all law and authority? It is easy to understand the difficulty the Orange brethren have in saving their pride and yet acting as Christian men ought to act; and it may readily be admitted that they have not met with any show of fair play or conciliatory temper. At the same time, they ought to feel that there is nothing disgraceful in concession where the result of perseverance in enforcing an alleged right may lead to fearful scenes of violence and bloodshed. In such cases, to yield gracefully, and from a conscientious

regard for the public peace and welfare is a proof of that religious temper and influence Orangemen profess to cherish. But let them remember that the spirit of Christ admits of no compromise with the spirit of Belial, and that the value of a zeal or fervour which delights in ripping up old sores and perpetuating the enmities of creed and race is more than questionable. These annual party demonstrations, menacing and often gratuitously offensive as they are, appear to us an unalloyed mischief; and where the tone and temper of mind displayed in them as well as the incalculable mischief wrought to youths, and even children, by training them up in an atmosphere of bigotry, uncharitableness, and pugnacity are considered, it is impossible not to deprecate firmly and earnestly this sinister feature in Canadian society.

The defeat of the Exhibition by-law in the City of Toronto, although the difficulty has been tided over, will probably lead to an amendment in the Municipal Act. The Property-Owners' Association has been the victim of unmeasured abuse; but if there be any fault at all, it is in the law which puts excessive power in the hands of a class, and does not rest with those who are legally entitled to exercise it. The motives of the freeholders were no doubt laudable and honourable in themselves; for it was certainly full time that some drag should be applied to the reckless down-hill pace of the municipal coach. But this stand was made at the wrong time, and in the wrong place. The credit of the city had been doubly pledged, first to the Agricultural Association, and secondly to the Government, when a lease of the Common was obtained. It was altogether too late to question the propriety of entering into these obligations; the honour and good faith of Toronto were solemnly plighted and to reject the by-law at the last moment was to tarnish the city's reputation, and to injure most seriously its credit at home and abroad. Moreover, the combination of property-holders had too much the appearance of a "ring," formed to advance class interests, without the slightest regard to the risk of injury to the public reputation, or even to the trade or everyday business concerns of the people as a whole. And when these gentlemen, whose motives we do not impugn, laboured under the marvellous hallucination that they, and not their tenants, really pay the taxes, their singular course seems to be the result either of ignorance or the absence of reflection. Something very absurd was said about Communism, and about the people being allowed to mortgage property-holders' estates, and such nonsense really appeared perfectly sound sense to men who ought to know better. What is mortgaged is not the landlord's houses but the people's industry for the next generation--the industry which has given value to the property, and made property-owners a present of "the unearned increment," which they have neither worked nor paid for. The present law may foolishly foster the economic delusion which possesses these people. It rests upon the untenable notion that no tax-payer has an interest in keeping down civic expenditure, unless he is a freeholder or a leaseholder for a term of years. The owner of a shanty, thirty or forty years old, whose income has been yearly increasing through the labour and enterprise of others, is supposed to be superior to the man who, because he does not happen to have a lease, although he may have paid twenty times as much to the revenue during a quarter of a century, the law disfranchises. A leaseholder may be here to-day, assign his lease, and off to-morrow; and therefore, that qualification is equally sophistical and fanciful with the other. It would be well if this matter were brought prominently before the people at the next local elections, if the Government fail to deal with it during the next and final session.

The Quebec Legislature has met, and M. Joly has so far held his own; and although it is not yet clear how the debate on the Address will terminate, it is tolerably clear, from the unbounded rage and intemperate language of the Opposition, that all is over with the old *régime*. Three of the five old Ministers were ignominiously defeated at the polls, and in the present House, Messrs. Chapleau and Church alone remain to mourn and scold over their untoward fate. The former is certainly a host in himself, so far as mad passion and impotent vituperation goes; but it is vain and foolish for a man to make so vile a use of his unruly member when caged in the pillory. Certainly coarser vituperation was never before vented in a deliberative assembly than that indulged in by the ex-Provincial Secretary and some of his supporters. The closeness of the division on the Speakership does not by any means fully express the state of public opinion. By a very large numerical majority the country has undoubtedly sustained the Joly administration, indirectly approved the Lieut.-Governor's action, and given the reckless and extravagant party their *coup de grâce*. It is a matter of very slight importance whether this Government shall endure or what is to succeed it; the great and valuable issue of the struggle is a cleansing of the Augean stable and the inauguration of a new political era in Quebec. Messrs. Turcotte and Price have been loaded with abuse because they have resolved to give effect to the popular verdict, and to extend fair play to the Joly Cabinet. They are consigned to "eternal infamy," "dishonour," and so on, through the copious vocabulary of party vindictiveness. It is all in vain, because most men know both the real meaning and significance of abusive language of this sort. The De Boucherville Government was all that its opponents alleged, according to the Opposition journals, and even more; and yet they are now raging, like baffled conspirators, because Messrs. Turcotte, Price, and Lovell will not aid in giving them another lease of power, another opportunity of abusing the trust committed to them. The speech from the Throne has the true ring about it, and makes a courageous attempt to grapple with the mischief at once by vigorous and sorely-needed retrenchment. The abolition of the useless Legislative Council and economy in other directions form a preliminary policy which cannot fail to work the best results. If the entire Dominion will only deal with parties at the next elections on the Quebec plan, insure the return of men who will consider their country first and their party afterwards, there will be some prospect of an end to scandal and a healthy and patriotic tone in the conduct of public affairs.

The attempts made upon the life of the Emperor William of Germany, both, we most fervently hope, ineffectual, have sent a thrill of horror and sympathetic feeling through the heart of the civilized world. That an octogenarian monarch, during whose reign so much has been achieved for the fatherland, and who has always striven to be the affectionate father and friend of his people, should be marked out for destruction by a band of fanatical and reckless assassins, shocks the moral sense of humanity. A deed so gratuitously wicked and useless, even had it proved successful, passes and puzzles the understanding. Unhappily all the mischief is not confined to mere nervous alarm in high quarters, or the panic and shock public confidence has so rudely encountered. The bureaucracy of Berlin can comprehend but one method of dealing with the disease of which these insane attempts are but symptoms. The centralized system will tighten its cords, the military spirit will grow more imperious and exigent, and liberty of speech and opinion, with all other liberties, will

be trodden under foot. That will be, in short, the net result to Germany of the brutal deeds of Hoedel, Nobling, and their set. It is impossible in the fever of exaggerating alarm which prevails on the Continent to judge how far the Socialist conspiracy may have spread its odious toils. That its ramifications are traceable from Moscow to the Atlantic there can be little doubt, and, unfortunately, its real character, now that it gets to be better understood, shuts out the hope that it is amenable to any considerations to be urged on grounds of religion, morality, or the interests of society. It is ostensibly based on a denial of God or a hereafter; it opposes and would overthrow the institution of marriage, the rights of property, and the entire social fabric. It recognises no duties, acknowledges no moral responsibility, respects not law, order, decency, life, or human rights—it is nihilism, blackness, and blankness, rapine, lust, and murder incarnate. It is singular that to the French influence of the eighteenth century, fostered by Frederick the Great, Prussia owed its bureaucracy and its military spirit; and now again the revolt against that order, which is the complement of freedom, was drawn from the Parisian frontier. Both were thoroughly irreligious in their essence, and this generation groans under the load heaped up from Voltaire and Rousseau to the diabolical creed of the Commune. Who shall say, in the lurid light gleaming from Germany, that a decline in religious belief does not menace the very foundations of morality, of order, and of society?

CURRENT LITERATURE.

TO thoroughly appreciate all the advantages which Mr. Davenport Adams's Dictionary of English Literature* possesses one must consult it frequently. It is, beyond all question, one of the most satisfactory works of its kind ever issued. It is a perfect mine of information about everything connected with English literature, and as its usefulness becomes known few editors and men of letters will find themselves able to do without it. Its pages may be consulted on almost everything bearing on literature, and with, generally, gratifying results. While not aiming to be a biographical dictionary, it goes pretty fully into such details in an author's life as are considered pertinent or necessary. In almost every instance where an author has published several books, the dates of their issue are given in chronological order, as well as such facts about them as are likely to prove interesting. First lines of poems, obscure as well as noted names in fiction, odd phrases, noms de plume of literary persons, little scraps of criticism, familiar quotations, definitions of some of the things one finds in literature, notes, short articles on the drama, novels, poetry, newspapers, &c., with numberless facts and fancies interesting, useful, and necessary have all a place in this exhaustive work. The dictionary is comprehensive and particular, and fills a place peculiarly its own. Mr.

* *Dictionary of English Literature.* By W. Davenport Adams. London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin; Toronto: G. Mercer Adam.

Adams has exercised great care and has aimed at accuracy and thoroughness. Almost every literary man and woman of any prominence who writes in the English language receives mention here, and the names of translators of foreign books are also noted and their work described. In only a few cases have we found errors and omissions made, but these are of very little moment. One cannot have perfection in a work of the extent to which this one goes, and the volume before us is as near perfection as possible. Great diligence and care have been exercised by the editor, and a want which has long been felt is at length supplied.

After all, perhaps, the best way to describe Mr. Adams's Dictionary, and the uses to which it may be put, is to make a quotation or two from it.

"MAUD, a 'dramatic poem,' by Alfred Tennyson, published in 1855; the section beginning 'O that 'twere possible' having been published in *The Tribute* in 1837. '*Maud*,' says Robert Buchanan, 'is full of beauties; it positively blossoms with exquisite expressions. It is invaluable as revealing to us for a moment the sources of reserved strength in Tennyson, and as containing signs of passion and self-revelation altogether unusual. In a hundred passages we have glimpses that startle and amaze us. We see what a disturbing force the Laureate might have been, if he had not chosen rather to be the consecrating musician of his generation.'"

And again.

"'DEGENERATE DOUGLAS! O THE UNWORTHY LORD!' First line of a sonnet by William Wordsworth, composed at Neidpath Castle, in 1803."

"POUNCE, MR. PETER, figures in Fielding's novel of *The Adventures of Joseph Andrews*."

WE must confess that powerful and interesting as the Earl of Desart's new story* undoubtedly is, it is by no means a desirable book for the average reader. It teaches a healthy enough moral, but the story as a story is most vicious. We hope the Earl has largely exaggerated the phase of London society which his pencil so glowingly depicts, and that crime is far from being the glaring and popular thing which he describes so vigorously and so well. It is not agreeable to read of the adventures of *roués* and gamesters and titled blacklegs, nor are the morals of the community benefited by stories of the intrigues of fast women and faithless wives. There are several minor plots in the book, all conceived with more or less dramatic skill, but the turning point, or rather the *denouement* in each, develops into a first-class case of social dishonour narrated with careful regard to detail. The book is by no means dull, nor at all uninteresting. Indeed, it is very interesting and clever, and the author strives to show the evil and folly of crime, and denounces rather strongly feminine and masculine flirtations, and looseness among the sexes. And he tells us, after the approved manner of the most gentle Sunday-school book, how wrong it is to do ill and how good it is to do well, and the good young man dies and the bad but amorous lord marries a fair and opulent bride, after breaking the hearts of an army of young women. And yet the "Children of Nature" would not make a good Sunday-school book. Lord Desart is an interesting writer, and combines the characteristics of Bulwer and Thackeray. Indeed, his satiric vein is modelled after that of the author of "Pendennis," and he has much in common with him in another way. There are bits of description and character-drawing in the story which are ably and strikingly formed, and many of the scenes and bright conversations are managed quite skilfully. The caricature of the Eccentric Club is an excellent piece of humorous description, the burlesque on a certain style of literary criticism, too palpably copied, however, from Burton's Cyclopædia of American Wit and Humour, is rather neatly sketched, and the poetic parody after Walt. Whitman is very good indeed. The scene which ensues before the funeral of Jack Chillingham is repulsive and disgusting, and

* *The Children of Nature*. By the Earl of Desart. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

the interview between Spencer Chillingham and Alice is revolting, horribly unnatural, and shocking to all sense of feeling. The death of Jack, after the accident, is a powerful piece of writing, and fully equal to anything we have seen in English. The *fêtes*, and balls and parties, incidents of club life and gossip, and matters associated with a gay life in the great metropolis are described with admirable spirit and taste. No one will be disposed to quarrel with the Earl of Desart's art. He is a novelist who gains the ear of the public at once. We are only sorry that he should have added to the race of Lord Steyne's a Windermere and a Sir John Glorme.

Of a slightly different character from the *Children of Nature* is the translation from the French of André Theuriet*, which forms the ninth volume of a new collection of foreign authors. *The Godson of a Marquis* is a dull and insipid story. It is characteristically French, but there is no snap to it. We miss the spirit and movement of the true French novel, the dash of Gautier and the dramatic vigour of Daudet and his followers. We have not seen the original, but the translator of this romance has done his work like a Frenchman. It is full of queer expressions and curious sentences, and reminds one of the odd phrases in Ollendorf. The language is sometimes stilted, and there is a good deal of sentimental twaddle introduced, which is dwelt upon with painful minuteness. The story, almost wholly devoid of plot, is a simple narrative sketch of the career of a wronged woman and her son, the natural child of a proud Marquis of France, whose facilities for getting into difficulties, and troublesome ones at that, seem sufficiently boundless. This young offspring, the result of Sophie's unwise love, conceives a hopeless passion for almost every woman he meets, and, of course, frequently comes to grief on that account. Possessing a handsome person and being quite attractive in many ways, this godson amuses his leisure hours in falling in love with engaged women, to the intense chagrin of the lovers, and the rapturous delight of their loves. But the author's genius does not seem to lie in taking advantage of such fortuitous characteristics of his hero, for he lets such stirring incidents drag, and they soon became wearisome. The translator, perhaps, is to blame for this, though we fancy the author himself has a good deal to do with it. In the course of the story we are introduced to a number of vulgar people, a few high-born members of the French aristocracy, and some of the middle classes, who are rather tiresome in their way. As an attempt to write a French novel on an English model, this story may safely be pronounced a failure. Of course, the tale is suggestive, and readers of delicate appetites will find some pages, and even chapters, quite offensive, not to say shocking to their sense of modesty and propriety.

Mr. Elihu Burritt, in the preface to his latest book,* refers very pleasantly to Canada and her literary activity and spirit, and indulges in the hope that her intellectual development will be as honourably recognized by the world as her material prosperity and political progress. His volume is made up of stray papers treating severally, in a sincere and delightful way of a variety of subjects, many of them covering a wide range of thought, and all of them specially interesting and valuable at this time. The veteran author will find many old admirers to agree with him that "Chips from many Blocks" is by all odds his best work, while readers who take up Mr.

* *The Godson of a Marquis*, from the French of André Theuriet. New York: S. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *Chips from many Blocks*, by Elihu Burritt. Toronto, Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

Burritt's words for the first time will be pleasantly surprised at the scope of the book, and the vigour with which the different topics are discussed. Mr. Burritt writes with freedom and a certain fearlessness of tone. His words are earnest words. His language is simple. His thought is suggestive, and he is never theoretical where he can be practical. His life has been one long and useful lesson to mankind. He has not been wasteful of his talents, but with both his voice and pen he has laboured hard for the betterment of his fellow-man's condition. In his way he is a philanthropist, and his kindly word has often been a cheering word, indeed, to suffering mortals. There are more brilliant writers than Mr. Burritt, but few as sincere and truthful. He is not one who reasons out his subject and develops it until there is nothing left of it but a shadow. He is sound, practical and honest. His views on public questions are made from no false stand-point, nor based on fictitious premises. On this account his utterances command and receive the respect which is due them.

Several of the papers in this volume have appeared in print before, and have created considerable discussion. They have been re-edited and re-written for their publication in book-form. The Canadian reader will be interested in reading Mr. Burritt's opinion on several pertinent international questions, as well as his solution of the Eastern difficulty—which places that great enigma in an entirely new light. Every class of people will find some thoughtful and well-considered advice in the chapters devoted to economical and industrial topics, and the educational and religious problems of the day. A very charming chapter is composed of fireside talks with school children, which will interest children of almost any age, from "eight to eighty," while the little talks with small children on the law of kindness are well calculated to do a world of good. These talks are written in words of one syllable, and will no doubt prove extremely helpful to mothers in instructing children at home.

The book is dedicated to the people of Canada, and Mr. Burritt's kindly words should ensure for his first Canadian book a warm welcome in the homes of our people.

THE trite quotation, "infinite riches in a little room," may be applied with much reason to these popular little books.* One wishing to become familiar with the Greek poets, dramatists, and philosophers who have from time to time charmed the world, can find in the *brochure* before us all that he requires in a preliminary way. In a small space the beauties of their works are shown, the character of their writings are explained, and much that is valuable about them is discussed in an easy and intelligent manner. The booklet is not only useful to Greek scholars and to those who do not know Greek, but also to students, who, like Emerson, never read the original when a good translation can be had. The contents embrace a wide range, and treat of epic poetry, lyric poetry, the elegiac and iambic poetry, the drama, prose history, oratory, philosophical prose, and the literature of the decadence. The companion volume is a sound digest of the principles of political economy. It is one of the ablest *résumés* of the subject published, and while not quite as thorough as we could wish, it is a safe manual for the beginner who wishes an incentive to commence the study of one of the foremost sciences of the age. It is written in earnest but simple language, and by a master of the subject.

NUMBERS three and four of a new series† of pamphlets destined to be-

* *Primer of Greek Literature*, by R. C. JEBB, M. A., and *Primer of Political Economy*, by W. S. JEVONS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *A Vision of the Future: a Series of Papers on Canon Farrar's Eternal Hope.* Toronto: Rose-

come very popular have just been issued. The first of these is the second series of articles on Canon Farrar's notable book—Eternal Hope—and the question of future life is discussed from various religious standpoints, and with marked ability. Six of the most eminent divines in England enter the lists with the reverend gentlemen who have preceded them in the former pamphlet on the same subject, and combat or accept Canon Farrar's views as the spirit moves them, and the humour takes them. Professor Plumptre leads the debate and the Rev. Prof. Gracey closes it, while Dr. Allon, Dr. Rigg, Rev. S. Cox and Canon Birks uphold the argument in its intermediate stages. Each writer advances his special views with fine catholic spirit and a total absence of intolerance or bigotry. It is refreshing in this day to find disputants so wide-minded, and while differing on many side issues, continue to preserve an even temper and a positive gentleness of manner towards each other. It cannot be denied that the question opened up by Canon Farrar, and believed in by Canon Kingsley before his death, has awakened much enquiry throughout the civilized world, and led many earnest men to a new line of thought. Of course the whole question is shrouded in mystery, and the argument at its best is but speculation. On the whole, however, if the material hell of the unopened future can be disposed of by the clerical brethren in a satisfactory way, one's belief in that 'something after death' will be somewhat more comfortable than formerly. A new pamphlet closing the discussion would be in order.

The other *brochure* before us is likely to interest the more general reader, for it contains a well-written account of that marvel of the nineteenth century, the Phonograph, by the inventor, Thos. A. Edison: an attractive description of the Auriphone; and Professor Huxley's able disquisition on the hypothesis that Animals are Automata. The first two of these topics exhibit the wonderful scope which Mr. Edison's inventions will ultimately reach, and the stage to which they have already come. The author believes that they will together, when perfected, revolutionize the whole social, moral, and political economy of the universe. His argument is ingenious, and even now much that he predicted a few weeks ago have become verified. The Phonograph *does* give back the human voice at will, no matter how long after words have been spoken into it, and it will do this as often as required. The Auriphone is amusingly described by an anonymous writer, and if only one-third of what is said about it is ever realized, it will eventually prove sufficiently startling to satisfy the most sanguine temperament. The paper by Professor Huxley which follows, is a masterly article on the scientist's favourite subject. It is enlivened with anecdote and experiment, is exhaustive in its treatment, and cannot fail to create a stir in the scientific world. The publishers are acting wisely in issuing this capital series of pamphlets. They are ably edited, and the reader gets at a small cost the masterly utterances of the foremost thinkers and philosophers of the age.

Mr. J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec, promises in time to become fully as voluminous an author as Balzac. His books appear with startling rapidity, and we no sooner digest one portly volume than a new one comes quickly on the scene. It is only the other day since we turned the pages of his valuable and interesting "Quebec: Past and Present," and now we are called on to read a fresh contribution* to the

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Belford Publishing Co.—*The Phonograph and its Future.* By Thos. A. Edison.—*The Auriphone and its Future.* Anon.—*On the Hypothesis that Animals are Automata.* By Professor Huxley. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

* *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence.* By J. M. Le

increasing pile of books on subjects, particularly pleasing to the native Canadian. For eighteen years and more Mr. LeMoine has devoted his time and energy to the study of our early history, and from 1862 he has regularly given his fellow-countrymen the benefit of his labour.

The early days of Canada were marked by a web of romance, as delightful in its way, as the legendary things which obtain in old European countries and some places in the distant Orient. Mr. Le. Moine's soul is full of romance. He naturally loves the picturesque and the beautiful. He has an eye for the poetic and a mind overcharged with the things in which a historian takes delight. He is a liberal Frenchman, confined by no narrow prejudices, and a man disposed to give and take opinions. He does not adopt the sober style of Hallam but rather inclines to the eloquent and highly coloured manner of Macaulay. His books are full of stories of early Canadian life and character, and while his *facts* may be relied on as indisputable, he frequently enlivens a page now and then with some charming Indian tale, which he is careful to tell us in the context, is a purely imaginative sketch, and is only added to his work because it is interesting and likely to prove attractive to some. He reminds us of Thackeray, sometimes, by the half confidential way in which he forgets the *rôle* he is performing, and comes down for a pleasant ten minutes' chat with his reader. It is in these places that he relates some quaint legend of life on the Canadian border during the time of Frontenac, the Intendant Bigot or the great Bishop Laval. His industrious research has brought him in contact with thousands of old books and musty manuscripts, and he has made splendid use of his opportunities. He writes fluently French and English, and has given us nine books in the latter tongue and six in the former, besides furnishing the magazines and literary papers of Canada with a goodly supply of articles. His English books are tinctured by the flavour of his mother tongue, and this rather adds a certain piquancy which makes them all the more delightful reading. Perhaps Mr. LeMoine is better known among literary men by his excellent series of Canadian annals, entitled "Maple Leaves," of which three volumes have already appeared, and a fourth, doubtless, would be warmly welcomed.

Chronicles of the St. Lawrence is a rather ambitious work. It is a sequel to "Maple Leaves," "Quebec; Past and Present," and an English companion to the "Canadian Album." It is really a very agreeable guide for the tourist who contemplates making a trip through some of the more striking parts of the Dominion. It is full of gossipy anecdote, traditionary lore, light legends, glimpses of travel and observation, and here and there a bit of historic description and fact. It is written in a happy narrative style, light, sketchy and bright. It is divided into two parts. The first is devoted to the round trip which Mr. Le Moine made a short time ago, and the details of that journey are given with great originality and a certain naturalness of description which are eminently enjoyable.

The traveller-historian in this volume confers a boon on the tourist. He tells us what to see along the journey, how to see it, and where to go. Every stopping place is described with a loving hand, and the amiable character of the inhabitants pointed out and their frugality commended. The voyageur who has a taste for things possessing an ancient smell, will be especially enraptured with the account of the oldest country curé in Canada, and the curious legends which figure in almost every chapter. The visits to the cities, notably those of the

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Moise. Montreal, Dawson Bros. Toronto, Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

Maritime Provinces, are invested with peculiar interest. Mr. LeMoine's sketches of St. John, N.B., and of Halifax, N. S., are fair specimen bricks of his independent style, and exhibit quite a faithful portraiture of the rival sister cities as they appear to-day. In the smaller places along the route he has had ample scope for his pen, and the pictures which he gives us of the lazaretto at Tracadie, the graphic story of the survivor of the shipwreck, and a hundred other accounts of scenes, incidents and adventures, cannot fail to interest the most indifferent reader.

Part second is formed of even lighter texture, and our author skilfully makes us feel at home in the kingdom of herring and cod. Here we have a well-considered description of the Lower St. Lawrence, the Enchanted Isles, Gaspe, Rimouski, Bic, St. Fabien, L'Islet au Massacre, &c., &c., and many traditions of more than ordinary interest. But the cream of the whole work is the delicious account of the cruise of the "Dolphin," which exhibits our author in a totally different character. This part of the Chronicles will be read first, after the manner, perhaps, of Mr. Emerson, who, it is said, begins new books by reading the last page first, and then skims the foregoing ones. Few can read this humorous account without being pleased, and the story of the whale and the difficulties into which that monster of the deep plunged its unfortunate owner, is certainly an incident of keen dramatic power, and very entertaining.

The Canadian tourist and the visitor to Canada cannot get along very well without a copy of the "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence." No carpet-bag is complete without it.

WITHOUT being a great writer, Mrs. Stowe has succeeded in becoming one of the most popular novelists of her time. She has written one celebrated book and many thoroughly enjoyable ones. In one particular field she has no rival—no successful rival at least. In the delineation of "Yankee" life and character, she holds a position entirely her own. Her descriptions of New England almost equal some of the robust things which John Wilson wrote of Scotland, while her charming pictures of domestic life endear her books to thousands of readers everywhere. "Old Town Folks," "We and Our Neighbours," "My Wife and I," are all volumes of pleasant reading, rich in a certain flavour and piquancy all their own. Mrs. Stowe seldom gets beyond her depth, and never attempts those severely intellectual types of character which appear in the fashionable novels of the day. Her puppets do not speak by the card in the drawing-room, nor talk meagre philosophy in the kitchen, nor chop logic on the lawn. Her books always please even if they fail to instruct; they amuse if they do not teach.

"Poganuc People"* is a story without a plot. Its frame-work is slight and sketchy. It is full of incident, and some of the situations are dramatic enough. There is fine scope in it for Mrs. Stowe's peculiar powers, and she is artist enough to make the most of her position. It is full of humour of the shrewd and quaint kind, and when not too "goody," the story is clever and interesting. There is, of course, some "padding" in the book, and this is sufficiently tiresome when it darkens the page, but, happily for the reader, this only occurs at intervals. The character-drawing is on the whole quite attractively done, though it is by no means new nor much out of the common. "Poganuc People" is a book which will attract many readers. It will please, particularly, those who enjoy light, sketchy writing, while admirers of a quiet narrative style will find something very much after their own heart in these bright pages, even if they do not always sparkle

* *Poganuc People.* By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

with very great brilliancy. The chapters are bound together by a thin thread, and they tell the story of life in a Connecticut village sixty years ago. The reader will find his sympathies awakened at the start, and Dolly, the eight-year-old daughter of the Parson, Nabby, Hiel Jones and his mother, Dr. and Mrs. Cushing, old Zeph Higgins and his helpmeet, Deacon Peasley and Deacon Dickinson, the colonel, the judge and young 'Piscopal Sim Coan, and the village boys, their haps, mishaps, their adventures, the drives, courtships, parties and nuttings are characters and incidents which many will recognize and appreciate. The moral which the story teaches is healthful and good, and there are several bits of clever description throughout, which must render the narrative doubly interesting to those who admire that sort of writing. Mrs. Stowe's last work shows no falling off in her powers and we predict for "Poganuc People" a very wide popularity.

No more dainty collection of poetry exists than the charming series of "Poems of Places,"* which Mr. Longfellow is editing in so scholarly and pleasant a manner. Already, some eighteen or twenty volumes have appeared uniformly printed and bound in the "Little Classic" style which, however, unnattractive and slight it may be for essays and tales, is just the desirable shape for neat books of verse. The paper and binding are excellent, the type legible and clear, and the matter comprises the very cream of English and foreign poetry. Mr. Longfellow is a most judicious and painstaking editor. At great sacrifice of time and labour, he has personally attended to the getting out of this novel collection. The scope of the work is very wide, the material is really stupendous in its magnitude, and the nicest critical skill has been employed in making suitable selection. It has been a labour of love with the poet-editor. His reading is varied and extensive, his library is well stocked with treasures from every clime, his taste is admirable and Catholic, and his capacity for book-making so excellent, that the reader is sure of a precious volume whenever anything bearing his name as author or editor falls from the press. The idea of these "Poems of Places" is a happy one, and affords in a pleasing way an opportunity of publishing the songs and sonnets, and poems, which the poets of the world have from time to time written about the nooks and corners of strange lands, the legendary waters of vast continents, the great cities and the peaceful hamlets everywhere. Mr. Longfellow is a traveller, and he has seen much of the places which are described in quite mellifluous words in these books of song. He has carefully and happily selected only the best, and has drawn liberally from the stores of the old world poets, as well as from those of the new land. Even from our own Canada he has taken an occasional bit of verse, Mr. M. Sabiston, of St. John, N. B., and the late Dr. F. K. Crosby, of the same place, furnishing four or five pleasant poems for the volumes on Germany and Spain. The series are now nearly completed, and when finished no finer or more attractive set of books can ornament the shelves of the library, or while away the hours of the leisurely reader. The ingenious plan of the collection, the taste of the poet which is displayed on every page, and the perfect beauty of every poem, cannot fail to secure the admiration of all lovers of artistic and genuine poetry. The volume before us is devoted to the poetry of Greece and Turkey in Europe. In it we find a number of old favourites and we feel constrained to say that in their new guise they have a more gorgeous glow

* *Poems of Places, Greece and Turkey in Europe*, Edited by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

and setting, and a renewed freshness which make them all the more delightful. Byron's "Maid of Athens," in the pretty page which lies open on our table, wears a greater charm than it did before, and it is the same with Bryant's Greek Boy, Keats's elegant ode on a "Grecian Urn." Milton's Athens, Swinburne's two poems on the same topic, Thomson's ditto, and Lord Houghton's verses on the same, the Mar's Hill of Praed, "the Town and Harbour of Ithaca," by L. E. Landon, Byron's vigorous "Isles of Greece," Wordsworth's "Corinth," Thomas Gray's Helicon, Halleck's Marco Bozzaris, and several others descriptive of spots and streams in old Greece. Besides these we have translations by practised hands from the copious works of Pindar, Homer, Ovid, Seneca, Catullus, Æschylus, Sophocles, Virgil, the German Schiller and others. In the seventy pages devoted to Turkey in Europe and the Principalities, we have the very choicest gems from Longfellow, Byron, Edna Dean Proctor, Lady M. W. Montagu, Sam Johnson, Trench, Houghton, Tennyson, Keats, Gautier, Schiller, R. H. Stoddard, Leigh Hunt, and some other tuneful singers. At this time the volume possesses a fresh interest, the troubles in the East adding largely thereto. Some five or six more books will complete the series, one or two of which, we believe, will be devoted to North American subjects.

In these hot days when the railroads and steamboats are packed with tourists, and everybody is going to Europe or to Niagara or to California or to shoot the rapids or visit Quebec, it is a relief, perhaps, as well as a change to stay at home and read the impressions of travellers who know how to write. A good book of travel possesses a fascination for the reader, and this, perhaps, is its own best recommendation. One feels a natural repugnance towards a stupid book of travel, and a certain hesitancy about turning the leaves of such a work as the recent volume written by Dr. Fields. ... of travel should be bright and ... and full of colour. It should ... too minute or too superficial ... Besides, the traveller should ... something more than mere gl... of what he sees. He should sh... intimacy with the region he de... and a proper knowledge of the ... which, for the moment, occup... attention. He should give us h... impressions, and avoid the guide... The traveller must have a poet ... a natural taste for colour and ... certain genius for description, a ... of humour, and a mind capa... appreciating Nature in her v... moods. A book by a traveller ... these requirements is sure to fi... preciative readers.

One of the acutest observers ... time is Mrs. Helen Hunt—a tru... and an author of much refineme... culture. Her simple verses in ... gazine, written under the pseu... of H. H. first attracted atte... few years ago, and since then ... small prose volumes bearing he... on the title page, have been ... These books, Bits of Talk about ... Matters, Bits of Travel and ... Talk for young folks, have st... won their way into the hearts ... people. This was accomplish... the sheer genius of their autho... subjects treated were homely a... likely to awaken enthusiasm, ce... not excitement. But the a... charming style and spirit c... first attention, and finally ... miration from almost every c... reader. Her humour was delica... neat, her diction picturesqu... faultless, and her fancy was poe... artistic. Add to this a grace ... pression unlike that of any ... modern writer. In 1871 her ... of "Verses" appeared, and the... became world-wide, and admire... pared her to L. E. L. She ... the Mrs. Browning of Americ... this was all the more surprisi... she was unknown then, and th...

army of readers only knew her by the initials H. H. Her book was announced simply. There was no ostentatious advertising or pushing. The "Verses by H. H.," came out in a modest unpretentious little volume, printed and bound in the square 18 mo., cloth, red edges style. In this age of poets and poetry, and of so much good poetry, too, one must have genius to enlist attention and find readers. Mrs. Hunt gained both. Her book contained her best things and as new editions were published fresh poems were added. Her verses held a place distinctively their own, among the poetry of to-day. In pathos, in tenderness, in sweetness, and in delicacy they are unequalled by any living American poet of her sex.

Her prose writings enriched our literature. Bits of Travel was issued in 1872. It is an account of a year's tour on the continent of Europe, and its gossipy and quaint description as well as subtle colouring, impart to it all the charm and beauty of a romance. It was followed in 1873 by Bits of Talk about Home Matters—an admirable book for family reading. The picture of children in Nova Scotia, that "country of gracious surprises," and fertile meadows, is written with rare power and freshness, and exhibits Mrs. Hunt's pleasant manner very strikingly. The other chapters in the book discuss, with more or less vigour, home life and character, home affections, home rulings and home matters generally.

The latest volume of Bits is entitled, "Bits of Travel at Home," and it is a worthy companion to its fellows. We are not quite sure that it is not the better one of the series. It is fuller in description and more complete in narrative. It is richer, too, in that quaint humour, which first shone through the chapters in the former book devoted to European travel. It is riper in fun, not loud and boisterous, but that quiet fun which brings the smile to the face, and is all the more enjoyable, because it is not bold and noisy. It is more picturesque, and the traveller dwells more lovingly on the spots she describes so well, because perhaps, she is describing the characters and characteristics of her own country. She is describing the undescribed. She is painting new pictures. The wonderful scenery which rises up before her at every turn is new and startling, and beautiful and grand. Her fancy is enlisted. Her eye searches out the gorgeous things which nestle on the waters, repose in the valleys and ravines, and lie almost hidden on the tops of mountains. No flower is too tiny to escape her watchful gaze, no incident is too trifling for mention in her chronicles. She takes the cars at Chicago, and the account of her journey is a new revelation. It is full of surprises for the reader. All along the journey to Ogden, she finds material worthy of print, and one is astonished and amused at the range of her powers and the terseness of her narrative. Salt Lake City is described with a freshness, which is positively delicious. The Tabernacle with its huge, weird dome and the great lake are also effectively portrayed. Let us quote a passage here of clever description:

"Fancy a roof, smooth, glistening, gray, and of a faultless oval, large enough to shelter seventeen thousand persons, comfortably seated. If it surmounted anything that could be properly called a building, it would be as grand as St. Peter's; but it is placed on low, straight brick walls, and the whole effect, near at hand, is like nothing more nor less than half of a gigantic egg, split lengthwise. However, into all the distant views of the city it enters well, and seems strangely in keeping with the long slopes of the mountain bases. Beyond the gray alkali plains lies the shining lake, full of mountain islands; beyond the shining lake and the mountain islands rise snow-topped mountain ranges, running to the north and to the south as far as the eye can see. The sun sets behind

these. It turns them to purple mist, then to golden, then to pale gray, and sends their vivid shadows away across the lake and plains. It rises beyond the Wasatch range, and then that shadow also is flung out beyond the city and the plains, till it quivers on the lake. So the mountains might almost be said to clasp hands over the city's head. At noon, when the sun was hot, I looked out through the tops of the green locust-trees, and saw the whole eastern range blue as sapphire —so blue that the blue sky above looked white; and the snow on the summit was so white that the clouds above looked gray. The air is so rarefied that the light shimmers dazzling along all outlines, and the sense of distance is deceived. Peaks thirty miles distant seem near at hand; hills five miles off seem within a few minutes' walk; and the sunshine seems to have a colour and substance to it which I never saw elsewhere,—no, not even in Italy. It takes up room!"

The book is divided into three parts. The first is descriptive of California and life on the Pacific, with an account of the Geysers, and a lively description of a day in the Wilderness at the close. The second portion is occupied by a characteristic sketch of New England, in four minor parts, taking up Hide and Seek Town; the miracle play of 1870, in Bethlehem, N.H.; a glimpse of country winter in New Hampshire, and a Morning in a Vermont Graveyard. These sketches are delightful reading, Hide and Seek Town especially so. The latter part of the volume is, perhaps, the more attractive portion of the whole. It affords fine scope for Mrs. Hunt's play of emotion and feeling, and her Colorado trip must certainly take very high rank as a bit of descriptive writing. Cheyenne Canyon is a strong paper, and we may be pardoned for making one more excerpt.

"As I looked up from the ford to the mouth of the canyon, I was reminded of some of the grand old altar-pieces early centuries, where, lest the pi of saints and angels and divine should seem too remote, too s and overawing, the painters u set at the base rows of human ren, gay and mirthful, leapin laughing or playing viols. So l sunny belt of sparkling wate tening sand, and joyous blue soms, at the base of the picture by the dark mouth of the c where two great mountains h coiled and fallen apart from eac leaving a chasm, midway in rose a smaller mountain of sharp like a giant sentry disputing th Forests of pines fill the rift on side this rock, and their dark stretch high up, right and left, to the top of each mountain. I and ruggeder peaks rise beyond ing as if they must shut the c sharply, as a gate closes an but they do not. Past them, them, in spite of them, the cree its right of way, the mountain rocks yielded, and the canyon w

"Entering it, one loses at fi sense of awe, of grandeur. It be any bright, brook-stirred Overhead a canopy of fir and boughs, with glimmers of sky c through; thickets of wild roses, s glittering green oak bushes, a riads of lovely lesser things o hand; tiny, threadlike streams l along gently between green, paths and sandy rims; great bo however, and bits of driftwoo and there, telling a tale of glid freshets; and presently, even looking back, we can see glim the wide distances of the plain almost before we know that we the canyon, the path narrow walls grow high, and the bro become a swift, leaping, white-f torrent, which we must cross ca on a slippery, dead log. In moments we cross again. Th seems a caprice; but there is choice of footholds in the sides

canyon. This time we cross on a superb pine-tree, fallen, still green, with every bough on the upper side waving, and those on the lower side dipping and swaying in the swift water below. Here we come to a sheer rock wall on the right, and on the left three high, jagged red-sandstone rocks, hundreds of feet high, marked, and, as it were, mapped, with black and green lichens. Tall firs, growing in the edge of the creek, reach one-third of the way up these walls. Tall firs, growing on their very tops, look like bushes. Climbing a little further, now in shadow, now in sun, now in thickets of willows close on the waters' edge, now in bare and gravelly slopes higher up, we come to the third crossing. This is a more serious affair. Stones and driftwood. That is all. It is a species of dam. It would give way if the water hurried much. Around every stone is a white line of foam. Above the dam, is a smooth, clear space—so clear that the shadow of the upper edge of the rock wall, with the shrubs waving there, is marked distinct and dark on the shining gravel-bed. Tiny tufts of fern nod from crevices, and one brave strawberry vine flings out its scarlet runners in the air far above our heads. The path grows wilder; fallen trees cross it, piled boulders crowd it; the rock walls are hollowed, hewn, piled, and overpiled; they are scarred, seamed, lined with the traces and records of ages, of glaciers and avalanches, of flood and perhaps of fire. Surely the black seams and lines look as if they might have been burned and branded in. Still the firs, and pines, and willows make beautiful shade along the brook. It is still a flowery, spicy, sunny summer wood through which the path climbs. Clematis and woodbine tangle the trees together. Up the whole length of the tallest pines races the woodbine, and flings out shining streamers at top; while the clematis, as much humbler as it is more beautiful, lies in long trailing wreaths on the lower bushes, even on the ground. Again and again the path crosses the brook, we forget to count how many times. Each crossing is a new picture. Now sharp stone peaks, seeming to wheel suddenly across the canyon, if there could be no going further; now the walls widening and curving out into a sort of horse-shoe shape, with a beautiful little grove of pines in the hollow; now, turning a sharp corner and springing, for a rod or more, from boulder to boulder, in the widest part of the creek, we come to a spot where, standing midway in the stream, we look down into a huge stone fortress half-filled with pines, and up into another stone fortress half-filled with pines. Just above these close-walled fortresses comes a wider space, where the rocky sides take gentle slopes, with here and there soft grassy spaces, even to their very tops,—grassy spaces where yellow columbines and white spiræas wave, safe from all touch save that of winds and birds, and insects. What an estate for a lark or a butterfly, such a little grassy bit as this, a thousand feet up on a rocky wall, with Colorado sun to keep him warm, and all Cheyenne creek to drink from! Below these pine-tufted, grass-tufted walls the brook runs slower. Shadows of every thing growing on the banks flicker on its bed, and the flickering shadows on the bed are thrown back again in flickering lights on shelving rocks which overhang it. A lovely mertensia, with its tiny pink and blue bells, hangs over the edge of the water, and a great yellow daisy stands up triumphant in a sunny corner, giving the one bit of strong colour needed to make the picture perfect. To make the picture perfect to eye, and to make it perfect to the heart, two babies lie cooing in the shade. A German family—father, mother, children—friends, and neighbours are dining just here, between services. They are poor people, but the table-

cloth spread on the ground is snowy white, and the babies look fresh and clean. Who can reckon the good which such a day may do in the labouring man's life? Soul, body, heart, all refreshed, stimulated, purified. The very canyon itself seemed glorified in our eyes as we passed this cheery bit of home in it."

The chapter entitled, The Procession of flowers in Colorado is most valuable apart from its originality and brilliancy, and every lover of flowers and of nature will be pleased and edified by reading it. The Cradle of Peace and A Calendar of Sunrises in Colorado, will also delight the reader. Indeed the whole book from cover to cover, is most interesting and delightful. We have not pointed out one-half of the beauties which a careful perusal of the book will develop. Bits of Travel at Home will be warmly welcomed everywhere.*

STARTING out with the idea that sentiments unite men and opinions separate them, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child collects into a small volume† a number of specimen utterances from various sources, old and new. Her motive is to show how generally mankind agrees upon certain fundamental rules, and without presenting the theological aspects of any particular religion, she accepts the view that the "rules of morality are the same with good men of all ages and countries; the idea of immortality has been present with them all; and all have manifested similar aspirations toward an infinitely wise and good Being, by whom they were created and sustained." From these points, of course, there are diverging paths; but in them Mrs. Child does not look. She merely attempts to show that the first impulses of the human soul have been the same everywhere. The introduction is simple, and plain, and earnest. It is written in an admirable tone, unselfish, and in all sincerity. After this comes the Chain of Opals. This chain consists of quotations from every class of authority to illustrate certain ideas of the supreme Being, praises of the supreme Being, prayers, immortality, worship, inspiration, truth, temperance, personal purity, &c., &c. The book is quite an ingenious compilation, and shows not only wide culture and extensive reading, but much honesty of purpose.

THE death of Mr. Bryant has created a fresh demand for his works, and many will be glad of the opportunity which is presented of getting the new part book,* which bears his name on the title page as editor. This new edition of a popular collection of poetry, is sure of a wide circulation. Mr. Bryant's taste and liberality of sentiment, his scholarship and extensive reading, admirably fitted him for his task. The success of the previous editions may be accepted as a good omen, and the many improvements which have been made in a book hitherto deemed almost faultless, will ensure for the new Library of Poetry and Song, a fresh lease of popularity and value. Some twenty steel portraits of distinguished authors have been added, together with thirty autograph manuscript *fac similes* of poets, twenty finely executed silhouette title designs, and twenty well engraved illustrations on wood. The book, when completed, will contain fully two thousand of the choicest poems in the language, culled from the literatures of all countries, on every variety of topic and illustrative of almost every age in history. The publishers promise to complete the work in twenty parts. When finished, it will be one of the handsomest gift books of the year.

* *Bits of Travel at Home*, by H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: A. Piddington.

† *Aspirations of the World*: A Chain of Opals, collected, with an Introduction by L. Maria CHILD. Boston: Robert Brothers; Toronto: A. Piddington.

* *A new Library of Poetry and Song*, edited by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.; Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1878.

EDINBURGH JOTTINGS.

BY ALFRED S. GIBBS.

WHENEVER Scott's landau went up the Canongate, his coachman knew without special instructions that the pace must be a walk; and no funeral, says Lockhart, ever moved more slowly, for wherever the great enthusiast might turn his gaze there was recalled to his mind some tradition of blood and mystery at which his eye would sparkle and his cheek glow. How by the force of his genius he inoculated the world with his enthusiasm about the semi-savage Scotia of the past is a well-known story: thousands of tourists, more or less struck with the Scott madness, yearly wander through the streets of old Edinburgh; and although within the quarter of a century since Sir Walter's death many memorials of the past have been swept away under the pressure of utility or necessity, the Old Town still poses remarkably well, and, gathering her rags and tatters about her, contrives to keep up a strikingly picturesque appearance.

The Old Town of Edinburgh is built upon a wedge-shaped hill, the Castle occupying the highest point, the head of the wedge, and the town extending along the crest, which slopes gradually down toward the east, to Holyrood Palace in the plain. Lawn-market, High Street, and Canongate now form one continuous street, which, running along the crest of the hill, may be considered as the backbone of the town, with wynds and closes radiating on each side like the spines of the vertebræ. The closes are courts, culs-de-sac—the wynds, thoroughfares. These streets —courts where, in the past, lived the nobility and gentry of Edinburgh—are now, for the most part, given up to squalor and misery, and look like stage-scenes perpetually 'set' for melodramatic horrors. The late Dr. Thomas Guthrie, whose parish included a large portion of this Egypt, used often to illustrate his eloquence with graphic word-pictures suggested by his experiences in these dark places. 'The unfurnished floor,' he writes, 'the begrimed and naked walls, the stifling, sickening atmosphere, the patched and

dusty window – through which a sunbeam, like hope, is faintly stealing – the ragged, hunger-bitten, and sad faced children, the ruffian man, the heap of straw where some wretched

THE CASTLE AND ALLAN RAMSAY'S HOUSE.

mother in muttering dreams sleeps off last night's debauch or lies unshrouded and uncoffined in the ghastliness of a hopeless death, are sad scenes. We have often looked on them, and they

appear all the sadder for the
play of fancy excited by some
of a fresco-painting that still lo
from the foul and broken plas
massive marble rising over th
and ca
hearth
an elab
carved
too hi
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to pull i
for fuel
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or fru
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elegance
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gathered
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smould
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These
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the "fla
tem, s
the bett
having
in the
like French houses, and turrets
corners for the circular staircas
necting the different flats. Fi
improvements are rapidly sv
them away, and the traveller

or not their disappearance, according as his views may be sentimental or sanitarian. They are truly ill adapted to modern ideas of hygiene, or to those cunning modern devices which sometimes poison their very inventors.

OLD EDINBURGH BY NIGHT.

While we may smile at our ancestors' free and easy way of pitching things out of the window, we should at least remember that they knew nothing of the modern plague of sewer-gas stealing its insidious way into the apparently best-regulated households. But without entering upon the vexed question of hygiene, the fact is that where there is no reason for propping up a tottering roof except that it once sheltered some bloody, cattle-stealing chieftain of the Border, utilitarian sentiments carry the day; nor ought any enthusiast to deny that the heart-shaped figure on the High Street pavement, marking the spot where the Heart of Mid Lothian once stood, is a more cheerful sight than would be presented by the foul walls of that romantic jail.

RIDDLE'S CLOSE, WHERE HUME COMMENCED HIS "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

The modes of life in old Edinburgh have been amply illustrated by many writers. Among the novel-writers, Scott and Miss Ferrier have especially dwelt upon them. The tavern-haunting habits of the gentlemen are pleasantly depicted in the 'high jinks' in *Guy Mannering*, and the depth of potations may be estimated by Burns' 'Song of the Whistle.' As to the ladies, we should not have found their assemblies very hilarious, where partners for the dance were obtained by drawing tickets, and the lucky or unlucky swain danced one solemn minuet with his lady, and was not expected to quit her side during the evening—

> Through a long night to watch fair Delia's will,
> The same dull swain was at her elbow still.

The huge stack of buildings called

James's Court is associated with the names of Boswell and of Hume. Half of it has been destroyed by fire, and precisely that half in which these two worthies once dwelt, but there is quite enough of it left to show what a grim monster it was, and, for that matter, still is. In Boswell's time it was a fine thing to have a flat in James's Court. Here Boswell was living when Dr. Johnson came to visit him. Boswell, having received a note from Johnson announcing his arrival, hastened to the inn, where he found the great man had just thrown his lemonade out of the window, and had nearly knocked down the waiter for sweetening the said lemonade without the aid of the sugar-tongs.

'Mr. Johnson and I walked arm-in-arm up the High Street,' says Boswell, 'to my house in James's Court: it was a dusky night: I could not prevent his being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh. As we marched

BUCCLEUGH PLACE, WHERE THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" WAS PROJECTED.

slowly along he grumbled in my ear, "I smell you in the dark."'

Mrs. Boswell had never seen Johnson before, and was by no means charmed with him, as Johnson was not slow to discover. In a matrimonial aside she whispered to her husband, 'I have seen many a bear led by a man, but I never before saw a man led by a bear.' No doubt her provocations were great, and she wins the compassionate sympathy of all good house-

COLLEGE WYND, WHERE SCOTT WAS BORN.

keepers when they read of Ursa Major brightening up the candles by turning the melted wax out on the carpet.

Many years after this, but while Boswell was still living in James's Court, a lad named Francis Jeffrey one night helped to carry the great biographer home—a circumstance in the life of a gentleman much more of an every-day or every-night affair at that time than at present. The next day Boswell patted the lad on the head, and kindly added, 'If you go on as you have begun, you may live to be a Bozzy yourself yet.'

The stranger who enters what is apparently the ground-floor of one of these houses on the north side of High Street is often surprised to find himself, without having gone up-stairs, looking from a fourth-story window in the rear. This is due to the steep slope on which the houses stand, and gives them the command of a beautiful view, including the New Town, and extending across the Frith of Forth to the varied shores of Fife. From his flat in James's Court we find David Hume,

after his return from France, writing to Adam Smith, then busy at Kirkcaldy about the *Wealth of Nations*, 'I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkcaldy from my windows.'

Another feature of these houses is the little cells designed for oratories or praying-closets, to which the master of the house was supposed to retire for his devotions, in literal accordance with the gospel injunction. David Hume's flat had two of these, for the spiritual was relatively better cared for than the temporal in those days:

ANCHOR CLOSE.

plenty of praying-closets, but *no drains!* This difficulty was got over by making it lawful for householders, after ten o'clock at night, to throw superfluous material out of the window—a cheerful outlook for Boswell and others being 'carried home!'

At the bottom of Byre's Close a house is pointed out where Oliver Cromwell stayed, and had the advantage of contemplating from its lofty roof the fleet which awaited his orders in the Forth. The same house was once occupied by Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, and is associated with the memory of Anne, the bishop's daughter, whose sorrows are embalmed in plaintive beauty in the old cradle-song:

Baloo,* my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep:
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad;
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

Baloo, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wranging thee,
Nor pity her deservèd smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart;
For too soon trusting latest finds
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugared words to move,
His tempting face and flutt'ring cheer
In time to me did not appear;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

Baloo, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has played;
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferred the wars to thee and me;
But now perhaps thy curse and mine
Makes him eat acorns with the swine
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

Nay, curse him not: perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee;
Perhaps at death, for who can tell
But the great Judge of heaven and hell,

JOHN KNOX'S STUDY.

* Baloo is a lullaby, supposed to be from the French, *Bas, là le loup*—"Lie still, the wolf is coming."

By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver* low.
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

I wish I were into the bottom
Where he lies smothered in the [illegible]
Repeating as he pants for breath,
My name, whom once he [illegible]
No woman's yet so fierce as I am,
But she'll forgive [illegible]
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

The tourist finds much to read, as he runs through old Edinburgh, in the mottoes on the house fronts. These are mostly of a scriptural and devout character, such as: 'Blissit. Be. God. In. Al. His. Giftis;' or, 'Blissit. Be. The. Lord. In. His. Giftis. For. Nov. And. Ever.' If he peeps into Anchor Close, where once was a famous tavern, he will find it entirely occupied by the buildings of the *Scotsman* newspaper, but the mottoes have been carefully preserved and built into the walls. The first is, 'The. Lord. Is. Only. My. Support;' a little farther on, 'O. Lord. In. The. Is. Al. My. Traist;' and over the door, 'Lord. Be. Merciful. To. Me.' On other houses he may read, 'Feare. The. Lord. And. Depart. From. Evill;' 'Faith. in. Chryst. Onlie. Savit;' 'My. Hoip. Is. Chryst;' 'What. Ever. Me. Befall. I. thank. The. Lord. of. All.' There are also many in the Latin tongue, such as 'Lavs Vbique Deo;' 'Nisi Dominvs Frvstra' (the City motto):

ROOM IN WHICH KNOX DIED.

"Pax Intrantibvs,
Salvs Exevntibvs."

Here is one in the vernacular: "Gif. Ve. Died. As. Ve. Sovld. Ve. Mycht. Haif. As. Ve. Vald:' which is translated, 'If we did as we should, we might have as we would.'

Near the end of the High street, on the way to the Canongate, stands John Knox's house, which has been put in order and made a show-place. The exterior, from its exceedingly picturesque character, is more attractive than the

* The "dear deceiver" was said to have been her cousin, the Hon. Alexander Erskine, brother to the Earl of Mar. He came to a violent death, although not in the manner suggested in the ballad. While stationed at Douglass Castle, engaged in collecting levies for the army of the Covenanters, an angry page thrust a red-hot poker into the powder-magazine, and blew him up with a number of others, so that there was "never bone nor hyre seen of them again."

interior. The house had originally belonged to the Abbot of Dunfermline,

WHITE HORSE INN.

and when taken by Knox a very snug little study was added, built of wood and projecting from the front, in accordance with an order from the magistrates, directing 'with al diligence to make ane warm studye of dailles to the minister John Knox, within his hous, aboue the hall of the same, with light and wyndokis thereunto, and al uther necessaris.' The motto of this house is 'Lvfe. God. Abvfe. Al. And. Yi. Nychtbovr. As. Yi. Self.' A curious image at one corner was long thought to represent Knox preaching, and probably still does so in the popular belief; but others now think it represents Moses. It is an old man kneeling, with one hand resting on a tablet, and with the other pointing up to a stone above him carved to resemble the sun, and having on its disk the name of the Deity in three languages: 'ΘΕΟΣ. Deus. God.'

Of the style of Knox's preaching, even when he was enfeebled by ill-health, one gets a good idea from the following passage in James Melville's diary: 'And by the said Rickart and an other servant, lifted up to the pulpit whar he behovit to lean, at his first entrie; bot or he had done with his sermon, he was sa active and vigorous, that he was lyk to ding that pulpit in blads and flie out of it.'

Passing on down Canongate, once the court suburb, we come to Moray House, the former residence of the earls of Moray, and at one time occupied by Cromwell. It is now used for a school, and is in much better preservation than many of its neighbours. At the very bottom of the Canongate, not far from Holyrood House, stands the White Horse Inn. The house has not been an inn for many years, but was chosen by Scott as the quarters of Captain Waverley: its builders probably thought little of beauty when they built it, yet squalor, dilapidation and decay have given it the elements of the picturesque, and the fact that Scott has mentioned it is sufficient to nerve the tourist to hold his nose and admire.

A black, gaunt, forbidding-looking structure near at hand was once the residence of the dukes of Queensberry. Charles, the third duke, was born in it: it is his duchess, Lady Catherine Hyde, whose pranks are so frequently recorded in Horace Walpole's letters —'very clever, very whimsical, and just not mad.' Their Graces did not often occupy their Scottish residences, but in 1729, the lord chamberlain having refused his license to Gay's play, *Polly*, a continuation of the *Beggar's Opera*, the duke and duchess took Gay's part so warmly as to leave the court and retire to Queensberry House, bringing the poet with them.

The duchess was much sung by the poets of her day, among them Prior, who is now so little read that we may recall a few of his once well-known verses:

'Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things designed,
Or I am much mistaken.
Must Lady Jenny frisk about,

And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

'What has she better, pray, than I?
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?
Dearest mamma, for once let me,
Unchained, my fortune try:
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

HOLYROOD AND BURNS'S MONUMENT.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loosed before —
She, I was loosed at all.'

Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire!'

ıth of Duke Charles, House came into the ıis cousin, the earl of ular-man-about-town in n as 'Old Q.': he trip- its ornaments, without d sold it to the govern- racks. It is now used Refuge. On its gate ring notices: 'White- neatly executed.' 'Ap- dmission by the desti- ul day from 10 to 12.' up supplied from 1 to Porridge supplied from ing, 6 to 7, evening.' e open at 7 P. M. No Sundays.' 'No person han three nights' shelter

Such are the mottoes ı the house which shel- Citty.

bject in the same vicin- ıongate Tolbooth, with rrets and a clock pro- ıe front on iron brack- e taken the place of the sly-carved oaken beams. metimes took place in ıilding, which led wags joke in its motto: 'Sic. ' A more frequent ion was the Girth Cross, f the Canongate, which ıit of the right of sanc- g to the abbey of Holy- Girth Cross, Lady executed for the mur- sband, which has been ct of many ballads:

ill woman:
he married me.
de a man;
l guided me

Varriston!
ay sink fire in;
ben years auld
ered your gates within.

onth married,
d went to the sea:
he came hame,
e nourice knee.

on a day
rd return'd from sea:
ı the best array,
bird on tree.

I took my young son in my arms,
Likewise my nourice me forebye,
And I went down to yon shore-side,
My gude lord's vessel I might spy.

My lord he stood upon the deck,
I wyte he hail'd me courteouslie:
'Ye are thrice welcome, my lady gay:
Wha'se aught that bairn on your knee?'

She turn'd her right and roundabout,
Says, 'Why take ye sic dreads o' me?
Alas! I was too young married
To love another man but thee.'

"Now hold your tongue, my lady gay;
Nae mair falsehoods ye'll tell to me;
This bonny bairn is not mine;
You've loved another while I was on the sea."

In discontent then hame she went,
And aye the tear did blin' her e'e;
Says, 'Of this wretch I'll be revenged
For these harsh words he said to me.'

She's counsel'd wi' her father's steward,
What way she cou'd revenged be;
Bad was the counsel then he gave:
It was to gar her gude lord dee.

The nourice took the deed in hand;
I wat she was well paid her fee;
She keist the knot, and the loop she ran
Which soon did gar this young lord dee

Another version has:

The nourice she knet the knot,
And oh, she knet it sicker:
The ladie did gie it a twig,
Till it began to wicker.

The murder was committed on the 2nd of July, 1600, and with the speedy justice of that time the punishment followed on the 5th. The lady was sentenced to be 'wooried at the stake and brint,' but her relatives had influence enough to secure a modification of the sentence, so that she was beheaded by the 'maiden,' a form of guillotine introduced by the Regent Morton. The original sentence was executed upon the nurse, who had no powerful relatives.

Directly opposite the Canongate Tolbooth is a very antiquated dwelling, with three gables to the street, which converses with the passer-by on envy and backbiting. It begins: 'Hodie. Mihi. Cras. Tibi. Cur. Igitur. Curas' ('To-day, mine; to-morrow, thine; why then care?'). As if premising an unsatisfactory answer, it continues: 'Ut Tu Linguae Tuae, Sic Ego Mear. Aurium, Dominus Sum.' ('As thou of thy tongue, so I of my ears, am lord'), and

finally takes refuge in 'Constanti Pectori Res Mortalium Umbra' ('To the steadfast heart the affairs of mortals are but shadows').

In the plain at the foot of the Canongate stands Holyrood Abbey and Palace, which, with the exception of one wing containing Queen Mary's apartments, has been rebuilt within comparatively modern times. The abbey church is a crumbling ruin, although a power amid its decay, for it possesses still the right of sanctuary. This refuge offered by the Church was a softening and humanizing influence when private feuds were settled by the sword, and the Far-West principle of death at sight generally prevailed:

STONE ON WHICH THE COVENANT WAS SIGNED.

later on, it became an abuse, and gradually disappeared. The Holyrood sanctuary is the only one now existing in Great Britain, but is available for insolvent debtors only; it includes the precincts of the palace and the Queen's Park (five miles in circumference), but it contains no buildings except in that portion of the precincts extending from the palace to the foot of Canongate, about one hundred and thirty yards in a direct line. Within this limited district the debtor seeks his lodging, has the Queen's Park for his recreation, and on Sundays is free to go where he like, as on that day he cannot be molested. It was a curious relic of old customs to read in Edinburgh newspapers, in the year 1876, the following extract from a debtor's letter, in which he makes his terms with the sheriff: 'However, desirous I am to obey the order of the sheriff to attend my examination, I am sorry to be obliged to intimate that in consequence of the vindictive and oppressive proceedings of some of my creditors, I cannot present myself in court at the diet fixed, unless protection from personal diligence be granted. I will have much pleasure, however, in attending the court in the event of the sheriff granting a special warrant to bring me from the sanctuary, which warrant shall protect me against arrest for debt and other civil obligations while under examination, and on the way to and from the place of examination.' The sheriff granted the warrant.

From Holyrood we fancy the traveller next remounting the hill into the Old Town, and seeking out the church yard of Greyfriars, whose monuments, full of interest to the student and the antiquary, are in themselves an epitome of Scottish history. The church has been ravaged by fire and rebuilt, so that it retains but little antiquity: the churchyard, on the other hand, has seen few changes except in the increase of its monuments as time has passed on.

Here the Solemn League and Covenant was entered into. It was first read in the church, and agreed to by all there, and then handed to the crowd without, who signed it on the flat tombstones.

Among the most conspicuous monuments in this churchyard are, on the one hand, that to those who died for their fidelity to this Covenant, and on the other the tomb of Sir George Mackenzie, king's advocate and public prosecutor of the Covenanters.

On the Martyrs' Monument, as it is called, one reads: 'From May 27th, 1661, that the most noble marquis of Argyll was beheaded, until Feb. 18th, 1688, there were executed in Edinburgh about one hundred noblemen, gentlemen, ministers and others; the most of them lie here.

"But as for them no cause was to be found
Worthy of death, but only they were sound,
Constant, and steadfast, zealous, witnessing
For the prerogatives of Christ their King,
Which truths were sealed by famous Guthrie's head.'

And so on.

Dr. Thomas Guthrie, who, as we have seen, found much inspiration in the scenes of his daily walks, sought to trace his origin back to this Guthrie of the Martyrs' Monument. 'I failed,' he wrote, 'yet am conscious that the idea and probability of this has had a happy influence on my public life, in determining me to contend and suffer, if need be, for the rights of Christ's crown and the liberties of His Church.'

The learning and accomplishments of Sir George Mackenzie were forgotten amid the religious animosities of his day, and he came down to posterity as the terror of nursery-maids and a portentous bugaboo under the name of Bloody Mackenzie. It is related that the boys of the town were in the habit of gathering at nightfall about his tomb and shouting in at the keyhole,

Bluidy Mackenzie, come out if you daur:
Lift the sneck and draw the bar!

after which they would scatter, as if they feared the tenant might take them at their word. The tomb is a handsome circular Roman temple, now much dilapidated by weather and soot, and so dark and sombre as to make it very uncanny in the gloaming, especially to one approaching it with the view of shouting 'Bluidy Mackenzie' through the keyhole. This popular superstition was once turned to account by a youth under sentence of death for burglary. His friends aided him in escaping from prison, and provided him with a key to this mausoleum, where he passed six weeks in the tomb with the Bluidy Mackenzie—a situation of horror made tolerable only as a means of escape from death. Food was brought to him at night, and when the heat of pursuit was over he got to a vessel and out of the country.

MACKENZIE'S TOMB.

The New Town of Edinburgh is separated from the Old Town by the ravine of the North Loch, over which are thrown the bridges by which the two towns are connected. The loch has been drained and is now occupied by the Public Gardens and by the railway. The New Town is substantially the work of the last half of the past century and the first half of the present one—a period which sought everywhere except at home for its architectural models. In some of the recent improvements in the Old Town very pretty effects have been produced by copying the better features of the ancient dwellings all around them, but the grandiloquent ideas of the Georgian era could not have been content with anything so simple and homespun as this. Its ideal was the cold and pompous, and it succeeded in giving to the New Town streets that distant and

repellant air of supreme self-satisfaction which makes the houses appear to say to the curious looker on, 'Seek no farther, for in us you find the perfectly correct thing.' The embodiment of this spirit may be seen in the bronze statue of George IV. by Chantrey, in George street: the artist has caught the pert strut so familiar in the portraits, at sight of which one involuntarily exclaims, 'Behold the royal swell!'

THE NORTH BRIDGE.

But the New Town has two superb features, about whose merits all are agreed: we need hardly say these are Princes Street and the Calton Hill. Princes Street extends along the brow of the hill overhanging the ravine which separates the two towns, and which is now occupied by public gardens; along their grassy slopes the eye wanders over trees and flowers to the great rock which o'ertops the greenery, bearing aloft the Castle as its crown, while from the Castle the Old Town, clustering along the height, streams away like a dark and deeply coloured train. The Calton Hill offers to the view a wide-spreading panorama. At our feet are the smoking chimneys of Auld Reekie, from which we gladly turn our eyes to the blue water and the shores of the Fife, or seek out in the shadow of Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat the tottering arch of Holyrood Abbey. The hill is well dotted over,

> At up and down and here and there,
> With Lord-knows-what's of round and square;

which on examination prove to be monuments to the great departed. A great change has taken place in the prevalent taste since they were erected, and they are not now pointed out to the stranger with fond pride, as in the past generation. The best one is that to Dugald Stewart, an adaptation, the guide-books say, of the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates. The all-pervading photograph has made it so familiar that it comes upon one as an old friend.

The Burns's Monument is a circular edifice with columns and a cupola. It has all the outward semblance of a tomb, so that one is rather startled to find it tenanted by a canny Scot—a live one—who presides with becomingly sepulchral gravity over a twopenny show of miscellaneous trumpery connected with Robert Burns. Everywhere in old Edinburgh we have seen going on the inevitable struggle between utility and sentiment: at Burns's Monument it ceases, and we conclude our ramble at this point, where the sentimentalist and the utilitarian shake hands, the former deeply sympathizing with the sentiment which led to the building of the monument, while the latter fondly admires the ingenuity which can turn even a cenotaph to account.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL:

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

WEAK as she was, Emily had spirit enough to feel the reproof. She walked in her meek noiseless way to the door. 'I beg your pardon, Miss, I am not quite so bad as you think me. But I beg your pardon all the same.'

She opened the door. Agnes called her back. There was something in the woman's apology that appealed irresistibly to her just and generous nature. 'Come,' she said; 'we must not part in this way. Let me not misunderstand you, what *is* it that you expected me to do?'

Emily was wise enough to answer this time without any reserve. 'My husband will send his testimonials, Miss, to Lord Montbarry, in Scotland. I only wanted you to let him say in his letter that his wife has been known to you since she was a child, and that you feel some little interest in his welfare on that account. I don't ask it now, Miss. You have made me understand that I was wrong.'

Had she really been wrong? Past remembrances, as well as present troubles, pleaded powerfully with Agnes for the courier's wife. 'It seems only a small favour to ask,' she said, speaking under the impulse of kindness which was the strongest impulse in her nature. 'But I am not sure that I ought to allow my name to be mentioned in your husband's letter. Let me hear again exactly what he wishes to say.' Emily repeated the words—and then offered one of those suggestions, which have a special value of their own to persons unaccustomed to the use of their pens. 'Suppose you try, Miss, how it looks in writing?' Childish as the idea was, Agnes tried the experiment. 'If I let you mention me,' she said, 'we must at least decide what you are to say.' She wrote the words in the briefest and plainest form:—'I venture to state that my wife has been known from her childhood to Miss Agnes Lockwood, who feels some little interest in my welfare on that account.' Reduced to this one sentence, there was surely nothing in the reference to her name which implied that Agnes had permitted it, or that she was even aware of it. After a last struggle with herself, she handed the written paper to Emily. 'Your husband must copy it exactly; without altering anything,' she stipulated. 'On that condition I grant your request.' Emily was not only thankful—she was really touched. Agnes hurried the little woman out of the room. 'Don't give me time to repent and take it back again,' she said. Emily vanished.

'Is the tie that once bound us completely broken? Am I as entirely parted from the good and evil fortune of his life as if we had never met and never loved? Agnes looked at the clock on the mantel-piece. Not ten minutes since, those serious questions had been on her lips. It almost shocked her to think of the commonplace manner in which they had al-

ready met with their reply. The mail of that night would appeal once more to Montbarry's remembrance of her in the choice of a servant.

Two days later, the post brought a few lines from Emily. Her husband had got the place. Ferrari was engaged for six months certain, as Lord Montbarry's courier.

THE SECOND PART.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER only one week of travelling in Scotland, my lord and my lady returned unexpectedly to London. Introduced to the mountains and lakes of the Highlands, her ladyship positively declined to improve her acquaintance with them. When she was asked for her reason, she answered with a Roman brevity, 'I have seen Switzerland.'

For a week more, the newly married couple remained in London, in the strictest retirement. On one day in that week the nurse returned in a state of most uncustomary excitement from an errand on which Agnes had sent her. Passing the door of a fashionable dentist, she had met Lord Montbarry himself just leaving the house. The good woman's report described him, with malicious pleasure, as looking wretchedly ill. 'His cheeks are getting hollow, my dear, and his beard is turning grey. I hope the dentist hurt him!'

Knowing how heartily her faithful old servant hated the man who had deserted her, Agnes made due allowance for a large infusion of exaggeration in the picture presented to her. The main impression produced on her mind was an impression of nervous uneasiness. If she trusted herself in the streets by daylight while Lord Montbarry remained in London, how could she be sure that his next chance-meeting might not be a meeting with herself? She waited at home, privately ashamed of her own superstitious fears for the next two days. On the third day the fashionable intelligence of the newspapers announced the departure of Lord and Lady Montbarry for Paris, on their way to Italy.

Mrs. Ferrari, calling the same evening, informed Agnes that her husband had left her with all reasonable expression of conjugal kindness: his temper being improved by the prospect of going abroad. But one other servant accompanied the travellers—Lady Montbarry's maid, rather a silent, unsociable woman, so far as Emily had heard. Her ladyship's brother, Baron Rivar, was already on the Continent. It had been arranged that he was to meet his sister and her husband at Rome.

One by one the dull weeks succeeded each other in the life of Agnes. She faced her position with admirable courage, seeing her friends, keeping herself occupied in her leisure hours with reading and drawing, leaving no means untried of diverting her mind from the melancholy remembrance of the past. But she had loved too faithfully, she had been wounded too deeply, to feel in any adequate degree the influence of the moral remedies which she employed. Persons who met with her in the ordinary relations of life, deceived by her outward serenity of manner, agreed that 'Miss Lockwood seemed to be getting over her disappointment.' But an old friend and schoolcompanion who happened to see her during a brief visit to London, was inexpressibly distressed by the change that she detected in Agnes. This lady was Mrs. Westwick, the wife of that brother of Lord Montbarry who came next to him in age, and who was described in the 'Peerage' as presumptive heir to the title. He was then away, looking after his interests in some mining property which he possessed in America. Mrs. Westwick insisted on taking Agnes back with her to her home in Ireland. 'Come and keep me company while my husband is away. My three little girls will make you

their playfellow, and the only stranger you will meet is the governess, whom I answer for your liking beforehand. Pack up your things, and I will call for you to-morrow on my way to the train.' In those hearty terms the invitation was given. Agnes thankfully accepted it. For three happy months she lived under the roof of her friend. The girls hung round her neck in tears at her departure; the youngest of them wanted to go back with Agnes to London. Half in jest, half in earnest, she said to her old friend at parting, 'If your governess leaves you, keep the place open for me.' Mrs. Westwick laughed. The wiser children took it, seriously, and promised to let Agnes know.

On the very day when Miss Lockwood returned to London, she was recalled to those associations with the past which she was most anxious to forget. After the first kissings and greetings were over, the old nurse (who had been left in charge at the lodgings), had some startling information to communicate, derived from the courier's wife.

'Here has been little Mrs. Ferrari, my dear, in a dreadful state of mind, inquiring when you would be back. Her husband has left Lord Montbarry, without a word of warning—and nobody knows what has become of him.'

Agnes looked at her in astonishment. 'Are you sure of what you saying?' she asked.

The nurse was quite sure. 'Why, Lord bless you, the news comes from the couriers' office in Golden Square—from the secretary, Miss Agnes, the secretary himself?' Hearing this, Agnes began to feel alarmed, as well as surprised. It was still early in the evening. She at once sent a message to Mrs. Ferrari, to say that she had returned.

In an hour more the courier's wife appeared, in a state of agitation which it was not easy to control. Her narrative, when she was at last able to speak connectedly, entirely confirmed the nurse's report of it.

After hearing from her husband with tolerable regularity from Paris, Rome, and Venice, Emily had twice written to him afterwards—and had received no reply. Feeling uneasy, she had gone to the office in Golden Square, to inquire if he had been heard of there. The post of the morning had brought a letter to the secretary from a courier then at Venice. It contained startling news of Ferrari. His wife had been allowed to take a copy of it, which she now handed to Agnes to read.

The writer stated that he had recently arrived in Venice. He had previously heard that Ferrari was with Lord and Lady Montbarry, at one of the old Venetian palaces which they had hired for a term. Being a friend of Ferrari, he had gone to pay him a visit. Ringing at the door that opened on the Grand Canal, and failing to make anyone hear him, he had gone round to a side entrance opening on one of the narrow lanes of Venice. Here, standing at the door, as if she was waiting for somebody—perhaps for the courier himself—he found a pale woman, with magnificent dark eyes, who proved to be no other than Lady Montbarry herself.

She asked, in Italian, what he wanted. He answered that he wanted to see the courier Ferrari, if it was quite convenient. She at once informed him that Ferrari had left the palace without assigning any reason, and without even leaving an address at which his monthly salary (then due to him), could be paid. Amazed at this reply, the courier inquired if any person had offended Ferrari, or quarrelled with him. The lady answered, 'To my knowledge, certainly not. I am Lady Montbarry; and I can positively assure you that Ferrari was treated with the greatest kindness in this house. We are as much astonished as you are at his extraordinary disappearance. If you should hear of him, pray let us know, so that we may at least pay him the money which is due.'

After one or two more questions (quite readily answered) relating to the date and the time of day at which Ferrari had left the palace, the courier took his leave.

He at once entered on the necessary investigations without the slightest result so far as Ferrari was concerned. Nobody had seen him, nobody appeared to have been taken into his confidence. Nobody knew anything (that is to say, anything of the slightest importance), even about persons so distinguished as Lord and Lady Montbarry. It was reported that her ladyship's English maid had left her, before the disappearance of Ferrari, to return to her relatives in her own country, and that Lady Montbarry had taken no steps to supply her place. His lordship was described as being in delicate health. He lived in the strictest retirement nobody was admitted to him, not even his own countrymen. A stupid old woman was discovered, who did the housework at the palace, arriving in the morning and going away again at night. She had never seen the lost courier she had never seen even Lord Montbarry, who was then confined to his room. Her ladyship, 'a most gracious and adorable mistress,' was in constant attendance on her noble husband. There was no other servant then in the house (so far as the old woman knew), but herself. The meals were sent in from a restaurant. My lord, it was said, disliked strangers. My lord's brother-in-law, the Baron, was generally shut up in a remote part of the palace, occupied (the gracious mistress said) with experiments in chemistry. The experiments sometimes made a nasty smell. A doctor had latterly been called in to his lordship an Italian doctor, long resident in Venice. Inquiries being addressed to this gentleman (a physician of undoubted capacity and respectability), it turned out that he also had never seen Ferrari, having been summoned to the palace (as his memorandum-book showed), at a date subsequent to the courier's disappearance. The doctor de Lord Montbarry's malady as l tis. So far, there was no re feel any anxiety, though the was a sharp one. If alarming toms should appear, he had a with her ladyship to call in physician. For the rest, it was sible to speak too highly of n night and day she was at he bedside.

With these particulars beg ended the discoveries made by F courier friend. The police were look out for the lost man—a was the only hope which could forth, for the present, to F wife.

'What do you think of it, the poor woman asked eagerly. would you advise me to do?'

Agnes was at a loss how to her; it was an effort even to l what Emily was saying. Th ences in the courier's letter t barry the report of his illn melancholy picture of his s life had re-opened the old wou was not even thinking of the l rari; her mind was at Venice sick man's bedside.

'I hardly know what to s answered. 'I have had no ex in serious matters of this kin

'Do you think it would he Miss, if you read my husband' to me! There are only three they won't take long to rea

Agnes compassionately re letters.

They were not written in tender tone. 'Dear Emily 'Yours affectionately'—these tional phrases, were the only of endearment which they co In the first letter, Lord Mc was not very favourably spoke 'We leave Paris to-morrow. much like my lord. He is pr cold, and, between ourselves, in money matters. I have dispute such trifles as a few c in the hotel bill; and twice

some sharp remarks have passed between the newly-married couple, in consequence of her ladyship's freedom in purchasing pretty tempting things at the shops in Paris. 'I can't afford it, you must keep to your allowance.' She has had to hear those words already. For my part, I like her. She has the nice, easy foreign manners—*she* talks to me as if I was a human being like herself.'

The second letter was dated from Rome.

'My lord's caprices' (Ferrari wrote) 'have kept us perpetually on the move. He is becoming incurably restless. I suspect he is uneasy in his mind. Painful recollections I should say—I find him constantly reading old letters, when her ladyship is not present. We were to have stopped at Genoa; but he hurried us on. The same thing at Florence. Here, at Rome, my lady insists on resting. Her brother has met us at this place. There has been a quarrel already (the lady's maid tells me) between my lord and the Baron. The latter wanted to borrow money of the former. His lordship refused in language which offended Baron Rivar. My lady pacified them, and made them shake hands.

The third, and last letter, was from Venice.

'More of my lord's economy! Instead of going to an hotel, we have hired a damp, mouldy, rambling old palace. My lady insists on having the best suites of rooms wherever we go—and the palace comes cheaper, for a two months' term. My lord tried to get it for longer; he says the quiet of Venice is good for his nerves. But a foreign speculator has secured the palace, and is going to turn it into an hotel. The Baron is still with us, and there have been more disagreements about money matters. I don't like the Baron—and I don't find the attractions of my lady grow on me. She was much nicer before the Baron joined us. My lord is a punctual paymaster; it's a matter of honour with him; he hates parting with his money, but he does it because he has given his word. I receive my salary regularly at the end of each month—not a franc extra, though I have done many things which are not part of a courier's proper work. Fancy the Baron trying to borrow money of *me*! He is an inveterate gambler. I didn't believe it when my lady's maid first told me so—but I have seen enough since to satisfy me that she was right. I have seen other things besides, which—well! which don't increase my respect for my lady and the Baron. The maid says she means to give warning to leave. She is a respectable British female, and doesn't take things quite so easily as I do. It is a dull life here. No going into company—no company at home, not a creature sees my lord—not even the consul, or the banker. When he does go out, he goes alone, and generally towards nightfall. Indoors, he shuts himself up in his own room with his books, and sees as little of his wife and the Baron as possible. I fancy things are coming to a crisis here. If my lord's suspicions are once awakened, the consequences will be terrible. Under certain provocations, the noble Montbarry is a man who would stick at nothing. However the pay is good—and I can't afford to talk of leaving the place, like my lady's maid.'

Agnes handed back the letters—so suggestive of the penalty paid already for his own infatuation by the man who had deserted her!—with feelings of shame and distress, which made her no fit counsellor for the helpless woman who depended on her advice.

'The one thing I can suggest,' she said, after first speaking some kind words of comfort and hope, 'is that we should consult a person of greater experience than ours. Suppose I write and ask my lawyer (who is also my friend and trustee) to come and advise us to-morrow after his business hours?'

Emily eagerly and gratefully accepted the suggestion. An hour was

arranged for the meeting on the next day: the correspondence was left under the care of Agnes, and the courier's wife took her leave.

Weary and heartsick, Agnes lay down on the sofa, to rest and compose herself. The careful nurse brought in a reviving cup of tea. Her quaint gossip about herself and her occupations while Agnes had been away, acted as a relief to her mistress's overburdened mind. They were still talking quietly, when they were startled by a loud knock at the house door. Hurried footsteps ascended the stairs. The door of the sitting room was thrown open violently: the courier's wife rushed in like a mad woman. 'He's dead! they've murdered him!' Those wild words were all she could say. She dropped on her knees at the foot of the sofa held out her hand, with something clasped in it and fell back in a swoon.

The nurse, signing to Agnes to open the windows, took the necessary measures to restore the fainting woman. 'What's this?' she exclaimed. 'Here's a letter in her hand. See what it is, Miss.'

The open envelope was addressed (evidently in a feigned handwriting) to 'Mrs. Ferrari.' The post-mark was 'Venice.' The contents of the envelope were a sheet of foreign note-paper, and a folded enclosure.

On the note-paper, one line only was written. It was again in a feigned handwriting, and it contained these words:—

'*To console you for the loss of your husband.*'

Agnes opened the enclosure next.

It was a Bank of England note for a thousand pounds.

Chapter V.

THE next day, the friend and-legal adviser of Agnes Lockwood, Mr. Troy, called on her by appointment in the evening.

Mrs. Ferrari—still persisting in the conviction of her husband's death—had sufficiently recovered to be present at the consultation. Assisted by Agnes, she told the lawyer the little that was known relating to Ferrari's disappearance, and then produced the correspondence connected with that event. Mr. Troy read (first) the three letters addressed by Ferrari to his wife; (secondly) the letter written by Ferrari's courier-friend, describing his visit to the palace and his interview with Lady Montbarry; and (thirdly) the one line of anonymous writing which had accompanied the extraordinary gift of a thousand pounds to Ferrari's wife.

Well known, at a later period, as the lawyer who acted for Lady Lydiard, in the case of theft, generally described as the case of 'My Lady's Money,' Mr. Troy was not only a man of learning and experience in his profession—he was also a man who had seen something of society at home and abroad. He possessed a keen eye for character, a quaint humour, and a kindly nature which had not been deteriorated even by a lawyer's professional experience of mankind. With all these personal advantages, it is a question nevertheless whether he was the fittest adviser whom Agnes could have chosen under the circumstances. Little Mrs. Ferrari, with many domestic merits, was an essentially commonplace woman. Mr. Troy was the last person living who was likely to attract her sympathies—he was the exact opposite of a commonplace man.

'She looks very ill, poor thing.' In these words the lawyer opened the business of the evening, referring to Mrs. Ferrari as unceremoniously as if she had been out of the room.

'She has suffered a terrible shock,' Agnes answered.

Mr. Troy turned to Mrs. Ferrari and looked at her again, with the interest due to the victim of a shock. He drummed absently with his fingers on the table. At last he spoke to her

'My good lady, you don't really believe that your husband is dead?'

Mrs. Ferrari put her handkerchief to her eyes. The word 'dead' was ineffectual to express her feelings. 'Murdered!' she said sternly, behind her handkerchief.

'Why? And by whom?' Mr. Troy asked.

Mrs. Ferrari seemed to find some difficulty in answering. 'You have read my husband's letters, sir,' she began. 'I believe he discovered——' She got as far as that, and there she stopped.

'What did he discover?'

There are limits to human patience—even the patience of a bereaved wife. This cool question irritated Mrs. Ferrari into expressing herself plainly at last.

'He discovered Lady Montbarry and the Baron!' she answered, with a burst of hysterical vehemence. 'The Baron is no more that vile woman's brother than I am. The wickedness of those two wretches came to my poor dear husband's knowledge. The lady's maid left her place on account of it. If Ferrari had gone away too, he would have been alive at this moment. They have killed him. I say they have killed him, to prevent it from getting to Lord Montbarry's ears.' So in short, sharp sentences, and in louder and louder accents, Mrs. Ferrari stated *her* opinion of the case.

Still keeping his own view in reserve, Mr. Troy listened with an expression of satirical approval.

'Very strongly stated, Mrs. Ferrari,' he said. 'You build up your sentences well; you clench your conclusions in a workmanlike manner. If you had been a man, you would have made a good lawyer—you would have taken juries by the scruff of their necks. Complete the case, my good lady—complete the case. Tell us next who sent you this letter, enclosing the bank-note. The 'two wretches' who murdered Mr. Ferrari would hardly put their hands in their pockets and send you a thousand pounds. Who is it—eh? I see the post-mark on the letter is "Venice." Have you any friend in that interesting city, with a large heart, and a purse to correspond, who has been let into the secret and who wishes to console you anonymously?'

It was not easy to reply to this. Mrs. Ferrari began to feel the first inward approaches of something like hatred towards Mr. Troy. 'I don't understand you, sir,' she answered. 'I don't think this is a joking matter.'

Agnes interfered, for the first time. She drew her chair a little nearer to her legal counsellor and friend.

'What is the most probable explanation, in your opinion?' she asked.

'I shall offend Mrs. Ferrari, if I tell you,' Mr. Troy answered.

'No, sir, you won't!' cried Mrs. Ferrari, hating Mr. Troy undisguisedly by this time.

The lawyer leaned back in his chair. 'Very well,' he said, in his most good-humoured manner. 'Let's have it out. Observe, madam, I don't dispute your view of the position of affairs at the palace in Venice. You have your husband's letters to justify you; and you have also the significant fact that Lady Montbarry's maid did really leave the house. We will say, then, that Lord Montbarry has presumably been made the victim of a foul wrong—that Mr. Ferrari was the first to find it out—and that the guilty persons had reasons to fear, not only that he would acquaint Lord Montbarry with his discovery, but that he would be a principal witness against them if the scandal was made public in a court of law. Now mark! Admitting all this, I draw a totally different conclusion from the conclusion at which you have arrived. Here is your husband left in this miserable household of three, under very awkward circumstances for *him*. What does he do? But for the bank-note and the written message sent to you with it, I should say that he had wisely withdrawn himself from association with a dis-

graceful discovery and exposure, by taking secretly to flight. The money modifies this view—unfavourably so far as Mr. Ferrari is concerned. I still believe he is keeping out of the way. But I now say he is paid for keeping out of the way—and that bank-note there on the table is the price of his absence, paid by the guilty persons to his wife.'

Mrs. Ferrari's watery grey eyes brightened suddenly: Mrs. Ferrari's dull drab-coloured complexion became enlivened by a glow of brilliant red.

'It's false!' she cried. 'It's a burning shame to speak of my husband in that way!'

'I told you I should offend you!' said Mr. Troy.

Agnes interposed once more—in the interests of peace. She took the offended wife's hand; she appealed to the lawyer to reconsider that side of his theory which reflected harshly on Ferrari. While she was still speaking, the servant interrupted her by entering the room with a visiting-card. It was the card of Henry Westwick; and there was an ominous request written on it in pencil. 'I bring bad news. Let me see you for a minute down stairs.' Agnes immediately left the room.

Alone with Mrs. Ferrari, Mr. Troy permitted his natural kindness of heart to show itself on the surface at last. He tried to make his peace with the courier's wife.

'You have every claim, my good soul, to resent a reflection cast upon your husband,' he began. 'I may even say that I respect you for speaking so warmly in his defence. At the same time, remember that I am bound, in such a serious matter as this, to tell you what is really in my mind. I can have no intention of offending you, seeing that I am a total stranger to you and to Mr. Ferrari. A thousand pounds is a large sum of money; and a poor man may excusably be tempted by it to do nothing worse than keep out of the way for a while. My only interest, acting on your l is to get at the truth. If yo give me time, I see no reason spair of finding your husband y

Ferrari's wife listened, without convinced: her narrow little filled to its extreme capacity by h favourable opinion of Mr. Troy, l room left for the process of corr its first impression. 'I am obliged to you, sir,' was all she Her eyes were more communica her eyes added, in *their* lan 'You may say what you plea will never forgive you to my dyin

Mr. Troy gave it up. He co edly wheeled his chair round, p hands in his pockets and looke of the window.

After an interval of silence drawing-room door was opened.

Mr. Troy wheeled round briskly to the table, expecting Agnes. To his surprise there appe in her place, a perfect stranger t —a gentleman, in the prime o with a marked expression of pai embarrassment on his handsome He looked at Mr. Troy, and b gravely.

'I am so unfortunate as to brought news to Miss Agnes wood which has greatly distressed he said. 'She has retired to her I am requested to make her ex and to speak to you in her place.'

Having introduced himself in terms, he noticed Mrs. Ferrari, held out his hand to her kindly. is some years since we last met, E he said, 'I am afraid you have al forgotten the "Master Henry" c times.' Emily, in some little c sion, made her acknowledgments begged to know if she could be o use to Miss Lockwood. 'The nurse is with her,' Henry answe 'they will be better left toget He turned once more to Mr. Troy ought to tell you,' he said, 'tha name is Henry Westwick. I an younger brother of the late Lord M barry.'

'The *late* Lord Montbarry!' Mr. Troy exclaimed.

'My brother died at Venice, yesterday evening. There is the telegram.' With that startling answer, he handed the paper to Mr. Troy.

The message was in these words:

'Lady Montbarry, Venice. To Stephen Robert Westwick, Newbury's Hotel, London. It is useless to take the journey. Lord Montbarry died of bronchitis, at 8:40 this evening. All needful details by post.'

'Was this expected, sir?' the lawyer asked.

'I cannot say that it has taken us entirely by surprise,' Henry answered. 'My brother Stephen (who is now the head of the family) received a telegram three days since, informing him that alarming symptoms had declared themselves, and that a second physician had been called in. He telegraphed back to say that he had left Ireland for London, on his way to Venice, and to direct that any further message might be sent to his hotel. The reply came in a second telegram. It announced that Lord Montbarry was in a state of insensibility, and that, in his brief intervals of consciousness, he recognised nobody. My brother was advised to wait in London for later information. The third telegram is now in your hands. That is all I know, up to the present time.'

Happening to look at the courier's wife, Mr. Troy was struck by the expression of blank fear which showed itself in the woman's face.

'Mrs. Ferrari,' he said, 'have you heard what Mr. Westwick has just told me?'

'Every word of it, sir.'

'Have you any questions to ask?'

'No, sir.'

'You seem to be alarmed,' the lawyer persisted. 'Is it still about your husband?'

'I shall never see my husband again, sir. I have thought so all along, as you know. I feel sure of it now.'

'Sure of it, after what you have just heard?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Can you tell me why?'

'No, sir. It's a feeling I have. I can't tell why.'

'Oh, a feeling?' Mr. Troy repeated, in a tone of compassionate contempt. 'When it comes to feelings, my good soul ——!' He left the sentence unfinished, and rose to take his leave of Mr. Westwick. The truth is, he began to feel puzzled himself, and he did not choose to let Mrs. Ferrari see it.

'Accept the expression of my sympathy, sir,' he said to Mr. Westwick politely. 'I wish you good evening.'

Henry turned to Mrs. Ferrari as the lawyer closed the door. 'I have heard of your trouble, Emily, from Miss Lockwood. Is there anything I can do to help you?'

'Nothing, sir, thank you. Perhaps I had better go home after what has happened? I will call to-morrow, and see if I can be of any use to Miss Agnes. I am very sorry for her.' She stole away, with her formal courtesy, her noiseless step, and her obstinate resolution to take the gloomiest view of her husband's case.

Henry Westwick looked round him in the solitude of the little drawing-room. There was nothing to keep him in the house, and yet he lingered in it. It was something to be even near Agnes—to see the things belonging to her that were scattered about the room. There, in one corner was her chair, with her embroidery on the work-table by its side. On the little easel near the window was her last drawing, not quite finished yet. The book she had been reading lay on the sofa, with her tiny pencil-case in it to mark the place at which she had left off. One after another, he looked at the objects that reminded him of the woman whom he loved—took them up tenderly—and laid them down again with a sigh. Ah, how far, how unattainably far from him, she was still! 'She will

never forget Montbarry,' he thought to himself as he took up his hat to go. 'Not one of us feels his death as she feels it. Miserable, miserable wretch —how she loved him!'

In the street, as Henry closed the house-door, he was stopped by a passing acquaintance—a wearisome inquisitive man doubly unwelcome to him, at that moment. 'Sad news, Westwick, this about your brother. Rather an unexpected death, wasn't it? We never heard at the club that Montbarry's lungs were weak. What will the insurance offices do?'

Henry started; he had never thought of his brother's life insurance. What could the offices do but pay? A death by bronchitis, certified by two physicians, was surely the least disputable of all deaths. 'I wish you hadn't put that question into my head!' he broke out irritably. 'Ah!' said his friend, 'you think the widow will get the money? So do I! so do I!'

CHAPTER VI.

SOME days later, the insurance offices (two in number) received the formal announcement of Lord Montbarry's death, from her ladyship's London solicitors. The sum insured in each office was five thousand pounds —on which one year's premium only had been paid. In the face of such a pecuniary emergency as this, the Directors thought it desirable to consider their position. The medical advisers of the two offices, who had recommended the insurance of Lord Montbarry's life, were called into council over their own reports. The result excited some interest among persons connected with the business of life insurance. Without absolutely declining to pay the money, the two offices (acting in concert) decided on sending a commission of inquiry to Venice, 'for the purpose of obtaining further information.'

Mr. Troy received the earli telligence of what was going or wrote at once to communics news to Agnes; adding, what sidered to be a valuable hint, i words:

'You are intimately acquai know, with Lady Barville, t Lord Montbarry's eldest sister solicitors employed by her hu are also the solicitors to one of t insurance offices. There may p be something in the Report commission of inquiry touching rari's disappearance. Ordinar sons would not be permitted, of to see such a document. But s of the late lord is so near a rela to be an exception to general If Sir Theodore Barville puts that footing, the lawyers, even do not allow his wife to look Report, will at least answer any d questions she may ask referring

The reply was received by re post. Agnes declined to avail of Mr. Troy's proposal.

'My interference, innocent as she wrote, 'has already been p tive of such deplorable results. cannot and dare not stir any f in the case of Ferrari. If I h consented to let that unfortuna refer to me by name, the lat Montbarry would never have e him, and his wife would hav spared the misery and suspens which she is suffering now. I not even look at the Report to you allude if it was placed in my —I have heard more than eno ready of that hideous life in the at Venice. If Mrs. Ferrari cho address herself to Lady Barville your assistance), that is of cours another thing. But, even in th I must make it a positive co that my name shall not be men Forgive me, dear Mr. Troy! very unhappy, and very unreas —but I am only a woman, a must not expect too much fron

Foiled in this direction, the

next advised making the attempt to discover the present address of Lady Montbarry's English maid. This excellent suggestion had one drawback: it could only be carried out by spending money—and there was no money to spend. Mrs. Ferrari shrunk from the bare idea of making any use of the thousand pound note. It had been deposited in the safe keeping of a bank. If it was even mentioned in her hearing, she shuddered and referred to it, with melodramatic fervour, as 'my husband's blood-money!'

So, under stress of circumstances, the attempt to solve the mystery of Ferrari's disappearance was suspended for awhile.

It was the last month of the year 1860. The commission of inquiry was already at work; having begun its investigations on December 6. On the 10th, the term for which the late Lord Montbarry had hired the Venetian Palace, expired. News by telegram reached the insurance offices that Lady Montbarry had been advised by her lawyers to leave for London with as little delay as possible. Baron Rivar, it was believed, would accompany her to England, but would not remain in that country, unless his services were absolutely required by her ladyship. The Baron, 'well known as an enthusiastic student of chemistry,' had heard of certain recent discoveries in connection with that science, in the United States, and was anxious to investigate them personally.

These items of news, collected by Mr. Troy, were duly communicated to Mrs. Ferrari, whose anxiety about her husband made her a frequent, a too frequent, visitor at the lawyer's office. She attempted to relate what she had heard to her good friend and protectress. Agnes steadily refused to listen, and positively forbade any further conversation relating to Lord Montbarry's wife, now that Lord Montbarry was no more. 'You have Mr. Troy to advise you,' she said; 'and you are welcome to what little money I can spare, if money is wanted. All I ask in return is that you will not distress me. I am trying to separate myself from remembrances——' her voice faltered; she paused to control herself—'from remembrances,' she resumed, 'which are sadder than ever since I have heard of Lord Montbarry's death. Help me by your silence to recover my spirits, if I can. Let me hear nothing more, until I can rejoice with you that your husband is found.'

Time advanced to the 13th of the month; and more information of the interesting sort reached Mr. Troy. The labours of the insurance commission had come to an end—the Report had been received from Venice on that day.

Chapter VII.

ON the 14th the Directors and their legal advisers met for the reading of the Report, with closed doors. These were the terms in which the Commissioners related the results of their inquiry:

'*Private and Confidential.*

'We have the honour to inform our Directors that we arrived in Venice on December 6, 1860. On the same day we proceeded to the palace inhabited by Lord Montbarry at the time of his last illness and death.

'We were received with all possible courtesy by Lady Montbarry's brother, Baron Rivar. "My sister was her husband's only attendant throughout his illness," the Baron informed us. "She is overwhelmed by grief and fatigue—or she would have been here to receive you personally. What are your wishes, gentlemen? and what can I do for you in her ladyship's place?"

'In accordance with our instructions, we answered that the death and burial of Lord Montbarry abroad made it desirable to obtain more complete information relating to his illness, and to the circumstances which had at-

tended it, than could be conveyed in writing. We explained that the law provided for the lapse of a certain interval of time before the payment of the sum assured, and we expressed our wish to conduct the inquiry with the most respectful consideration for her ladyship's feelings, and for the convenience of any other members of the family inhabiting the house.

'To this the Baron replied, "I am the only member of the family living here, and I and the palace are entirely at your disposal." From first to last we found this gentleman perfectly straightforward, and most amiably willing to assist us.

'With the one exception of her ladyship's room, we went over the whole of the palace the same day. It is an immense place, only partially furnished. The first floor and part of the second floor were the portions of it that had been inhabited by Lord Montbarry and the members of the household. We saw the bedchamber, at one extremity of the palace, in which his lordship died, and the small room communicating with it, which he used as a study. Next to this was a large apartment or hall, the doors of which he habitually kept locked, his object being (as we were informed) to pursue his studies uninterruptedly in perfect solitude. On the other side of the large hall were the bedchamber occupied by her ladyship, and the dressing-room in which the maid slept previous to her departure for England. Beyond these were the dining and reception rooms, opening into an antechamber, which gave access to the grand staircase of the palace.

'The only inhabited rooms on the second floor were the sitting-room and bed-room occupied by Baron Rivar, and another room at some distance from it, which had been the bed-room of the courier Ferrari.

'The rooms on the third floor and on the basement were completely unfurnished, and in a condition of great neglect. We inquired if there was anything to be seen below the basement—and we were at once informed that there were vaults beneath, which we were at perfect liberty to visit.

We went down, so as to leave no part of the palace unexplored. The vaults were, it was believed, used as dungeons in the old times—say some centuries since. Air and light were only partially admitted to these dismal places by two long shafts of winding construction, which communicated with the back yard of the palace, and the openings of which, high above the ground, were protected by iron gratings. The stone stairs leading down into the vaults could be closed at will by a heavy trap-door in the back hall, which we found open. The Baron himself led the way down the stairs. We remarked that it might be awkward if that trap-door fell down and closed the opening behind us. The Baron smiled at the idea. "Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," he said; "the door is safe. I had an interest in seeing to it myself, when we first inhabited the palace. My favourite study is the study of experimental chemistry—and my workshop, since we have been in Venice, is down here."

'These last words explained a curious smell in the vaults, which we noticed the moment we entered them. We can only describe the smell by saying that it was of a two-fold sort—faintly aromatic as it were, in its first effect, but with some after odour very sickening in our nostrils. The Baron's furnaces and retorts, and other things, were all there to speak for themselves, together with some packages of chemicals, having the name and address of the person who had supplied them, plainly visible on their labels. "Not a pleasant place for study," Baron Rivar observed, "but my sister is timid. She has a horror of chemical smells and explosions—and she has banished me to these lower regions, so that my experiments may neither be smelt nor heard." He held out his hands, on which we had noticed that

he wore gloves in the house. "Accidents will happen sometimes," he said, "no matter how careful a man may be. I burnt my hands severely in trying a new combination the other day, and they are only recovering now."

'We mention these otherwise unimportant incidents, in order to show that our exploration of the palace was not impeded by any attempt at concealment. We were even admitted to her ladyship's own room—on a subsequent occasion when she went out to take the air. Our instructions recommended us to examine his lordship's residence, because the extreme privacy of his life at Venice, and the remarkable departure of the only two servants in the house, might have some suspicious connection with the nature of his death. We found nothing to justify suspicion from first to last.

'As to his lordship's retired way of life, we have conversed on the subject with the consul and the banker—the only two strangers who held any communication with him. He called once at the bank to obtain money on his letter of credit, and excused himself from accepting an invitation to visit the banker at his private residence, on the ground of delicate health. His lordship wrote to the same effect on sending his card to the consul, to excuse himself from personally returning that gentleman's visit to the palace. We have seen the letter, and we beg to offer the following copy of it. "Many years passed in India have injured my constitution. I have ceased to go into society; the one occupation of my life now is the study of Oriental literature. The air of Italy is better for me than the air of England, or I should never have left home. Pray accept the apologies of a student and an invalid. The active part of my life is at an end." The self-seclusion of his lordship seems to us to be explained in these brief lines. We have not, however, on that account spared our inquiries in other directions. Nothing to excite a suspicion of anything wrong has come to our knowledge.

'As to the departure of the lady's maid, we have seen the woman's receipt for her wages, in which it is expressly stated that she left Lady Montbarry's service because she disliked the Continent, and wished to get back to her own country. This is not an uncommon result of taking English servants to foreign parts. Lady Montbarry has informed us that she abstained from engaging another maid, in consequence of the extreme dislike which his lordship expressed to having strangers in the house, in the state of his health at that time.

'The disappearance of the courier Ferrari is, in itself, unquestionably a suspicious circumstance. Neither her ladyship nor the Baron can explain it; and no investigation that we could make has thrown the smallest light on this event, or has justified us in associating it, directly or indirectly, with the object of our inquiry. We have even gone the length of examining the portmanteau which Ferrari left behind him. It contains nothing but clothes and linen—no money, and not even a scrap of paper in the pockets of the clothes. The portmanteau remains in charge of the police.

'We have also found opportunities of speaking privately to the old woman who attends to the rooms occupied by her ladyship and the Baron. She was recommended to fill this situation by the keeper of the restaurant who has supplied the meals to the family throughout the period of their residence at the palace. Her character is most favourably spoken of. Unfortunately, her limited intelligence makes her of no value as a witness. We were patient and careful in questioning her, and we found her perfectly willing to answer us; but we could elicit nothing which is worth including in the present Report.

'On the second day of our inquiries, we had the honour of an interview with Lady Montbarry. Her ladyship

looked miserably worn and ill, and seemed to be quite at a loss to understand what we wanted with her. Baron Rivar, who introduced us, explained the nature of our errand in Venice, and took pains to assure her that it was a purely formal duty on which we were engaged. Having satisfied her ladyship on this point, he discreetly left the room.

'The questions which we addressed to Lady Montbarry related mainly, of course, to his lordship's illness. The answers, given with great nervousness of manner, but without the slightest appearance of reserve, informed us of the facts that follow:

'Lord Montbarry had been out of order for some time past—nervous and irritable. He first complained of having taken cold on November 13 last; he passed a wakeful and feverish night, and remained in bed the next day. Her ladyship proposed sending for medical advice. He refused to allow her to do this, saying that he could quite easily be his own doctor in such a trifling matter as a cold. Some hot lemonade was made at his request, with a view to producing perspiration. Lady Montbarry's maid having left her at that time, the courier Ferrari (then the only servant in the house) went out to buy the lemons. Her ladyship made the drink with her own hands. It was successful in producing perspiration—and Lord Montbarry had some hours of sleep afterwards. Later in the day, having need of Ferrari's services, Lady Montbarry rang for him. The bell was not answered. Baron Rivar searched for the man, in the palace and out of it, in vain. From that time forth not a trace of Ferrari could be discovered. This happened on November 14.

'On the night of the 14th, the feverish symptoms accompanying his lordship's cold returned. They were in part perhaps attributable to the annoyance and alarm caused by Ferrari's mysterious disappearance. It had been impossible to conceal the circumstance, as his lordship rang repeatedly for the courier; insisting that the man should relieve Lady Montbarry and the Baron by taking their place during the night at his bedside.

'On the 15th (the day on which the old woman first came to do the housework), his lordship complained of sore throat, and of a feeling of oppression on the chest. On this day, and again on the 16th, her ladyship and the Baron entreated him to see a doctor. He still refused. "I don't want strange faces about me; my cold will run its course, in spite of the doctor," was his answer. On the 17th he was so much worse, that it was decided to send for medical help whether he liked it or not. Baron Rivar, after inquiry at the consul's, secured the services of Dr. Bruno, well known as an eminent physician in Venice; with the additional recommendation of having resided in England, and having made himself acquainted with English forms of medical practice.

'Thus far, our account of his lordship's illness has been derived from statements made by Lady Montbarry. The narrative will now be most fitly continued in the language of the doctor's own report, herewith subjoined.

'"My medical diary informs me that I first saw the English Lord Montbarry, on November 17. He was suffering from a sharp attack of bronchitis. Some precious time had been lost, through his obstinate objection to the presence of a medical man at his bedside. Generally speaking, he appeared to be in a delicate state of health. His nervous system was out of order—he was at once timid and contradictory. When I spoke to him in English, he answered in Italian; and when I tried him in Italian, he went back to English. It mattered little—the malady had already made such progress that he could only speak a few words at a time, and those in a whisper.

'"I at once applied the necessary remedies. Copies of my prescriptions (with translation into English) accompany the present statements, and are left to speak for themselves.

'"For the next three days I was in constant attendance on my patient. He answered to the remedies employed improving slowly, but decidedly. I could conscientiously assure Lady Montbarry that no danger was to be apprehended thus far. She was indeed a most devoted wife. I vainly endeavoured to induce her to accept the services of a competent nurse: she would allow nobody to attend on her husband but herself. Night and day this estimable woman was at his bedside. In her brief intervals of repose, her brother watched the sick man in her place. This brother was, I must say, very good company, in the intervals when we had time for a little talk. He dabbled in chemistry, down in the horrid underwater vaults of the palace; and he wanted to show me some of his experiments. I have enough of chemistry in writing prescriptions—and I declined. He took it quite good-humouredly.

'"I am straying away from my subject. Let me return to the sick lord.

'"Up to the 20th, then, things went well enough. I was quite unprepared for the disastrous change that showed itself, when I paid Lord Montbarry my morning visit on the 21st. He had relapsed and seriously relapsed. Examining him to discover the cause, I found symptoms of pneumonia—that is to say, in unmedical language, inflammation of the substance of the lungs. He breathed with difficulty, and was only partially able to relieve himself by coughing. I made the strictest enquiries, and was assured that his medicine had been administered as carefully as usual, and that he had not been exposed to any changes of temperature. It was with great reluctance that I added to Lady Montbarry's distress; but I felt bound, when she suggested a consultation with another physician, to own that I too thought there was really need for it.

'"Her ladyship instructed me to spare no expense, and to get the best medical opinion in Italy. The best opinion was happily within our reach. The first and foremost of Italian physicians, is Torello of Padua. I sent a special messenger for the great man. He arrived on the evening of the 21st, and confirmed my opinion that pneumonia had set in, and that our patient's life was in danger. I told him what my treatment of the case had been, and he approved of it in every particular. He made some valuable suggestions, and (at Lady Montbarry's express request) he consented to defer his return to Padua until the following morning.

'"We both saw the patient at intervals in the course of the night. The disease, steadily advancing, set our utmost resistance at defiance. In the morning Doctor Torello took his leave. 'I can be of no further use,' he said to me. 'The man is past all help—and he ought to know it.'

'"Later in the day I warned my lord, as gently as I could, that his time had come. I am informed that there are serious reasons for my stating what passed between us on this occassion, in detail, and without any reserve. I comply with the request.

'"Lord Montbarry received the intelligence of his approaching death with becoming composure, but with a certain doubt. He signed to me to put my ear to his mouth. He whispered faintly, 'Are you sure?' It was no time to deceive him; I said, 'Positively sure.' He waited a little, gasping for breath, and then he whispered again, 'Feel under my pillow.' I found under his pillow a letter, sealed and stamped, ready for the post. His next words were just audible, and no more—'Post it yourself.' I answered of course, that I would do so—and I did post the letter

with my own hand. I looked at the address. It was directed to a lady in London. The street I cannot remember. The name I can perfectly recall: it was an Italian name—Mrs. Ferrari."

'"That night my lord nearly died of asphyxia. I got him through it for the time; and his eyes showed that he understood me when I told him, the next morning, that I had posted the letter. This was his last effort of consciousness. When I saw him again he was sunk in apathy. He lingered in a state of insensibility, supported by stimulants, until the 25th, and died (unconscious to the last) on the evening of that day.

'"As to the cause of his death, it seems (if I may be excused for saying so) simply absurd to ask the question. Bronchitis, terminating in pneumonia—there is no more doubt that this, and this only, was the malady of which he expired, than that two and two make four. Doctor Torello's own note of the case is added here to a duplicate of my certificate, in order (as I am informed) to satisfy some English offices in which his lordship's life was insured. The English offices must have been founded by that celebrated saint and doubter, mentioned in the New Testament, whose name was Thomas!"

'Doctor Bruno's narrative ends here.

'Reverting for a moment to our inquiries addressed to Lady Montbarry, we have to report that she can give us no information on the subject of the letter which the doctor posted at Lord Montbarry's request. When his lordship wrote it? what it contained? why he kept it a secret from Lady Montbarry (and from the Baron also)? and why he should write at all to the wife of his courier? these are questions to which we find it simply impossible to obtain any replies. It seems even useless to say that the matter is open to suspicion. Suspicion implies conjecture of some kind—and the letter under my lord's pillow baffles a jecture. Application to Mrs. F may perhaps clear up the my Her residence in London will be discovered at the Italian *Co* Office, Golden Square.

'Having arrived at the close present Report, we have now tc your attention to the conclusion is justified by the results of our tigation.

'The plain question before o rectors and ourselves appears this: Has the inquiry reveale extraordinary circumstances render the death of Lord Mon open to suspicion? The inqui revealed extraordinary circums beyond all doubt—such as the pearance of Ferrari, the rema absence of the customary establis of servants in the house, and th terious letter which his lordship the doctor to post. But where proof that any one of these ci stances is associated—suspicious directly associated—with the event which concerns us, the ev Lord Montbarry's death? In t sence of any such proof, and i face of the evidence of two en physicians, it is impossible to d the statement on the certificat his lordship died a natural death are bound, therefore, to report there are no valid grounds for re the payment of the sum for whi late Lord Montbarry's life was as

'We shall send these lines to y the post of to-morrow, Decembe leaving time to receive your fu instructions (if any), in reply t telegram of this evening annou the conclusion of the inquiry.'

CHAPTER VIII.

'NOW, my good creature, ever you have to say t out with it at once! I don't wa hurry you needlessly; but thes

business hours, and I have other people's affairs to attend to besides yours.'

Addressing Ferrari's wife, with his usual blunt good-humour, in these terms, Mr. Troy registered the lapse of time by a glance at the watch on his desk, and then waited to hear what his client had to say to him.

'It's something more, sir, about the letter with the thousand pound note,' Mrs. Ferrari began. 'I have found out who sent it to me.'

Mr. Troy started. 'This is news indeed!' he said. 'Who sent you the letter?'

'Lord Montbarry sent it, sir.'

It was not easy to take Mr. Troy by surprise. But Mrs. Ferrari threw him completely off his balance. For awhile he could only look at her in silent surprise. 'Nonsense!' he said, as soon as he had recovered himself. 'There is some mistake—it can't be!'

'There is no mistake,' Mrs. Ferrari rejoined, in her most positive manner. 'Two gentlemen from the insurance offices called on me this morning, to see the letter. They were completely puzzled—especially when they heard of the bank-note inside. But they know who sent the letter. His lordship's doctor in Venice posted it at his lordship's request. Go to the gentlemen yourself, sir, if you don't believe me, They were polite enough to ask if I could account for Lord Montbarry writing to me and sending me the money. I gave them my opinion directly—I said it was like his lordship's kindness.'

'Like his lordship's kindness?' Mr. Troy repeated, in blank amazement.

'Yes, sir! Lord Montbarry knew me, like all the other members of the family, when I was at school on the estate in Ireland. If he could have done it, he would have protected my poor dear husband. But he was helpless himself in the hands of my lady and the Baron—and the only kind thing he could do was to provide for me in my widowhood, like the true nobleman he was!'

'A very pretty explanation!' said Mr. Troy. 'What did your visitors from the insurance offices think of it?'

'They asked me if I had any proof of my husband's death.'

'And what did you say?'

'I said, "I give you better than proof, gentlemen; I give you my positive opinion."'

'That satisfied them, of course?'

'They didn't say so in words, sir. They looked at each other—and wished me good morning.'

'Well, Mrs. Ferrari, unless you have some more extraordinary news for me, I think I shall wish you good morning too. I can take a note of your information (very startling information, I own); and, in the absence of proof, I can do no more.'

'I can provide you with proof, sir,—if that is all you want,' said Mrs. Ferrari, with great dignity. 'I only wish to know, first, whether the law justifies me in doing it. You may have seen in the fashionable intelligence of the newspapers, that Lady Montbarry has arrived in London, at Newbury's Hotel. I propose to go and see her.'

'The deuce you do! May I ask for what purpose?'

Mrs. Ferrari answered in a mysterious whisper. 'For the purpose of catching her in a trap! I shan't send in my name—I shall announce myself as a person on business, and the first words I say to her will be these: "I come, my lady, to acknowledge the receipt of the money sent to Ferrari's widow." Ah! you may well start, Mr. Troy! It almost takes *you* off your guard, doesn't it? Make your mind easy, sir; I shall find the proof that everybody asks me for in her guilty face. Let her only change colour by the shadow of a shade—let her eyes only drop for half an instant—I shall discover her! The one thing I want to know is does the law permit it?'

'The law permits it,' Mr. Troy answered gravely: 'but whether her ladyship will permit it, is quite another question. Have you really courage enough, Mrs. Ferrari, to carry out this notable scheme of yours? You have been described to me, by Miss Lockwood, as rather a nervous, timid sort of person—and, if I may trust my own observation, I should say you justify the description.

'If you had lived in the country, sir, instead of living in London,' Mrs. Ferrari replied, 'you would sometimes have seen even a sheep turn on a dog. I am far from saying that I am a bold woman—quite the reverse. But when I stand in that wretch's presence, and think of my murdered husband, the one of us two who is likely to be frightened is not *me*. I am going there now, sir. You shall hear how it ends. I wish you good morning.'

With those brave words the courier's wife gathered her mantle about her, and walked out of the room.

Mr. Troy smiled—not satirically, but compassionately. 'The little simpleton!' he thought to himself. 'If half of what they say of Lady Montbarry is true, Mrs. Ferrari and her trap have but a poor prospect before them. I wonder how it will end?'

All Mr. Troy's experience failed to forewarn him of how it *did* end.

CHAPTER IX.

IN the meantime, Mrs. Ferrari held to her resolution. She went straight from Mr. Troy's office to Newbury's Hotel.

Lady Montbarry was at home, and alone. But the authorities of the hotel hesitated to disturb her when they found that the visitor declined to mention her name. Her ladyship's new maid happened to cross the hall while the matter was still in debate. She was a Frenchwoman, and, on being appealed to, she settled the question in the swift, easy, rational French way. 'Madame's appearance was perfectly respectable. Madame might have reasons for not mentioning her name which Miladi might approve. In any case, there being no orders forbidding the introduction of a strange lady, the matter clearly rested between Madame and Miladi. Would Madame, therefore, be good enough to follow Miladi's maid up the stairs?'

In spite of her resolution, Mrs. Ferrari's heart beat as if it would burst out of her bosom, when her conductress led her into an ante-room, and knocked at a door opening into a room beyond. But it is remarkable that persons of sensitively-nervous organization are the very persons who are capable of forcing themselves (apparently by the exercise of a spasmodic effort of will) into the performance of acts of the most audacious courage. A low, grave voice from the inner room said, 'Come in.' The maid, opening the door, announced, 'A person to see you, Miladi, on business,' and immediately retired. In the one instant while these events passed, timid little Mrs. Ferrari mastered her own throbbing heart; stepped over the threshold, conscious of her clammy hands, dry lips, and burning head; and stood in the presence of Lord Montbarry's widow, to all outward appearance as supremely self-possessed as her ladyship herself.

It was still early in the afternoon, but the light in the room was dim. The blinds were drawn down. Lady Montbarry sat with her back to the windows, as if even the subdued daylight was disagreeable to her. She had altered sadly for the worse in her personal appearance, since the memorable day when Doctor Wybrow had seen her in his consulting-room. Her beauty was gone—her face had fallen away to mere skin and bone; the contrast between her ghastly complexion and her steely glittering black eyes

was more startling than ever. Robed in dismal black, relieved only by the brilliant whiteness of her widow's cap —reclining in a panther-like suppleness of attitude on a little green sofa —she looked at the stranger who had intruded on her, with a moment's languid curiosity, then dropped her eyes again to the hand-screen which she held between her face and the fire. 'I don't know you,' she said. 'What do you want with me?'

Mrs. Ferrari tried to answer. Her first burst of courage had already worn itself out. The bold words that she had determined to speak were living words still in her mind, but they died on her lips.

There was a moment of silence. Lady Montbarry looked round again at the speechless stranger. 'Are you deaf!' she asked. There was another pause. Lady Montbarry quietly looked back again at the screen, and put another question. 'Do you want money?'

'Money!' That one word roused the sinking spirit of the courier's wife. She recovered her courage; she found her voice. 'Look at me, my lady, if you please,' she said, with a sudden outbreak of audacity.

Lady Montbarry looked round for the third time. The fatal words passed Mrs. Ferrari's lips.

'I come, my lady, to acknowledge the receipt of the money sent to Ferrari's widow.'

Lady Montbarry's glittering black eyes rested with steady attention on the woman who had addressed her in those terms. Not the faintest expression of confusion or alarm, not even a momentary flutter of interest stirred the deadly stillness of her face. She reposed as quietly, she held the screen as composedly, as ever. The test had been tried, and had irretrievably, utterly failed.

There was another silence. Lady Montbarry considered with herself. The smile that came slowly and went away suddenly—the smile at once so sad and so cruel—showed itself on her thin lips. She lifted her screen, and pointed with it to a seat at the farther end of the room. 'Be so good as to take that chair,' she said.

Helpless under her first bewildering sense of failure—not knowing what to say or what to do next—Mrs. Ferrari mechanically obeyed. Lady Montbarry, rising on the sofa for the first time, watched her with undisguised scrutiny as she crossed the room—then sank back in a reclining position once more. 'No,' she said to herself quietly, 'the woman walks steadily; she is not intoxicated—the only other possibility is that she may be mad.'

She had spoken loud enough to be heard. Stung by the insult Mrs. Ferrari instantly answered her. 'I am no more drunk or mad than you are!'

'No?' said Lady Montbarry. 'Then you are only insolent? The ignorant English mind (I have observed) is apt to be insolent in the exercise of unrestrained English liberty. This is very noticeable to us foreigners among you people in the streets. Of course I can't be insolent to you, in return. I hardly know what to say to you. My maid was imprudent in admitting you so easily to my room. I suppose your respectable appearance misled her. I wonder who you are? You mentioned the name of a courier who left us very strangely. Was he married by any chance? Are you his wife? And do you know where he is?'

Mrs. Ferrari's indignation burst its way through all restraints. She advanced to the sofa; she feared nothing, in the fervour and rage of her reply.

'I am his widow—and you know it, you wicked woman! Ah! it was in an evil hour, when Miss Lockwood recommended my husband to be his lordship's courier——!'

Before she could add another word, Lady Montbarry sprang from the sofa with the stealthy suddenness of a cat —seized her by both shoulders—and

shook her with the strength and frenzy of a madwoman. 'You lie! you lie! you lie!' She dropped her hold at the third repetition of the accusation, and threw up her hands wildly with a gesture of despair. 'Oh, Jesus Maria! is it possible!' she cried. '*Can* the courier have come to me through that woman?' She turned like lightning on Mrs. Ferrari, and stopped her as she was escaping from the room. 'Stay here, you fool—stay here, and answer me! If you cry out, as sure as the heavens are above you, I'll strangle you with my own hands. Sit down again—and fear nothing. Wretch! It is I who am frightened—frightened out of my senses. Confess that you lied, when you used Miss Lockwood's name just now! No! I don't believe you on your oath; I will believe nobody but Miss Lockwood herself. Where does she live? Tell me that, you noxious stinging little insect—and you may go.' Terrified as she was, Mrs. Ferrari hesitated. Lady Montbarry lifted her hands threateningly, with the long, lean, yellow-white fingers outspread and crooked at the tips. Mrs. Ferrari shrank at the sight of them, and gave the address. Lady Montbarry pointed contemptuously to the door—then changed her mind. 'No! not yet! you will tell Miss Lockwood what has happened, and she may refuse to see me. I will go there at once, and you shall go with me. As far as the house—not inside of it. Sit down again. I am going to ring for my maid. Turn your back to the door—your cowardly face is not fit to be seen!'

She rang the bell. The maid appeared.

'My cloak and bonnet—instantly!'

The maid produced the cloak and bonnet from the bed-room.

'A cab at the door—before I can count ten!'

The maid vanished. Lady Montbarry surveyed herself in the glass, and wheeled round again, with her cat-like suddenness, to Mrs. Ferrari.

'I look more than half dead al don't I?' she said, with a gri burst of irony. 'Give me you

She took Mrs. Ferrari's ar left the room. 'You have notl fear, so long as you obey,' she wl ed, on the way downstairs. 'Yo me at Miss Lockwood's door, and see me again.'

In the hall, they were met l landlady of the hotel. Lady barry graciously presented he panion. 'My good friend Mrs. F I am so glad to have seen her.' landlady accompanied them t door. The cab was waiting. ' first, good Mrs. Ferrari,' said he ship; 'and tell the man where

They were driven away. Lady barry's variable humour changed With a low groan of misery, she herself back in the cab. Lost own dark thoughts, as careless woman whom she had bent to h will as if no such person sat by h she preserved a sinister silence they reached the house wher Lockwood lodged. In an insta roused herself to action. She the door of the cab, and closed i on Mrs. Ferrari, before the could get off his box.

'Take that lady a mile fartl her way home!' she said, as sh the man his fare. The next m she had knocked at the hous 'Is Miss Lockwood at home?' ma'am.' She stepped over the hold—the door closed on her.

'Which way, ma'am?' aske driver of the cab.

Mrs. Ferrari put her hand head, and tried to collect her thc Could she leave her friend and factress helpless at Lady Montl mercy? She was still vainly vouring to decide on the cours she ought to follow—when a man, stopping at Miss Lockwood' happened to look towards the ca dow, and saw her.

'Are you going to call on Mi nes, too?' he asked.

It was Henry Westwick. Mrs. Farrari clasped her hands in gratitude as she recognised him.

'Go in, sir!' she cried. 'Go in, directly. That dreadful woman is with Miss Agnes. Go and protect her!'

'What woman?' Henry asked.

The answer literally struck him speechless. With amazement and indignation in his face, he looked at Mrs. Ferrari as she pronounced the hated name of 'Lady Montbarry.' 'I'll see to it,' was all he said. He knocked at the house door; and he too, in his turn, was let in.

(To be continued.)

"TELL, CLEONE, TELL ME WHY."

BY R. MARVIN SEATON.

TELL, Cleonè, tell me why
Anger veils that starry eye;
Why it turns away from me
Gazing into vacancy.

Cold as Dian, love, thou art;
But, Cleonè, couldst thy heart
Catch from mine a single glow,
Thou woulds't warm as Hebe grow.

Anger, dearest, robs thy face
Of its soft bewildering grace;
Eyes of thine would sweeter seem
Did they shed a milder beam.

True, I grasped thy finger tips,
Snatched from thy pellucid lips,
Coral dyed, one burning kiss,
But I did not dream of this.

Tell, Cleonè, tell me true,
When those rubies, rich with dew,
Looked so tempting, can you blame
Mortal? Gods would do the same.

Was it, darling, that I dared
Taste the sweets Zephyrus shared,
Angered, you my presence shun?
—Or because I took but one?

A QUARREL WITH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

FIRST PAPER.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

HAVING had the fortune to be born into the nineteenth century, in common with a vast number of other white people—mostly fools, as our re-assuring friend, Mr. Carlyle would say—we are all bound, I suppose, to be satisfied with that accident of birth. We might have been born into the twelfth century, and have had our heads knocked off by "the Saracen sword" in the Crusades. We might have been born into the seventeenth century, and have been piked by some crop-headed rascal while we were fighting under Prince Rupert—for most of us would, I trust, have been on the side of His Majesty in that righteous fight. We might have stepped by mistake into the eighteenth century, and have gone down to our graves under the impression that the Cock Lane Ghost was a very superior sort of Supernatural person, and that the American Colonies were quite unfitted for the residence of educated people like our very good friend, Dr. Johnson. But having been fairly born into the nineteenth century of the world's history, we are I suppose bound to pay it a certain respect. Just as having been born subjects of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, we are bound in conscience to pay that good and gracious Lady and Queen, our loyal duty as subjects. But our loyal duty to Queen Victoria does not compel us to assault the reputation of Her sporting Majesty of Austria, or of 'dear Augusta' of Germany; nor does it tie our tongues against criticisms of Her Majesty's policy or conduct. So likewise, our regard for the century does not compel us to assault the reputation of other preceding centuries; nor does it necessarily blind our eyes, and chain our mouths to the faults of this age.

If the nineteenth century has any characteristic more marked than another, it is the persistence with which it poses itself in a striking attitude, and calls on all creation, and all past times and generations of men to admire it, praise it, wonder at it, and be in awe of it. Never was such an age, with such railways, steamers, telegraphs, telephones, engines, savings banks, insurance companies, lock-outs, strikes, and Pittsburg riots. Everything is on a grand scale, and moves by machinery. I suppose a good many of the readers of this magazine have read EOTHEN—perhaps the most fascinating book of Eastern travel that has ever been written. There is in it a little scene which always reminds me of the way in which either a very cynical or a very simple-minded person would listen to the boastings about the nineteenth century. Mr. Kinglake represents the average British traveller interviewing a Pasha, the conversation being carried on by means of an interpreting Dragoman, as follows:

Dragoman (to traveller). The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

Traveller.—About Goldborough? the deuce he does! but I want his views in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire: tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the Throne pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

Dragoman (to the Pasha).—This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs

your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

Pasha.—Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses! Whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam. Wonderful chair!—wonderful houses!—wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to the Dragoman).—What does the Pasha mean by the whizzing? He does not mean to say, does he? that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman.—No, your Excellency; but he says the English talk by wheels and by steam.

Traveller.—That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really *have* carried machinery to great perfection. Tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with *that!*) that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand, to the scene of action in a few hours.

Dragoman.—His Excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness, that whenever the Irish, the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers and brigades of artillery are dropped into a mighty chasm, called Euston Square, and in the biting of a cartridge, they arise up again in Manchester or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

Pasha.—I know it—I know all—the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives! The armies of the English ride upon the vapours of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals. Whirr! whirr! all by wheels—whiz! whiz! all by steam!'

Well, either a very simple or a very cynical mind, listening to the praises of this century, is induced to exclaim, 'Wonderful Age!' Wonderful People! Whirr! whirr! all by wheels. Whiz! whiz! all by steam!

But one day the wheels come off in consequence of having been badly chilled, and the boiler bursts and kills a hundred people and then we begin to reflect that, after all the nineteenth century is not perfect, and that wheels and steam have their disadvantages.

It is perhaps to the student,—either the fully equipped graduate, or the merely ambitious young man with the conventional 'Thirst for Knowledge,' that this age presents the most distressing difficulties. And the deeper he gets, the more bewildered he is with the evidences of the many utter failures of modern civilization. Brummel's crushed neckties, will always, I suppose, remain as a pretty useful literary simile—he called them his *failures*. The failures of 19th century civilization are more and more serious than Brummel's. Let us take up a few of them for examination. And the first that presents itself is

EDUCATION.

There is nothing on which the 19th century boasts more constantly than on the fact, that it has made Education cheap, popular, and almost compulsory. Because, within a quarter of a century, there has been established in various countries, a system of popular Education, the 19th century in its old age, feels disposed to boast and bubble over with self-importance instead of being ashamed of its previous neglect. The dividing line between what is called higher education and lower, or popular, or elementary, or Common School Education, is so familiar that the subject is capable of being divided into two for a very short discussion. No one will at all be disposed to deny the good which has arisen from a more general education of the children of the poorer classes, or to detract from the merits of a system which has opened up more doors to position, to fame, to fortune, to influence, for the children of the people. Speaking from

the purely worldly point of view, an immense debt of gratitude is due to those who established, however late, the system of Common Schools. But do not let us imagine that the children of the poor, during all the earlier ages, were destitute of all advantages, or that all the generations of men previous to the 19th century, died in ignorance of the great phenomena of nature, the thoughts of philosophers, the inspirations of poets, the dissertations of historians, the teachings of the Gospel. Oral teaching counts for a good deal, independent of all knowledge of reading or writing: and of oral teaching, the earlier ages had enough and to spare. The Greek citizen was a lively intelligent being, not perhaps much given to reading or writing, but blessed with the privilege of listening to the greatest orators, the greatest poets, the greatest philosophers, and of witnessing the noblest tragedies, the most amusing comedies in the world. The Hebrew in his Synagogue had a teaching, the merit of which can hardly be exaggerated. The pulpits of Europe in the middle ages had the noblest opportunities, and took noble advantage of them. Arms was still the profession of the nobles. Education, learning was the heritage of the church and of the poor. The pulpits of Christendom rang with an eloquence that has not been surpassed, and that was all the more meritorious as instruction because those who were preaching knew that they were schoolmasters as well as priests. The troubadours and minnesingers brought poetry, romance, and song to the doors of the people—

> And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
> The harps that kings had loved to hear.

In fact, in the middle and earlier ages, all that is loftiest in human thought, penetrated far deeper into the mass of the people, than I believe it does to-day—in spite of science, primers, and the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge. A citizen of Florence in the 15th century, a citizen of Rome in any century, was a being far above the slouching, tobacco-chewing, slang talking and rum-drinking, average citizen of English, American or Canadian, cities. he knew more of the movements of the learned world; understood better the questions which were being discussed; was a keener critic of poetry, art, music, philosophy and religion, was livelier, more agreeable and refined, as indeed he is at this day, than even the wealthy commercial classes of other countries.

In 1264, there were 15,000 matriculated students at Oxford, most of them poor; of these, about 1,000 were educated gratuitously. In 1300, the number was 30,000, and this continued to be the average number for 40 years. In a previous age the intellectual development and the passion for learning had broken out in another direction. In Dean Milman's Latin Christianity, you may read concerning the famous Abelard, one of the saddest figures in history. 'Not merely did all Paris and the adjacent districts flock to his school, but there was no country so remote, no road so difficult, but that the pupils defied the toils and perils of the way. From barbarous Anjou, Poitou, Gascony, and Spain; from Normandy, Flanders, Germany, Swabia; from England, notwithstanding the terrors of the sea, scholars of all ranks and classes crowded to Paris. Even Rome, the great teacher of the world in all arts and sciences, acknowledged the superior wisdom of Abelard, and sent her sons to submit to his discipline.'

So intelligent was the material to work upon, so prepared was the ground by the revival of learning and the spread of scholastic taste, and the passion for letters, that the art of printing when invented, succeeded as no other human invention has ever succeeded in point of rapidity. Before 1500, A. D. fifty Italian towns had printing presses and 4,987 books had been printed in Italy alone. In Huber's work on the English Universities,* we read that a toler-

* Vol. I, p. 66.

ably well authenticated account, attacked of late by undue scepticism, fixes the number of students at Oxford at 30,000 in the middle of the thirteenth century. And on the question of the intellectual activity of the students, the same writer says: 'There is no question that during the middle age the English Universities were distinguished far more than ever after, by energy and variety of intellect. Later times cannot produce a concentration of men eminent in all the learning and science of the age, such as Oxford and Cambridge then poured forth, mightily influencing the intellectual development of all western Christendom. Their names indeed may warn us against an indiscriminating disparagement of the monasteries, as 'hotbeds of ignorance and stupidity;' when so many of those worthies were monks of the Benedictine, Franciscan, Dominican, Carmelite or reformed Augustinian orders.' And again, the same writer says: 'On the whole, in the period of which we treat, the University comprised the strength and bloom of the nation, picked from all ranks and orders, north and south; and sympathising intensely with the general course of public policy. The excitability of youth accounts for many an outbreak, and, as every pulsation of the national life was certainly felt in great power at the Universities, so it is probable that the nation received in turn many a vigorous impulse, especially on points of learning and science. In fact the 'degree' being an indelible character, a student who had ceased to reside, did not cease to sympathise with his 'foster mother;' and every rank of civil, and much more of ecclesiastical life, was filled with men who identified themselves with her interests. We have indeed, still to fight against the prejudice that all erudition was then confined to a few ascetic or dissolute ecclesiastics. On the contrary, the scholastic culture (be its merits what they may) was widely diffused through the nation at large; and, especially by means of the intellectual position of the clergy, formed a tie, to which later times have nothing to compare. Those days can never return—we may have a lively realization and love of them without desiring that—for this plain reason that *then* men learned and taught by the living word, but *now* by the dead paper.'

The impulse of the renaissance of learning coming East, took root in Italy, passed into France, and thence into England. The Church was the foster mother of it, and all the wealth and power of nobles and the state were used to forward the movement. A century of prosperity was followed by a century of disturbance and decay. In the fifteenth century, it was difficult in the disturbed condition of the country for learning to flourish, or for the Universities to prosper. In the sixteenth century, the patronage of Wolsey gave a great splendour to Oxford, and classical studies again obtained a great prominence. After Wolsey's fall, the Universities declined. In the midst of that storm learning could no longer find a cloister and peace to increase and to deepen. In the seventeenth century the Anglican Church, anxious to rivet the claims of that body on the Universities, and make them the bulwark of the established Church, did its best to forward the cultivation of learning among its members, and so about this time we find the Test-oath introduced, and signature to the thirty-nine articles made essential to a degree. In the eighteenth century, the prevailing indifference as to religion and morals with which all Europe was affected, spread also to the English Universities. And in our own time we know that the condition of these great Educational institutions has been the theme of bitter discussion on many occasions. Religious men see the gradual divorce of intellect and faith among pupils and tutors. Practical men see that the education given does not fit men for active life, save in the higher professions, already overcrowded. Economists are assailing the fellowships and the vast wealth of the

universities. And so we may safely trust our eyes to look back at the thirteenth century, through the flattering spectacles of the German historian, and safely accuse the nineteenth century of being far too ready to boast of a superiority which we have the best of reasons for believing does not exist. If in the latter half of this nineteenth century we have done something to bring back the lost culture of an earlier age, let us not be too boastful about it.

Concerning what we have in the shape of education, in this country, as in others of our race, a few closing remarks may be made.

It is the misfortune of all statesmen, that in dealing with public questions, they are compelled to treat mankind in masses differing in this respect from the church, which takes care of even an infant's cry. But these masses are, inevitably composed of individuals who singly feel the results of state measures. Therefore, while statesmen are fully justified in these measures for the popularization of education, individuals must be thoughtful about taking advantage of the systems provided. I received some time ago, a letter from a gentleman complaining of the *draughts* in a High School, and saying that 'the health of his son was of more importance than his education.' I suppose a boy's soul and salvation are more important than his education too; and therefore a good sound training in religious belief, is the essential quality for us in all systems of Education. That is a truism on which I need not dwell. But there is another point. The vast majority of children educated in the schools, are educated for work, mostly for trades, one hopes. And I am inclined to think that not enough is done to prepare the young people for their respective trades. And that leads me to a thought concerning trades, and the system of apprenticeship, to which I will on another occasion refer.

Concerning the higher Education for the children of the poor - that must always be pursued under disadvantages, and at considerable peril. The higher Education of all countries, is mostly conducted with a view to the professions. And the professions, besides being overcrowded, are steadily becoming less and less profitable for the majority. Therefore, those who face the future with an education as the sole capital, must make up their minds to remain poor. A friend of mine to whom I once broached this subject, said in reply, that it was one of the results of a good education to make a man content with simple surroundings, and to accept literary and scientific pleasures as his best reward. But this is not the case. As a matter of fact, once a man has tasted of the culture of his age, his tastes become, not more simple, but more complex. Business becomes irksome. The intellect demands its constant excitements. Ambition develops itself. Social needs press more heavily. The mere pursuit of learning costs money. And in the meantime money must be made; and the means of making it are not many, even for those whose business it is. I am no worshipper of money or the monied classes. But I do say that there is no sadder sight than the thousands of young men who are turned yearly out of the various English speaking colleges, and who, after having spent years at work in their studies, are not fitted for any good work in the world, who cannot fulfil their duties to society by becoming heads of families, and contributing to the progress and revenues of the state, and an enormous percentage of whom will be utterly defeated, in what is called the battle with the world. So unpractical has English education become that men who intend their sons for business shun the universities, and plunge their sons into business at an early age. It is the same in this country. It may be good for the business, though I doubt it; but it is bad for the men; for it cuts them off from the best things they can have, the society of the educated and

the pleasures of literature which money can purchase, if there is the least taste for it. And it tends to deepen that dividing line, which separates in two distinct atmospheres, or worlds almost, those who are readers of books and those who are not. To sum up these on this head: my quarrel with the 19th century on the head of Education, is based on the supposition,

1st. That it does not sufficiently prepare the children of the poor for their various handicrafts.

2nd. That it tempts too often into the meshes of its higher spread nets, those who would have been far happier and more useful if they had never entered.

3rd. That its training does not sufficiently train men for the 'practical business of life.

4th. That it is tending, and with too great success, to inflict a great moral curse on the age, in divorcing intellect and faith.

5th. That in many directions, and these not the least important for humanity, the education given to the youth of the nineteenth century, does not compare favourably with that given in the thirteenth.

SONNET.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

IT may be thought my life hath been of sorrow
Full to the brim! Of joy I've had my share
Of grief I borrow, and of joy I borrow,
Of hope I borrow, and of blank despair!
To me the sunshine is a cure for care,—
To me the storm brings darkness and distress,
The garb that nature wears I always wear,
Give love for love—for hate no tithe the less,
I, with the happy-hearted have been glad,
And with the sorrowing I have sorrowed! So,
They dream who say that I am always sad,
Or that my joys are overpoised with wo!
But somehow we forget our joys while sorrows cling,
And through the years we writhe beneath their sting.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

"Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love."

ALAN mused over Desdemona's advice for the whole of the next week. His solitary work in the fields made him introspective, and he was beginning to find out reasons for his failure in the defects of his own character. His great defect, of which he was unconscious, was that he lacked that *bonhomie* which is infectious, and spreads from man to man, like a ball which is caught up and thrown from hand to hand. He was a grave man, and to the rustics he appeared as a schoolmaster or as a clergyman, always preaching unpleasant things, to which one had to listen.

When one of them emerged from the Spotted Lion, after a simple half-pint, it was painful to him, especially if he were a rustic of sensitive disposition, to encounter the deep sad eyes and grave face of the Squire. Had Alan been able to meet that backslider with a hearty round of abuse by way of admonition, something might have been effected. But as the case stood to the village, here was the seigneur of the village come down from his high estate, without any apparent motive except that of meddlesomeness, working among them and for them, dressed as one of themselves, leading the saintliest of lives, more laborious in the field than themselves, more abstinent than any baby: the thing was from the very first disagreeable, and it became in the course of months a matter of profound resentment.

Alan knew that he was personally unpopular among the people, which he attributed to his unfortunate inability "to enter into their minds:" and as has been seen, he did not scorn to seek advice from his friends. There was a general assent among them that it was no use working all day in the fields if none of the men liked to work with him: that the profession of temperance, if no one followed the example, was foolish; and that it was a pity to keep on inviting people to be taught who preferred to remain ignorant, or to wash themselves when they preferred the ancient unwashedness.

From that point they diverged. The Vicar stuck to the principle that men want officers and orders—not superior comrades. Miranda thought that the men should have their wages on the condition of night-school, which was a woman's way of looking at things. Mr. Rondelet, clinging to his new views, invited Alan to give up the whole thing, and leave swine who liked wallowing, to wallow; "only," he said, "let them have separate sties, a long way from us." And Tom Caledon said that to him it was foolishness; that gentlemen should live with gentlemen;

and that in this realm of England people who have the pluck to rise can rise, and even run their sons for the prizes of social position.

And while he was in this dubiety, and while the cold feeling, which damps all enthusiasm, was beginning to creep over him, that he might be making himself ridiculous, and sacrificing youth, wealth, and ease for the sake of making rustics snigger, there came this hint from Desdemona, that with the aid of a wife he might at least do something with the children. Of late, he confessed to himself with sorrow, he had felt strange yearnings for the old manner of life; and there were moments when there flashed across his mind visions splendid and beautiful, in which Miranda was chatelaine of Weyland Court. But to marry: to have a wife who would share in his aims, and strive to realize his ideas:—but then he thought that for such a wife he must look in the class among whom his labour was to lie. No lady could do what he wanted her to do; a lady, indeed, would fail for the same reason and in the same way that he had failed. His wife must be of the lower class by birth; she must represent their virtues, and be cognisant, by experience, of their failings; she must be able to reveal their sympathies, and show him the avenues by which to reach their hearts. As for the farm-work, he would give that up as useless. The evenings of mental prostration after a hard day of pitchforking were a proof that labour of that kind was useless; and by learning his way to the affections of the people, by changing their sentiments towards him so that they should no longer shuffle out of his path, he would be of far greater use than by merely going through the form of companionship in labour.

Whom to marry? He was not a man with a roving eye which lights on beauty here and beauty there. Quite the contrary; he thought very little of beauty—much less than most young men, whose thoughts, I believe, run a good deal on pretty faces; when he did think of beauty at all it was to illustrate the topic with the face of Miranda. Yet it occurred to him at once that the young woman must be comely. Prudence Driver, for instance, who quite sympathised with his views, was out of the question by reason of her unfortunate figure, which was a little twisted. Who, then? But that was a matter of detail, and it would wait. Meantime, he would go over to the Hall, and see Miranda.

Fortunately Desdemona was with her.

'I have been thinking over what you suggested, Desdemona,' he said, calmly.

'What was that?'

'About having a wife.'

'The man speaks as calmly as if he were going to buy a horse,' said Desdemona.

'The more I think of it, the more I like the idea,' Alan went on.

'It is an idea,' replied Desdemona, 'which has commended itself to all your ancestors; in fact it is with you an hereditary idea—almost a family trait.'

'We men lack insight,' he said, gravely. 'We do our best, but women surpass us in that sympathetic power of vision which pierces the most rugged shell of selfishness and rudeness. You are quite right; I must have a wife, and I want your advice.'

'For such a sensible resolve as that, Alan, I will give you as much advice as you can carry away. But had you not better begin by falling in love?'

'Oh! no, not at all. That is not what I mean.'

'But you *must*, Alan,' Desdemona gasped. 'Was it a dream? Or what *did* he mean?' Miranda looked perplexed and pained.

'No; I am not at all likely to fall in love with the person I marry. Esteem and respect, of course, she will look for.'

'But, Alan, what is the meaning? we do not understand you.

'I mean that my wife, in order to be the helpmeet that I want, must belong to the lower classes, the very lowest.'

'Good heavens!' cried Desdemona, 'Is the man going to marry a housemaid?'

'Not a housemaid necessarily, though why not? However, I want to find some poor man's daughter who will understand her class, and help me to enter into their minds.

'My poor Alan,' said Desdemona, 'they haven't got any minds. I am sure they haven't.'

She smiled from the superiority of her knowledge.

'Will you, however, you two friends and allies of mine, the closest and the best, help me to find such a girl?'

It was Miranda who made answer. Her face had gone suddenly pale, and there was a strange light in her eyes.

'I will help you,' she said, 'in everything. If you think this is the wisest thing for you, you will only tell me what I am to do in order to help you.'

'I do not think I can promise, Alan,' said Desdemona, slowly. 'This is a very serious step which you propose. And I must think of Lord Alwyne.'

'You see now,' said Alan, 'why there need be no question of love.'

'But marriage without love? Ah! Alan, you do not know, you cannot guess what that will be.'

'No, Alan,' said Miranda. 'I should not like you to fall in love with a girl of that class. Of course it is impossible.'

She spoke with the noble scorn which always seizes a demoiselle at the mere mention of the possibility of a gentleman falling in love with a maid of low degree. And yet she had read of King Cophetua, and the Earl of Burleigh, and Cinderella, and Griselda, and many other cases. Young ladies, indeed, seldom fall in love with the sons of gardeners. Pauline and Claude Melnotte do not form a case in point, because poor Pauline was grossly deceived. Therefore they argue that the reverse case is impossible. They should put a few confidential questions to the shop girls, who might surprise them. But, perhaps, on the whole, they had better not.

'We must not think of love,' Miranda repeated. 'But you must look for something. Ideas you will not get, nor companionship.'

'Not at first. But women are receptive. Companionship will come. For the first thing. I want great power of sympathy.'

'Cannot Prudence Driver do what you want without – – –?' Miranda could not bring herself to frame the word.

Alan shook his head.

'No,' he replied. 'She will not do. I want a wife. It is only by the constant companionship of mind with mind that I can hope to bridge over the gulf between myself and my villagers.'

'She ought to be pretty, too,' Miranda went on. 'I should not like to see you married to a perfectly common woman.'

'You will not see me very often,' he said, 'after I am married I have to put my shoulder to the wheel, and I must not look back; nor regret the days of old.'

There was a little bouquet of cut roses lying on the table, which Miranda had brought in from the garden. Alan picked out a bud. 'This is a beautiful bud, Miranda—wear it in your hair to-night. I will dine with the Order. It will not be many times more that you will see me among them.'

'Oh! Alan.' Miranda's eyes filled with tears. She was so stately to all the rest, and to him alone so womanly. 'Alan, you will not desert me, will you? What would my life have been – what will it be—without you?'

Had there been in the enthusiast's eyes the slightest touch of softening,

Desdemona would have swiftly and suddenly vanished from the room. But there was not. He did not look in her eyes, where love lay hiding, but visible to him, had not his heart been of stone. He was looking far away.

'I must not be tempted, Miranda, even by you. If I marry in the village, I shall be tied for life to the village. One must not leave a young wife, even though she has red arms.'

Miranda said nothing. The prospect thus suddenly opened was appalling to her.

There was silence, and presently Alan rose to go.

'We are to help you, then, Alan,' said the artful Desdemona; 'but if we are to render any real help, you must promise not to act hastily, and without consulting us.'

'I promise you,' said Alan, 'that I will marry no one without your approval. Does that content you, Miranda?'

'It ought to, Alan,' she said, smiling rather wearily. 'It is very good of you.' And then he went away.

'We have got the power of veto, my dear,' said Desdemona. 'And we will exercise it.'

Then she got up and shook her voluminous skirts.

'You GOOSE,' she said, addressing no one by name. 'Oh! you goose. All men here are geese; but you —oh! you are the most goosely GOOSE. Have you eyes? Have you ears? Have you understanding?'

'Desdemona dear!'

'Miranda, here is a house full of lively, accomplished, and sweet young ladies. And Alan is a rich, handsome, clever, and pleasant young man. That is all I mean, my dear child—that is all. And again and again I say —oh! you GOOSE! you GOOSE!'

CHAPTER XVIII.

'Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam new bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy, slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom, her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden, round her lucid throat.'

'WE must help him, Desdemona,' said Miranda. Her cheek was grown suddenly pale, and there was a strange light of pain in her beautiful eyes, which she lifted heavily as she spoke. 'We must help Alan in everything.'

'Except in this, Miranda, which is suicide.'

'It need not be - - - quite so bad as it seems.'

'It is certain to be much worse than it seems, unless,' Desdemona murmured half to herself, 'unless we can stop him in time.'

'There must be, somewhere, if only one knew her,' Miranda went on, 'a girl who would come up to poor Alan's ideal. I have shamefully neglected the poor people, Desdemona, and now this is my punishment.'

'That is nonsense, my dear. It is true that you have not gone poking and prying into cottages, like some ladies. But as to neglect ——!'

'She must be, first of all, a good-tempered girl. Good temper is such a very great thing.'

'It depends,' said Desdemona, 'greatly on the size of the house. Of course, in a cottage good temper is everything. At Dalmeny Hall or the Abbey you might almost dispense with it. Some day I will write an essay on good temper, especially as required for the stage.'

'Good temper, at all events,' Miranda went on, 'is almost an equivalent for good breeding among poor people.'

'Unfortunately, it generally goes with stupidity,' said Desdemona. 'But that will be part of my essay.'

'She must not be stupid. And she must have a soft voice. If possible, she should have taste in dress. But I suppose we cannot hope for everything.'

'A lady's-maid,' said Desdemona, 'would perhaps be the nearest approach to Alan's ideal.' 'Oh, no; do spare him your sneers!' Ariel, or Miranda, to think that it was no sneer-doing mine to [illegible] his dear, queer, crotchety [illegible]. Who will Lord Alwyne [illegible], when I tell him that it was a suggestion?'

It is not easy to find a village girl possessed of those virtues which were thought by Miranda requisite for Alan's wife. Perhaps he looked for too much. Some perhaps gentleness; the grace of a fine instinctive modesty of deportment; refinement in personal habits; readiness; quick wit; and some [illegible] good looks.

Miranda was not aware the weakness of her class, which ever seldom acknowledge beauty below a certain rank. Ladies would have said, for instance, and doubtless did say, of Nelson's Emma, that she was a person who might be called good looking by some. Could all these qualities be found united in one person? And where was that person?

'Let us, like Austria, claim the right to a veto,' said Desdemona, 'and then we can go exercising it for the next fifty years or so, until Alan is quite cured of this folly.'

'Can we have a fête in the Park, and invite all the girls from Weyland and the villages round? Perhaps we shall be able to see some one who may be thought of.'

This idea seemed promising, and Desdemona began to consider how such a fête could be organized.

First, she thought it might consist exclusively of the girls and young unmarried women of the country-side. True that in no rank of life would maidens look forward with rapture, or even complacency, to a gathering in which there were to be no young people of the opposite sex. That was a drawback. Yet Desdemona thought that by prolonging the festivities till late in the evening, a door would be opened, so to speak, for the young people of the opposite sex to meet the maidens home returning in the lanes. Desdemona although cut to the heart to think of assisting at Alan's social suicide, was a kindly person, and thoughtful of her guests' happiness. Then, she thought, independently of the possibilities of a moonlight ramble home, each *solus cum sola*, there would be a novelty in the exclusion of lovers, brothers, fathers, mothers and babies. There should be no children. The youngest girl should be at least sixteen. Every girl in Weyland village and all the neighbouring hamlets within a radius of six miles should be invited to come, and bring with her every other girl of sixteen and upwards whom she might know.

And then the busy brain of the actress began to contrive means for making the thing into a pageant and a show. She took the Brothers and Sisters, one after the other, into consultation separately and together. Tom Caledon, who volunteered to do anything that was asked of him except kiss-in-the-ring, thought that if the Brethren alone had to amuse these young persons there might be jealousies. Nelly observed that if that was the arrangement proposed, she should feel it her duty to put on her habit and ride about as a mounted policeman all the day. Miranda was quite sure that the monks of Thelema might be safely trusted not to flirt with village girls. All the monks present became at once much graver of aspect than was at all natural or usual with them; and Brother Peregrine, in a sepulchral voice, remarked that monks in all ages were notoriously above suspicion in that respect. Sister Cecilia changed the conversation by asking to be allowed the selection of the music. She was going to have nothing but old English tunes and songs, such as *Green Sleeves*, *Lil'ibul-lero*, and so on. The unappreciated novelist suggested a reading, and volunteered to devote the whole after-

noon, if necessary, to readings from her own works. Other offers and suggestions were made, considered, and adopted or dropped, until the thing resolved itself into a grand series of entertainments designed to last the whole of the afternoon and evening.

The fête was fixed for a Saturday; it was to be held, if the weather proved fine, in that part of the park which lies between the Court and the little river Wey, which here winds its pretty course, and makes a great tongue of land, in which stand noble elms and sycamores, and where there is a goodly stretch of sloping grass. The grass, however, was covered with tents and marquees, and was gay with Venetian masts and bunting of every kind, so that it was festive to look at. There were tents for everything, including a theatre and a concert room. The whole of the amusements except the band and the choir of boys, were personally provided by the members of the order, who were the hosts and hostesses. Only Miranda begged that there should be no waiting on the girls by the Sisters. That part of school feasts and village festivals, she said, where the ladies go round with plates, and do awkwardly what trained servants do well, spoils the pleasure of the guests by making them feel awkward and ill at ease, and turns hospitality into condescension. Miranda was one of the very few people who understand how to give.

The programme was printed in red and gold on silk, so that every girl might carry away and keep hers as a little memento, just as right-minded men love to keep the *menus* of good dinners, and turn to them in after years, with mingled feelings of regret for the excellent things eaten, drunk and said, on those joyous occasions. And it ran as follows—the red and gold are here unavoidably omitted:

ABBEY OF THELEMA.

FLORAL GAMES, JULY 28, 1877.

To be enacted, represented and performed for and by the maidens of Weyland Village and the country round.

The games will commence at three p. m. But those who arrive earlier will find dinner laid for them in the long marquee at one. The Band will begin to play at two, and will go on with intermissions all the day.

At 3 p.m.—There will be a canoe race on the river between Brother Peregrine and Brother Lancelot. The prize will be permission to bestow a gold locket on any one of the guests.

At 3.30 p.m.—The Wizard of Assam.

At 4 p.m.—A game of Polo, in which the Monks of the Abbey will each worthily play a monkly part.

At 5 p.m., There will be a running race for the younger girls. Prize, a new bonnet to be selected by the winner.

At 5.30, p.m.—Tea in the long marquee.

At 6.30 p.m.—A Lottery in the Lottery tent.

At 7 p.m.—The performance of a new and original village Comedy, written especially for this entertainment by Sister Desdemona. Music and songs by Sister Cecilia. The characters will be sustained by the Brethren and Sisters of the Order.

At 8 p.m.—A concert of old English music.

At 8 30 p.m.—Dancing and Lighting of the Lamps.

At 9.30 p.m.—Supper in the Long Marquee.

At 10 p.m.—A Grand Surprise, by Brother Peregrine.

At 10.30—Fireworks.

The guests are invited to enter freely all the tents, especially that of the Gipsy, and that of the Magic Mirror.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

This programme looked very pretty indeed, edged round with flowers, and beautifully printed, as I have said, in red and gold. It was presented to every visitor, on arriving at the lodge gate.

There were about a hundred and fifty girls in all. They came from all sorts of places for miles round; they came on foot; they came in spring carts; they came in omnibusses; they came in vans. They came hours before the time. They came dressed in their very best, and in the happiest mood. But though they knew something of the preparations which had been made, they were not prepared for the splendour and beauty of the

scene which awaited them: for the Venetian masts, the streaming banners, the bright tents, the music which began sooner than was advertised, because there were so many who came as early as noon and the crowd which went to and fro, and gave life to everything.

There were no men except the servants, for the monks did not appear till the time came for their performances. Ladies there were in plenty come to see the fête, the real purpose of which was known only to Desdemona and Miranda, but no gentlemen were admitted with them.

I do not think the rural nymphs lamented the absence of their swains. Some few might, perhaps, have allowed a transitory feeling of regret that so much care on their appearance would have no result in attracting some other girl's young man: some might have felt that with a bashful lover at one's elbow things would have seemed more complete. But with most there was a feeling that the shepherd swains would certainly have got drunk, as they did at Mr. Dunlop's festival, and so spoiled everything. Fancy a lot of drunken louts among those beautiful tents and flags.

Village beauty is a flower of not unusual occurrence, as many of my readers have observed. In Gloucestershire there is a prevalent oval type which sometimes gives a face of singular sweetness: in Somersetshire the type is squared off, somehow, and when you get a pretty face there it carries an expression of something like sullenness: the Hampshire folk, with their brown hair and round faces, are sometimes comely: and the Northumbrians with their long faces, blue eyes, and gentle voices, are often charming. At Weyland Park, which, as everybody knows, is in no one of these counties, the average of village beauty was not, perhaps, very high, but there was plenty of health in the rosy faces, and of vigour in the sturdy arms: considered as the mothers of England's future sons they afforded reason for rejoicing; but the general type of face was decidedly common. Yet there were exceptions.

No one among them all could have guessed the real reason of their lavish preparation for a simple girls' merry-making. To Miranda, no expenditure could be too lavish, so that it was for Alva. With a sorrowful heart she provided this magnificent entertainment as a sort of welcome to his wife: supposing that his wife was among the hundred and fifty country nymphs who graced her feast.

The Brothers and Sisters dropped in one by one, and fell into the places assigned to them in the programme. The canoe race was paddled on the narrow little river, as tortuous as the Jordan, by Tom Caledon and Brother Peregrine, and it was won by Tom because his adversary, in his extreme eagerness to win, lost his balance and upset, to the rapturous joy of the assemblage. But some thought that he upset himself on purpose, in order to present the pleasing and interesting spectacle of a figure dripping wet, embellished with duck-weed, and running over the lawns to change flannels. In former days this amusement used always to be provided on Procession-day at Cambridge: the boats taking it, I believe, in turns to sacrifice themselves on the altar of public derision.

Sister Desdemona presented Tom Caledon with his prize, a gold locket and the permission to give it to whatever girl he pleased. There was a general flutter among the maidens as he stood like a sultan, the locket in his hand. They stood grouped together in little knots, as if jealous of each other; and all eyes were open, all lips parted in eager expectation of his choice.

There was one girl among them who looked at Tom with a kind of confidence—she alone among them all. She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl; tall, pretty, and of graceful figure.

'Alma thinks she's going to get it,'

they murmured. 'There's lots prettier than Alma.' Tom, however, did not give it to her. He stepped straight to where, quite in the back-ground, little Prudence Driver, Alan's librarian, stood, little thinking of the honour that was about to fall upon her. She was not pretty, nor was she graceful, but Tom knew how Miranda regarded her, and he thought to please the Abbess. An angry flush rose to the cheek of the girl they called Alma, but there was no possibility of disputing the award.

The Polo fell rather flat, although the Brothers played well and with address. Polo does not powerfully appeal to the village maiden's imagination.

Then there came the lottery—all prizes and no blanks. The prizes were articles of costume, useful and ornamental. Nelly held the bag, and each girl on drawing her number rushed straight to the lottery tent to see what was her prize.

Then came the wizard with his Indian conjuring tricks, which made them breathless with wonder and terror. And all this time the music played under the trees; and there was the gipsy's tent in which your fortune was told for nothing, and you came out knowing exactly not only what kind of husband you were to have, but also, what Mrs. Harris yearned to extort from Mrs. Gamp, your "number."

And then—ah! then—there was the tent of the Magic Mirror. Within among many curtains, and in a dim twilight, sat an aged, white-bearded man in black robes and wonderful hat, who asked your name and your age, and who then invited you to behold yourself in a mirror. That was not much to do, but as you looked, your own face disappeared, and behind it came a picture—a scene in your future life. And then this remarkable old man told you things. These must have been different, because some of the girls came out with heaving bosoms, glistening eyes, flushed cheeks, and pallid lips, gasping in anticipation of the promised joy. But some emerged with downcast looks, pale and trembling, their day's enjoyment gone. The prophet was no other than Brother Peregrine himself; it was no business of any one's that he had with him in the tent a certain 'wise woman' who whispered him little secrets about every girl as she came in. She was invisible behind a curtain. I regret to say that the fame of this wonderful sorcerer spreading upwards, so to speak, many of the ladies and some of the Sisters sought the tent of the Magic Mirror. Among these was Nelly who came out looking sad and disappointed, and when she met Tom, sighed and said, 'I am so sorry that I went into the tent of the Magic Mirror. Poor Tom!'

Now Tom knew who was the sorcerer, and he gathered that his rival had taken a mean advantage by means of his magic spells. Therefore he inwardly cursed all necromancers.

Where was Alan? Miranda was disappointed at his absence. He had faithfully promised to come—and now evening was approaching and the beauty of the fête was over, but there was no Alan.

The play, which was a light burletta, with village girls and pretty songs, was well received, and the concert was endured. And then they began to dance, for the sun was down now, and the summer twilight was fallen upon the trees in the park, and they were lighting the coloured oil lamps. It was a new Vauxhall, only none of those present could remember the splendours of that place. And what with the coloured lights and the band and the glamour of the whole, a sort of intoxication seized the girls, and they became, in a way, possessed of the Bacchante madness, in so much that they laughed and sang, and seized each other by the waist and whirled round madly till they fell. And among them all ran in and out that tall thin man, with the lines in his face, whom they called Brother Peregrine, who

whispered to one and danced with another and conjured for a little group, all at the same time, with unflagging activity.

As for the rest of the monks, they were dancing with such as knew how to dance, except Mr. Caledon, whom all the girls knew; and he walked up and down among the lights with Miss Despard, whom they knew as well. And her face was melancholy. And Miranda moved here and there always graceful, always queenly with her little court, consisting of Desdemona, Cecilia, and Mr. Rondelet, happy in her experiment but for one thing, that Alan, for whom this entertainment was designed, was not present.

At ten the supper was served. There was a sort of high table at which sat Miranda, with her court. She was looking up and down the long rows of girl-faces before her with a critical but disappointed eye.

'They giggle dreadfully,' she whispered to Desdemona, who was sitting beside her.

'People who live far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife generally do giggle,' Desdemona replied.

'And I am not at all sure about their temper. Look at that black-haired girl; should you think she was good-tempered?'

'Certainly not,' said Desdemona, 'I know the sort—short of patience, hasty in wrath, and unreflecting in the matter of punishment. She would box Alan's ears every day till he brought her to Weyland Court.'

'I have looked up and down the rows at the table; but I can see no one who in the least degree approaches Alan's simple ideal. I despair!'

'So much the better, my dear, because the fancy may pass away. We have always got our right of veto. Just suppose, however, that these girls knew what we know. Fancy the airs, the bridlings, the jealousies with which these Cinderellas would receive the gracious Prince when he came. I suppose, by the way, that he wi some time this evening?'

'He said he would. One think,' said Miranda, with bitterness, 'that he would fe little interest in the assembly.'

But supper seemed to be over. was the surprise promised by Peregrine!

He answered the question h that is to say, his Indian brought him a small box. W in his hand, he begged Mirand mission to make a little speech

'What are you going to d asked.

'I am going to minister t vanity,' he replied. 'In my ence of the uneducated—only educated portion of your sex. found that to minister to their is to afford them the most livel fication. I am going to make supremely happy, two or thre envious, and the rest proud sex and of themselves.'

He took Miranda's permiss granted and advanced to the facing the long tables at wh girls had taken supper.

'Girls,' he said, holding s before him the mysterious promised you a surprise with w close the day. It is here, in t In the days when the old go tended to govern the world, an such a mess of it that we ha ever since occupied in setting to rights which they blunder there was once a banquet—not a banquet as this at which just assisted, but still a creditab And while the gods were sitti their wine and the goddesses at each other's dresses'—the gan to wonder what on earth unintelligible patter meant—one who shall be nameless among the assemblage a golde —a golden apple,' he repeat which was inscribed, "For t est." The adjudgment of thi produced great disasters to the

race, which mattered nothing to her who received it, because she scored a distinct triumph over her rivals. This preamble brings me to the box. Trumpeters, if you please.'

The two trumpeters of the Abbey, who had meanwhile stationed themselves at either side of the speaker, but on a lower step, blew a great and sonorous blast.

'This golden apple,' the orator went on, 'supposed to have been quite lost for many thousands of years, has been miraculously preserved to the present day. It is in my possession; it is in this box. I am about to restore it to its original use. Trumpeters, if you please.'

While they blew again, the attention of the girls being now thoroughly aroused and their interest excited to the highest point, Brother Peregrine opened the box, and took out, suspended by a silver chain, an apple, wrought, or seeming to be wrought, in solid gold.

He handed this to his Indian servant, who, bearing it reverently on a cushion, passed down the lanes of the girls, allowing them to hold it in their hands, to weigh it, and to gaze at it. The dark Indian, with his turban and white tunic, the silver chain and the golden apple, and the mystery of the whole thing, filled all hearts with a trembling eagerness.

'That apple,' continued Brother Peregrine, 'is offered to the fairest of you all. The ladies of the Abbey of Thelema do not propose to enter into competition. It is for their guests alone that this gift is offered. Point me out the fairest.'

There was first a dead silence, and then a confused hubbub of tongues, but no one was proposed.

'This will not do,' said Tom Caledon. 'Let them separate into committees and vote.'

It was difficult, but was effected at last by the process of dividing them into groups of ten and making them select the two prettiest girls from among themselves. This reduced the number of candidates from a hundred and fifty to thirty. The thirty were then ranged in a row, while their less fortunate sisters sat behind, silent, and devoured by irrepressible envy.

'The number must be still further reduced,' said Brother Peregrine. 'I must have three presented to me, among whom I shall choose the fairest.'

Again Tom Caledon managed the business. He gave them voting-papers and collected their votes.

There were thirty voters.

When the papers were, unfolded it was found that there were thirty nominations.

It thus became apparent that every girl had voted for herself.

This was discouraging, but Tom began again, offering each girl two votes.

The result of this method was, that there was a distinct and large majority in favour of three girls, whom Tom Caledon placed before the giver of the apple, in a row, and then retired.

It was an impressive scene. On the platform stood Brother Peregrine—tall, thin, with a smile in his eyes, though his lips were firm. Below him his Indian servant, bearing the apple and the chain on a cushion. At either hand the gorgeous trumpeters. Behind the ladies and the Brethren of the Abbey. The three girls standing trembling with ill-disguised impatience, edging away involuntarily from each other like guilty persons. And behind, the crowd of girls pressing, swaying, laughing, and whispering.

'They are all three pretty,' whispered Miranda to Nelly; 'and all three in different styles.'

The first was a tall girl, with perfectly black hair and plenty of it, done in a careless kind of knot which allowed—though that was perhaps the effect of dancing—one or two braids to fall upon her neck. She carried her head in queenly fashion, and looked straight before her into the face of the man who represented the shepherd of

Mount Ida, with a pair of full lustrous black eyes, which were what some ladies might call bold. Her features were regular: her mouth was rather large, and her figure full. Her limbs were large, and of generous contour. She was Black Bess—her Christom name was Pamela, but everybody always called her Black Bess—the daughter of the blacksmith. She was the girl of whom Desdemona had said that, if Alan's choice fell upon her, she would box his ears every day until he took her to reign at Weyland Court. And she looked it. As for forwarding his schemes in the village, or laying herself out for the Higher Culture, whatever intentions in this direction she might start with, the end of those intentions was apparent.

She wore white muslin with cherry-coloured ribbons, which would have been in excellent taste, and suited her shape and complexion, but for an unlucky yellow sash which revealed the imperfectly-educated taste and made Miranda shudder. In her hand she carried her hat by the ribbons, and her face expressed the eagerness of tumultuous hope.

Next to her, the second of the chosen three, was a girl not quite so tall as Black Bess, but with a figure as commanding and a look as queenly. She had brown hair and hazel eyes, but the eyes were as cold as those of Black Bess were full and lustrous. Her hair was piled and rolled upon her head so that it resembled a helmet. Her features were more prominent than those of her rival, and had a certain hardness in them. Also her chin was a little too long and square, and her forehead a little too high. She wore a dress of some soft lavender colour, without any ribbons, but a rosebud at her neck, and another in her hair. And she, too, carried her hat by its ribbons.

'See,' whispered Miranda. 'She has taste. But what a cold expression!'

She was a nymph from a neighbouring village: Black Bess and the were Weyland girls.

The third, indeed, was no othe the bailiff's daughter, Alma Bo She was less in stature than the two, but as graceful in figure, a more lissom. She was a buxom, he looking damsel, about eighteen of age, with light-blue eyes, and brown hair which fell behind he over her shoulders in an abu cascade: she had a rosy cheek white forehead: she had red and ing lips, with a little dimple in corner: her nose was just a li perhaps tip-tilted. She had tl aside her hat, and was standing clasped hands and trembling her eyes fixed eagerly on the apple, mad to win the prize of B She, like Black Bess, was dres white, but she had blue ribbon there was nothing whatever to m simple taste of her costume. I her mother, the ex-lady's-maid, intended it personally, and mac discard every scrap of colour, out the ribbons which Alma wish wear, except the simple blue. S of all the girls at the fête, ther only one, the tall, brown-haired d beside her, who was so well and fully attired.

And then Brother Peregrine, t the prize from his servant—at act the eyes of the Chosen Three suddenly, and became wistful- gled it thoughtfully before them few moments, and then began, s and with hesitation, to speak.

'I am not Paris,' he said. elected wondered what he meant, the Monks and Sisters of Th pressed more closely behind him, dering what would happen: Mi vexed that Alan was not there, ar half afraid that if he came he take some sort of fancy to one Three. 'I am not Paris, the she of Mount Ida. Nor is this, indee mountain. And what I hold i hand is not, I am sure, an Ap Discord. You, my very lovely y

friends'—here he cast an eye upon Nelly, on whose face there might have been seen a half-amused, half-contemptuous glance, as if nobody under the rank of a lady *could* be called lovely —'are not goddesses, it is true. You are not Hêrê; nor you Athênê; nor you, pretty damsel with the light brown hair, Aphroditê. Yet, at this important juncture, I feel as if you were respectively, those three divinities.'

He stepped down from his position of vantage.

'Let me try the chain upon the neck of each,' he said. 'Advance, maid of the ebon locks and lustrous eyes.'

Black Bess understood the look, though the language was too fine for her, and stepped forward promptly.

'Let us see,' said Brother Peregrine, 'how the chain looks round your neck.' He threw it over her neck, and, as he did so, whispered quickly: 'What will you give me for it.'

'I will teach you,' whispered the half-gipsy girl, hotly and eagerly, 'how to wire hares and pheasants, how to cheat at cards, so that no one shall know how—oh! I've taught lots of men—and how to tell fortunes, and steal away girls' hearts.'

He laughed, took the chain from her neck, and called the next one.

'What will you give me,' he asked, 'if I let you have the apple?'

Perhaps she had heard the former question, and had time to make up an answer.

"I will tell you,' she whispered, 'what girls talk about—ladies, too—and what they want, and then you will never be afraid of your wife, and rule your own house.'

It was an odd thing for a village girl to say; but perhaps she had read books.

'It is the truest wisdom,' Brother Peregrine murmured in reply. 'And if knowing your wife was the first step to ruling her, one might be tempted. But I have known husbands who knew their wives quite thoroughly, and yet were ruled by them.'

He took the chain from her neck, and called the third girl.

'What will you give me for it?' he whispered, as he put it on.

'Give me the apple and the chain,' she whispered, with quivering lips. 'Give them to me, and I will give you as many kisses as you like.'

Brother Peregrine, with a virtuous frown, took off the chain, and returned to his platform. The excitement was at its highest.

'It is mine,' he said, 'to award the prize. I have seen the three candidates, I have spoken to them; I have, before you all, tried them. Girls, I wish there were three golden apples. But there is only one. And a precedent has been laid down for us. Like the Idæan shepherd, I adjudge the prize—to Aphroditê.'

He stepped down, and laid the chain once more round the neck of Alma Bostock.

The other two girls, without a word, turned away, and, with heavily-laden eyes, pressed through the crowd, and so into the outer night. Under the trees, beyond the light of the coloured lamps, they spoke to each other.

'What did she promise to give him?' asked Black Bess, with heaving bosom and parted lips.

'I don't know—I don't care. A CAT,' replied the other.

Then they separated by the space of two yards and a half, and, sitting down upon the grass, broke into sobbings and cries.

But within the marquee it was the hour of Alma's triumph. There was a murmur of approbation as Brother Peregrine suspended the chain round her neck. Indeed, she *was* the prettiest, and, at that moment, as she stood there, her eyes brightened, her cheek flushed, the silver chain round her neck, the golden apple at her heaving breast, every eye upon her, the hands of all applauding her, her whole frame swaying beneath the excitement and victory of the moment, Alan Dunlop entered the marquee. Miranda, Nelly,

and Desdemona, with the other Sisters, were stepping from the platform to congratulate the victor; the band was striking up a triumphant march; the girls were all laughing and talking together. Alan concluded, rashly, that the whole thing had been got up by Miranda for his own benefit. In this sweet-faced village girl, the queen of the festival, he saw the maiden whom Miranda had chosen for himself, and he caught her hand with effusion.

'Miranda,' he whispered, with the deepest feeling, 'you have found for me the girl I have been in search of. I thank you for a wife.'

CHAPTER III.

'The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

'ALL is lost, my dear,' cried Desdemona, when the fête was over, and the pair were sitting alone at midnight in Desdemona's cell. 'All seems lost, that is; because while there is no wedding-ring there is hope. But to think that we have fooled away our right of veto!'

Miranda could only sigh.

'The sight of that girl, looking really beautiful, *for* a girl in her position,' continued the elder lady, making the usual reservation, 'finished the man.'

'And he thinks,' said Miranda bitterly, 'that I got up the whole scene for the sake of advising him! I even to dream of his marrying Alma Bostock!'

'It has been all my doing,' Desdemona said in sorrowful accents. 'All mine. I told him he ought to marry; I advised the fête. I arranged the Surprise with Brother Peregrine. I only am to blame. And yet, it is fate.'

Then Miranda began to take comfort out of what comfort remained.

'After all,' she said, 'if he is going to marry a country girl, he might easily do worse. Alma Bostock will never rise to his level, but she may be sympathetic; and perhaps she will respect him. Oh! Desdemona, it is a poor consolation, this "may-be." And I feel that I cannot any longer sympathise with Alan.'

'No; that would be difficult indeed. A man may make mistakes of all kinds: he may even go and live in a village and pretend to be a farm-labourer; but the mistake of such a marriage he may not make, for Society will never forgive that kind of mistake. A bad marriage——'

Here she stopped, and was silent, thinking, perhaps, of her own married life.

'There ought,' she went on, 'to be special juries, composed entirely of married men—and they should be gentlemen, not green-grocers—to consider cases of mistakes in marriage; and divorce should be granted as the only relief. Poor dear Alan! Poor mad Hamlet. Go to bed, my dear Ophelia, and sleep with happy dreams, while I think how I can alter the last act of the play, and turn it into "All's Well that Ends Well."'

And when the next day Lord Alwyne came on a visit to the Abbey, Desdemona received him in fear, not daring to tell of the impending trouble. He began to talk at once about his son.

'I have seen Alan sitting in a labourer's cottage, with a stone floor and a deal table. I have also seen him masquerading in a smock-frock, with a cart. And after that, Desdemona, I felt that there was no further room for astonishment whatever the misguided boy might do. It is not a pleasant thing, however, for an old-fashioned father to see his son's name flourishing in the papers. The other day they had a special column and a half devoted to an account of a visit to Weyland, and an interview with the shepherd Squire, as they were pleased to call Alan.'

Desdemona could say nothing in

solace, because what was coming was a great deal worse than what had gone before. And they talked of other things.

In fact, Alan came over without delay to communicate his intentions to his father. It was filial of him; and I suppose there were still some remains of ancient prejudice as regards rank and caste about him, because he approached the subject with some hesitation.

'I fear,' he said to his father, 'that you have no sympathy with my present mode of life.'

'Why, no, Alan, I certainly have not.'

Desdemona was present, in fact the interview took place in her 'cell,' where she and Lord Alwyne had been holding an animated conversation over certain memories of old days—the days when she was young, when there were little suppers after the performance, and little dinners at Richmond on Sunday evenings. Alan's sudden appearance, with his grave face and solemn eyes, rudely disturbed this harmonious duet of reminiscence.

'No, Alan,' his father repeated, 'I have never attempted the necessary effort at pumping up sympathy for you; it would require too great an exertion; but I pity you, my dear boy. I find I can manage so much without fatigue.'

Alan smiled. He could afford to be pitied; but he could not afford to fail and be ridiculed.

'Perhaps you will pity me more when I tell you what I am going to do next.'

'I don't think I could,' said Lord Alwyne lazily. 'All my available pity, now that my old friends and I have to pity each other for the loss of youth, is yours already. There is only a certain amount of pity in every man's constitution. Men differ in this respect, however, as they differ in weight. You may try, if you like, Alan.'

'I have been long thinking upon the best way to bridge over the gulf which divides me from the mind of the labouring classes.'

'I thought you had answered it by jumping into the gulf, just as young Parisians, who think that everything is finished, jump into the Seine. But if that did not do ——'

'It did not quite. In fact, I have had to confess lately that my experiment has in some respects been a failure.'

'Aha! Now I am really glad to learn that. I am interested this time. Then, Alan, I hope that you will give up masquerading as the homely swain, and come back to our arms as the country gentleman again. Desdemona and Miranda will forgive you, and all shall be forgotten. We will never allude to the dreadful past again.'

Alan shook his head. 'Not yet, sir, I think. Most likely not at all; because I am now going to commit myself to an act which is also experimental, and yet, if it fails, can never be undone.'

'That sounds very serious. Do you know what he means, Desdemona?'

'I am afraid I know too well.'

'In fact,' continued Alan, not facing his father's eyes, but uneasily playing with the ornaments on the mantelshelf, 'I have come to the conclusion that the only way for one class to understand another, is for them to intermarry.'

'I see,' said Lord Alwyne slowly, while a look of pain and disappointment crossed his face. 'I see—and you propose—yourself—to intermarry with the class which is the lowest. Is that so?'

'That is what I mean.'

'Do you wish to introduce this as a general practice, or to illustrate in your own case how the theory works?'

'I live in the way I think best for carrying out my own ideas,' said Alan, with a little pride. 'Others may follow me or not, as they may think best. I am only sorry that my proceedings must shock your feelings.'

'Nothing shocks me,' said Lord Al-

wyne untruthfully; 'I am too old to be shocked by anything. And, besides, your idea is not a new one. Royal houses have often bridged over the gulf by marriage morganatic. By means of the female branches, indeed, all ranks of society must have been by this time thoroughly understood by the higher class. But pray go on.'

'I am perfectly serious,' said his son. 'To intermarry with a family of the soil will be to create new sympathies, and establish ties which may lead to all sorts of valuable results. We will suppose that I am married to —to a girl of this village, poor, of course, but creditably brought up by respectable parents, endowed with as much mother-wit as any of her superiors, able to give me her experience in dealing with the class from which she sprang . . .'

'The situation is novel,' said Lord Alwyne; 'but I doubt if my imagination can follow it in all its consequences . . .'

'Well, but will it not afford me opportunities such as I could gain in no other way, of influencing the villagers? They will look on me as one of themselves: I shall be their cousin, their brother . . . You think this wild enthusiasm, I suppose?' he said in an altered voice.

'No, my son, not at all: I think nothing. You have the advantage of me by thirty years. That is a great pull to begin with. I shall not try to understand where the modern ideas come from, nor whither they tend. It might make me uncomfortable. It might even make me want to follow you, and, like Don Quixote, go a shepherding in my old age. That would be detestable. But I confess I am interested. Let us see: you marry this girl. You are therefore the cousin of half the village at once. That will, as the first obvious consequence, enable them to borrow money of you. You will live here, at your own place?'

'No; I shall live in the village. Only I shall get a more comfortable place than I am in at present.'

'That will be in some respects better. As to your wife's relations, now: they would be free of the house?'

'Surely; that is part of my purpose. It would be an education for them to see how a household may be simply conducted on principles of the best taste.'

'In case of a dinner-party, now, or an evening'

'We should give no dinner-parties.'

'I was only thinking,' said Lord Alwyne softly, 'of an elementary difficulty—that of evening dress. Excellent as your new relations would be in all the relations of life, I suppose that a dress-coat is not considered necessary in their circle?'

'Surely,' said Alan, 'in such a matter as this, we need not stop to discuss evening dress.'

'Indeed, no. As the poet says:

> '"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

The matter only occurred to me in thinking of what your own prejudices might be. Mere prejudices. In smock-frock or evening dress, what is a man *but* a man?'

Alan moved uneasily.

'Evening dress—evening dress,' he repeated. 'What have we any more to do with evening dress?'

'Your wife will be able to receive,' pursued his father, 'at five o'clock tea. Desdemona, you will describe to me by letter, I am sure, how the Sisters of Thelema got on with the gentle—I mean the *employés* in smock-frocks. It will be almost a scene from the opera . . . . By the way, Alan, at such receptions the smocks are clean, I suppose?'

'My dear father, I am serious.'

'So am I, my son—so am I. Never more so, I assure you.'

Lord Alwyne's words were genial enough, but his manner was cold. Alan knew without these symptoms

what his father's reception of his grand project would be.

'And when you return to the Hall, with your wife, whom you will have trained by that time in your cottage to the outward semblance, and perhaps the bearing, of a lady—what will you do then about the relations? By that time, though, they, too, will have adopted the manners of polite society, and will be able, I suppose, to hold their own at a dinner or a ball. We shall have the smock-frock in society at last.'

Alan made a gesture of impatience. He was thinking of the present, and here was his father making suppositions about the future.

'I shall never go back to the Hall,' he said, with decision. 'My life is devoted to the village.'

'Yes: that is noble. But what about the children? I suppose we may contemplate that possibility? You cannot leave Weyland Court to any one but your eldest son. He will, I suppose, be trained to occupy his position as a gentleman?'

Alan refused to contemplate the possibility of children at all. Children would complicate his proposed arrangements altogether.

Then Lord Alwyne summed up.

He lay back, resting his eyes on the comely proportions of Desdemona, and speaking languidly, as if, which was the case, the business was beginning to bore him too much to talk about it.

'Of course, Alan, you know, without my telling you, what must be my feelings as regards this project. In the benighted days of my youth I was taught that by birth, by education, and perhaps by the inheritance of those qualities which pushed my fathers to the front and kept them there, I was one of the natural leaders of the people. I chose my line, as my elder brother chose his; and while he very properly accepted the position of politician, a sacrifice which must require a great deal of resolution, I, for my part, preferred to become a leader in society. Up to the present I have seen no reason to regret my choice. The country never had better statesmen or better soldiers than when they all came from one class. And I think it never will again have better, because our men have nothing to gain, either in money or rank. The other classes may produce poets, novelists, artists, lawyers—all sorts of worthy and delightful people—but has not yet produced great administrators or great generals. And, in my opinion, that comes of descent. For work which requires a cool head and unflinching courage in the storms of unpopularity or ill-success you want a man who inherits those qualities. That is my simple creed, Alan. The Fontaines have been to the front for six hundred years or thereabouts. The Dunlops, your mother's people, have been country gentlemen, knights and soldiers for as long. And all the time we have kept on intermarrying. We have kept to our own class. You will marry out of it. For my own part, I do not wish to bridge over the gulf between myself and my servants; I would rather let that gulf remain. The country allows those to rise who are strong enough to rise. Let the weak stay where they are.'

'Social economy—' began Alan.

'My dear boy, let us not begin with social economy. It will teach us nothing. We will discuss this affair no longer. Henceforward, Alan, I shall be very glad to see you, personally, in London, but I can come to Weyland Court no more after you are married.'

'I am sorry; I am deeply sorry to pain you, sir,' said Alan; 'but when higher duty than that of deference to your wishes falls upon me ——'

'Very well, Alan,' his father interrupted him. 'We understand each other, which is quite enough. Go your own way, and forget the old notions, if you please. But I cannot go along with you. Shake hands, my boy; we

have not quarrelled, and do not intend to.'

Alan went away, his face rendered sadder. Out in the park his eyes suddenly lit up, and he raised his head. Was he thinking of that bright and blooming girl who stood before them all in the marquee, the light of the lamps upon her face, her lips parted, her bosom heaving, her eyes dancing with pride and joy while Brother Peregrine gave her the golden apple? It is quite possible. Man is but man. Even Aristotle, as everybody who has read the 'Lay of Aristotle' knows, succumbed to a pretty face. And as Alan proposed to marry her he was *dans son droit* in letting his thoughts run upon his future wife. But perhaps, after all, he was thinking how Miranda would approve of this additional self-sacrifice.

When he was gone, Lord Alwyne turned to Desdemona, raising his hands before his face, palms outward. It is the gesture of sorrow, disappointment, or disgust.

'Poor Alan!' he said 'poor boy! All his fine theories have come down to this: to live in a cottage, work as a common labourer, and marry a labouring man's daughter. I always told my wife that bringing him up at home would be his ruin. Marry a labourer's daughter!—bridge over the gulf!—oh! Desdemona, for the first time in my life I regret that we are not in France, before the Revolution, and that I cannot get a *lettre de cachet*.'

'He is not married yet,' said the actress.

'Not yet; but he will be married before long.'

'I say he is not married yet.'

'Do you mean, Desdemona, to hold out hopes?'

'I do,' she said. 'I will tell you nothing more: but I have hopes, and I shall set to work.'

Lord Alwyne reflected.

'I will not ask now,' he said. 'I would rather not know. I cannot plot against my son. But, Desdemona, in memory of our long friendship me if you can.'

She did not answer for a whi ting in thought. Presently her eyes became heavy with tears.

'Ours has been a long frien Lord Alwyne,' she said, 'and it greatest pleasure to think about is thirty years since first you st the young actress and protecte reputation against cruel attack were made upon me, and are s made on women of my professi am grateful for that. And it and twenty years since when, day of trouble, there was no one world but you who had the cou take me away from it, and to openly, so that no one could th stone. As dear as my honour me, Lord Alwyne, so deep is my tude to you.'

Meantime in Alan's brain wa ing the name of the girl he ha last night, her face lit up an rounded as by a nebula of jo pride.

'Alma Bostock.'

And while the name went ch in his brain, he began to think future father-in-law. The outl that direction was not promising

'He is crafty,' said Common

'He is not a man of broad but hard-working,' said Enthus

'You suspect his honesty, Common Sense.

'That is because I am growin picious,' replied Enthusiasm.

'He thinks bad beer and you fine claret,' said Common Sense.

'Then we will teach him a for claret,' said Enthusiasm.

And so on, carrying on the c sation for a mile and a half, u that could be said against the v Bailiff had been said, and the remained that, if ever there wa ting subject for the operation ample, precept, and exhortation direction of the Higher Culture, Bostock was that special subject he could be got at readily by me

his daughter, Alma Bostock! Now that the idea of marriage was assuming a concrete form instead of a vague and shadowy umbra, like a ghost to look at and quite as terrifying, it did not seem so dreadful a business. When Panurge was suffering from those cruel doubts of his concerning marriage, he had no one, so far as we have been informed, in his eye. Now Alma Bostock appeared to Alan the very girl made to his hand. There must be, he had always said, some approach to delicacy in his wife. This he could hardly expect to find in the coarse and red-handed daughter of a ploughman. His wife must belong to the class among whom he was about to live. Alma's father was but a step removed, while her mother was herself the daughter of a cottager. Here he made a great mistake. Bailiff Bostock considered himself much more than a step above the labourer. Just as the Queen must find it difficult to understand, even with the help of Miss Yonge's novels, the little distinctions of middle life—how the chemist is a greater man than the grocer; how the smallest professional man keeps apart from trade: how the curate cannot break bread with a retailer—so Alan Dunlop did not understand that his Bailiff stood upon a platform a great deal higher than his labourers, and that Alma, whatever she might do, would certainly not be likely to sympathise with the rustics.

Alma Bostock was the one girl in the village who would do for him—of that he was quite certain. All the rest were coarse, commonplace, repulsive.

He spent an agitated evening, wandering into the library and out of it, talking in a purposeless way with Prudence, his librarian. There was no one else there, of course.

'Prudence, you must be lonely, sitting here every evening, and no one coming here but yourself.'

'No, sir, not very lonely; I've got the books.'

'We must find some one to come here a good deal, and brighten-up things for you.'

He was thinking in some vague way how Alma would set the example of spending an evening or two every week among the books, and how that example would spread. The next morning; instead of going off to the farm work, he put on the ordinary habiliments of an English gentleman, and went over to the farm-house.

It was nine o'clock when he started. Miranda, he thought with a pang, reflecting how his marriage would separate him from her, was at that moment taking breakfast, probably at the Abbey. The members of the Order would be dropping in one by one in their lazy fashion. There would be devising of plans for the day, talking over all the things which rejoice cultivated men and women; and all in the pleasant softness of ease, and art, and luxury. And he was going to cut himself off at one stroke from this Castle of Indolence. Was it yet too late? Yes: the experiment must be tried: his long-matured scheme for the regeneration of mankind must be carried out to the very end. Farewell, Thelema: farewell, Desdemona: farewell, Miranda. For here he was at the garden-gate, and there, in the garden, was the very girl whom he came to woo.

I think that even Miranda, Nelly, and Desdemona, jealous as they are of conceding beauty to women of the lower class would have acknowledged that Alma Bostock, standing in the garden, made a pretty picture in the morning sunlight. It was a long, narrow garden, sloping down the hill on which the house stood. On either side was an orchard, and stray apple trees were standing in the garden itself. These were old, and covered with yellow lichen, which contrasted with the dark branches, and the light green leaves. Behind the garden was the farm-house, a picturesque and gabled red brick house, with ivy climbing over one end of it, and

throwing arms round the angles so as to embrace the whole house. Facing the garden, a window on either side, was a broad and massive porch of wood-work, round which the creepers clung and clambered. The garden was planted with gooseberry bushes, currant bushes, raspberry canes, and strawberry beds. There was a narrow walk in it, from the porch to the garden-gate, bordered with box, and behind the box an edging of flowers —such as gilly flower, double stocks, sweetwilliam, candytuft, Venus's looking glass, London pride, and mignonette—the kind of flowers which require least gardening: and there were a few standard roses close to the house itself. Under the apple trees, with the soft light of the sunshine broken up into a thousand fragments by the dancing leaves before it fell upon her, stood Alma herself. She was out there to gather red currants, and she had a basket on her arm for the purpose; but she was not gathering currants at all, only standing with head bare, and thrown back, gazing into the distance, lost in meditation.

Alan thought of certain lines of poetry, and his heart softened towards the damsel. She looked dainty all over. Her head was shapely and her profile clear; her dress fitted her pretty figure perfectly; in fact, her mother, formerly lady's maid to Alan's mother, made it for her. And it was of a soft grey colour, which suited the light greenery of the apple leaves. One of her arms was bare; and it was not a red and browsy arm not at all —it was as white as any arm could be, and as well shaped. And on either side of the garden lay the orchard, with little glades of sunlight and of shade. While Alan looked, the girl tied a handkerchief over her head, which set her face in a white frame, and made her look ten times as pretty. So pretty a girl, Alan thought, could not be other than bright and sympathetic, and quick to feel and to respond. Besides, was she not the selection and choice of Miranda?

As for Alma, indeed, opinions among her acquaintance were divided. For her enemies, who were the young women of the place, declared that she was deceitful and treacherous. They also said that she was by no means so pretty as she thought herself. The young men of the place on the other hand—curious what diversity of opinion may exist in the smallest village—declared that there was nobody so pretty as Alma Bostock. The only objection they had to her was that she held her head so high and made believe to be a lady.

Meantime, she stood beneath the trees, a very pretty picture. Did a painter want to draw the ideal country girl, engaged in the ideal country occupation, he would find no more charming picture than that of Alma in the garden, with her basket ready to hold the ripe red-currants.

A very pretty picture, and a suggestive picture. Alan's thoughts flew with a rush to the Arcadian life he had imagined, which would, with the help of Alma, begin as soon as the wedding-bells should ring.

He lifted the latch, opened the garden-door, and stepped in to begin his wooing.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A CRITICISM.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

AT a time when a statue is being raised to his memory by his fellow citizens in one of the principal localities of his native city, it may not be inopportune to recall some of the merits of Campbell as a poet, and some of the particulars respecting him as a man. Erected in the same square in which the statue of Sir John Moore has long had an honoured place, the hero of Corunna, and the poet who has embalmed his memory, may well share the honours of the town which gave them birth, and which they have illustrated by their fame. The name of Thomas Campbell is one which every Scotchman will pronounce with pride. It may not have gathered around it the prestige of the name of Burns, and it may not be a talisman to conjure with like that of Sir Walter Scott, but it has a prestige all its own, and a reputation as imperishable as the writings which have made it famous. Campbell was essentially the poet of freedom, and of patriotism as well. He sounded the tocsin of the nations on the downfall of Poland, and his martial odes exerted a powerful influence in stimulating the national ardour in the conflict with Napoleon. The 'Battle of the Baltic,' and 'Ye Mariners of England' are as spirited compositions as may be found in the whole range of poetry. There is soul in every line and genius in every word. There is a sparkle in the style of Campbell — a dash almost of chivalry — which distinguishes it from that of any other poet. The influences which surrounded his boyhood, and accompanied him to manhood, gave a bent to his genius and may account in part for the peculiar intensity of his style. He was the youngest and the petted son of a large family. The father, at one period an affluent merchant in the queen city of the West of Scotland, at the time of the poet's birth was living upon the wrecks of a fortune amassed in the Virginia trade, but which was nearly all lost on the outbreak of the American War. A younger scion of the Campbells of Kirnan, in Argyleshire—themselves a branch of the Ducal clan, and tracing their own lineage to Gilespic-le-Camile, first Norman Lord of Lochawe, something of the pride of such an ancestry may have tinged the spirit, if it was not allowed to affect the pretensions of the poet's family. It would be absurd to say that it went for much with the poet himself, but it, no doubt, had its own influence, though not very manifest, as fire tempers the steel, and you see not where the annealing process begins or ends. Born in Glasgow, there were lines of thought and association which connected him with one of the most interesting portions of the Highlands of Scotland—interesting for its wild and romantic scenery, and its high deeds of bravery for which the Campbells of Argyleshire have been ever renowned. Campbell felt he was not one of the common herd, that had no ancestry to count, and no traditionary fame to form a sort of summons to similar high achievement, whether in the field, or the Senate, or in any of

the varied paths in which ambition may distinguish itself. That it exerted a certain influence upon him, all unconsciously to himself, is seen in the verses which he composed on visiting the scenes of his ancestry, concluding after some musings on the vicissitudes of fortune, with this fine stanza :

Be hush'd my dark spirit! for wisdom counsels me
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!
Yea! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again.
To bear is to conquer our fate!

It is well known that the Argyle family have always been on the Whig side of politics, and among the foremost assertors of right against wrong in every age. Archibald, Earl of Argyle, was one of the Lords of the Congregation at the period of the Reformation. A Marquis of Argyle died on the scaffold in defence of the Covenants of Scotland. The great duke, as he was called, the maintainer of the cause of Royalty, against the Earl of Mar, in the Rebellion of 1715, was the most influential statesman in the reign of George the Second, and the defender of Scotch rights and liberties. Whether all this had anything to do with Campbell's love of freedom, which is so conspicuous in all his poetry, it imports not to say. A peculiar spirit of liberty or otherwise often runs in the blood of families. I suppose it would be impossible for a scion of the noble house of Russell to be other than a champion of constitutional liberty. Another cause to which this peculiarity in Campbell has been traced was the influence which the lectures of Miller, Professor of Law in the University of Glasgow, exerted over his young and susceptible mind. A great admirer of Miller he caught much of his spirit. He was an enthusiastic reader also of Demosthenes and of Cicero, and thus drank at the very fountain-head the inspirations of freedom; while the speeches of Burke on the impeachment of Warren Hastings probably inspired him with that horror of England's treatment of India, which breathes in the lines denunciatory of India's wrongs in 'The Pleasures of Hope.' We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the lines—for the sake of the lines, not for the sake of the withering denunciation of England's wrong-doing which they contain. After alluding to the sufferings endured under the sway of Timour's iron sceptre the poet proceeds :

'When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud bark her winding way to shape,
And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape;
Children of Brama! then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend to triumph and to save
When free-born Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

'Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
The heart born anguish of a thousand cries:
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore:
Could mock the groans of fellow-men and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter with their gold, eternal shame!

'But hark! as bow'd to Earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic numbers breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

'Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say,)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world:
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!
He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!
Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright arm glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below!
Earth and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed:
Are shook: and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

'To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!
Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!
Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom! rule for evermore!'

It is customary to characterise Campbell's finest passages as nothing more than rhetoric, but we would stake our ability to judge of poetry at all if these lines are not in the truest spirit of poetry, reaching even to the highest sublimity of thought and conception. Poetry is often a matter of fashion as well as other things. The fashion now is the Tennysons and Brownings and Swinburnes—it is not Wordsworth or Byron or Campbell or Scott. It is a test of mind, it would seem, to appreciate the former: any one, it is thought, may appreciate the latter. We have often tried in vain to see a meaning in Browning. Of Swinburne, unfortunately, we know little or nothing; what we do know is certainly not favourable. Tennyson it would be unpardonable not to have read, and not to admire—but Campbell, in some respects, is the finer genius of the two. Campbell is the more spontaneous: he is not so artificial. Tennyson is the trained fencer: he has studied point and tierce—every pass—every attitude—every movement. He has obviously made the laws of verse his intent study. He must have practised all the varieties of metre, and with a care and assiduity which are sometimes too painfully obvious. If we are not mistaken he is the inventor of the peculiar stanza in which 'In Memoriam' is written. Campbell has made no such study of poetical composition. His fine ear and genius adapted every subject to its appropriate stanza. We might give instances, but we refrain. It would have been well, perhaps, if Campbell had given himself to the study of poetry more than he did. It has always struck us as matter of regret that he did not practise blank verse more. His lines, 'On the view from St. Leonard's,' and 'On the dead Eagle' at Oran, show what he could have done in that way. Campbell had a finely meditative mind, and he always wrote in the interest of freedom, virtue, and religion. Had he not always waited till some theme invited his muse, and had he not fettered himself with the trammels of rhyme, but poured out his thoughts in the verse which has been sanctioned by the practice of the greatest of our classic poets, I venture to say we would have had a great deal more poetry worthy of him, and which the world would not have willingly let die. It strikes us Campbell would have written a fine drama. He had breadth of mind enough, quick and shrewd perception, playful and lively wit and fancy, the power of pungent remark where the foibles of life were concerned, but high appreciation of all that was noble in action or conduct, while his faculty of language was undoubted. All this is seen in his poems: it is seen as well in his prose writings, in his epistolary correspondence, and in the specimens we have left to us of his familiar talk. He intended at one time to write a poem, to be entitled, 'The Queen of the North,' the Queen in this instance being Edinburgh. Had he chosen this subject for a drama, the Queen being 'Mary, Queen of Scots,' we might have had a drama that would have anticipated the "Bothwell" of Swinburne, and a finer drama than the 'Queen Mary' of Tennyson, as undoubtedly the subject was a finer one for dramatic effect, presenting greater contrasts, more poetic situations, a greater variety of passion, and incident altogether of deeper pathos, and more moving tragedy. The picturesque and romantic scenery of Scotland might have added zest to the composition. Campbell had not fallen upon the times when so much was given for a poem—when it could command so ready and extensive an acceptance with the public. He had to write for his daily bread, and prose compositions, and the editorial work of a magazine, distracted his attention from what might have been to him more congenial employment. But why did Campbell go to America for a subject of a poem? He should have left 'America to the

Americans.' He had to call up from fancy the scenery he embodied in his poem. He could not have the command of it which he had of the scenes that were familiar to him from his boyhood, and which he intended to pourtray in 'The Queen of the North.' It is much to be regretted, accordingly, that he was diverted from this theme by some unlucky chance, or by an unfortunate train of circumstances which we are left to conjecture. Campbell was afraid of his own powers. The shadow of his own fame, it is thought, haunted him, so that he was afraid to risk the laurels he had won. In 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' notwithstanding, he has presented us with a poem which even an American might own for the fidelity of its pictures, and the appositeness and beauty of its imagery. The poem sketches, all too briefly it must be confessed, a settler on 'Susquehanna's banks'—an emigrant from 'Green Albin'—the father of a fair daughter, whom no one can read about without loving—whose childhood and youth are exquisitely represented—wooed by 'a stranger of a distant land'—a stranger, however, who had before been known as the child of her father's early friend—when some love passages ensue, which are given with admirable felicity and delicacy, and great beauty of description. This stranger becomes one of the family, but their peace is soon broken up by the invasion of a hostile tribe of Indians, whose murderous assault is told with much animation and power. A chance shot takes the life of Albert, the father, and of his daughter, the beautiful Gertrude. The passionate grief of the husband is feelingly pourtrayed. Ontalissi, the same faithful Indian who had borne her Waldegrave when a boy from a similar scene of savage attack to her own early home in 'fair Wyoming'—where they met as children, afterwards, as we have seen, to meet in more interesting circumstances—this Indian sings her death-song, and the poem rather abruptly concludes with the spirited death chaunt. This is but the barest outline of a poem, which itself is rather sketchy—meagre in its details, and not woven together with much skill of invention but which abounds, nevertheless, with the finest touches of nature, and with the most beautiful creations of fancy. The tenderness of affection was never more delicately conveyed. Two such hearts seldom meet, and still more seldom in circumstances so favourable for their being welded together in one. We do not think it all sentiment, however, when the poet thus apostrophises love in their case:

'O Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine,
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine,
The vows, the walks, that boundless joy inspire:
Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine!
Nor, lin'd with ecstacy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.'

The idea contained in the last line is not very obvious, but if it means that love contemplates no end to its bliss, that the spark of 'earth-born time' will never be extinguished by any mishap, the poet has all too soon to alter his strain. The change comes: Wyoming is laid low: and

'Where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloomed.'

The circumstances in which Waldegrave is introduced to Gertrude, or rather comes upon her retirement, are thus given, and we cannot fail to note the felicity and beauty of the description. We go back to an earlier part of the poem:

'Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore:
Tradition had not named its lonely spot;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust, or lit, perchance, of yore,
Their voice, to the Great Spirit—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed by time.

'But high in amphitheatre above,
Gay tinted woods their massy foliage threw:
Breath'd but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue;

And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

'It was in this lone valley she would charm
The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had strown;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the pine-tree half o'ergrown;
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

'And nought within the grove was seen or heard
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;
When lo! there entered to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound;
But late th'equator sun his cheek had tann'd,
And California's gales his roving bosom fanned.

'A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipped for a space
Those downcast features; she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Wore youth and manhood's intermingled grace.
Iberian seemed his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.'

It is a pity that the plan of the poem, so brief in its story, so limited in its scope, allows of so few passages of description like the above. Campbell did not possess the inventive faculty in a high degree. His 'Theodric' is equally poor in this respect. In drama this faculty would not have been equally taxed. The incident of the drama itself would have been ready to his hand, and Campbell, we are persuaded, was capable of entering into the thoughts and feelings of others. But it is vain to speculate on what might have been done by our poet; we are to judge of him by what he has done, and we quote the death-chaunt of the Indian Chief, as an example of his lyrical skill—where, after all, perhaps, he was most at home:—

'And I could weep;'—th'Oneyda Chief
His descant wildly thus begun:
'But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death,)
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy!
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

'But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep;—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will my father's spirit grieve,
To see thee on the battle's eve,
Lamenting take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most;
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

'To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

'Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd,
And by my side in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!

'But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shall dry thy tears;
Ev'n from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tear that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian Chief!'

Campbell will always be chiefly known as the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' although some prefer his 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' and Campbell himself preferred it to the earlier poem. It is the production, perhaps, of a maturer mind, more experience of life is thrown into it: it is characterized by fine description which 'The Pleasures of Hope' must in the very nature of the case be destitute of; description could only be incidental to it, not of the very essence and texture of the poem itself. There are less traces of juvenility in 'Gertrude of Wyoming'—the unrestrained ardour and enthusiasm of a youthful mind. But the poem with all its excellence has nothing of the grandeur and sublimity of the elder composition. The two poems in fact have altogether a different sphere and object. A portraiture

of character, and a picture of the moving scenes of life were, of the object of the one: a descant upon that ever-fleeting principle which

'Springs eternal in the human breast,

was not the aim of the other. It is questionable if Campbell, with all his maturer powers, could have written 'The Pleasures of Hope' at the age that produced 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' Such a poem, perhaps, required the enthusiasm of youth for its production. Youth is peculiarly the season of hope, and could better descant upon it. It is wonderful, however, that such a poem could have been the production of so young a man as Campbell was when 'The Pleasures of Hope' took the world by surprise. His powers must have had a very precocious development, which was actually the case from the earliest. Campbell was a man when he was yet a boy. He exhibited a maturity of thought in his college exercises which was altogether remarkable. His translations of the Greek choruses made at that time stand in his published works at the present day. Was the subject of 'The Pleasures of Hope' suggested by the following paragraph in the letter of one of his college friends, written in the free and easy spirit of familiar correspondence, between the terms of College! 'We have now three "Pleasures" by first rate men of genius, viz:—"The Pleasures of Imagination"—"The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Solitude." Let us cherish "The Pleasures of Hope" that we may soon meet in Alma Mater.' Thrown out in this careless way, without the remotest purpose perhaps towards such a contingency, it is not unlikely that this was the first suggestion of the future subject, which, brooding in his mind, was afterwards expanded into the immortal poem which Campbell gave us under the precise title. As Campbell himself has written:

'—How our fates from unmomentous things
May rise like rivers out of little springs!'

The brook, however, passes away in the very river of which it is the source; not so the poem which had its origin, in this casual allusion. It flows on, and will flow on to latest ages.

'The Pleasures of Hope' is intended to depict the scenes that may lie in the future at any of the different periods of life, and extending even into a future existence to paint the obstacles that may obstruct or prevent the realization of these, tyranny, wrong, disappointment of every kind

'The spectre doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul.'

and the triumph of Hope over all! The pictures which Hope represents to itself at different times, and in every varying situation, are finely given. History is laid under contribution for examples to illustrate the power of this principle. The endurance of the soldiers under Charles of Sweden: the wrongs of Poland—the hopes of that suffering nation quenched in the fires of Warsaw: the chief of Congo torn from his native soil, and doomed to drag out his remaining days in slavery: Hope has its sustaining power in the worst of these situations, or it is the object of the poet to show in what extremities even hope must fail.

The relation of ideas—the transition from theme to theme—may sometimes, in this finished composition, not be very obvious. The thread of connection is sometimes slender enough. This is confessedly a weakness. One would desire the connection to be more visible—the parts to be in better harmony with each other, and with the general theme.

But this, after all, is a small matter when put beside the far greater excellencies of the poem. From beginning to end it is one unbroken strain of elegant, refined, impassioned poetry—now tender and pathetic, anon generous, sublime, indignant against wrong, and, with the inspiration of prophecy,

predicting a brighter destiny to all the oppressed and enslaved of humankind.

Campbell had not fallen on those days when Scepticism is a virtue, and infidelity has its chosen missionaries among the poets themselves. He had not passed through that strange process by which a mind with clear perceptions, and high imagination, could negative all the finer sentiments of humanity, and welcome a state of pure nescience in principle, and animalism in feeling. Campbell would have grown pale at some of the bold impieties of a Swinburne, and his pen would have dropped from his grasp ere he would have allowed himself to indulge in many of the pruriences which stain the pages of the latter.

We are tempted to quote, even at the risk of repeating passages that must be familiar to most of our readers.

"When first the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed
The Queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled in his piece
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece.
To faultless nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love and treasur'd all their smiles;
Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when combined!
Love on the picture smiled! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored!
So thy fair hand, enamour'd fancy! gleans
The treasur'd pictures of a thousand scenes,
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage home from towns and toils remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall taste and beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky!
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell,
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean blazing all around!

Our other quotation will be from that portion of the poem in which we have the strong protest against infidelity, beginning with the apostrophe to Hope as the daughter of Faith; we quote, however, only the former part of the passage:

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy Kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph bands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day.
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!
Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
"It is a dread and awful thing to die!"
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
Where Times' far wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears:
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust,
And like the trembling Hebrew when he trod
The roaring waves and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss!
Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illume,
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt and dispel, ye spectre doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day
The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes!"

Campbell lived before the age of what is known as the subjective school of poetry. That school is generally traced to its source in the great upheaval of the French Revolution, though on what grounds is not always so clearly explained. Certainly, that event could not happen without deeply-seated causes in itself, and without deeply affecting the whole framework of the social state. Mind was thrown more in upon itself. The foundations of the moral, religious, and social worlds were shaken. Principles were brought to the tribunal of public opinion which had never so much as been called in question. Mind paid not so much deference to authority, and looked into itself for its principles of action and grounds of judgment. The Lake poets were for a time carried away by the tide, and inaugurated the great change in poetic thought. They stood the test, however, of principle both in morals and religion; and in politics, though oscillating for a while, they soon found their equilibrium again. Campbell, perhaps, was not so profound a thinker, or rather he was too just a thinker, to be disturbed in his opinions, except to have his mind

thrown forward in the line of political freedom, in the very direction in which the Pantisocrasy halted. He had, perhaps, been too well fortified by his Presbyterian upbringing to be staggered for a moment in his religious beliefs. Byron and Shelley were the legitimate product of the French Revolution. An influence from German thought, however, it was that gave the peculiar cast to our more recent poetry. Campbell did not partake of that influence. We see nothing of it in Burns or Scott. It is not an unfavourable influence. It brings out the poetry of our deepest thought- it is often the poetry of thought itself. Or it is thought and feeling so blending with the outward, that the one is fused in a kind of amalgam with the other. This certainly has been carried too far, and Campbell was at least free from the obscurity which attaches to much of our modern poetry. Campbell is always plain and intelligible. There is no fetching at meanings or subtleties which elude the grasp even of the mind which is aiming at them. We may admit that he wants many of the subtler beauties which are secured in this peculiar effort. He has nothing of the shot-silk, if we may so speak, of poetry. There is nothing of the opal tendency in his imagination; all is on the surface and meets the eye: it does not need to be held in a particular light before it displays its beauties. Perhaps Campbell, accordingly, has not the profound analogies which many of our modern poets indulge, in their more introspective tendencies of thought. We would match, however, some of Campbell's pieces with anything in modern times for suggestiveness and beauty. We regard the 'Lines on the View from St. Leonard's,' for example, as superior to Byron's famous address to the ocean in 'Childe Harold.' The suggested thoughts are finer, and not so obvious —they have more originality certainly, and have more exquisite finish and grace. In the same way Campbell's 'Last Man' may be paralleled with Byron's 'Darkness,' and is more definite in its meaning, and more statuesque in its effect. It was in a conversation with Campbell that the subject of Byron's poem was suggested to the latter, and Campbell complains that some of the thoughts even were stolen from himself especially the expression 'the majesty of Darkness,' which Campbell happened to employ in the course of their colloquy. Campbell's is surely the grander idea, the key-note of the whole being the last stanza, in which that last of our race, addressing the sun, whose sinking rays expire with his own expiring breath, says :—

'Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy,
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!'

Byron supposes the inhabitants of earth, overtaken by the darkness of the universe, without a sun, or with a sun whose light had been quenched, and all the nameless horrors of that state; an idea which lacks consistency; for if the sun is to go out in darkness, according to the Bible doctrine, the other doctrines consistent with that should not have been ignored, and surely the doctrine of immortality is one of these. We are not, however, attempting to show the superiority of Campbell over Byron; he was his inferior in many respects—in power and compass of mind, in versatility, in vividness and force of imagination, in copiousness and abundance of resources, in ingenuity and inventiveness of thought. Campbell, however, would not have written, if he could, much that Byron's pen has indited—such as the dramas of 'Manfred' and 'Cain,' 'The Vision of Judgment,' 'Beppo,' 'Don Juan,' &c. Campbell's mind did not describe the same circle as Byron's; but, for that

very reason perhaps, while it was not so expansive in its range, it was loftier in its aspirations and intenser in its glow. His imagination burned more fervidly, and gave off sparks of greater brilliancy. We are more anxious, however, to compare him with the subjective poets of the day. And it is in contrast with them that we recognise the tendency now existing to disparage such poets as Campbell, and even Byron himself, to exalt the particular favourites of the hour. It will be acknowledged at once that we have a new school of poetry in our Tennysons and Brownings and Swinburnes and Morrises. Of course the present age demands this subtler style of thought—it has grown to it—no less penetrating analysis will suffice. It must see into and around a subject. It lives on the borders of both worlds; it harmonizes the two; it holds them as it were in a sort of solution; it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other, if they are distinguishable—and all this while the world of sense is truly the one which alone is recognised, or there are grave doubts, at least, of the existence of the other. It is not determined whether there is a spiritual world or not; even the poet's fine essence may evaporate in gas! We may indulge our fine imaginings for a time. We may revel in our own creations, and have visions of any amount of beauty—but they will all mingle with the clods of the valley at last. There is no God—no personal Divinity presiding over mind. Our own minds are but a finer essence, a subtler vapour, a more ethereal blossom! Poetry and science have joined hands in Comte's philosophy, and Comte is the High Priest of both.

We have no hesitation in saying that we regard much of our modern poetry as no better than raving, beating the brains to bring out inanity: it is seeing meaning where there is none to be seen: affecting a profounder wisdom, and a subtler insight, when, if the oracle was penetrated, it would be found to have uttered nothing worthy of the god!

Is there anything in the whole range of our subjective poetry to surpass the 'O'Connor's Child,' the 'Ritter Bann,' 'Reullura,' 'Lines on leaving a scene in Bavaria,' the war lyrics, 'Hallowed Ground,' 'Lochiel's Warning.' The 'O'Connor's Child' is a poem of thrilling pathos and exquisite beauty; the 'Ritter Bann' embodies a touching incident of the age of ballad and romance; 'Reullura' carries us back to the times of the 'dark-attired Culdees,' and presents an exquisite panoramic glimpse of Scotland's 'Western isles;' the 'Lines on leaving a scene in Bavaria' is pervaded by a fine spirit of meditation, and by all the poet's amiableness of heart; 'Hallowed Ground' is instinct with noble sentiment and poetic fire; 'Lochiel's Warning' every one has by heart. The war lyrics are confessedly the finest war songs in the language. Tennyson's 'Charge of the Six Hundred,' and his latest composition; while they strike a note that accords peculiarly with the spirit of the time, have not the poetry of Campbell's odes. The 'Battle of the Baltic' is in an exquisite measure, and is characterized by the noblest conceptions and the grandest imagery. The introduction to the ode is very fine. You almost see the ships falling into line, or taking up their position before the walls of Copenhagen. What could be finer than the silence of the advancing ships, and the breathless expectation of the mariners, as described in the second stanza?

'As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.'

The grandeur of the imagery in the succeeding stanza will be acknowledged by all:

'But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between—

" Hearts of Oak !" our captain cried ; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.'

The cessation of the contest is finely conceived, after the briskest of the fight :

' Again ! again ! again !
And the havock did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ; -
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :-
Then ceased, and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.'

The ode closes with a fine tribute to those who died on the ' deck of fame '

' With the gallant good Riou.'

It was worthy of the heart of Campbell to introduce them into his song :

' Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ; -
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !'

The ' Mariners of England ' is a favourite with all British hearts, and we have no doubt has nerved to the conflict on many an occasion, when even British bravery would, if possible, have faltered. It has been sung on the deck of many a ' man of war ' in England's navy, and its elevated and inspiriting sentiments must have entered into and formed the very fibre and texture of the mariner's courage, as he stood unblenching in the thickest of the contest, his comrades falling by scores around him. ' Hohenlinden ' is a unique composition. Formed on the simplest model, by a few graphic strokes it brings before us the very scenery of the combat, as Campbell himself witnessed it from the walls of a neighbouring monastery. Brief as it is, it touches at once the most opposite chords of the lyre, the truest sublime and the tenderest pathos.

We are tempted to quote the ' Song of the Greeks,' and it might not have an unsuitableness in the present ture of the ' Eastern Question, space does not permit. Beside th would put the stanzas on ' The I of Russia,' which might almost to have been written in view c present crisis, as if in fact Kossut inspired them. They speak vo for Campbell's sagacity and po foresight, and show, as his effort in behalf of the Poles, that he man of action as well as of ima tion.

The readers of Campbell will with pleasure such poems as ' Gle ' Lord Ullin's Daughter,' ' The of Erin,' ' The Soldier's Drea familiar to our childhood, ' Flowers,' ' The Wounded Hu ' To the Rainbow,' &c.. &c.

Campbell did not waste his p on subjects that had no meaning. themes that invited his pen are a worthy of his muse. He dic weave a gossamer web out of mat of which it would be as hard to the purport as to give the signific We are not speaking at present Arthurian poems of Tennyson though even of them we are in to say, if not too good, they least too subtle

' For Human Nature's daily food.'

We cannot subsist long in su atmosphere. We must come from these mountain-tops, and br the air of the valleys, converse ordinary beings, and on familiart King Arthur need not have b fabulous person : Sir Lancelot a Galahad may have had their types in these ages of chivalry romance. We can easily imag character like Guinevere in actu tory, and the story of Merlin Vivien may often have had its co part in actual life. But ' The Grail ' is so purely fabulous tha is disposed to ask what is the attempting to body forth what entirely an imaginary creation ? present quarrel, however, is w

very different school of poets from that of Tennyson, though all may be classed under the general designation of the subjective school. Campbell would not recognise himself among the singing fraternity did he survive to the present day. Would Wordsworth, or Scott, or Southey? It is either a great change for the better, or it is a marvellous change for the worse. We cannot pretend to the insight which sees the superiority of the modern school. The old to us is better. We choose to retain our senses, and not to be hood-winked into the belief of a meaning where we can discern none, and of a beauty which is invisible to all but the initiated.

We take our leave of Campbell whom we twice voted for, to be Lord Rector of our venerable 'Alma Mater' —the University of Glasgow. We joined the procession which welcomed him when he came the second time to be installed into office. We well remember the enthusiasm which greeted him, and the enthusiasm with which he greeted his constituents, on the occasion. It is gone like a dream, but the memory of it is inspiring even at this hour. We well recollect the slight but well-knit frame, and the fine Italian face—the sparkling eye—black as a coal—the thin lip—the quivering voice—the tension of gesture—when he rose to address us—the 'tout ensemble' of a poet. Campbell was a fine prose writer as well as poet. His lectures on Greek Literature were highly prized when they were delivered, and when they were afterwards given to the public. His 'Specimens of the British Poets' is a classic and standard work at the present day. He was characterized by exquisite taste. His published poems would form a much bulkier volume had he not exercised the pruning knife to the extent that he did, and to which it would be well perhaps that other poets had done with regard to their works.

> Taste that like the silent dial's power,
> That when supernal light is given,
> Can measure inspiration's hour,
> And tell its height in heaven!

Beautiful words, which he himself applied to the famous actor, Kemble, on his taking leave of the stage. They were as appropriate to the poet as to the actor. Campbell had a playful and lively wit, which overflowed in his conversation and his letters. He was a most genial friend and companion. He was essentially a philanthropist, especially in the cause of the Poles. His exertions in behalf of that down-trodden nation relaxed not till his dying hour. Some earth from the grave of Kosciusko was strewed on his coffin as it descended to its last resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

THE MINSTREL'S GOOD NIGHT.

BY M. H. NICHOLSON.

> 'Ich singe wie der Vogel singt
> Der in den Zweigen wohnet.'—*Goethe.*

GOOD night to all: The shadows o'er the lea
Are stretched like fallen turrets gray and long,
A lambent gleam still trembles on the sea
That haunts me with an overpowering song,
Deeper than music of the gay-plumed throng
To which I listened by the morning's gate
And tried to give response. If that was wrong,

Here only for your pardon do I wait
Ere I retire alone, but not all desolate.

Affection for my country and mankind
Unnoticed though it be encheers me still;
And I have striven with an eager mind,
The promise of my childhood to fulfil:
But as steep rocks may turn aside the rill
And waste its virtue in the arid sand,
So sternest hindrances obstruct my will,
And most it grieves me that my native land
Reaps nothing from my thought and little by my hand.

This harp, to every various feeling true,
Has often in some lone, obscure retreat,
Been wet with tears, but tears are heavenly dew—
Benignant showers for ardent bosoms meet
Else would the young affections, opening sweet,
With dust of daily life become impure,
Or passion's rays would kiss them into heat,
Then, like unshaded flowers, they would be sure
To wither ere their time, to die and not mature.

All earth is tuneful when the infant leaves
First whisper to the idle breeze's play;
Yet scarce less joyous when her lap receives
The golden tribute of an autumn day.
The highest instinct that our lives obey
Points forward--never to a darkened close,
Nor would it help us on the destined way
If, with the soft allurement of repose,
The desert that we tread should blossom like the rose.

Thus in no dreary mood I bid good night;
A liberal patroness has Nature been
In furnishing, if only for delight,
The sources whence some scanty truths I glean,
Not in the halls where learnèd men convene,
But by the wave, and in the cloistered wood
Where, muffled in their cloaks of sombre green
Are ranked the aged trees—the brotherhood
On whom the Holiest looked and saw that it was good.

I still the chords and on th' Acadian birch
Suspend my harp. Perchance the airy note
Of some kind cherub on his earthly search
Shall make diviner spell around it float.
If this should be, the day is not remote
When I shall take it from its voiceless rest,
And all its powers, with steadier touch, devote
To the prime motive of the patriot's breast
And its achievements high with which our race is blest.

LEVER'S MILITARY TALES.

BY J. L. STEWART.

thors are the favourites of
ıng, while others find sym-
lers only among the mid-
the old. The story-telling
without other intellectual
, makes a writer dear
t of youth, while more
ls demand that the stories
· a knowledge of life and
least equal to their own.
t wondered, on again read-
/hich charmed him in his
at made it so attractive to
The boy's eager-eyed love
ellous, his capacious cre-
ıis lack of insight into the
chinery which forms the
er of mankind, must be
order that the crude tale
its power to please. It is
; true, however, that all
/hich please us in youth
ıarm in maturity, as every
rom his own experience.
simplest works in every
among its finest specimens
ırt, and we love them the
'e have grown wise enough
:he secret of their power
he books which have no
ıs in youth, and become
'hen the studies, passions,
ıces of manhood have ex-
mental horizon, are much
ous.

is fond of ideals, and the
the power as well as the
eve in them. The New
eveals the ideal man. Mil-
n us the ideal devil, and
shown us the ideal hell.
d the ideal castaway, and
every shipwrecked mariner who finds refuge on a savage or silent coast, is still compared to Robinson Crusoe. Cooper transformed the treacherous, dirty, drunken and cruel Indian, into the ideal savage, with unerring instinct, sleepless eye, noiseless foot, undying gratitude, relentless hatred, and Ossianic rhetoric. Marryat depicted the ideal sailor, Porter drew the ideal exile, and Lever sketched the ideal Irishman, who is widely accepted as a faithful representative of his race.

The works of Charles Lever, while possessing considerable interest for most mature minds, are much more popular with the young. Every boy has read them, or heard other boys sing their praises, until he longs to do so. They possess qualities which will make them dear to their youthful mind for all time. They are autobiographical stories, most of them, and have little or no plot. The hero is the central figure, and the interest lies wholly in his haps and mishaps. The other characters, as a rule, are dismissed unceremoniously when they cease to affect the career of the chief personage of the tale. This is often very provoking to inquiring readers, as some of these secondary people are very interesting, and are involved in intrigues which render their safety doubtful. The style is bold, dashing and careless. There is no attempt at close analysis of motives or balancing of probabilities. The hero relates his own adventures, and leaves his audience to guess at the motives which actuated those with whom he came in contact. Incidents follow each other in

rapid succession. When one danger is escaped by the hero, he immediately gets into another scrape of some kind. We are kept in a state of constant concern for him. Either his liberty is threatened by the machinations of enemies, his life endangered by duels, or his hope of winning the one woman who can make him happy on the point of being changed to despair by his temporary yielding to the fascinations of pretty women, with whom he is brought into contact. He is no monster of perfection, like many heroes who are popular with the young, but endowed with a fair share of human weaknesses.

Lever's popularity came to him when he was not expecting it. His 'Harry Lorrequer, with his Confessions,' was intended only for the pages of *The Dublin University Magazine*, and was begun rather as a series of sketches than as a serial story. But the public fell in love with Harry at his first introduction, and Lever was only responding to the popular demand when he made his erratic hero acquire a fortune and marry a wife. Although surprised at the success of this work, Lever was shrewd enough to follow up the popular view he had thus unwittingly struck, and a line of young Irish military heroes, whose adventures in love and war are related with much humour and skill, followed in quick succession, giving their author a high and enduring place in English fiction. He has written works of another kind, works making greater pretensions to literary art, but these Irish military tales made his reputation and form the basis on which it rests.

Harry Lorrequer, the hero of the first of the series, could only have been drawn by an artist familiar with the Celtic race. What a fresh, breezy, rollicking fellow he is! What scrapes he gets into! Warm-hearted, mercurial, sanguine, impressible, he is ever ready for friendship, fighting, love-making or carousing. He throws himself into everything he undertakes with headlong enthusiasm, and follows any phantom which attracts him with as much earnestness, as if he thought it real. He engages to play a part, and forgets that he is not acting. He is never dull, never listless, never utterly idle. The world grows greener and more enjoyable the more he sees of it. He is never bored by companions, duties or amusements. He fears ridicule or dishonour only, and would rather face a cavalry charge than a laughing mess. What a contrast such a character presents to the lisping, lolling, low-toned victims of *ennui*, who are now, as they were then, so numerous as to give tone to certain fashionable circles, and create imitators of drawling speech, vacant stare and listless yawn! It is no wonder that the world turned from its pasteboard gallants to this flesh-and-blood offspring of the imagination with a sense of relief that found expression in the manifestation of a warm welcome.

The artificial, in life as in literature, grows wearisome, so wearisome that an affectation of naturalness is often more welcome than the genuine article, because it presents a greater contrast to that which has grown unendurable. It is thus that one mannerism leads to another. Lever did not wholly escape the subtle influence of this tendency towards the opposite extreme, when he drew Harry Lorrequer as a contrast, and a rebuke to the fashionable military type of the time, but his sins were those of exaggeration, rather than of caricature or affectation. He did not exhibit a mask or a mummy and call it man, nor set up a clown as a gentleman.

It was not only as a healthy contrast to the military lounger of the day, that Harry Lorrequer was welcomed, but as a new and natural type of the fictitious autobiographer. His confessions possessed all the frankness of Rousseau's, without their morbidness and delusions regarding the rest of the world, and he was loved for his faults as well as for his virtues. The perfect

hero, and the monster of iniquity, had had their day, and the natural man was waited for.

(When will biographers learn the lesson which successful novels are daily teaching,—learn to give the faults of their subjects sufficient prominence to relieve the monotony of their virtues, and thus gain the confidence of readers by real or artistically feigned frankness?)

Harry Lorrequer begins the story of his adventures in Ireland, on his return from the wars, by describing the festivities with which the citizens and corporation of Cork welcomed the soldiers, and quickly gives us an insight into his character. At one of these entertainments which begins at three in the afternoon and ends no man of his acquaintance knows when he makes himself agreeable after the following fashion :—

'After walking for about an hour with one of the prettiest girls I ever set my eyes upon, and getting a tender squeeze of the hand as I restored her to a most affable looking old lady in a blue turban and red velvet gown, who smiled most benignly on me, and called me '*Meejor*,' I retired to recruit for a new attack, to a small table, where three of ours were quaffing, '*ponche a la Romaine*,' with a crowd of Corkogians about them, eagerly inquiring about some heroes of their own city, whose deeds of arms they were surprised, did not obtain special mention from 'the Duke.' I soon ingratiated myself into this well-occupied clique, and dosed them with glory to their hearts' content. I resolved at once to enter into their humour; and as the 'ponche' mounted up to my brain, I gradually found my acquaintanceship extended to every family, and connection in the country.'

'Did ye know Phil Beamish, of the 3-th, sir?' said a tall, red-faced, red-whiskered, well-looking gentleman, who bore no slight resemblance to Feargus O'Connor.

'Phil Beamish!' said I. 'Indeed I did, sir, and do still; and there is not a man in the British army I am prouder of knowing.' Here, by the way, I may mention, that I never heard the name till that moment.

'You don't say so, sir,' said Feargus —for so I must call him for shortness sake. 'Has he any chance of the company yet, sir?'

'Company!' said I in astonishment. 'He obtained his majority three months since. You cannot possibly have heard from him lately, or you would have known that?'

'That's true, sir. I never heard since he quitted the 3-th to go to Versailles, I think they call it, for his health. But how did he get the step, sir?'

'Why, as to the company, that was remarkable enough,' said I, quaffing off a tumbler of champagne, to assist my invention. 'You know it was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th, that Napoleon ordered Grouchy to advance with the first and second brigade of the Old Guard, and two regiments of chasseurs, and attack the position occupied by Picton, and the regiments under his command. Well, sir, on they came, masked by the smoke of a terrible discharge of artillery, stationed on a small eminence to our left, and which did tremendous execution among our poor fellows—on they came, sir, and as the smoke cleared partially away we got a glimpse of them, and a more dangerous looking set I should not desire to see: grizzle-bearded, hard-featured, bronzed-fellows, about five-and-thirty or forty years of age; their beauty not a whit improved by the red glare thrown upon their faces, and along the whole line by each flash of the long twenty-fours that were playing away to the right. Just at this moment Picton rode down the line with his staff, and stopping within a few paces of me, said: 'They're coming up; steady, boys; steady now; we shall have something to do soon.' And then, turning round, he looked in the direction of the French battery, that was thundering away again in full force.

'Ah, that must be silenced,' said he. 'Where's Beamish?'—'Says Picton!' interrupted Feargus, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his mouth growing wider every moment, as he listened with the most intense interest. 'Yes,' said I, slowly; and then, with all the provoking nonchalance of an Italian improvisatore, who always halts at the most exciting point of his narrative, I begged a listener near me to fill my glass from the iced punch beside him. Not a sound was heard as I lifted the bumper to my lips; all were breathless in their wound-up anxiety to hear of their countryman, who had been selected by Picton—for what, too, they knew not yet, and indeed, at this instant I did not know myself, and nearly laughed outright, for the two of ours who had remained at the table had so well employed their interval of ease as to become very pleasantly drunk, and were listening to my confounded story with all the gravity and seriousness of the world.

'Where's Beamish?' said Picton. 'Here, sir,' said Phil stepping out from the line, and touching his cap to the general, who, taking him apart for a few minutes, spoke to him with great animation. We did not know what he said; but before five minutes were over, there was Phil with three companies of light-bobs drawn up at our left! their muskets at the charge they set off at a round trot down the little steep, which closed our flank. We had not much time to follow their movements, for our own amusement began soon; but I well remember, after repelling the French attack, and standing in square against two heavy charges of cuirassiers, the first thing I saw where the French battery had stood, was Phil Beamish and about a handful of brave fellows, all that remained from the skirmish. He captured two of the enemy's field-pieces, and was Captain Beamish on the day after.'

'Long life to him!' said at least a dozen voices behind and about me, while a general clanking of decanters and smacking of lips betoken Phil's health with all the hon being celebrated. For myself really so engrossed by my na and so excited by the 'ponch I saw or heard very little of wh passing around, and have only of dim recollection of being by the hand by 'Feargus,' w Beamish's brother, and who, fulness of his heart, would have me to his breast, if I had not timely been so overpowered as senseless under the table.'

It is the same determination t himself agreeable, and to shi spicuously in all companies, tha him the life and soul of the g entertainments which are give turn. He is especially great vate theatricals. 'In the morn says, 'I was employed paintin ery and arranging the propert it grew later I regulated the and looked after the foot-lights tating occasionally between an gants, whose jealousies abound full as much in private theatri in the regular *corps dramatique*. I was also leader in the orches had scarcely given the last sc the overture, before I was obl appear to speak the prologue.' an amusing picture is this of ir sible activity and all-grasping tility! What more natural th so busy an artist should son forget his professional duties, o them with his theatrical occup His first serious scrape in conse of his pre-occupation with the grows naturally out of the ant events and his own character. it may be remarked in passing, the strongest proofs of the inst art which guides the author' pen, that the numerous incident enliven his stories are always mony with the circumstances in they happen, and that the scrap which his heroes fall; not les the acts which they deliberate form, are such as might be ex

to follow from the lives they lead and the company they keep. The succession of good and ill haps, whose recital forms the burden of the story, have an air of probability, a harmony with time, place and person, equal to that which makes the adventures of Signor Gil Blas de Santillane so captivating.

The particular adventure alluded to above is described in the author's best vein, and must necessarily lose its charm when more briefly told. The colonel, a regular martinet, is strongly opposed to the regimental theatricals, and will not countenance them in any way. Harry, as the chief offender in this respect, is marked out for harsh treatment when occasion arises to justify severity. He knows the colonel's amiable intentions, and is on his guard against any breach of discipline. But of what use are the prudent resolves of such as he? An unusually successful performance, in which our hero is the great attraction as Othello, is followed by a champagne supper on the stage, when the noble Moor sits at the head of the table in full costume, and leads the singing, toasting, speaking and drinking, until the portly Desdemona carries him to his quarters. He is aroused next morning by the beating of the drum, and his horrified to find the regiment under arms for drill. With his head in a whirl, his military and theatrical ward-robes sadly mixed, and his toilet-table, glass and wash-basin absent at the theatre, he dresses as well as he can and hurries down to where the frowning colonel and the rest of the officers are awaiting him. A general titter passes along the line as he proceeds, and he reaches the group of officers in indignation at such a disrespectful reception. What is his surprise when the officers break out into a general roar of laughter the moment they catch sight of him. He looks down at his costume, expecting to see that he has made some mistake in dressing, but all is correct. He catches the infection and laughs also. Then the officers fairly grow hysterical with mirth. The colonel, who has been examining some of the men, comes angrily up to the group, and Harry, respectfully touching his cap, wishes him good morning. The colonel, purple with rage, and fairly shaking with passion, cries, 'Go, sir, to your quarters; and before you leave them a court-martial shall decide if such continued insult to your commanding officer warrants your name being in the Army List.' 'May I beg, Colonel Carden,' says Harry. 'To your quarters, sir,' roars the colonel. It is with a heart swelling with indignation at the laughter of his comrades and the tyranny of the colonel that Harry summons his servant, on his return to his quarters, to ask for information in regard to the cause of the sensation he has caused. The servant laughs likes the rest, and, in reply to his master's furious demand for an explanation of his levity, says: 'Oh, sir, surely you did not appear on the parade with that face!' Harry springs to the glass, which had been replaced, and there is the black face of Othello glowering at him under a bear-skin shako. Then it is his turn to laugh. But when his friend the adjutant comes to warn him that the colonel will not believe it was an accident, but is firmly convinced that it was an intentional insult, our hero characteristically resolves rather to risk the impending court-martial than endure the laughter of the regiment, and boldly declares that the colonel is right; that it was no mistake; that he had made a bet that the colonel should see him as Othello, and had won. So the adjutant goes out to reawaken the laughter of the regiment, at the colonel's expense this time, and Harry goes to the colonel's quarters and by very humble apologies for the accident, succeeds in making his peace. Every dinner-table in Cork laughs at the poor colonel, and Lorrequer becomes more popular than ever.

He is punished for this escapade by being sent into the interior on the first detachment duty that offers, and, find-

ing no other outlet for his surplus energies, falls violently in love.

The Earl of Callouby, whose country seat is near his place of banishment, is an old friend of his uncle, Sir Guy Lorrequer, and apparently under the impression that Harry is the favoured nephew who is to inherit the baronetcy and the estates, makes him take up his residence with the family. Harry thinking it time that his relationship to Sir Guy should be of some advantage to him, accepts the offered hospitality, and is soon on the most intimate terms with every member of the family except the eldest daughter, Lady Jane, with whom he is too deeply in love to be familiar. One morning, after each member of the family in turn, with the exception of Lady Jane, claims him in fulfilment of a different engagement for the day, Lady Callouby carries him off to the conservatory to decide disputes about some new plants. She calls his attention to a scrubby little thing, which he proceeds to examine minutely, while the gardener waits in intense anxiety for his decision on it. 'Collins will have it a jungermania,' says Lady Callouby. 'And Collins is right,' Harry promptly adds, making the gardener look ridiculously happy. 'What a wretch it is!' says Lady Catherine, the younger daughter, covering her face with her handkerchief, and he sees that one at least has discovered him.

The same accommodating disposition induces him to assist in the canvass of the county, and to take an active part in discussions on agriculture, rents, tithes, and other topics of which he knows as little as he does of botany. It also leads him into the writing of several autographs of distinguished men, including Napoleon, for a lady who desires to add to her collection. More than this, he accepts a challenge to mortal combat from a man he has never heard of, for an offence he is ignorant of, rather than disoblige the gentleman, his friend the adjutant jocularly saying that if he shoots the challenger they 'might worm out the secret (the cause of quarrel) from his executors.'

Lever's novels are rich in the literature of the duello. Most of his heroes 'go out' more than once, with varying results. His tone, when he descends to moralizing, is condemnatory of the code, but his descriptions are well calculated to popularize it. His fire-eating seconds, and his general treating of the subject, have been copied so faithfully by many other authors that one feels already familiar with these scenes when reading Lever for the first time. Dr. Finucane, who acts as the friend of the challenging party in this duel for an unexplained cause, is the original of many of the seconds who figure in later novels. Small of stature, active, polite, self-important, utterly reckless of his friend, but ready to stand in his place if required, the doctor picks out 'a sweet spot' and places the men. Harry's hat is ventilated, and his opponent receives a bullet in the leg. The doctor cooly pronounces the wound of no consequence, and briskly presents pistols for another shot, but loss of blood weakens his principal until he faints and falls. When he rallies he fixes his eyes upon the doctor, and with pale lips, and in a voice quivering from weakness, thus mournfully reproaches his friend: 'Fin, didn't I tell ye that pistol always threw high—oh! O Fin! if you had only given me the saw-handled one that *I am used to*; but it is no good talking now.' This fighting Irishman is Giles Beamish, the 'Feargus' of the ball-room at Cork, and his thirst for blood was caused by the discovery that his brother Phil, of whose exploits Harry had given so glowing an account, had run away with the regimental treasure the day before the battle of Waterloo.

Father Malachi Brennan, to whose house the duelling party repairs, with the wounded man, could only be drawn by an Irishman, and could only be located in Ireland. He may or may

not have been drawn from the life, but it is certain that he has been generally accepted as a possibility, if not a reality, instead of being probated against as a libel on the priesthood. His short, fleshy and muscular figure; his large and rosy face, with an expression of boundless good humour and inexhaustible drollery; his bald head, with its ring of hair at the base; and his rich voice and mellow brogue, make him what Lever had often pictured to himself as 'the beau ideal of his caste.' He loves good fare, hot punch, good company, and jokes, good or bad. The famous quarterly dinner at the parsonage, which Harry and his friends attend, must be fresh in the memory of every reader of Lever. The mirthful priest, ready to hoax part of his guests at the expense of the others, introduces Harry as Lord Kilkie, eldest son of their landlord, and the adjutant as the new Scotch steward and improver. Harry's disclaimer is drowned by the enthusiastic cheering which greets him, and, with his fatal facility for falling into the humour of the moment, he soon finds himself listening blandly to the grievances and petitions of those around him—lowering rents, delivering debtors from jail, abolishing arrears, making roads over impassible bogs and inaccessible mountains, and even conducting water to a mill which, as he learns next morning, had always been worked by wind. When drink and drollery have produced the proper frame of mind in which rivalry in good works will make men forget their ordinary caution with respect to money matters, the priest introduces the serious business of the evening, a contribution on behalf of some Church fund. The author's description of the progress of the plate gives more insight into the good father's manner of working upon the feelings of his parishoners than a lengthy essay would, and the temptation to quote it is too great to be resisted :—

He brought a plate from a side-table, and placing it before him, addressed the company in a very brief but suitable speech, detailing the object of the institution he was advocating, and concluding with the following words : 'And now ye'll just give whatever ye like, according to your means in life, and what ye can spare.'

The admonition, like the 'morale' of an income tax, having the immediate effect of putting each man against his neighbour, and suggesting to their already excited spirits all the ardor of gambling, without, however, a prospect of gain. The plate was first handed to me in honour of my 'rank,' and having deposited upon it a handful of small silver, the priest ran his finger through the coin and called out :

'Five pounds! at least; not a farthing less, as I'm a sinner. Look, there—see now; they tell ye the gentlemen don't care for the like of ye, but see for yourselves. May I trouble ye'r lordship to pass the plate to Mr. Mahony—he's impatient, I see.'

Mr. Mahony, about whom I perceived very little of the impatience alluded to, was a grim-looking old Christian, in a rabbit-skin waistcoat, with long flaps, who fumbled in the recesses of his breeches pocket for five minutes, and then drew forth three shillings, which he laid upon the plate with what I thought very much resembled a sigh.

'Six and six pence, is it? or is it five shillings?—all the same, Mr. Mahony, and I'll not forget the thrifle you were speaking about this morning anyway;' and here he leaned over as interceding with me for him, but in reality to whisper in my ear, 'The greatest miser from this to Castlebar.'

'Who's that put down the half-guinea in goold?' (and this time he spoke the truth.) 'Who's that, I say?' 'Tim Kennedy, your reverence,' said Tim, stroking his hair down with one hand, and looking proud and modest at the same moment.

'Tim, ye're a credit to us anyday,

and I always said so. It's a gauger he'd like to be, my lord,' said he, turning to me, in a kind of stage whisper. I nodded and muttered something, when he thanked me most profoundly as if his suit had prospered.

'Mickey Oulahan the lord's looking at ye, Mickey.' This was said pianissimo across the table, and had the effect of increasing Mr. Oulahan's donation from five shillings to seven - the last had being pitched in very much in the style of a gambler making his final coup, and crying '*va banque*.' 'The Oulahans were always dacent people dacent people, my lord.'

'Begorra, the Oulahans was niver dacenter nor the Molowneys, anyhow,' said a tall athletic young fellow, as he threw down three crown pieces, with an energy that made every coin leap from the plate.

'They'll do now,' said Father Brennen; 'I'll leave them to themselves,' and truly the eagerness to get the plate and put down the subscription fully equalled the rapacious anxiety I have witnessed in an old maid at loo, to get possession of a thirty-shilling pool, be the same more or less, which lingered on its way to her in the hands of many a fair competitor.

Such is our side of Father Brennen's character, and many authors have shown their appreciation of it by borrowing its peculiarities for priests of their own creation.

Our hero makes a half avowal of his love for Lady Jane, believes that she loves him in return, encourages himself to hope for the earl's consent, and gets leave of absence after the departure of the Calloubys for London, for the purpose of appealing to his uncle for such a settlement as will justify his pretensions to the hand of the lady. He no sooner marks out the road before him than he already fancies himself successful in all things. His uncle settles upon him part of the estates intended for the favoured nephew, the lady flies into his arms, and the earl says, 'Bless you, my children.' All this is plain before his mind's eye, and doubt never enters to mar the picture. After perpetrating a huge sell on a fellow passenger in the packet, and being delayed four or five weeks by injuries from the upsetting of the Liverpool and London coach, he arrives in London to find that the Calloubys have gone to Paris. Then he posts down to Elton, sure of being able to persuade his uncle to make a good settlement on Lady Jane in case she became the wife of Harry Lorrequer. But before he opens his heart to Sir Guy, he learns from him that his cousin is the guest of Lord Callouby in Paris, and the favoured suitor for the hand of Lady Jane. Letters have passed between the earl and the baronet on the subject, and the match is regarded by the old gentleman as good as made. Then Harry sees clearly what he had suspected before, that the earl had mistaken him for the heir of Sir Guy, and supposes that his adored one shifted her affections on learning that she had been deceived in regard to her lover's expectations. He sinks instantly to the lowest depths of despair, and sees no gleam of hope piercing the blackness. He conceals his mission from his uncle, and cuts his visit short.

But it is not in the nature of Harry Lorrequer to brood long over his woes. Mischief, fun and frolic are abroad, and they soon find him out. Jack Waller, an old dragoon acquaintance, picks him up and asks his assistance in carrying off the fair daughter of a rich old India officer who lives near Cheltenham. He demurs at first, but soon allows himself to be drawn into the scheme, makes the acquaintance of the family, and is on the point of proposing for the lady when Jack runs away with her. That adventure was one of the most amusing and least satisfactory of all his escapades, and cannot be recalled by any reader without laughing.

After a halt in Dublin, where he

meets Tom O'Flaherty, Mrs. Clanfrizzle and other amusing people, he reaches his regiment, having a laughable stage-coach adventure *en route*, engages once more in the management of private theatricals that end in grief, becomes ludicrously involved in a friend's abortive attempt to elope with the daughter of a rural magnate, and is sent with a detachment to an assize town where trials are in progress which agitate the public mind considerably, and gives him an insight into the methods employed by the magistracy and constabulary for the detection and punishment of parties guilty of rick burning and other crimes only too popular then and now among the masses in that country.

Harry is astounded, and transported once more into the regions of the blest, by the reception of a letter from Lord Callouby, playfully upbraiding him for silence and absence, and cordially inviting him to join the family in Paris. He curses his folly in so readily believing the rumour about his cousin's success, fancies that the fair Jane is destined for him after all, and rises once more to the seventh heaven of blissful expectation. Another leave is obtained, and once more he starts off with the purpose of proposing for the fair and beloved Lady Jane. After a day of fun in Dublin his sorrows begin. He accepts, against the warnings of his better genius, the care of two ladies *en route* for Paris, one of them being young and pretty. They are helpless, and Harry has to care for them. He loves Lady Jane with his whole heart, but Miss Isabella Bingham is near him, depending on his protection, looking to him for amusement, and how can he help being very tender towards her? He feels his danger, and yet he knows there is no escape, for how can a man, and such a man as Harry Lorrequer, run away from a pretty girl? The intimacy grows greater every day, the mother smiles approvingly, and he already has a warning glimpse of an entanglement which may ruin his dearest hopes. The young couple walk on in advance of the carriage, wander from the high road, are left behind, and, having procured a conveyance, are arrested and detained because they are without passports, those necessary documents being in the carriage with mamma. The dismal night at the inn, the ludicrous blanket adventure, the examination before the *maire*, and the reunion with Mrs. Bingham, follow, and Harry arrives at Paris to find that the Calloubys are at Baden.

A few hours in Paris are sufficient for him to get involved in a riot in a gaming house, after he has broken the bank, to become the confidant of Mr. Arthur O'Leary's amusing love adventures, to receive a wound in a duel with a Frenchman, and to become, to all appearances, hopelessly entangled with Miss Bingham. But he honourably escapes from the fair Isabella's toils, no thanks to his own discretion or management, and succeeds, by the accidental exchange of passports with a fellow-traveller, in escaping arrest on account of the affair in the gaming house before getting over the frontier. At Strasburg he is lionized in the character of the celebrated composer whose passport he has, and given a regular oration at the opera.

On his arrival at Munich he hastily procures a suit for a ball that evening, at which he expects to meet the Calloubys, telling the over-worked tailor to dress him like the Pope's Nuncio, or the Mayor of London, if he liked, but only enable him to go to the ball, and is supplied with a diplomatic uniform. At his appearance in the ball-room he is saluted by a court functionary as 'your excellency,' presented to the King, and treated with the greatest respect and familiarity by his majesty and all the great personages in his train. He is at a loss to account for the warmth of the royal reception, but accepts the situation and enjoys himself without vexing his mind in

the search for reasons. Lord Callouby finds him, when he arrives, playing whist with the King, Prince Maximilian and the Prussian ambassador. He is astonished, of course, and his astonishment is not lessened, later in the evening, when the grand mareschal invited Harry to dine with his majesty the following day. Lord Callouby imparts the information that Guy Lorrequer is expected to join them soon, and Harry is so much affected by this discovery of his cousin's continued intimacy with the family that he loses consciousness. An aid-de-camp comes from the King to ask after his health, a court carriage is placed at 'his excellency's' service, the Minister for Foreign Affairs remarks to Lord Callouby that he 'fears his excellency has been greatly overworked lately—his exertions on the subject of the Greek loan are well known to his majesty,' and is greeted as '*mon cher* colleague' by the venerable Minister.

Next morning, when summoned to breakfast with the Callouby family, he is startled to learn that the town is ringing with the story of his having hoaxed the King by passing himself off on him as the new English *chargé d'affaires*, who arrived the evening before the ball but did not attend it, and has hard work to convince his friends of his innocence. They make his peace with the Court, but it is long before he ceases to be addressed as 'your excellency' and questioned about the Greek Loan.

Sir Guy Lorrequer arrives; and Harry's new-blown hopes of happiness are changed to despair by the information that the old gentleman has drawn up a marriage contract for his cousin and Lady Jane, and only awaits the coming of the bridegroom. It was, it appeared, the long-cherished wish of both gentlemen to unite their houses, and Harry is looked upon merely as a friend of all parties who is expected to unite in the general joy over the union. Fancy the joyfulness with which he receives the information and a commission to go to Paris and Guy's coming. He insists, h that Lady Jane's consent to t riage be obtained before he ta steps for its furtherance, and L louby, who has taken that for goes to his daughter and lea she is resolved not to marr chosen one. The old gentle ment this failure of their c plans, and Harry, inspired wit that makes him tremble, says h perhaps, win her consent to ac Guy Lorrequer's nephew. your price, boy,' cries Sir Gu keep your word.' Then Har gests that his own name be tuted for Guy's in the contract are stunned for a moment, a Lord Callouby says: 'Fairly Guy; a bold stroke, if it o ceeds.' 'And it shall, by G—— the uncle. 'Elton is yours, and with seven thousand a ye my nephew to boot, Callouby refuse you.' Lord Callouby c for him to try his fortune w lady, and he rushes after he maniac, catches her in his arm out the story of his old love new fortune together, is ac and the wedding follows the nex

This synopsis of the story better idea of Harry Lorreque acter than could be imparted scription of his characteristics, scarcely conveys more than a the superabundant wealth of a and incident with which Le riches his tales. When his ch are not engaged in adventures o or less lively character, they ar ing interesting episodes in th or others' lives.

There are two references to in this story. In one of them is located in the West Indies, other gives an account of the in which the Buffalo Fencibl frightened by the witty comm a small British garrison at Fo on the Niagara river, into surre

their arms and ignominiously fleeing for their lives.

In 'Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon,' we have a hero with a strong family likeness to Harry Lorrequer. His career might, but for certain subtle differences of character, almost be supposed to be that of Harry previous to the introduction of that versatile gentleman to the public. The likeness is rather superficial, however, and grows weaker as we study the two men. O'Malley comes on the stage at seventeen, the heir of a ruined Irish Squire's mortgaged estates, and is transformed all at once into a man by falling desperately in love with a young lady he can scarcely hope to win, and by seriously wounding a man in a duel. What a picture of a contested election we have in the opening chapters. The story of the escape of Godfrey O'Malley from his creditors (when the dissolution of Parliament rendered him liable to arrest), by pretending to be dead, travelling from Dublin to Galway as a corpse, and addressing the electors from the top of the hearse on his arrival, is told with Irish wit of the most pungent description. The conversation of Sir Harry Boyle and the other conspirators in the mortuary fraud is very amusing without being absolutely irreverent, and Sir Harry's vain attempt to compose an obituary notice without a bull must make everybody laugh. Godfrey O'Malley owes everybody, entertains everybody, and is always ready to fight with a foe, or drink with a friend. His tenants love him and cheat him, and all the paupers and vagabonds bless his munificence and his mildness. 'There was nothing else for it, boys,' he explains to his constituents; 'the Dublin people insisted on my being their member, and besieged the club-house. I refused—they threatened; I grew obstinate—they furious. 'I'll die first,' said I—'Galway or nothing!' ('Hurrah,' from the mob. 'O'Malley forever!') And ye see I kept my word, boys—I did die; I died that evening at a quarter past eight. There, read it for yourselves; there's the paper; was waked and carried out, and here I am after all, ready to die in earnest for you—but never to desert you.' Of course he is cheered deafeningly, and borne in triumph on the shoulders of his admirers; but when the real secret of his escape leaks out his popularity raises to a white heat, and his progress is that of a returning conqueror, so great is the general joy over his escape from the officers of the law. His success in the election is rendered sure by this exploit. No man who has not shot a sheriff, broken out of jail, or tarred and feathered a judge, could stand before such popularity as his, and the opposing candidate retires. The bravery, hospitality, quarrelsomeness, humour and ferocity of the Irish character are indicated in the opening chapters, with the clear but seemingly careless touches of one who speaks from a full knowledge of his subject and does not for a moment expect to be accused of having been inconsistent.

In dealing with Irish electoral contests Lever never sinks the artisan in the partisan, as Lover and others who have followed in his wake have done, but gives both sides credit for about an equal amount of unscrupulousness. Honours are easy and it is the odd trick that wins.

Captain Hammersly, the Englishman in whom Harry recognises a dangerous rival for the hand of Lucy Dashwood, although somewhat haughty in bearing and heavy in the saddle, is not painted, as a less accomplished artist would have depicted him, in a ridiculous light, but proves himself a daring and accomplished rider, although he finally comes to grief at the sunk fence, the last and most dangerous of Harry's leaps in the fox hunt, where they test the mettle of their horses, and the strength of their own bones, and acts the part of an honourable man throughout. No Englishman

need blush at such a representation of his race. Few finer types of his class are to be found in English fiction. He fails in his suit merely because the lady cannot love him, and not because his deserts are less than his rival's.

It is to be hoped that, if young O'Malley's college career was sketched from life, a reform has taken place in the University of Dublin. His room-mate, Frank Webber, must ever remain the monarch of scapegrace students. With talents enough to take the highest prizes, he fails at every examination, and never rises higher than the freshman form. His genius for hatching mischief is only equalled by his dexterity in executing it. No one can help laughing at his impish performances, and the more we laugh the more we deprecate the folly which leads him to waste his youth and talents in winning the applause of those who have his own distaste for study, but lack his brains. His success in making Dr. Mooney believe that the Dean's drinking habits are responsible for the noise which nightly proceeds from the wing in which they are both quartered; his street impersonations of wandering minstrels; his conversation with an imaginary escaping convict in the sewer, which draw an eager crowd, and closes with the frantic announcement that the poor man has fainted, on which the mob go madly to work and dig up the street with the hope of rescuing the poor fellow, thus bringing down the police and military, and creating a serious riot; his assaults on watchmen, serenades to professors, and transposition of signs; his wonderful success in eluding conviction, and escaping punishment when fairly caught; and the crowning hoax of personating General Dashwood's unknown sister-in-law, visiting him in that character on the night of his daughter's ball, and astonishing the company by singing, 'The Widow Malone' at the supper table, have seldom been equalled in real life or fiction.

But a commission in the Light Dragoons rescues O'Malley from the inglorious position of first lieutenant in Webber's brigade, and he begins real life in the Peninsula. The people he meets over the punch-bowl, at the mess-table, or around the bivouac fire, with their reminiscences of other days; his flirtations with the Dalrymple girls at Cork, and the beautiful Senora at Lisbon; his dashing galantry in several battles, varied experiences in outpost duty, and mad leadership of the forlorn hope in the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo; his meeting with Lord Wellington, whom he unwittingly offends more than once; the state of his feelings for Lucy Dashwood; and a duel and other dangerous adventures with which he breaks the monotony of campaigning, afford the author full scope for his marvellous story-telling powers and racy descriptive faculty. Then the scene is changed to Galway, where the young dragoon returns to see his dying uncle, sells his commission, settles down as a country gentleman, and by careful management, rescues the burdened estates from the grasp of the mortgagees, and has an interesting flirtation with a pretty cousin. On the eve of Waterloo he rejoins the army as a volunteer, is appointed an aid-de-camp to General Picton, taken prisoner at Quatre Bras, escapes in time to give Wellington important information concerning the French forces, distinguishes himself on that bloody battle-field, marries Lucy Dashwood (whom he had rather unaccountably despaired of winning), and is welcomed home by a rejoicing tenantry.

So simple the story which Lever's genius invests with absorbing interest. The tale is more varied in scene, and richer in incident, than 'Harry Lorrequer,' and is only inferior in a certain indescribable personal charm which makes Harry so dear to every one who forms his acquaintance.

But what a mixed company of glorious good fellows and amusing originals

we meet in Charles O'Malley's company, and how interesting they become to us all. There is Fred Power, the magic of whose name rescued the hero from the Dalrymple matrimonial net, and who is every inch a soldier, and one of the best fellows imaginable; O'Shaughnessy, riotous, profane, good-natured, drunken, full of the marvellous fox-hunting and duelling experiences of himself and his relations, yet tender-hearted, brave and true; Dr. Maurice Quill, ready with tales of adventures, a charming companion in all circumstances, and as cool under fire as the bravest in the army; poor Sparks, with his unfortunate facility for falling in love with the wrong woman; Major Monsoon, the wine-absorbing, romancing, pillaging and borrowing commissary, who confidentially informs his comrades that he 'would have been an excellent officer if Providence had not made him such a confounded drunken old scoundrel;' Wellington, Crawford and Picton; the fire-eating Considine; and the immortal Mickey Free, the Prince of Irish valets, the singer of good songs, the irrepressible humourist, the faithful servant, who has no equal in English fiction. There is but one Mickey Free. He is familiar without impertinence; has a hand in everything, but is not meddlesome; is ubiquitous, but never in the way. On the road, in camp or tavern, when the narrative would otherwise be dull, there is Mickey with his original songs, his reminiscences, his observations on men and manners, his flirtations with pretty girls, his consequential imitative airs, and his efforts to spread the fame of his master and himself. From his first introduction, when he cheers Charley's sick-room with the account of his negotiations with Father Roach for the release of his father from purgatory, we never meet him without laughing at him, except when we see him madly rushing around in search of his master after a battle, half frantic for fear he has been killed.

The nominal hero of 'Jack Hinton, the Guardsman,' is Jack himself, but his friend Phil. O'Grady, the beau ideal of a dashing Irish officer, elevates himself to the chief place in the author's good graces before the story is half told, and is sketched with a loving hand. Hinton, a very young officer in the Guards, is sent to Ireland as an aid-de-camp to the Viceroy, and gradually learns the ways of the people, leaving his English prejudices and his heart on Irish soil. He is a manly, spirited fellow, always rising equal to the occasion, but drifts in the current of events instead of taking the helm and steering. This is quite in keeping with his position. His father is a high officer in the army, his mother a woman of fashion, his god-father a royal duke, and his promotion sure as a matter of favour. He finds himself thrown upon his own resources for the first time in Ireland, and has to think out a great many things for himself before he is as worldly wise as youths less favoured by birth. The Irish bar, the Viceroy's Court, Dublin's shoddy society and steeple-chasing and duelling, are introduced, and Irish life and character presented in many phases. The Rooneys, whose vulgarity is partially redeemed by their hospitality and goodness of heart, are the most delightful examples imaginable of aspiring shoddyism, trying to make the lavish outlay of money make up for the want of birth and breeding, and giving costly entertainments to those who laugh at them across their own table. We cannot help liking the Rooneys, notwithstanding all their vain endeavours to attain social eminence, but their inability to appreciate rebuffs and detect partially veiled contempt keeps our liking from changing to the uncomfortable feeling of indignation at the treatment to which they are frequently subjected by their guests. Long may honest Paul manœuvre between the client, the counsel and the jury, and may his fair and fat spouse

give dinners and *fêtes* until the end of time. Father Tom Loftus has a strong family likeness to Father Brennen, strong enough to show that the earlier creation must have been welcomed approvingly. The type has become stereotyped in tale and drama since these stories were published. He carries out the apostolic injunction 'be all things to all men' and evidently holds that the women are included in the command. There is nothing clerical about him, except his good heart, and he is more than once in danger of being rebuked for levity by his bishop. Corny Delaney, O'Grady's servant, is a strong contrast to the mirthful Mickey Free, but fully as original in his way. He keeps up his title of Cross Corny by exhibitions of ill-temper that nothing but his hereditary hold on his master would render compatible with continued service, and only his honest devotion palliates. The free spoken servant has been portrayed in many instances, and lives in many anecdotes of great men's households, and Corny is no more improbable than the majority of the tribe. Irish ferocity and rascality are worthily illustrated by Ulick Burke, a cousin of the lady Hinton falls in love with in the tenth chapter and only wins in the last, who, after a career of crime in Ireland and France, escapes to the United States, 'where, by the exercise of his abilities and natural sharpness, he accumulated a large fortune, and, distinguished by his anti-English prejudices, became a leading member of Congress.' Lever could not have expressed more contempt for the United States and their institutions if he had written a book for that express purpose. In that one sentence he revenges himself on the piratical publishers who stole his books, and on those who gave his name to wretched imitations of his style. Ulick Burke himself might almost have been satisfied with vengeance so sardonic, although it was not the kind he was in the habit of taking.

"Tom Burke of Ours" is very different in tone from its predecessors, although Ireland is still the land where the chief scenes are laid, and many of the most stirring incidents take place, and military men are the principal characters. Tom Burke's life is blighted in the bud by the utter neglect and dislike with which he is treated at home, all his brutal father's love and care being bestowed on the elder son. He herds with the servants and the dumb animals on the estate, keeps his best thoughts and aspirations buried in his young breast, broods over his wrongs, and feels deeply the lack of love and sympathy. At the death of his father he finds himself apprenticed to the family attorney, a rascal for whom he has an intense antipathy, and runs away with a wandering piper, the famous Darby the Blast, who is one of the most active and useful of the united Irishmen. Darby fills his young mind with hatred of English oppression, with ardent aspirations for the liberty of all people, and with hope for the success of the cause which the United Irishmen were banded together to promote. He also compromises him, to some extent, in the doings of the society, although Tom is too young to be admitted and taken into its councils. A young French officer, engaged in secretly preparing the malcontents for an outbreak, opens Tom's eyes to the real character of the movement, shows him that the patriots confined themselves to the murder of defenceless landlords, the pillage of country houses, and the perfection of a scheme for the slaughter of members of the Irish Parliament who advocated the union, instead of open rebellion, arouses within him an intense admiration for Napoleon, and supplies him with letters to influential people in France. After the death of Charles de Meudon, Tom goes to Paris, narrowly escaping from the officers who are on his track, studies at the Polytechnique, receives a commission in the French army in due course, and serves in several campaigns under the

Emperor. But the evil genius that blighted his boyhood still follows him. He is alone amid the crowd. Circumstances make him an object of suspicion to the Government, and the knowledge of that fact dries up the very springs of sociability in his soul. He worships the Emperor as a great hero, but begins to see that his victories do not secure the liberty of oppressed nations, or remove the fetters from personal freedom in France. The proud thought that he is aiding in the overthrow of tyranny, such as Ireland suffers under, so that national slavery should give way to independence, soon dies out, and he realizes that military glory and French aggrandizement are the sole result of victory. He feels the depressing influence of his position as an alien, and sighs because he has no country. His heart is heavy even when his career is the most promising. When notwithstanding his bravery in battle, and personal services rendered to the Emperor himself, he is again treated as an object of suspicion, on account of his having associated with a Bourbonist gentleman, and expressed opinions adverse to the police espionage which is practised, he resigns his commission in proud resentment, and returns to Ireland. There he is arrested for participation in the outrages which preceded his departure, narrowly escaping conviction, and takes possession of the family estates, which had fallen to him by the death of his brother. But he sees or fancies he sees that he is regarded with suspicion, looked upon as a rebel, when he goes into the society of the country gentlemen of his own class, and so he proudly stands aloof from them, and keeps company only with his own thoughts. He turns his attention to his tenants, and tries to gain their confidence and better their condition. But he soon finds it impossible to do anything for their permanent improvement. They wonder how he can feel for the poor and not hate the rich, accept relief for present wants, as nothing but a passing kindness, and 'strain their gaze to a government or ruling power for a boon undefined, unknown, and illimitable.' He can not flatter their hopes for a legislative change that will abolish poverty —'that the act of a parliament will penetrate the thousand tortuous windings of a poor man's destiny,'—and they repose no confidence in his opinions. 'The trading patriot who promised much, while he pocketed their hard-earned savings, the rabid newspaper-writer, who libelled the Government, and denounced the landlord, were their standards of sympathy, and he who fell short of either was not their friend.' Finding that the confidence of the people could only be purchased at too high a price, he gives up all hope of human fellowship, and lives an isolated life. His unspoken passion for Marie de Meudon, whom he had met at Josephine's receptions, and who had become the wife of his best friend in the French army, shuts him off from the wish for familiar companionship, and he is as lonely and cheerless a man as the kingdom affords. But when Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow lays France open to invasion, when the conqueror who had marched victoriously over Europe is struggling to protect his own frontiers, when he who had distributed crowns among his generals as rewards for their services is in danger of losing his own, Tom Burke forgets the insult which drove him from the Imperial service. His desire to again feel the maddening inspiration of battle grows so strong that he cannot resist it, and he hurries over to France and joins the army. Men of his stamp are needed, and he is welcomed back and restored to his old grade of captain. In the short and bloody campaign which followed, in which Napoleon, like a caged tiger, springs wildly at the walls of bayonets which enclose him, Burke acts the hero's part, and, so freely are honours and promotions scattered among the brave and faithful, that he is a colonel when the Em-

peror abdicates the throne of France and accepts banishment to Elba. Marie has become a widow, and when Tom summons up courage enough to ask her to be his wife she consents. He returns to Ireland with his bride, and must be supposed to have been 'happy ever after.' It is to be hoped that the gentle Marie exorcised the demon of distrust which events had conspired to make his familiar spirit and taught him that much of the world's coldness was but the reflection of his own manner.

This story lacks the dash and spontaneity of Lever's other military tales, but displays a conscientious study of the men and events referred to which is by no means characteristic of his style. Tom Burke's mental attitudes are carefully described, and harmonize well with nature and the influences acting on him. National characteristics are made striking by natural contrasts, rather than by the agency of exaggeration, and the desire to do justice to all parties is apparent. Landlords and tenants, Napoleonists and Bourbons, are shown with that mixture of good and bad qualities which the student of human nature finds among every people, class, and party. Napoleon is worshipped as a military hero, but the disastrous effects of his career on the nation that shares his glory, and the petty tyranny of his rule, are plainly indicated.

Many of the people with whom Tom Burke comes in contact deserve much more attention than can be given them here. Darby the Blast is the trusted emissary of the conspirators who plotted the overthrow of English rule in Ireland, and is as thoroughly unscrupulous about the means to be used in striking terror into the governing classes as any of his associates. He is the spy who gets information that is wanted, and the courier who keeps up communication between the bands. His pipes, songs, and stories make him welcome everywhere, and few suspect such a humorous vagabond of cherishing ardent national hopes and being trusted with the secrets of a widespread revolutionary organization. Major Barton is as respectable and agreeable as an active, daring and zealous civil officer in Ireland could possibly be, and hounds down victims in the interests of the state rather than for the gratification of private malice. Charles de Meudon, dying in the land where his hopes had died, touches one's sympathies deeply. He had expected much, had abandoned much, had risked his life a long time, and awoke at last to find that he had been deceived, that dishonour instead of glory was the only reward to be won. Capt. Bubbleton and the sour-visaged Anna Maria have the air of unreality which many of Dickens's characters wear on a first acquaintance, and we have to get to know them well enough to like them before we can believe that they actually exist. Bubbleton can be accepted only as a very broad caricature on a possible captain of infantry, and as such he is a very laughable and likable person. He is all heart and imagination, without a particle of brains, and romances with a luxuriance that could not possibly pass muster out of an insane asylum. Maitre d'Armes François is unsurpassed as a representative of the duelling mania. He is not so bad a fellow, notwithstanding his love of displaying the deftness of his *passe en tierce* at the expense of his brother officers, and is as ready to face a bayonet in battle as a small-sword on the duelling ground. His account of his meeting with his bosom friend and foster brother Piccotin, the only man who rivalled him as a duellist, after returning from Egypt, shows how fully the subject occupied the minds of both. They rushed into each other's arms, and 'Ah! *mon cher*, how many?' was Piccotin's first question. 'Only eighteen,' replied François, sadly, 'but two of them were Mamelukes of the Guard.' 'Thou wert ever fortunate, François,' Piccotin said, wiping his

eyes with emotion, 'I have never pinked any but Christians.' After spending most of the night in talking over their adventures, they set out for their quarters. In the centre of the park, where a little bronze fountain, with four cedars around it were lighted up by the bright moonbeams, Piccotin came to a sudden halt, seized his companion's hand, and broke the meditative silence which had existed some time with the question—'François, cans't thou guess what I'm thinking of?' François looked at him, looked around, and answered—'Yes, Piccotin, I know it, it is a lovely spot.' 'Never was anything like it,' cried Piccotin in rapture; 'look at the turf, smooth as velvet, and yet soft to the foot; see the trees, how they fall back to give the light admittance; and then, that little fountain, if one felt thirsty—eh! —what say you?' 'Agreed,' said François, grasping him by both hands; 'for this once—once only, Piccotin.' 'Only once, François; a few passes, and no more.' 'Just so—the first touch.' 'Exactly—the first touch.' As the result of this friendly fencing Piccotin was run through the chest, after blood had followed several touches on both sides. 'You killed him!' cried three or four of the listening officers at the end of the story, '*Ma foi!* Yes. The coup was mortal—he never stirred after.' De Beauvais, Duchesne, Pioche, Crofts, Tascher, and Minette, the brave vivandiere, are sharply outlined types of character, and the historical personages who are introduced are handled with the evident purpose of representing them as they really were.

The female characters do not take any prominent place in these novels. Most of them were created simply because it is necessary to have some one for the heroes to fall in love with. They are slightly sketched, for the most part, and yet each one has an unmistakable individuality. They are not brought on the scene, except when their presence is absolutely necessary to the movement, and are not allowed to do much of the talking then. The author does not pretend to analyze their motives, or trace the progress of ideas through their minds, but allows their actions to speak for themselves. Their feelings, during all the years that elapse between their conquest of the heart and their capture of the husband, are not exposed to view, but certain gentle hints give the initiated to understand that they are anxiously waiting for the proposal all the time. There are, of course, some obstacles in the way of immediate union, but nothing to prevent the interchange of tender words and notes, by way of making the probationary period less unpleasant. Lady Jane Callouby, Lucy Dashwood, Louisa Bellew, Lady Julia Egerton, and Marie de Meudon, are worthy, in every respect, of the fine fellows who win them. Donna Inez is a very reckless flirt, and seems to enjoy rather more freedom than Portuguese etiquette permits. It is to be feared that Fred Power did not consider his marriage with her as the luckiest event of his life. No fault is to be found with Lady Hinton, as a character study, but it hardly seems the correct thing for Jack to paint such a portrait of his mother. He is not the one to expose her fashionable follies, weaknesses, selfishness and affectation, and the half-contemptuous tone in which he speaks of her is unnatural and repugnant.

THE SCARS OF A RECENT CONFLICT.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M. D.

THE first thing of a minor nature that is noticeable to a stranger in the United States is the profusion of national flags displayed on almost every occasion; and the ubiquity of the image of the eagle, the bird of freedom, which is seen on all sides, seeming perpetually prepared to soar at a moment's warning from a masthead, a bowsprit, the top of a pilot-house, the apex of a monument, or the stamp on a pill-box. These two national emblems of this energetic people greet the eye at every corner on week days, holidays, and Sundays. Were the emblem of the British Lion, whether *rampant* or *couchant*, to multiply to such an extent, John Bull would begin to think he had fallen into a den such as my namesake found it uncomfortable to remain in. This trait for a display of this kind wanes very perceptibly as a stranger travels south of Philadelphia and St. Louis. The pulse of patriotism for the whole Union grows weaker, and fidelity to a State takes its place. Since the recent war an observer can perceive a sullen reserve and a forced submission to the powers that be among all classes of the whites. In the Southern cities the national flag may be seen waving over Federal offices and national cemeteries; but seldom is it flung to the breeze by private citizens out of love for the Union. After seeing the exuberance of bunting in the North, this absence of flag manifestation is very marked in all the South. On the other hand, the Confederate flag, emblematic of "the lost cause," is still printed on the title page of guide books, and proudly engraved on the pages of works of Southern authors. In the museum of State trophies in the Capitol at Richmond are war-worn Confederate flags, and other relics of the war connected with the prowess of the vanquished soldiers. A few weeks ago the writer saw in the City of Norfolk, Virginia, a military funeral of an ex-Confederate colonel. The survivors of his command during the rebellion mustered in the grey uniform to do honour to his memory. An ex-captain in the same brigade was buried on the same day with equal consideration. Next morning the city papers published eulogistic biographies of the deceased, and gave prominence to the fact that these soldiers fought for their native State in the hour of its greatest need and peril; in other words, against the Union. These commendations are read with pleasure by the patrons of these newspapers. Ex-Confederate soldiers and citizens look upon the North as a victorious enemy, who conquered a weak but dauntless people by the possession of unlimited resources, and with the aid of legions of armed men, who were freely sacrificed to disseminate and destroy a comparatively feeble foe. There seems no desire to renew the conflict should an opportunity arise, but it will take a century to quench the bitterness engendered by that four years' conflict. The monuments erected in memory of their dead; the acres of graves in their cemeteries, or in the pine woods; the widows and fatherless children of the slain; the maimed wrecks of humanity, who can be daily seen in their streets

and byways, the remains and evidences of the sanguinary struggle; the paralysis of business and financial ruin to so many of a proud aristocracy consequent thereon, all tend to perpetuate the heart-burnings and rancour which doubtless yet exist, and must for years to come. This is human, and is no more than might be expected after so recent a sanguinary war, in which the worst of human passions must necessarily have been aroused. It is just to North and South to say that earnest men—on both sides—are faithfully endeavouring to bridge over the bloody chasm, which only fourteen years ago divided the two sections of the Union. A civil war is always bitter, and everywhere in the South remain the scars of the conflict—as reminders of what they have lost and suffered.

Last month the writer re-visited many of the battlefields that lie around Richmond and Petersburg. A few words about their present condition and appearance must be of interest to many Canadians who, on one side or the other, took part in the contest. It is said on good authority that 30,000 of our young men served in both armies, and of these thousands pined away from disease in the hospitals—perished on the battlefields, or returned to their homes maimed for life. There was scarcely a regiment which did not contain some of our youths, and our medical men could be counted by dozens wherever the suffering and dying needed their services. The earthworks on Carlington Heights, across the Potomac from Washington, also on the Maryland side of the river still show their red clay faces as when first erected. A goodly number of the breastworks are covered with grass. The national cemetery on the Lee estate is kept in good condition. It is sad to walk about and among the graves of thousands of soldiers in all the soldiers' burying grounds, and to see engraven on the small plain white marble grave-stones the word 'unknown.' Some firesides have vacant chairs because of their absence—some loving hearts have missed them, and have been wrung by anguish from hope deferred. All the tidings about the unknown are: 'They went to the war and were present in such a battle, but we never heard of them afterwards.' Fredericksburgh has grown rapidly since the war. The green slopes and low ground over which the Federal troops charged, after crossing the river; against the *Stonewalls* of Jackson are fast being utilized. The railroad-station and streets running from it are so built up and renovated that a war pioneer would scarcely know where he 'marched up the hill and then marched down again.' He would not fail to recollect the corners and buildings behind which it was comfortable to find temporary shelter, when streets and hill-sides seemed so many volcanoes, and shells intermingled with cannon and rifle balls were sending muskets, wheels, ammunition waggons and fragments of men into the earth or air in horrible confusion, both on the advance and the sudden retreat, when little attention was paid to the order of going.

In the wilderness there is little change in the general appearance of the country. The clumps of dwarf pines, the oaks, ash, and patches of shrubbery, with the sandy fields and shabby farm houses are unchanged from what they were in those sultry May days of 1864, when a quarter of a million of men struggled for the mastery over a front of twenty miles. The hideous panorama seems like a nightmare—slaying in the thicket with the ferocity of demons—shooting in the ravines as if hell were let loose—sabreing in the opening with fiendish savagery—clubbing one another to death with musket-butts, when other weapons of destruction failed—pounding serried ranks of men in the prime of life, and crushing into shapeless masses of human flesh in a few hours, the thousands and tens of thousands, with shell, round shot, grape and

canister, are only salient points in the picture, which memory conjures up in the minds of the participants. The dust, the lowering, sullen, sulphurous smoke settling down on the combatants like a pall, the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of a terrible symphony, the pattering of the skirmish-firing, anon swelling into a continuous roar; the *staccato* notes of isolated cannon, the bellow from commingled noises of moans, shrieks, cheers and musketry, now near, now far away; the surging of the ebb and flow of the conflict, during long hours of every day of a week; with a savage and intense unanimity of purpose to conquer or die; the very sun in mourning, and like a bloody eye of Mars peering through a cloud, the long trains of gory and reeking ambulance dribbling to the rear; the parched lips, blackened faces, bloody hands; the agony, despair, rage; the mangled and unrecognizable forms of those who in the morning were full of hope and vigour. The cords of arms and legs piled up in sections, out of sight in some sequestered corner near rude operating tables, round which moved the blood-begrimed surgeons, whose words brought to the wounded comfort or despair, all seem like a hideous dream. These reminiscences, with the thousand-and-one minor incidents which the law of association conjures up in a moment, came before my mind as I travelled over the blood-consecrated ground between the Rappahannock and Richmond, on the anniversary of the first Battle of the Wilderness, which raged with such fury round the little tavern at the cross-roads and along the Stevensburgh Plank Road when Longstreet's and Hill's corps, with Ewell's brigade, held their ground so firmly against the repeated charges of the advanced host of Grant's army. Between this point and Coal Harbour, within which eight distinct battles had been fought, there is little evidence of the struggle. A solitary grave-yard now and then is seen, or, it may be, the faint outlines of a hastily constructed earth-work, is all that remains. Around Richmond the rifle-pits, trenches and forts have been, to a great extent levelled. The track of the retreat of McClellan from Mechanicsville through Fair Oaks (Seven Pines) to the James' River can scarcely now be traced, except by the scars on the trunks or branches of the trees where the artillery were most active in the forest, or where this arm of the service had made a determined stand to cover the retreat of the army—the pursuers at the same time obliged to drive in a sullen foe by the same means. Every commanding position was taken advantage of by the contending forces. The Confederates were eager to bring the Union army to bay and capitulation, and McClellan was anxious, especially at Malvern Hill, to stay their advance until he could embark his army at Deep Bottom, near by, and seek a more congenial spot. Desperate as was that seven days' struggle, there remain few traces of it. The fortifications of Fort Darling, near the James' River are in a good state of preservation. They still show the red lines so conspicuous from the look-outs erected on the river-banks during the war, and beyond whose battlements I have often gazed to catch a glimpse of the glittering spires of Richmond, so near at hand, so hard to reach, and so bravely defended. The works on Drewry's Bluff are fast disappearing, and the earth defences of Howlett's Battery, that was so venomous in its fire and correct in its aim, is fast being corroded by the tooth of time. The defences of Chapin's Bluff are still quite conspicuous. The outworks, where so many brave men fell in the repeated assaults of sections of the army of the James, under Butler, in September and October, 1864, can scarcely be traced. The Dutch Gap Canal, which Butler amused himself with digging across a tongue of land to make a short cut for the James River, and to enable the gun-boats and monitor without risk to run past and outflank formidable bat-

teries on the heights beyond, remain a monument to his folly. The enemy erected batteries at the head of his ditch, but their services were never required. I suppose in the walls of its watery depths yet remain the holes which gave shelter to soldiers and negroes, when the note of warning was given that a burning shell was coming on a visit of hostile intent. These unwelcome visitors not only caused mules, carts, spades and picks to dance reels to the discordant music of the explosions, but I can certify to a close hugging of mother earth in these cells until hustling fragments of iron had ceased their horrid humming in the air. Varince (Aiken's Landing) still looks natural. Here the exchange of prisoners often took place. The negro huts, the sugar and tobacco houses, the old-fashioned red-brick residence near the river, and the little pier are mostly unchanged. Ex-Governor Aikens was the owner of a large estate here. His brave daughter remained in the house, with a hostile army behind and in front of it, and men-of-war in the river at the foot of the garden. Day and night for nine long months she could hear the fusilade of the skirmish line and the shriek of shells. The roof of the house and the walls had been injured, when fighting took place on this extensive farm, but she pluckily told me that Butler must knock the house down over her head before she would leave it. Her father was a prisoner at the Rip Raps, and her two brothers were in the Confederate service when I visited her. An aged negress was her only attendant, except a sentry at the gate. I often wonder what became of the gritty young and little lady. She could not have been over 17 years of age but she was a good type of Virginian courage and determination.

In Richmond no tangible evidences of the war are seen. A stuccoed building of plain design is pointed out as having been the residence of Jeff. Davis during the war. It is now used for school purposes. A modest brick house in a street near-by had been the temporary abode of General Lee's family at the same time. We can imagine what must have been the anxiety of the members of the families of these two prominent characters when it is remembered that for months the cannonade of the enemy could be heard from their doors. The same could be said of thousands of others in the city and vicinity. The Capital is historic and as devoid of architectural beauty as is that model of composite design called the Parliament Buildings on the Front Street of Toronto. The notorious Libby Prison is a plain three story brick building near the river, and on the corner of two streets. The iron bars are still on the windows which were put there during the war. The place is pointed out where 50 prisoners burrowed under the walls of the building, across a street, and through the face of the wharf near by, and thus escaped. The most of them were recaptured Libby is now used as a bone-mill and a sumac factory. One square from this prison is another plain brick building called Castle Thunder. Here were imprisoned spies, deserters and citizens, who were known to be Northern Sympathizers. One of the guards was a savage blood-hound, which was said not to be unfamiliar with the taste of human flesh and blood. Executions were of common occurrence in this prison, with no appeal from a drum-head Court-Martial. The Castle is now a tobacco factory. Another prison was on Belle Isle on the James River. Properly speaking it was a prison camp, for all the prisoners lived in huts or tents. The earthworks, which were thrown up on a commanding knoll in the centre of the Island, have been levelled, but the large fort on the mainland opposite is still in existence. The river runs very rapidly here. In 1862 a desperate attempt was made to escape by a large number of prisoners. They attempted to elude pursuit by swimming across the river, which at

this place must be half a mile in width. As might have been expected, a large part of the number were drowned, some were shot in the water by the guards, and the most of those who got safely across were recaptured. A nail factory now occupies the island. The National Cemetery is reached by the Williamsburgh road. It is pleasantly situated on a hill commanding the best view of Richmond and the surrounding country. It is about two miles from the Capitol, and like all the other National burial plots, is well kept by a family who reside in a pretty cottage on the grounds. It contains the bones of thousands of Federal soldiers who fell in the vicinity, and of many who perished on the more distant battle-fields of Virginia. The graves are neatly turfed, and each has a neat headstone. Hundreds of these are lettered 'unknown,' and some of them have on them the inscription '*Four* unknown,' in one common grave. The City Cemetery is called Hollywood. It is a beautiful 'city of the dead,' and contains about eighty acres of ground. On a rising ground in one corner is the final resting place of about 6,000 Confederate dead. The little stakes and stones which mark the graves are numbered, and are planted in rows closely together. On the highest part of this plot is erected a cairn of uncut granite blocks like a pyramid in shape, forty feet square and nearly one hundred feet in height. Ivy and the Virginia creeper are running their vines over it. They give it a pleasant mixture of green leaves and grey stones peeping through the luxuriant verdure. Built in the west side is a tablet on which is inscribed 'Erected by the Ladies of Hollywood Memorial Association, A.D. 1869.' On the east side was written 'To the Confederate Dead,' and on the north the motto was 'Memoria in Æterna.' At the time of my visit, wreaths of flowers were seen in great profusion on and around this monument, as well as on many of the graves. They were still fresh, for the 'Decoration Day' had only passed a few days before. The most of the prominent Confederate officers are buried in family plots. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the Murat of the Confederate cavalry, was killed only a few miles out of the city, and is buried in his family ground, in which is erected a suitable monument to his memory. About a mile and a half east of the city is Oakwood Cemetery, in which are buried nearly 20,000 Confederate soldiers. There remains one consolation in the midst of so many evidences of the recent carnage, and that is, that a large proportion of the dead at last got decent burial. It was sickening during the war to come suddenly upon bodies it might be in a wood or in some nook of a valley lying for days and even weeks unburied where they fell or where they crawled away to die. Decomposition having set in, the nearest friends or relatives could not tell one from the other of these bloated and festering corpses. Even among the buried was often seen the bended knees, protruding hands and feet, or grinning upturned faces from which the rains had washed away the loose sand or red clay with which they had been recently and hurriedly covered. In driving over the old tracts of the war, I almost unconsciously looked into familiar places for these horrid relics of humanity.

As far as possible the bones of the fallen have been gathered together in central localities and not left to bleach in the sun, wind and rains of heaven. In spite of the humane efforts of a paternal government, or of individuals, thousands and tens of thousands of the half a million of men who perished must remain undiscovered until the final restitution of all things. Could an earthquake shake up the ground where the trail of rapine, cruelty and conflict had once been seen, a prophet could still have furnished to him many a valley of dry bones in all their ghastliness and repulsive outlines.

Grant was at first foiled in his attempts to capture Richmond. His usual tactics were resorted to in this advance. Possessing superior forces he kept grinding away at the enemy, and by piecemeal reducing their scanty forces. The loss of men was to him of secondary importance, but to Lee it foreshadowed disaster. He had no reserves to fall back on to replenish his depleted ranks. Grant kept moving by the left flank, endeavouring to cut off Lee's supplies and communications. At Mechanicsville and Coal Harbour Grant got too near the defences of Richmond to persevere in this continuous attempt with safety. Leaving Lee's army and Richmond to the right, he threw the most of his army across the James and Appomattox rivers, and advanced from the east on the beleagured city. He made Bermuda Hundreds, and City Point (being at the confluence of these rivers) his base of supplies and the point from whence to continue his final operations against Richmond. It was still a further movement by his left flank, which was continued with dogged pertinacity until the final capitulation. Butler had been in possession of Bermuda Hundreds for some time, and had been detailed with the army of the James for the express purpose of advancing and cutting off the railroads and public highways running into Richmond from the south and east, and at the same time isolating Petersburg. He was, however, as Grant said, 'bottled up' between the two rivers by a few militia in the neighbourhood until the army of the Potomac came to his relief. In this way the necessity arose to establish two large field hospitals at Point of Rocks, on the James, and at City Point. Few evidences of the former remain, but the temporary burying ground at the latter has been made a permanent cemetery on the bank of the Appomattox. Here about ten thousand are interred. The old site of the hospital is partly under cultivation. On the brow of the hill, at the river's edge, where were pitched the tents of the medical officers of the different corps, has sprung up a luxuriant growth of trees, some of which are at least 20 feet in height. I tied my horse among the old gravestones of a graveyard over a century old, which will be well remembered by some of my readers, and wandered about on the edge of the ravine near by, but so thickly had the shrubs and trees grown up that I had some difficulty in finding my horse again. The acres of white tents, the huge water tank on the edge of the hill, the wheezy steam engine on the margin of the river, the steamer 'Planter,' loaded with drugs and medical comforts at the temporary pier, the green oats sown and grown in fantastic shapes at the tent doors, the bough-covered avenues, the pale faces and limping cripples, the familiar slings around the necks and bandaged heads, the embalming houses outside the camp, where shrewd men plied their ghastly trade, the hum of voices modulated to the expressions of joy or woe, the detachments of convalescents marching to the front, the companions of disabled chronics crowded on the hospital steamers and sent to the rear, the platoons being carried to their last resting place, the well-known faces of companions and the strains of martial music had passed away like a dream or pageant, and on a quiet Sabbath day five weeks ago no sound was heard on this lonely spot but our own voices, the sigh of the wind among the leaves, and the hum of insect life. The contrast was as striking to me as if the City of Toronto with all its busy life had been wiped out of existence at one fell blow, and that fourteen years afterwards a large graveyard and luxuriant verdure only remained on its site of desolation. The Point, about two miles away, has changed very little. The little brick church, in which were military offices, has lapsed to its legitimate use. The temporary sheds for prisoners are gone, and citizens

have taken possession of the few good houses in the village that were occupied by heads of departments. The earth redoubt still remains on a rise of ground near by. The breast works, several miles in length, around the Point are still in a good state of preservation, and serve as a wall to protect several good-sized farms, except where pierced by the railway or country roads. Several miles beyond this were erected the first Confederate lines of defence, extending from the Appomattox River on the left and east of Harrison's Creek to the Jerusalem Plank Road on the right—a distance of about twelve miles. These lines were carried in June, 1864, by the Federal troops, and an advanced position taken by the latter as far to the left as the Weldon railroad. Here a desperate struggle took place for the possession of this important thoroughfare. Formidable works were thrown up around this avenue for supplies, but they were carried by storm, and finally the Federal lines were extended to near Hatcher's Run. The outlines of the military railroad which was built from City Point to Poplar Springs at the extreme left—a distance of about twenty miles, are seen in places, especially where cuts were made, but the exigencies of agriculture have obliterated large sections of it.

The first bastioned fort erected by the Federals before the final move on their right, was Fort McGilvray. It is near the river, and is now well sodded over and covered with a crop of grass. The Hare and Page farms on which it and the outworks were erected are under cultivation. Fort Stedman, a little to the left, towers up over Poor Creek as defiant as ever. The red tongues of flame—the curling smoke—the humming bullets and screeching shells no longer shoot out from the embrasures with continuous or intermittent venom as in days gone by. The enemy's works of equal strength were only 600 feet distant. At this point, the opposing picket lines were only about 200 feet apart, and in the evening, when the infernal din of cannon sometimes ceased, the voices could be distinctly heard in the trenches of each. Sometimes an agreement would be entered into by both sides to have a truce of hostilities. The belligerents would then meet unarmed half way between the lines and exchange newspapers, sugar, coffee and tobacco. A friendly game of cards was sometimes indulged in on the grass. Then an end would come to the armistice. A timely warning would be given by both sides – especially if a commanding officer should happen to be approaching—and in a few minutes the vengeful fire would commence in dead earnest—on the least exposure of the person of him who had been discussing the fine points of 'high, low, Jack and the game' with the shooter. Two feet in depth of shelter, with only loose earth in front, and it might be a head guard in the shape of a stone or notched stick, is not the most comfortable position a man could be placed in, when only 65 yards away are hundreds of rifles ready to make a target of even a human finger. There were two principal places where for months the firing was always severe. These were at Fort Stedman and Fort Sedgwick. The latter was built in a conspicuous and commanding position on the Jerusalem Plank Road. Here the rebels had also erected a formidable redoubt nearly opposite, called Fort Mahone. So 'hot' was the fire of these two forts that the unionists called Sedgwick by the euphonious name of 'Fort Hell.' Their rebel opponents not to be outdone, christened theirs 'Fort Damnation.' On the Union side was another called 'Fort Blazes.' Any one who has lain in the trenches between them, while an interchange of ball practice took place, would agree with the fitness of the appellations. Both those historic forts stand frowning at one another yet, but are mute forever. Fields of

grain, pasture meadows, and domestic animals between them, softened the grim visage of the picture. I picked wild strawberries and plucked wild roses on their parapets. Nature is doing her best to cover up the ugly scars made by 'man's inhumanity to man.' At these points all the ingenuity of man was employed to prevent surprises. In front were wire traps set, abatis of the most formidable kind, and palisades were erected with great skill. Many of these still exist but are badly out of repair. In an assault gaps had to be made in these, while looking down the muzzles of blazing rifles and belching cannon, not fifty feet away. The leaden and iron showers pitilessly poured down on many a forlorn hope, and made streets in the assailing ranks, only to be filled up and swept away in the same pelting torrent. For miles along this front every foot of advance had been contested. Rifle-pits had to be remorselessly dug with bayonets, and shovelled out with tin cups, of sufficient capacity to cover the crouching body before the dawn of day. If undisturbed a line of these might be dug into one another and form a ditch. By a sort of Darwinian development these became lunettes and finally grew into bastioned forts. Fort Morton situated between the two forts mentioned above is in a good state of preservation. In front of it is the Poor Creek Ravine, and on the hill beyond was a Confederate fort. The 48 Penns. Volunteers were camped here, and having been coal miners in their native state, they conceived the idea of digging a passage into the hill side as far as the enemy's fort. In this way by putting a magazine of gunpowder under it they could blow it into the air. They had only a few pioneers' tools and old timber gathered from houses and bridges in the neighbourhood. Hand barrows were made out of biscuit boxes. The sides were timbered as dug. At one place about 50 feet from the entrance marl was met with and in order to avoid it an incline upwards for about 100 feet was made. It is interesting to trace the galleries yet, of such an ingenious aggressive movement. V sections of it are as good as when built. From June 25th to July 30th the work of excavating went on. The hostile fort was reached after digging over 500 feet. In a chamber prepared for it was put 8,000 lbs. of powder in eight distinct depositories. The passage was blocked up with stone and earth near the magazine. Early in the morning before daylight, troops—white and black—were massed near by and made ready for an assault at the opportune time, after the anticipated explosion. The dawn broke hot and sultry, and the participants waited with bated breath to witness the tragedy about to take place in and about the doomed fort. The enemy knew that the fort was being undermined and could hear the work going on. They sank a crescentic counter mine in front of the fort to checkmate this aggression but it was never completed. Pegram's battery of four guns occupied it. (Gen. Pegram could almost look into his dismantled home away to the right of him.) It displayed a good deal of heroism in 40 men to remain in an isolated fort, when they knew the certainty of being blown into the air at any moment. It is comparatively easy to charge with legions of armed men in the whirlwind of battle, when the nervous system is strung up to its utmost tension and comrades brave and true are on both sides of you, but to patiently wait day after day and night after night the catastrophe of an exploding mine under your feet excels the heroism of the historic Roman sentinel, who perished at his post amid a lava shower because he had not been relieved of duty. The fuse was lighted near the tunnel's mouth—a shudder crept along the ground—a column of earth like a water-spout, followed by flame shot into the air, mingled with cannon, timber, arms and men. For

a few moments there was silence—then the sharp word of command rang out distinct and clear in the ominous stillness. Cheers followed and a rush for the crater was made, in anticipation of an easy victory and of breaking the enemy's lines at this point. A desperate hand to hand conflict took place, and a sanguinary repulse was the result. The chasm made was 25 feet in depth, 60 feet wide and over 200 feet in length. In this the dead and wounded were piled up three and four deep, or buried in the earth. At night the Confederate flag waved in triumph over the pit in and round which, with desperate courage, raged all day long the deadly combat. The old Virginia Brigade, Wright's Georgians, and Sander's Alabamians had not time to form line of battle after the explosion before the enemy was upon them. It became a small Inkerman, in which each man fought in the way he could do the most execution. It thus became a hand-to-hand contest, full of personal prowess and savagery. The indentation where this fort stood, and on which was offered up a bloody holocaust, must always be of interest to the historian of the Civil War. Along these lines, and in their rear, may still be seen the excavations in which the soldiers sheltered themselves during the winter. On the rebel side they were mere caves of the rudest description, and having been dug into the red clay were damp and unhealthy. The rain percolated into many of them to such an extent as to require baling out. On the Union side the bomb-proof huts were mostly above ground or in the face of a bank and well constructed. The sides were cased with wood. Two or three feet of earth were put upon a timber roof, and inside the doors of many of them an earth and timber partition was erected to prevent pieces of shell from flying into these cabins. Clusters of the remains of these rude dwellings are seen on all hands, and will be for many years to come. Not far from the site of the old 'Poplar Spring M House,' so often used by both in succession, and situated a sh tance west of the Weldon Ra was erected a neat rustic chu the 50th New York Volunteer neers. The timber was furnis the woods near by. When th movement forward was made, wooden tablet was put up ov main entrance, on which was in 'Presented to the Trustees Poplar Spring Church by th Regiment New York Volunteer neers.' Near by is a National tery, neatly kept, and in whi buried 3,000 Union soldiers. distance to the west is the signal built of timber to the height feet, with an observatory at t These were placed at regular in above the lines for observatio poses. A signal corps had pos of them, and by lights at nig flags by day telegraphed infor to one another of the doings evening. I climbed one that was on the bank of the James River site Dutch Gap Canal, and were that my friends in the monitor 'dagac,' which was lying in th below, were watching me, I have gladly descended before re 100 feet on the vibrating ladde would have given a goodly *bo* the privilege. The wooden and platform at the top was only s square, with three able-bodied m it, and one of them decidedly u fortable at this giddy height, an ever increasing longing for landing on *terra firma*. A Confe battery had been paying its resp this undesirable sentinel for and round its base was abunda dence of 'malice aforethoug broken fragments of iron and ploded shells.

It would take volumes to sketches of the episodes of th even in connection with one reg The same is true of a full desc of all the forts and lines in

these two entrenched camps. The Union lines of the army of the Potomac, extending from the Appomattox River on the right to Fort Fisher on the left; then by a returning line in the rear to Fort Bross on the edge of Blackwater swamp; thence to the James' River, is a distance of over forty miles in length. Imagine an entrenched line of formidable works from Toronto to Hamilton, every foot of which would be guarded, and some idea is given of the extent of these fortifications. Then plant on commanding eminences along this line forty-one bastioned forts with guns of heavy calibre in each, and fully equipped with magazines, and bomb-proof dwellings in all. Draw another line within this in which are erected eight forts to complete the plan on the Union side. Do the same for the rebel army, and you have a map of military works over one hundred miles in length, not to calculate the zigzag course they took, to meet the exigencies of defence. Add to these the lines of the Army of the James, stretching from the Appomattox River in its centre; then to a point beyond Chapin's Bluff, on which its right rested, to complete the whole four facing Petersburg and Richmond, in half a circle. The continuous front of these two Union armies was over forty miles, in length, not to mention the defences on the rear and flanks.

I am told that the visits of strangers to these historic places are few. A rush is made to the focal point at Richmond, and here the journey ends. It is like visiting Brussels and calling it going to see Waterloo. Principally round Petersburg was enacted the terrible drama of the final siege, and no one can have any conception of the magnitude of the strife in Virginia, who has not travelled along these lines from end to end, and traced in the remains of these warrior 'mound-builders' the sanguinary 'footprints on the sands of time.'

SONNET.

BY ENYLLA ALLYNE.

SO you and I, with all our joys and sorrows,
Will never meet in this wide world again;
We can anticipate no glad to-morrows,
And no to-morrow's mingled grief and pain.
'Tis true, alas! I know how vain, how vain,
Our aspirations are! how vain our fears!
In life's stern battle. See the maimed and slain,
And who for such have time for sighs or tears?
Well, it is well! The world goes over and over,
And we who smile to-day, to-morrow sigh;—
A marble monument or bit of clover,
No matter which, when 'neath at rest we lie.
At rest, at rest! and who answers "Blest!"
Blessed are we, for we at last find rest.

ROUND THE TABLE.

—The guest, bearing the initials J. E. W., who, apropos of some remarks of mine on 'The Mystery of Matter' in the May number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, discoursed so pleasantly on 'Hibernicisms in Philosophy' at last month's Table, seems to have been infected by his subject. The first sample of the philosopher's 'bull' which he presents to our notice, is one perpetrated by a Scotch young lady; the next—that alleged against J. S. Mill with regard to Abstract Ideas—is, as I shall presently show, no bull at all. Curiously enough, then, of these two typical specimens of the *Bos philosophicus*, in one we have the bull without the philosopher, and in the other the philosopher without the bull.

So interesting a commencement naturally leads one to expect what Iago would call an 'answerable sequestration.' Accordingly one is not surprised to find that the Hibernicisms which he seeks to father upon me are the offspring of his own misapprehensions of my meaning. My main object was not, as he supposes, to prove that there is no difference between matter and force, in the ordinary acceptation of those mysterious words, but to animadvert upon the proneness which certain writers exhibit for flinging at leading scientific men (who have over and over again repudiated materialism) such terms as 'materialist' and 'materialistic,' used in an opprobrious sense. The futility of this style of warfare I sought to expose by showing that as no one—not even those who use these epithets so glibly—knows what matter and spirit are in their ultimate nature, the two things '*may be* identical in essence.' This, J. E. W. treats as equivalent to asserting that they *are* identical, not merely 'in essence,' but in the ordinary meaning of the words, an assertion which I carefully avoided making. He fails to see two things: first, the force of the qualifying phrase 'in essence;' and secondly, that the Agnostic position, which neither affirms nor denies, but merely postulates possibility, is not the same as positive affirmation.

Boscovich's and Faraday's theory of matter was cited for the purpose of illustration, not because I accept it. On the contrary, I quite agree with Mr. Spencer's contention that 'a centre of force absolutely without extension is unthinkable.' What I wished to point out was, that this attempt to subject matter to psychological analysis resulted in a conception, or pseudo conception (force minus extension), to which the word 'spiritual' is usually applied. On the other hand, I tried to show that any attempt to give objective form to the word 'spirit'—to translate it from language into idea, from sound into sense—results in a conception to which the word 'material' is ordinarily applied. This I sought to do by showing that the idea of a 'soul' or 'spirit' existing after death as a separate entity, 'unbodied' or 'disembodied,'—and no one, I think, will deny that this *is* the common notion,—is inconceivable, unless there is carried along with it the idea of occupancy of space; and that as occupancy of space necessarily implies the idea of resistance,—resistance being the only means we have of predicating that space is occupied,—the conception of space-occupancy is radically one to which the word 'material' is usually applied. If there is any Hibernicism here I fail to see it. J. E. W. appears to think it illogical, when discussing the ques-

tion of matter and spirit, to use the words 'material' and 'spiritual.' Will he be good enough to tell us how we are to carry on such a discussion without using them, and what words we are to use? His misapprehension here arises from neglecting to observe the force of the words 'ultimate essence;' my contention being that, though matter and spirit *as commonly understood* are as different as possible, yet *in ultimate essence* they may be identical. A chemist uses the words 'diamond' and 'plumbago' with a full appreciation of their difference in meaning, *as commonly understood*; but this does not make it an Hibernicism for him to assert that *in ultimate essence* they not only *may be* but *are* identical, both being merely allotropic forms of carbon: nor would any one (except perhaps J. E. W.) be so absurd as to charge him with inconsistency because, while asserting their essential identity, he does not ignore the differences which diamond and plumbago present to consciousness, and use the words interchangeably, as though one were the exact synonym of the other. The whole force of the chemist's contention is, that *notwithstanding* these differences which he recognises, essential identity is established by chemical analysis. Similarly, then, if the attempt to analyse matter necessarily results in a spiritual conception (or pseud-conception), and the attempt to synthesise spirit necessarily results in a material conception, surely there is some ground for Mr. Spencer's conclusion, 'that though the relation of subject and object [Ego and Non-Ego] renders necessary to us these antithetical conceptions of Spirit and Matter; the one is, no less than the other, to be regarded as but a sign of the Unknown Reality which underlies both.'

J. E. W., besides being wrong in his general conclusions, is wrong in his details. His assertion, that 'Matter reveals its phenomena to sense, Spirit to consciousness,' is incorrect on both heads. Matter does not reveal its phenomena to sense, —unless, indeed, that word be used as synonymous with consciousness,—but (supposing it reveals itself at all) to consciousness, through the organs of sense. Divide the optic nerve at any point between the eye and the seat of consciousness in the brain, and though the image of any external object will still be imprinted on the retina, the external object will not be 'revealed.' On the other hand, spirit is absolutely unknown to consciousness, either objectively or subjectively. Alleged external manifestations of spirit, —ghosts, materialisations through mediums, &c.—supposing they really take place, are invariably of a material character. And as to any internal revelation, consciousness simply reveals *itself*. The hypothesis that there is a spiritual entity (so-called) underlying consciousness, and which reveals itself to consciousness, has never yet been proved and probably never will be. Equally easy of refutation is J. E. W's assertion that 'if force and matter are essentially one and indivisible, the words must be synonymous.' Frozen water and water in a state of vapour are *essentially* identical; yet only a man who was ignorant of the use of language would contend that therefore the words 'ice' and 'steam' are synonymous. The question, 'Why is it harder to conceive of two diverse "Unknown Realities" than of one,' has been fully answered by modern science. Prof. Bain, in his 'Body and Mind,' after an historical *resumé* of the question from the pre-Socratic philosophers downwards, states the conclusion as follows: 'The arguments for the two substances have, we believe, now entirely lost their validity; *they are no longer compatible with ascertained science and clear thinking.* The one substance, with two sets of properties, two sides, the physical and the mental,—*a double-faced unity*,—would appear to comply with all the exigencies of the case.'

To my assertion, that 'the idea of the spirituality of the soul was derived by Christianity, not from the Bible, but from the Greek philosophers of the school of Plato,' J. E. W. illogical to the last replies, that both Testaments 'contain the idea *passim*' (everywhere). His counter-assertion would not be easy of proof, but waiving this point, how does the reply affect my contention! After three thousand years' study, theologians have discovered that the idea that the creation of the world occupied, not six days of twenty-four hours each, but an enormous lapse of time, is 'contained' in the Bible. Nevertheless Christianity did not get it thence but from Geology. In like manner it can be shown by evidence, unimpeachable in quality and indefinite in quantity, that whether the idea of the spirituality of the soul is or is not to be found in the Bible after diligent microscopic search, Christianity did not, as a matter of historic fact, get it thence, but from the Platonists. I must content myself with simply repeating this assertion. If proofs are wanted they can be supplied *ad libitum*.

To come now to the question of Abstract Ideas. The Duke of Argyll, though not a Mill, is an able man, and a model of courtesy as a controversialist. Still his article on 'Hibernicisms in Philosophy,' which I read when it appeared some six years ago, leaves just the faintest unpleasant impression of a tacit assumption on the part of the writer—a politician by profession, and a philosopher merely *en amateur*—that he possesses a more intimate acquaintance with the question of abstract ideas than Mill, knows more about the philosophy of 'the Unconditioned' than Sir W. Hamilton, and more about protoplasm than Professor Huxley.

Let us see what grounds there are for this assumption as regards 'Abstract Ideas.' The substance of the charge against Mill is thus stated by J. E. W.:—'J. S. Mill . . . goes on to analyse with his usual the meaning of the term "idea" which must, of course pothesis be meaningless.' . 'Abstract ideas are thus su into the witness-box, examin urged to confess, like the po man, that they "lie dead in a Here we have a palpable contr J. E. W. first says that Mill e *the term* 'abstract idea,' and ately afterwards, that he e 'abstract ideas' *themselves*. fuses words with things, wh carefully avoided doing, attril own confusion to Mill, and th out. 'Hibernicism!' It reall be well if amateur critics w approach the works of the logician of his age with the ceived notion that he is guil gical blunders of which a tyr be ashamed. What Mill re is this: he puts into the witr not nonentities called 'abstra but *the words* which those who or say they believe, in abstra tell us represent or stand f which they class as such; he e *these words*, and shows that nothing answering to them, e the heavens above, in the e neath, in the waters under th or that can be bodied forth by agination; that the words ca translated into ideas, as the wo is properly understood. For i believers in abstract ideas tell the word 'colour' stands for on on the contrary, asserts that i for no idea at all. He says, i I can frame an idea of a red a green one, or one of any pa colour that may be named whic once seen and can remember; phrase, 'a coloured ball,'—s the word 'coloured' goes,—r substantive idea in my mind; it only suggests a negative *i* that the ball is not white or b an *idea*, in the proper meaning word, it does not raise. I think of or imagine any entit

tribute answering to the words 'colour' or 'coloured.' An idea, in Mill's meaning of the word, is of necessity concrete. Deprive it of its concreteness (to speak Hibernically) and the idea becomes non-existent. Deprive a man of his life, and he is no longer a man. The drowned Ophelia is 'no woman, neither,' only 'one that was a woman; rest her soul, she's dead.' Concreteness is the 'life' of an idea. In this sense it is that the phrase 'abstract idea' is unmeaning. Like the phrase 'a round square' it is an attempt to combine two mutually destructive notions. How would J. E. W. demonstrate the unmeaning character of this last phrase, unless by some such method as that adopted by Mill? Would he think it an Hibernicism to say that there is no such thing as 'a round square,' and to demonstrate this assertion by analysing the meaning of the words 'round' and 'square,' and pointing out that no idea can be framed answering to the phrase? I hardly think so. And yet this is all the Duke of Argyll's criticism amounts to. Mill's process is in fact the very method adopted by the Duke himself in his own article, when he attempts to show that Sir W. Hamilton's phrase, 'the Unconditioned,' is 'simply nonsense,—that is to say, a word pretending to have a meaning, but having none.' I will not, however, retort upon the Duke his own words, and say: 'The Unconditioned is summoned into the witness-box, examined, and urged to confess, like the poor Irishman, that it "lies dead in a ditch,"'—because that would be falling into a confusion similar to his own.

Both the Duke and J. E. W. fail to see, what Mill is careful to point out, that though certain words which, from the time of Plato to Berkeley, were universally supposed to represent so-called abstract ideas, do not represent ideas at all, yet that they are not meaningless. He says: 'A name, though common to an indefinite multitude of individual objects, *is not*, like a proper name, *devoid of meaning*; it is a mark for the properties, or for some of the properties, which belong alike to all these objects.' So that such words as 'colour,' though not representative of ideas, properly so called, do excellent service as general names, or symbols, after the manner of the letters used in Algebra. In his article on Berkeley, Mill refers to the seventeenth chapter of his 'Examination of Sir Wm. Hamilton's Philosophy,' where this question is fully treated. I cannot help thinking that, if the Duke of Argyll had taken the trouble to master that chapter thoroughly, his criticism would never have been written.

It is worth while adding that the Duke's criticism was a double blunder; he was wrong in discovering an Hibernicism where none existed, and he was wrong in attempting to father it on Mill. Berkeley is the real parent, and, as Mill reminds us, his doctrine 'is now generally received, though perhaps not always thoroughly comprehended.' Sir W. Hamilton, a fellow-countryman of the Duke's, and the ablest Scotch philosopher since Hume, pronounced Berkeley's demonstration 'irrefragable.' As Polonius would say, an irrefragable Hibernicism 'is good.'

J. E. W. hints that if time and space permitted, he might collect 'for exhibition' a 'small herd' of philosophic 'bulls,' similar to the show-beast just inspected. I quite agree with him in believing that the result of his industry in that line would be 'not uninteresting,' though hardly in his sense of the term. Among natural curiosities, certainly not the least entertaining would be—a goodly collection of mares' nests.

J. S.

—I should like to say a few words on the subject of 'little great men,' incidentally alluded to by J. E. W., when discoursing on 'Hibernicisms in Philosophy' at last month's Table, *à pro-*

pos of the Duke of Argyll's criticism on Berkeley's and Mill's doctrine respecting Abstract Ideas. It will not be denied, I think, that, when a really great man like Mill and a 'little great man' like the Duke of Argyll are at issue on a question to which the former has given the whole powers of his mind, the *à priori* probability is very strong that the great man is right and the small one is wrong. What one usually finds in such cases is that the lesser man has not the ability, or has not taken the trouble, to get at the real meaning of the master whom he is undertaking to convict of some stupid and obvious blunder; the result being a very forcible reminder of the ancient and not uninstructive fable of the boy, the grandmother, and the eggs. A law-student of one year's standing, who should undertake to set the Lord Chancellor right on some abstruse point of jurisprudence, would be modesty itself compared with some of the 'little great men' with whom our foremost scientists are afflicted nowadays. A Rev. Joseph Cook, a Dr. Elam, or a Mallock thinks nothing of demolishing Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, Clifford, Büchner, and a half-a-dozen others, in the compass of a popular lecture or review article. When doughty champions of this kind unbend their noble strength, one can hardly help recalling Prince Hal's description of Hotspur: 'He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—"Fie upon this quiet life! I want work."—"O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?"—"Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle."' One can readily imagine the mighty Boston orator, returning home from one of his 'great efforts,' with the plaudits of cultured (!) thousands still ringing in his ears, being accosted by his wife: 'O my sweet Joseph, how many of those poor scientists hast thou scalped to-day?' and replying, with all the nonchalance of conscious strength, 'Some dozen or so; a trifle, a trifle!' To the many admirers of great men of this calibre it must be a sorrowful reflection that wholesale massacres such as they delight in, must come to a speedy termination simply for want of victims, and that nothing will be left to the warrior but to shed sentimental tears of regret because he finds himself in the same predicament as Alexander with no more worlds to conquer.

Some men are afflicted with an itching for notoriety, and are never happy unless their name is in everybody's mouth; if in connection with that of some man of world-wide fame so much the better. In this way they sometimes acquire an 'immortality by deputy,' their name being embalmed in that of some man of might:—

'Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.'

A Johnson writes a letter to a Chesterfield, or a Pope makes his detractors the heroes of a Dunciad, and the thing is done. So strong is this *lues Boswelliana* with some people that they would rather be 'sat upon' than remain unnoticed; happy, when some great man is goaded into extinguishing them, in feeling that—

'Tis a kind of heaven to be kicked by him.'

In this way Dr. Elam and the Boston lecturer above named have had their desire to be noticed gratified recently. The former has been honoured by Professor Clifford with a brief letter in the *Nineteenth Century*; and the *Saturday Review* has made the latter the hero of an article on 'Spread-eagle Philosophy.' It is to be hoped that they are now satisfied. They ought to be for the rest of their natural lives. It is to be hoped, also, that Mr. Mallock will have his youthful ambition gratified in a similar way before long. He needs it sadly. But the Mallocks, the Elams, and the Cooks

are giants among their tribe. Passing downwards to the liliputians at the other end of the scale, we come to the anonymous scribblers and penny-a-liners who air their ignorance and their insolence in the columns of some wretched rag of a weekly or daily paper. There are naturalists who tell us that mosquitoes, gnats, and blow-flies have their office in the economy of nature; and it is a soothing exercise of faith to believe that the stinging and buzzing human insects who pass their lives in tormenting and worrying the great benefactors of humanity are a mysterious dispensation of an All-wise Providence, who orders all things for our good.

S. N. J.

Do any of our guests know, to their sorrow, the Perfect Planner? I mean the individual in whom precision and forecast are malignantly prominent, and who will cheerfully and punctually map out the future for you without any request on your part. Let those who know the person I mean mourn with me awhile, and let those who, happily, have escaped his toils listen with attention, not unmingled with pity, to the tale of his misdeeds.

Your Perfect Planner knows naught of perspective, aërial perspective or otherwise. A landscape by Claude or Turner, with its golden or purplish-hazy distance, embodying all sorts of imaginary glades, lakes, and meandering meadow paths, among which the fancy can roam at will, he cannot away with. Give him rather the map or road guide of the district, or, as the farthest stretch of his complaisance in matters of art, one of those bird's-eye views in which you can trace a flat Rhine running between dumpy engraved pimples (representing vine-clad slopes) with here and there a ring enclosing three high pitched roofs, a gable of a steeple (representing the picturesqueness and antiquity of Cöln or Mainz). So in literature, the P. P. does not admire the wild sketch of Glencoe, after Macaulay, or an Italian scene from the pen of Ruskin. The topographical guide-book style is more after his heart; such descriptions as these are more tangible, more readily grasped by his finite understanding: 'Turn to the r. at the ruined chapel, thence southerly along the high road to Spiffenshausen 300 yards, where you will see a waterfall 60 feet high. Take the winding path to the l. up the mountain by three chestnut trees, skirt the back of the Alte Schloss and ascend the slope to the cross-roads, where a cross is planted; thence choose, etc.'

This style of surveyor's description —which guides you safely and ignorantly past beauty after beauty, comforted with the idea that you cannot lose your way, and that you will turn up in good time at the resting-place at the end of that day's tour and enjoy a comfortable meal at one of the three different grades of inns which your Murray has named for you in advance —is exactly suited to the taste of the Perfect Planner. Far be it from him to start in the breezy early morning, knapsack on back, careless whither his heels may carry him before nightfall; far indeed be it from him to taste the joy of losing himself on hillside or wood and speculate on the reception he will meet in the little hamlet, whose clustering chimneys and tidy garden patches he sees below him as the dusk draws near. All this is as foolishness unto the P. P.

I have seen a Perfect Planner of the German persuasion on the verge of being lost in London. He was midway between the Quadrant and Oxford Street, in sight of Regent Street, in fact. But he was not to be lured by any false semblance of a broad thoroughfare from the pursuit of his own cherished plan. Undaunted by jeers of boys and chaff of cabmen, he opened a camp-stool, sat down manfully on it in the midst of the pavement, and opened a huge map. It was a windy day, and the map persisted

in folding itself inside out, in wrapping itself like a bandage round his honest head and discomposing the 'set' of his spectacles. But the brave Teuton persevered, and was, no doubt, ultimately rewarded (although I did not wait to see the result) by successfully identifying his position in infinite space with some exact point upon his enormous map. No doubt he felt as grand as a traveller who has thumped his way to the centre of Africa, and finds his astronomical observations agree to a nicety with those of Livingstone or Schweinfurth.

Over time, as well as space, the Perfect Planner loves to tyrannise. Who but he squelches your harmless daydream of a run up to the Muskoka Lakes for a little fishing by ruthlessly reminding you that this week you are engaged every day and next week you will be too busy? He does not do this directly, but in a mean and roundabout way which moves one to contempt and loathing. The day perhaps is hot, and in a moment of misguided enthusiasm you confide in him your plan of escape from the dust and turmoil of the city. He often affects a sympathy, which only adds to the sting he is laying up for you. He asks in a friendly way when you mean to go? Perhaps you commit yourself to some rash assertion that it must be before the Assizes, or before this or that board meeting, synod, or other gathering. P. P. urges greater definiteness. When? What week? Day? Hour? Train? Some time this week or next is as nothing unto him.

It *must* be arranged some time, and why not now?

If you stoop to his suggestion and venture to name the day, then he is in his element. The moon changes the night before, and Venner prophesies fine weather, so it will be sure to rain. As you are not bound upon that day, you choose another. P. P. returns to the charge. Your old friend X. will be in town that day, and you promised to have him to dinner at the club, and P. P. expects t of that party. Frenzied disappointments, you at the nail by fixing a day (a venient one as it always h turning a deaf ear to all P. P. then commences rangements, dictates you your train, metaphoricall sandwich-box for you, an knowing what train you by, as he *should* so like t at the station (with an hamper of speckled trout)

When he is shaken off growling away alone, wh sult? Your beautiful visi day, which hovered dai light butterfly over the in ture, free to select its tim gloriously indefinite and glorious, is gone. In it have the same butterfl dried, and dead, the pur brushed off its wings, and (of P. P's. forging) fasten on to the pad of a railway It becomes a task to be g of your future duties, an sure is dependent now on of your being in the vein making on that day and being in the vein for it as most of all the fact of th the return, which you had ignore, is impressed vividl and you feel by anticipa fervent hand-grip as he with the remark, 'Wel isn't it better to plan a tri instead of letting things s are so fond of doing?'

I once knew a P. P. imagination that on my te my jocular way that I ha trip to Utopia (I had, in reading Sir Thomas More) 'Where did you change somewhere on the Northe isn't it?'

—I am not given to mort Indeed it is not often t

verse of any kind, but my head is so full of the death of the young Queen of Spain, that I *must* say something about her. Do you know that I sometimes think the brains are made up of shadows and fancies, and that these shadows drop out now and then and appear before us. They are ghosts that haunt our very souls, and when they take a turn for verse-writing and will not be *laid* until their fancies take form and substance, what is a poor mortal to do: but follow the dictates of these—what shall I call them?—visions, or psychological goblins, which? All through last night my mind was in a perfect whirl. My thoughts ran on and on. The youthful Mercedes appeared before me. I could not banish her away. I saw her as a bride, as a Queen, as a woman. I only obtained relief from the mental throe I was in, when the morning sun peeped into my room. Then I sat down and gave utterance, in verse, to the thoughts which burned themselves into my brain.

MERCEDES.

So few months wed! Yet lying now
With Death's cold hand upon thy brow,
While proud Spain's heart with grief doth bow,
To mourn thy fate. -Mercedes.

So few months Queen! Alfonso's bride
His chosen love his country's pride,
Alas! for him that thou hast died,
And left him thus! Mercedes.

Upon thy head so fair and bright,
But eighteen summers shed their light,
And then thy spirit took its flight,
To heaven's realm - Mercedes.

And should we mourn that thou hast found
Thy rest? Ah! no, for thou art crowned
Anew. While songs of joy resound,
One angel more! Mercedes.

F. J. M.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE significance of the good old English word 'pic-nic' has been seriously altered for the worse since our fathers and grandfathers sang in gleeful chorus, 'The days when we went gypsying a long time ago.' The dictionaries still embalm the old institution, and it is defined as an entertainment in which each one contributes to the supply; but the fresh joyousness and vitality of the pic-nic exist no longer. The old-fashioned hamper or basket, carefully filled by materfamilias, and destined for the common store, has passed away---to give place to the indurated bun or cake and the desiccated sandwich of the mercenary purveyor. Mugby Junction has become a peripatetic establishment wandering about fitfully and pitching its tent in shady groves and beside still waters. It has been said that the English race takes even its pleasures hardly and seriously, and should anyone be disposed to doubt it, let him study the decline and fall of the pic-nic. Everything nowadays is done with some ulterior object; merry-making, pure and simple, finds no place in modern hygiene- itself a hateful word. Our forbears used to do most things with all their might, whether it were work or fun they were about for the time being. They had no notion of mixing up politics with their summer outings or breathing the fresh country air poisoned with the vapourings of party rhetoric. In these days when even our novels are written 'with a purpose,' humanity is not allowed to gambol and disport itself without being preached and spouted at, until politics have become nauseous and men are almost moralized out of

any sound respect for religion or morality. Why do not the people, especially our young men and women, who have some better use for country air and scenery, make a resolute stand in favour of joyous, hearty and harmless amusement as it was in days gone by?

The political pic-nic is almost wholly an abomination. It is a demonstration principally set on foot to give opportunities to the professional spouter—'the all-fired volley of talk,' as Carlyle calls him. He has nothing new to tell; the same threadbare story, the same dreary platitudes, the same muddled statistics, the same coarse and truculent vituperation are to be found in every 'campaign' deliverance. In these days when almost every householder buys or borrows a newspaper, there seems no valid reason why public men should submit to so much wear and tear in the sultry term. There is doubtless a certain amount of reasonable curiosity in the country, concerning the appearance and speechifying gifts of the leaders; yet that might be satisfied by a travelling menagerie conducted by both parties, in which Sir John, the Premier, Dr. Tupper and Mr. Cartwright would form an engaging and attractive group as 'The Happy Family,' Mr. Plumb officiating as showman. There is certainly one compensating feature in the out-of-door meetings which gives them a decided advantage over the packed and perspiring gatherings in halls or theatres. Men are not bound to listen to the understrappers who are thrust forward; Strephon and Phyllis who are usually non-partisans may retire, when and as often as they please, to discuss domestic politics in a committee of two; yet after all how much more natural and delightful a dance on the green turf or a game of kiss-in-the-ring.

It is amusing to compare the speeches delivered by the leaders on each side at these hybrid meetings, and, after perusing them as reported *in extenso* by the journals, we can easily imagine the bewildered state of mind a poor, unsophisticated voter must find himself after attending rural pic-nics in his neighbourhood. The only conclusion he is likely to form, in anything but a hazy way, is that most politicians are either scolds or scamps, perhaps both. The County of Middlesex has lately been highly favoured by the knights of the pic-nic. At Strathroy, the Government were represented by Messrs. Cartwright and Laurier, and at Parkhill the 'Chieftain' himself attracted the eyes and ears of all the country round. Whether the people in the townships near the Ontario Cockaigne duly appreciated the precious privileges the great men bestowed upon them may be doubted. A circus or a wild-beast show would probably have entertained them more satisfactorily; but then the times are hard and political instruction is free as air though hardly so necessary to human existence. The thousands who flocked to the two centres of attraction can scarcely have been edified or amused; still, as it is rude to look a gift horse in the mouth, they no doubt made themselves as contented and comfortable as possible under the depressing circumstances of the case.

At Strathroy, after a little speech from Mr. Oliver, Mr. Cartwright plunged *in medias res* with characteristic vigour, dealing trenchant blows upon Sir John and his unprincipled crew, hurling figures around and above him at intervals, until the air fairly glowed with the coruscation of fireworks sent forth, with all the satirical shock and shiver peculiar to his rhetorical sky-rockets. The presence of Mr. Laurier was somewhat refreshing, because it seemed like a renewal of the old league between the progressive parties in Ontario and Quebec. To Confederation we owe the rapprochement which rancour, excited by the representative question, had, of late rendered impracticable. Were the party what it once was, placed firmly on a basis of sound principle, instead of being a

mere combination to retain office, one might recall the days when Robert Baldwin found a seat in Rimouski and Louis Lafontaine was returned for one of the ridings of York. Mr. Laurier is a young man of promise, a Minister to whose utterances people are ready to listen, and whether friends or opponents, to weigh with generous indulgence; but it is much to be feared that party training is beginning to efface the frank ingenuousness of his nature. Mistakes in political history, such as those Sir Francis Hincks detected in Mr. Laurier's Quebec lecture, are pardonable; to misrepresent opponents and even passing events and recent transactions, so early in his career, are sadly ominous indications of deterioration. It is to be hoped that the hon. gentleman is not to furnish another proof that 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' and that one cannot take a dip in the slough of partyism without permanent defilement. There was an Ontario Minister at Strathroy—that *rara avis in terris* until recently—the somnolent Mr. Pardee. During the session of the Local House, the Commissioner could snooze away the hours, 'to dumb forgetfulness a prey,' but that was in the winter season. Just now he perhaps finds it too hot to sleep without first undergoing some exhausting labour; hence, at the picnic, he was speaking, perspiring, sawing the air, and adventurously seizing the Protectionist bull by the horns. It can hardly be said that he shook any novel information out of the animal; still he was drawing upon Mr. David Wells, after the style of Mr. David Mills, with considerable satisfaction to himself.

At Parkhill, Mr. Plumb posed as the Pan or Orpheus of the grove; at least he should have done so, but strange to say, not only did he fail to move the woods or fill them with the fragrance of his poesy, but the woods failed to move or inspire him. The hon. member was out of tune, and took refuge from the neglectful or contemptuous Muse in a labyrinth of statistics. Sir John Macdonald did Mr. Plumb the honour to say that the latter had paid great attention to the subject lately, evidently impressed by the fancied incongruity of poetry and blue-books. But there never was a greater mistake. Figures of rhetoric and figures of arithmetic are closely allied now-a-days—in fact they are both used figuratively. When Audrey asked of Touchstone the meaning of 'poetical:' 'Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?' the fool's answer was, 'No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning.' And the same is true of figures, when manipulated by the modern partisan; they are as a nose of wax to be twisted in any required direction; true *sub modo* in themselves, they may be dressed and distorted to any use and in any service, until they end by proving a palpable falsehood, without a flaw in the demonstration. It is not too much to say that no partisan 'takes the stump,' at any public assemblage without dealing disingenuously with statistics. Whether it be Mr. Cartwright or Dr. Tupper, Mr. Plumb or any other of the lesser lights, most men of ordinary discernment, having a passable acquaintance with the subject-matter, may detect the misuse of figures in any speech on either side. Walpole's protest to his son against history is, in these days, more pointedly applicable to figures. Statistics may be made to mean any thing, and are almost invariably made to lie. The member for Niagara and the Finance Minister touched upon the same points in their speeches. The latter was eminently didactical, expatiating in a free and random way, over a vast extent of space; but he was chiefly concerned with his own consistency. He seemed bent like most round men, thrust into square holes, upon establishing his prescience, born after the event; and it was at that point Mr. Plumb fairly exposed Mr. Cartwright's charlatanism.

At the very time when the Finance Minister is supposing himself to have protested against lavish expenditure at a period of unnatural inflation, he was in fact, eulogizing the financial policy of the Administration in 1872. Perhaps the recent political history of Canada has never been so boldly travestied before an intelligent audience as the Finance Minister attempted to travesty it at Strathroy. His facts are almost invariably wrong, and his figures – well, his figures are plastic and accommodating. No public man, certainly since Confederation, has less right than Mr. Cartwright, to attempt a show of consistency. Whether the *soupçon* of personal pique against the Conservative leader, on the ground that his claims as a financier were contemptuously set aside, be true or not, there is certainly a verisimilitude about it, read in the light of the Minister's vindictive speeches against his former chief, which cannot be blinked. The attempt to play upon popular ignorance, or rather popular indifference, not merely to him and his antecedents, but to any party politics more than a year old, is futile. He is now responsible for the financial *status* and credit of the Dominion, and we have no hesitation in saying- although there is not the sign of a suitable successor on the other side --that he is not the man to play ducks and drakes with the future of the Dominion. His policy has been all wrong from first to last; he has borrowed money at ruinous rates, when he should have imposed taxes; he blames his predecessors for not imposing taxes when they were not wanted; his forecast of the future has egregiously failed in every year of his tenure of office; and, in addition to all his other deficiencies, he has the foulest tongue, save, perhaps, Mr. Francis Jones's in the Dominion. Incompetency is stamped upon the whole course of his administration, and if posterity will not say of him, what Sir Francis Dashwood expected contemporaries to remark, 'There goes the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer that eve it will be because they have fo all about him.

Nor are matters much better, rather worse, if attention be d to the other side. Dr. Tupper coming Minister of Finance, an surely not a proper man for th ponsible position. Not to speal want of balance, his utter reckl in assertion, and his penchs invective, in which he is only e by the two worthies already mei on their side, his financial a must be taken on trust. He i 'safe' man, at the present ex and we must look elsewhere Finance Minister. Sir John nald does not profess to be acqu with monetary affairs, and his promises to make everybody imposing customs' duties, a amateur dabbling with figure rally, show that he knows as about that subject as he does con the integral calculus or philos necessity. His speeches and reso have given ample opportunity *doctrinaires*, and inflicted more injury upon every fiscal policy ing the title 'national,' than a livered or formulated by his opp He never opens his mouth not without 'putting his foot in making a thoroughfare upon wh feet of all his opponents may ri shod over anything like a r policy. At Parkhill, he seemed sible of the retorts to which l dered himself liable, for he ima conversation between himself opponents in 1865, when he ha ally begun to fancy that he pr protection. They, of the other objected that he was not in ear his economic notions; if you ar said, or were supposed to sa figment of Sir John's imaginati would increase the taxation. N the ex-Premier, we had ple money to spare, went on wi public works, and saved the from contributing two million

ıe revenue. The absurdity of
y is obvious on the face of it;
, if it were retorted now, when
ı, in his mad way, is proposing
ll imports—on an extravagant
a period of serious depression?
› to be all things to all men, in
› win a majority in the next
has led him so far astray that
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›t carry out one tithe of the
ɜ to which he stands pledged.
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If Sir Alex. Galt or Sir Fran-
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He knows what everyone
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ɜ of the politician, to betray
ıtry. The Finance Minister is
›rant that Imperial consider-
vere supreme at Washington,
ıt, in fact, Sir John was an
Imperial representative; and he knows right well, that by no possible construction of the Geneva reference could the Fenian claims have been brought within the purview of the Commission. And yet he has the meanness to cast it up as a reproach that the ex-Premier did not effect what he is quite aware was absolutely impossible. Mr. Cartwright is not the only party leader who offends every principle of sound morality and good taste in party warfare, only he occupies a conspicuous station and has made himself peculiarly vulnerable by his flippant and unscrupulous language, when dealing with opponents. Dr. Tupper and others who might easily be named, if it were worth while, are sinners in an equal degree; and even Sir John Macdonald whose good nature sometimes covers with a decent veil the passion which bubbles up into grimace, has been at times as coarse, vituperative and unfair as any of his subalterns. The attacks made upon Mr. Mackenzie's probity and good faith are utterly without justification, and although one may lament his peevishness and petulancy of temper, most non-partisans will be willing to extend to him some indulgent consideration. If he succeeds at the approaching elections in keeping his seat, it will not be because of his financial policy, but because the electorate feels well-grounded confidence in the honesty of his intentions, and the sterling and honourable energy he has expended in the public service. The party in opposition will sooner or later learn that the scandal business is not 'a paying investment,' and that the best service they can do a man of unblemished integrity is to varnish over the mistakes he has made with a thick covering of angry abuse.

The journals are only performing a solemn duty when they impress upon the electorate the supreme importance of the task it will soon be called on to perform. The general elections cannot be delayed beyond a couple of months, if the public interest and con-

venience are to be consulted by the Government, and, therefore, it behoves all who have the material and moral progress of the Dominion at heart, to bestir themselves and gird themselves up for the contest. Especially is it incumbent upon those who possess special training and experience in public affairs -those who have gained the ear and acquired the confidence of their fellow-electors - to exert their influence in the right direction. Unhappily it is much to be feared that the major part of that sterling element in public affairs will fritter its energies away in the inane and frivolous struggles of effete party-ism. Yet now, if ever, there is a noble opportunity of pursuing the good of the country. The path is neither obscure nor tortuous, and only blindness can misguide those who have no selfish inducement to abandon it of set purpose. Within the half decade for which the next Dominion House will be shortly chosen, much will be done, well or ill, which must leave its ineradicable stamp upon the Dominion in all time coming. If the broad and fertile territory and the indomitable energy of the Canadian people seem to guarantee the promise of a glorious future, there is much on the other hand to discourage and dishearten. In the early days of Confederation, when some of our public men who might have known better, seem to have lost their balance, Canada was induced, to view its destiny through the roseate atmosphere surrounding its renewed youth. By this time most men, not political hucksters, have grown calm and disenchanted; yet they find themselves burdened with promises and undertakings which press with irksome stress upon them, only to leave a fearful legacy entailed upon posterity. It is, of course, open to partisans to lay the blame of this unfortunate condition of affairs upon opponents; it is natural that they should do so, however palpably and demonstrably untrue their accusation may be. Both parties are equally to blame; they first inspired the people with the exuberant gust of hasty enthusiasm and received in return an impetus which will involve the Dominion in serious financial embarrassment. It is all very well to tell contemporaries that posterity must reap the benefit of the enormous public works undertaken at the consolidation of the Dominion. But posterity has no representative in Parliament; and it is more than probable than when it is capable of articulate utterance, it may object to the millstone tied about its neck from the moment it emerges upon the scene. What if a statesman, early in the twentieth century should reproach those who have gone before him with almost strangling the infant nationality in its cradle, with over-weighting it and stunting its growth by unnecessary burdens, instead of proceeding *pari passu* with the vigour of its juvenescence and the full development of its manhood? And supposing him to continue his reproaches upon those who had preceded him, and to complain bitterly that although they had burdened the country beyond endurance, it was left a nationality with but one interest that of the soil and its raw material—a needy dependent upon a rapacious neighbour, who had gathered to himself all its industries, all its urban enterprise, all its intelligence—in invention, in arts, mechanism and manufactures? Whether the coming statesman shall find it necessary to submit these queries may, and in all human probability must, depend upon the issue of the approaching elections. Would it not be wise to consider in advance what answer we could give at the bar of posterity?

Clearly, if the people are fired with the laudable ambition to be a nation, in any adequate sense of the word, they must take their affairs into their own hands, and entirely out of the hands of party. Confederation is *un fait accompli* and there is no use now in cavilling about its inception. It

will not do to part with one Province —one stone in the glorious arch which spans northern America from ocean to ocean. Political waifs, like the Finance Minister, may speak contemptuously of British Columbia and its sparse population; but it is a part of Europe's highway to China and Japan, and to break with it now means its absorption by the United States. Or they may speak sneeringly of Prince Edward Island, and the Maritime Provinces, altogether where the other main buttress of the Dominion rests. Yet if they imagine they deceive the people of Ontario or Quebec by an attempted appeal to sectional selfishness, the electors will probably dispel the fantasy. The older Provinces, from their position, are marked out in plain geographical lines, as the commercial and manufacturing centre for the great West which is ours; and they cannot afford, eleven years after Confederation, to lose the capital they have invested merely to satisfy party exigencies either on one side or the other. Whether what was done in the ten years or so gone by was well and wisely done is an historical, and not a practical question with us now; it is definitively done, at all events, and statesmen, if there be any, must make the best of it. It is certainly not making the best of it, to render the country uninhabitable by the skilled mechanic and artisan, to drive them and the capital which might employ them across the line, on the specious but utterly fallacious plea of making Canada a cheap country for those who remain. The question of a re-adjusted tariff is not got rid of by *doctrinaire* argument, but simply postponed. Neither Mr. Cartwright nor any other *soi-disant* Free Trade financier can go on borrowing at increasing disadvantage forever; and when all the raw material and all the articles we cannot produce are taxed to the utmost, the catalogue of 'incidentally' protected articles will begin to figure largely in the schedules. Shall this be done now, when, as Mr. Mill declares, it would be prudent, or five years hence, when the mischief wrought may be irreparable. In his latest work, a collection of lectures delivered at Oxford, Prof. Bonamy Price laments that political economy, his special subject, is losing its hold upon the popular mind, and boldly expresses it as his opinion that it was ranked too soon amongst the sciences. The reason for this failure is not far to seek. Political economy was—in such of its applications as relate to fiscal matters, at all events—the product of hasty and inadequate generalization from the experiences of a single nation, and its conclusions were quite as scientific as the theories of a Lancashire coal miner would be about the geology of the globe. The *doctrinaire* took it into his head that what is good for Britain must be good, in trade matters, for every nation on the face of the earth, no matter how diverse its character, its history, or the conditions of its environment. He failed, as all attempts have hitherto failed, to reduce the complex phenomena of human society within the rigid compass of scientific statement. In Canada our textbook legislators have only got so far as Adam Smith; they are almost angry with the hesitating statements of Mill; and of that younger school of political economists in England, France, Germany, and Italy, only a few years in being, they have not yet contrived to hear a syllable.

On the other hand, the crudities of the party which has usurped the title of 'national' are too transparently absurd to deceive any one. Sir John Macdonald's speeches supply all that is wanted to prove that he either does not weigh the meaning of his words, or is simply playing with the question for some personal or sinister end. It is in the mass of the people, with the sound sense and unerring instincts which invariably guide them, that the true Canadian nationalist may safely repose his hope for

the future. The confused statistics, the exploded theory of the balance of trade on the one side, and the cosmopolitan nihilism on the other fall equally upon inattentive ears. What they do know is that this country to be great must be progressive; to be progressive it must attract, not repel, population; to attract them it must have something more to depend upon than the products of the soil. The Conservative appeals to the selfishness of all the interests, and the corresponding rebukes from the Government party are nothing to them. The farmer, the manufacturer, the mechanic, and the labourer are all able to put their fingers upon the weak spot. Their demand is not for a party war cry which may culminate in a fraud, but an honest attempt to deal with the problem fairly, rationally and effectively. Neither of the existing parties can claim their confidence; and it rests with them to cast off the chains which have bound them, and to vote at the polls this autumn as 'free and independent electors,' in fact, and not in the cant phrase of the addresses. The bulk of the people know well that neither of the existing factions can be relied upon the Opposition because they cannot be trusted, and the Ministry because they have distinctly committed themselves to a suicidal fiscal policy.

No writer who takes up such ground with reference to public affairs can expect anything but abuse and misrepresentation from partisans; but that is of little importance if only the people be aroused to a sense of the pressing duty devolving upon them. When the craft is in danger, Demetrius and his silversmiths, whether their idol be Diana or a party fetish, are of course indignant; for not at Ephesus only has the cry been heard, 'Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.' There is a feeling of unrest abroad among the partisans which promises well for the country. Last month, we noticed Sir John Macdonald's plea to those who are not partisans. This month four has been propagated by contagion. Even Mr Cartwright, who brands the Conservative leader as a Coalitionist, was compelled to admit that he was one also precisely on the same grounds—'These old past difficulties having been successfully removed, there is nothing that I can see to prevent honest men from joining hands together.' Will the hon. gentleman be kind enough to point out any real, and not merely ostensible, principle at issue between him and his opponents? He claims to be a Free-trader in one breath, and a Protectionist by virtue of raising the duties from fifteen to seventeen and a half per cent.; pretends to stand aghast at the proposals of the Opposition and yet affects to believe that they are not made in earnest. Vehement though he may be, he is not a clever simulator, and while the people are quite ready to acknowledge him as an authority on the futility of party divisions, their confidence in him goes no farther. At Parkhill, one of the addresses to Sir John Macdonald expressed, in grandiloquent phrases, the conviction that 'in this great country where, in times past, party-lines have been closely drawn—the patriotic men on both sides, preferring the national welfare to any fleeting gain—are declaring themselves in favour of that policy.' The answer to all such attempts to seduce men indifferent to party strife may be phrased in sacred words:—'Why tempt ye me? Shew me a penny,' and when produced, it is found to bear the superscription of Cæsar, 'the chieftain' of the uncertain party. The *Globe* which, *à faute de mieux*, and it is a watery exponent of any party, has also come to the conclusion that there is a constituency to be courted which is non-partisan. There is much in the carefully and, on the whole, fairly written leader of that journal on the 18th ult., with which any one may cordially agree; yet the confession

which is forced from it, of the crass unreasonableness of partyism is worth reproducing. After dismissing the scandals, which are notably the result of party warfare, since the hungry always grumble at the well-fed, and the well-fed are not over scrupulous whether the banner of purity waves over them or not, the *Globe* makes an appeal to those not affected by scandals—a rather large constituency, as matters have turned out—in spite of party leaders and journalists. 'They (the scandals against the Government) serve to fill the mouths of politicians who desire, right or wrong, to say something against their opponents, but they have not the slightest influence upon fair-minded men of any party, and fall harmless when directed towards the class which controls elections—we mean the thoughtful and influential, who, free from personal bias, sway to and fro as they perceive errors on one side or the other.' The mistake committed here is the obvious one that it is not the people who 'sway' at all, but their leaders. Hitherto the tail—a very disreputable and cropped one—has wagged the dog; let us see if the dog cannot summon up individuality enough to keep the tail under control.

In England, 'the disintegration of the Liberal party, and the crass stupidity of the party which is passing under galvanic experimentation by that prince of mountebanks, Earl Beaconsfield, have raised in a strange way the old question about the virtues supposed to be inherent in party rule.' Lord Brougham, certainly no authority in many matters, and no great authority in any, was of course an arrant partisan, if ever one was. His words, however, on partyism were to the effect that political parties were hurtful to the interests of the country, corrupting to the people, injurious to honest principles, and at the very best a clumsy contrivance for carrying on the affairs of the State.' The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which always after the *Telegraph*, is the especial organ of the 'Jingo' party, thinks it necessary to take up the cudgels on behalf of partyism. De Quincey who was no politician, and Lecky, a philosophical historian, with a strong Liberal and pro-Ireland bias, are quoted, but the writer relies, like our friend of the *Journal of Commerce*, upon Macaulay It is not by any means detracting from the acknowledged genius of Macaulay to say that he was a historian, whose pictures were washed in with epigram and utterly ruined by partyism. There is not a character out of the Whig circle in his gallery, which is not caricatured. Notwithstanding his prodigious memory, he remembered nothing, but what made for those who had sent him to Parliament for the Lansdowne pocket-borough of Calne, and made him Master of Ordnance. He mangled and misrepresented Swift, reviled every Tory of the time of Anne and William, and has sent down a portrait of George Savile, Earl of Halifax, 'The Trimmer,' which it remains for some non-partisan biographer to correct. Macaulay was himself the most salient example of the partisan spirit, because with the wonderfully graphic power he possessed, as well as the Highland imagination he inherited from his Celtic ancestors, he was enabled to pervert history for party purposes, and then make the perversion as he himself said, 'popular as a novel.' Lord Macaulay is the most unsatisfactory witness that could be adduced in support of the party system, since his writings remain a standing monument in protest against it. It is almost amusing to be told nowadays, in the obsolete language of Holland House, that some men are prone to look back, and others to look forward; that Conservatism is right in its proper place, and Whiggery or Radicalism equally so, provided always the one or other to which we happen to be opposed, does not become unruly and insist upon predominance. One party ought always to be on the right of Mr. Speaker,

that being its allotted place in the order of Providence, or by the decrees of manifest destiny, and the rest. Opposition has its proper functions to the left—a useful element in the body politic. In all other departments of human thought and action, save only the military, and to that must now be added the diplomatic, the notion that men or nations can be treated like pawns, or marshalled into ranks with uniformity of dress or unwavering obedience to orders, has been abandoned. Even in religion, where at all events, there is a clean cut and incisive line of demarcation between authority and individuality, most men have come to the conclusion that considerable latitude of opinion must be conceded. Yet in politics, where so many diverse views are admissible, according to their own theory, partisans still persist in striving to maintain, on an exaggerated scale, the old military system of party discipline.

No thoughtful man who scans, and endeavours to interpret, the signs of the times can doubt that a breaking-up of the old party-system is imminent both in Europe and America. If there be one indication, more clear and unmistakable than another it is the rending of those traditional bonds which once served as a coherent force to weld men in masses and are being cast off like the withes of Samson, powerless to resist the convulsive force of modern energy. It would be unreasonable to deny the power of association when employed in prosecution of a great principle whether religious liberty or electoral reform; but the days, when men will subordinate their personality and surrender their freedom of action to achieve a single object are past and gone. There are so many things about which men may now-a-days differ, and so few upon which they can agree to the exclusion of their points of difference, that party, in its old sense, has become practically a tradition, and no longer a reality. Before this century has ceased, people will marvel that men could possibly have been the thralls of so irrational a system of polity as that which now, even in its decadence, finds stout and angry champions.

In every country of Europe and America public affairs seems pregnant with the same lesson of change and transition. On all hands there are the same symptoms of dislocation and upheaval; old things are passing away and all things becoming new. Even the dominant party in England, powerful from its stolid gravity and 'educated' into crass vitality by Lord Beaconsfield, gives signs of falling to pieces, and its parent may possibly survive to assist at its obsequies. The Liberal party has gone utterly to smash, and the earnest leaders of it are quarrelling over the bits which still remain. In France the Republic has been saved by the spirit of compromise in the person of M. Dufaure, reinforced by the passive strength which has come out of national weakness and exhaustion. In Germany where one might have expected that the fire of a triumphant patriotism would glow with undiminished fervour, for a century, the twin demons of Ultramontanism and Socialism are maddening Bismarck so that his evil genius goads him on in the path of violent repression to meet him at last at a Philippi which will not terminate like Gravelotte or Sedan. Austria with its dual system tends to chaos. Italy has been torn in pieces by confused partyism while yet in process of consolidation, and Russia, notwithstanding her terrible military efforts, reposes upon a volcano, within which are wrestling the indomitable forces of social unrest and financial collapse. Our American neighbours are in an agony of a similar type. Partyism there, as elsewhere, is dogged by the nemesis of its own iniquities and utterly discredited by its confessed abandonment of principle or moral self-restraint. Yet in all these countries, as compared with Canada, there

are some vital issues at stake with which men dare not attempt to play, and therefore some *raison d'être* for the party system. Here, at all events, where the very names with which men label themselves are unmeaning survivals, and the shibboleths sound hollow and sepulchral, what apology can be advanced for its existence? If, by chance, one or other of the factions manages to grasp a principle by the skirts, it is only to let it escape again, when the turn is served, wounded and naked. If the people of the Dominion desire to be well governed in the five years to come, they ought surely to emancipate themselves from a yoke which galls them with no compensating advantage, and irritates, instead of soothing, the sores which the politicians have rudely scarred with their mollifying ointment. To the honest and intelligent elector, whose aid the partisans are now eager to invoke —the 'non-partisan' majority— the first and most pressing duty is to listen to the syren voice of neither faction. When two men present themselves for their suffrages in a constituency, let them inquire not into their political stripe, but into their ability to serve the people and their probity and integrity as members of society. When men like Col. Walker are put forward by one party, or like Mr. Boulthee by the other, it is time that the electorate took the reins of power into its own hands. If the parties have lost the slightest suspicion of principle, they have retained their power for mischief. The selfishness which makes a trade of politics, and the cynical hypocrisy which chuckles in its sleeve at the folly of it, are in alliance and can do as much harm as ever. It rests with the people to say whether the double game carried on for years shall be perpetuated —the game of the tricksters who make a mock of virtue, and their congeners who simulate it for purposes equally unworthy. Measures *and* men must be the popular motto at the polls, let what will become of the miserable factions in whose name the contest is ostensibly carried. In Quebec, notwithstanding the backward state of its political education, a glimpse of sunshine has appeared in the outcome of the last general election and it should be an augury of good for the entire Dominion. Upon the people rests the responsibility of changing the aspect of political affairs; a blunder now may entail much suffering and loss in the future; and, as they have to count the cost, and meet it, in the long run, it is not too much to urge that they should awake to the duty of the hour.

The extravagant party in Quebec have been impeding legislation by the manifold devices at the command of an Opposition. The constitutional question has disappeared, naturally so, because the most violent of partisans are convinced by this time that they have not an argumentative leg to stand upon. They may gibe and sneer, and suggest what they please in the shape of innuendo, but as for reasoning on the question, they acknowledge themselves worsted, disarmed, and clean out of the field. The menace of another dissolution has been rather disheartening, and the prospect of returning in the autumn with something worse than a Speaker's casting-vote against them have no doubt made some of their own numbers pause and fight shy of a direct vote of non-confidence. Still they have not scrupled to make a bid for interested rings of all sorts. Not a vote proposed in the Committee of Supply has passed without an expression of the Opposition regret that their old *régime* of extravagance has come to an end. The partisans have not yet realized the change which has come over the Province, and are inclined to hope that even yet the spendthrift policy may attract a sufficient amount of influence, of the rueful and regretful sort, to carry them back into power. It is all in vain, however. The *laudator temporis acti* in Quebec

is an idolator perhaps in his way. But he is not a fool, and knows the difference between importunate and pressing taxation, as contrasted with thrifty economy and strict account. No, are men who see [illegible] been shamefooled [illegible] by so unreflective a back [illegible] motion, to do a little excise-peculation as a stroke of revenge on Speaker Wood. Even the hon. members [illegible] were ashamed of the amendment, [illegible] he succeeded only [illegible] Government majority to eight. The difficulty which has hitherto beset honest, free constitutional government in Quebec has been the inordinate thirst for official positions, and this has been made more insatiable by the national and religious troubles ever and anon cropping up there. This chronic trouble has not been of the partisan kind, strictly, although the late Government yielded to what they had not the courage to resist. Both Conservative and Reform journalists have bitterly complained of the necessity they were under of always making places for three clerks where only one – or perhaps not one – was wanted. It would be unfair to the De Boucherville or previous Administrations to ignore this lion in their path, and we can well believe that Messrs. Robertson and Church were as sensible of the danger as MM. Joly or Bachand can be. Quebec has always been extravagantly governed. Under the old Provincial system, it was worse than the horse-leech's daughter, always begging, inexorable and never satisfied. So soon as matters had been settled on something like a satisfactory basis, the Province under the guidance of the dominant party there, launched out upon a hopeless career of prodigality. It must needs have two Houses to its legislature, and Quebec went into a mad ecstacy over the restoration of its ancient glories. It became the paradise of office-seekers, and as a Conservative writer, some time since complained, no Irish Catholic could be [illegible] to a clerkship without necessitating provision for an Irish Protestant, and this having been done, room [illegible] to be made for a French Canadian. Chronic rottenness of this sort, reinforced by railway enterprise beyond the strength and resources of the Province, has been its ruin, and the latest prodigal discovered that there was something more precious to be conserved than a *Tilley* Conservatism, [illegible] profit. Provincial honour and integrity. That is the secret of M. Joly's triumph, and with his majority of one the popular backing he can boast has enabled him to set his opponents at defiance, under circumstances only to be pleaded in a desperate emergency. There are men on the other side who might add strength to a good Coalition Government – which is what Quebec specially needs just now – and if both parties, or the really patriotic elements in them, would consent to forget their old enmities, the ancient Province would have reason to commemorate their self-abnegation for many a long day to come.

It is not yet certain, as we write, how the Orange difficulty will be legally settled in Montreal. One fact seems plain and clear enough—one upon which an Ontario Conservative and a Quebec Liberal, at all events, can agree—that whatever trouble may have occurred, the main share of the responsibility must be borne by the chief magistrate of the city. At a time when he knew that the services of Sir Selby Smyth had been invoked because of his culpable truculence, he took it on himself to insult the Commander of Her Majesty's Forces, to make a pretence of impartiality in swearing in a special constabulary, and to scandalously violate it by accepting the dictation of the Irish Catholic societies and arming all the bullies to be found in Griffintown. At the last moment, although the same old rusty weapon might have been furbished up out of the Ultramontane armoury a year and more ago, a sta-

tute, which would be a glaring disgrace to any British colony, was put forward, under which an Orangeman, an Oddfellow or a Good Templar may at any moment, be committed to the penitentiary for a term of two or seven years. Under this cover, M. Beaudry boldly proposed to prevent the procession, at a time when Mr. Taillon was pretending to achieve the same object in another way, in Quebec. If survivals of this description are to be disinterred from the Quebec statutes, whenever required, it is about time Englishmen in Canada began to fix their whereabouts. The people who put as a marginal note 'The Decrees of our Holy Father the Pope are binding,' can invent statutes for their purpose, and it may be as well to appeal at once to the Queen of England to protect civil and religious liberty from ruffians like Thibault, and violators of official oath, of honour, duty and the clearest principles of justice and fair-dealing, such as M. Beaudry. Those who deny, as this journal has done all along, the propriety of Orange demonstrations, have a peculiar right to utter an indignant protest against the shuffling, the treachery and unblushing tergiversation of the Mayor and his abettors. Orangeism may be all that its opponents claim it to be—an unnecessary element of religious strife, imported from an island where such strife has been the curse of the country; if so, there are moral means of getting rid of it, which could be justified to the Dominion and the world. That would be the English method of going to work, in such a case; but it would have been too honest, open and straightforward for the Mayor and his clique. Their plan appears to have been from the first, to shirk duty, to encourage lawlessness, and, when they had gained their point, to put weapons in the roughs' hands to complete the mischief they had set on foot, by hounding these ruffians on to deeds of wanton and unprovoked violence. By inflammatory language these recreant conservators of life, property and peace began, by inciting the rowdy element to make a riot, and then gave to their lawlessness the assistance, the organization and the protection it required, in the name of the law.

Last year Mayor Beaudry agreed to protect the Orangemen on certain conditions, which were scrupulously fulfilled, and, of course, broke his word. His apology put forth this year is, that he was thwarted by the Police Committee. At that time, the roughs were allowed merely to enjoy themselves without molestation, and the result was a brutal homicide, and a number of serious assaults. This year the Chief Magistrate of the commercial capital went a step further, by collecting, equipping and drilling the reckless crowd which last year was guilty of the murder of Hackett and the other melancholy events which followed. Rowdyism has not only been allowed full swing in the exercise of its peculiar virtues, but taken under the ægis of law, 'sworn in' to break the peace, and adorned with white rosettes as the lawless defenders of law, order and the public weal, against which, on the 12th of July last, they were the sole aggressors. The legal opinion, obtained at the last moment, was intentionally sprung upon the public at the last moment, to give the baser class full liberty of action, to paralyze the arm of the military, and complicate the question at issue. As the chief conspirator broke his plighted faith last year, so now he did not scruple to violate the terms of the proclamation he had issued, and to which he had solemnly protested his intention to adhere. His intention to constitute the special force on a mixed basis of different creeds and nationalities was a fraud, and he and his well-selected roughs in fact besieged the Orange Hall and were the terror of the entire neighbourhood. Whether it be an offence against the law to be an Orangeman,

an Oddfellow, or a Son of Temperance remains to be tested; but it is certainly not yet a penal offence for a woman to have an orange lily or orange trimmings in her bonnet, and the brutes who assaulted women and tore their dresses were degenerate specimens of French gallantry, even if they did wield an official baton, and had been sworn to work the unruly will of the Mayor and his party. Every assault committed on that day was distinctly the work of the so called preservers of the peace, without the slightest colour of sanction from any law, Provincial or municipal.

As already said, the end is not yet, and can hardly be forecast, as the legal imbroglio now stands. The statute paraded on the authority of four Queen's Counsel may have been framed for the purpose to which it has been put; but, considering the strange way in which it struggled to light at the last moment, there is good reason for having serious doubts about it. That such a monstrous law could be enacted now, or will be permitted much longer to disgrace the statute-book, even in Quebec, we cannot believe. Its import, as well as its validity, must, if necessary, be tested in the highest Court in the Empire; meanwhile those whose freedom of association it will restrict - and they number many thousands, not a tithe of whom are Orangemen – should unite in exposing its arbitrary and tyrannical character. In a British colony men are not prepared to lose all but the semblance of British liberty, and the time has surely arrived when all lovers of freedom and individual rights, without regard to creed or nationality, should unite in asserting and maintaining them. It seems very doubtful to most people whether Mayor Beaudry or anyone else can prevent a public procession of any society before its illegality is established, not merely by professional opinion, but by evidence given of its true character in a court of justice. It may be law that any member of a certain class of societies renders himself *ipso facto* liable to from two to seven years' confinement in the penitentiary; but how does M. Beaudry know, save by hearsay, that the Orange body is one of them, before the question is legally tried? Even were it decided in the affirmative, and it has not been, the offence would be, not the walking in procession, but the membership, which would require proof in every individual case. The Mayor tries an entire Society, as judge and jury in his own person, and then proceeds to interfere with a right, which is strictly legal, because he chooses to condemn those who exercise it, alleging that he fancies, they may be adjudged guilty of another and totally different offence. Perhaps he is desirous of emulating the justice administered by Rhadamanthus who according to Virgil, first punishes, then hears the offences, and finally compels men to confess. Clearly, if this obsolete law, which no one has dreamed of citing, though it has been on the statute-book for many years a dead letter, were to be invoked at all, due notice should have been given to all concerned. Up to the very eve of the procession, and after all the arrangements had been made, military and otherwise, no one seems to have dreamed of its existence. If Mr. Taillon's Party Processions Bill had been passed in time, it would not have been disturbed in its grave even now. It was a dishonourable and ungenerous attempt to spring a surprise upon the military, the magistrates and the Orangemen, only slightly less scandalous than the embodiment of the city roughs to enforce an *ex parte* interpretation of it. Montreal had better look to its commercial interests, and to that high reputation it used to boast before the days of Guibord and anti-Orange riots. It has clearly received a staggering blow at the hands of Beaudry and his lambs, and nothing can save the noble city from irreparable disaster and ruin, but

immediate and complete emancipation from their evil influence upon its future destinies.

Sir James Fitzjames Stephen has completed and laid before the Imperial Parliament a very important and arduous undertaking—the codification of the Criminal Law of England. The great value of this work will be seen, when it is considered that not merely does the Code compress the various statutes within reasonable compass, by dropping useless verbiage, but it also attempts to reduce the confused and conflicting accretions of centuries to order and system. Not only are the penalties imposed upon crimes made more consistent with the degrees of culpability they are designed to punish, but such factitious offences as constructive treason disappear altogether. There is one important department to which alone we can refer at present—the section on "Insanity," which has been the subject of much angry discussion between lawyers and scientific men, both in Canada and at home. Dr. Workman, in his lecture on "Crime and Insanity," and Dr. Maudsley, in his "Responsibility in Mental Disease," argue on the scientific side; and the jurists' theory is found in the text-books and in innumerable judicial charges. The law holds every man responsible for an act, if at the time of its commission he knew the moral quality of the act. The medical experts, on the contrary, maintain that, in nine cases out of ten, the criminal can perfectly distinguish right from wrong, but has no sufficient power of control over his actions. In other words, the will or volitional power is diseased, not the moral discrimination of the man. Sir James Stephens divides persons troubled, "either by defective mental power, or by any disease of the mind," into three classes: Those who are so "prevented (1) from knowing the quality of the act; or (2) from knowing either that the act is forbidden by law, or that it is morally wrong; or (3) if such person was, at the time when the act was done, in such a state that he would not have been prevented from doing that act by knowing that if he did it, the greatest punishment permitted by law for such an offence would be instantly inflicted upon him, provided that this shall not apply to any person in whom such a state of mind has been produced by his own default." The *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette* have pointed out that Sir James does not introduce any such phrases as impaired or diseased volition, but merely restrains the infliction of punishment where, from mental defect or disease, it does not and cannot act as a deterrent. Whether this new view of insanity will reconcile the belligerents remains to be seen.

It is too early yet to enter upon a full examination of the Treaty of Berlin. Lord Beaconsfield has had a triumph which is rather showy than substantial. He has divided Bulgaria in two, and given Turkey the defensible frontier of the Balkan claim. Yet with Varna at one end and Sofia at the other in Bulgarian possession, the line, which may be readily turned, is not likely to prove of much service. Under Russian pressure, the other Province is to have Burghas on the Black Sea, and to be known as East Roumelia. Very little good has been attempted for Greece, after all promises to the contrary in return for her neutrality, when she had a chance of extending her boundaries. The Premier's grand *coup de theâtre* was reserved for the last—the occupation of Cyprus by England and the guarantee given by her to protect Asiatic Turkey against all-comers. To the first step there can be no objection; only Cyprus might have been acquired on more reasonable

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NOTE.—These remarks were in type before the publication of the correspondence between the Premier and Mr. Beaudry. Mr. Mackenzie puts the question raised in these columns with great force and point; and by his own letters the mayor stands convicted of fraud and treachery in concealing his knowledge of the Statute pleaded, for at least three weeks.

terms. Not only is England to protect Turkey in Asia, but she has undertaken the enormous responsibility of obtaining good government for the people and maintaining it for all future time. Perhaps, when the English people begin to realize what that means, they may awake from their pleasant dreams; the *Standard* and *Pall Mall Gazette* are disenchanted already.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

In No. 10 of the Collection of foreign authors* we have a story of only ordinary interest. Slender in framework and trite in plot, Ariadne, is a tale that is far more than twice told already. The heroine is that poor scholar so often found in books of this class. Of course she is a bright girl, accomplished in several ways, a genius in music and altogether delightful from a prudish standpoint. But she is poor and an orphan. Her many accomplishments and social virtues do not make up for her lack of wealth and want of aristocratic birth. She leads a life of suffering in the Academy of Education which she attends. Her teachers slight her. Her companions look upon her in a distasteful way, and say hateful things to her, and glory in the misfortunes which continually overtake her. She is punished for the faults of others and finally undergoes expulsion from the seminary for a heinous sin which the daughter of a princess of Russia committed. The story is devoted principally to the trials, misfortunes and career of Ariadne, who, with the patience of a saint unmurmuringly bears her sufferings and the misrepresentations which are made against her character and life. On being expelled she becomes the *protégé* of a kindly old lady who takes her in, through pity for her on the one hand, and admiration for her beautiful voice on the other. An infatuated musician, whose business it is to prepare young ladies for the operatic stage, takes Miss Ariadne in hand, educates her and she makes her *debût* before a large audience and achieves a signal success. The old lady dies in the meantime, and the young princess who committed the indiscretion at the school, realizes the relative position of herself and Ariadne. She gets her mother's permission to bring the young singer to her palace, and the two girls, now fast friends, live together beneath the same roof and do many things in common, and of course, conceive an attachment for the same young man, who unable by the laws of Russia to marry both of them, finally centres his affections on the princess, though to make his mind easy, doubtless, keeps up a flirtation with Ariadne. The story ends, as the reader will surmise after reading half-a-dozen chapters. Ariadne falls over a precipice, Constantin and Olga marry, and thus concludes Ariadne from the French of Henry Gréville. Notwithstanding its slight character, however, the story is very pleasantly told, and its merits may be briefly summed up in the phrase, that, it is a good average novel.

*Ariadne from the French of Henry Gréville, New York: D. Appleton & Company. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Of the many dainty little books which issue, from time to time, from the American press none combine

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plore the hidden mysteries of the Atlantic Ocean. Other waters were also examined, but the results of that examination will be given at some future day. The present work refers in a popular way to the explorations which were made in the Atlantic, and illustrations are given of very many interesting and curious specimens of animal life as it exists beneath the great waters of the Ocean. The depth of the Atlantic has been ascertained, as well as the general contour of its bed, and another important discovery has been made which is a real contribution to knowledge, viz., the fact that animal life may exist at the greatest ocean depths, the weight or volume of water being no barrier to such existence. If the expedition had accomplished no more than these, it had done enough to insure a high place in scientific discovery. But it has accomplished far more in a great sense, while in a lesser degree its smaller work is not without value and interest.

No expedition ever started out under more favourable auspices. The *Challenger* was well equipped with apparatus of a high order, and furnished with a staff of officers, comprising some of the foremost names in science in the British Empire. The spar-decked corvette itself was a model of fine naval architecture. Staunch and strong, of 2,306 tons, with auxiliary steam to 1,234 horse-power, well fitted up with every needed paraphernalia, she was admirably adapted for the work in hand. The main deck was specially prepared for scientific work. Two cabins were erected on the after part of the deck. On one side was the chart-room, stocked with shelves of charts and magnetic, hydrographic and meteorological instruments, while on the other side the natural history room was placed. This was fitted up in a superior manner with mahogany dressers, knee-holes, cupboards and drawers, bookshelves, and racks arranged to hold fish-globes and bottles. Alcholic spirit for sea specimens was stored in cylin-

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eries, comprising, Selections from ctions from the Thoughts of Marcus inus; Selections from the Imitation of nas à Kempis; Selections from the ns of the Rev. Dr. John Tauler; e Soul, poems, selected by the editor ours." Boston: Roberts Brothers. & Rawlinson.

c, a preliminary account of the general ploring voyage of H.M.S. *Challenger*. ville Thomson, Knt., LL.D., D.Sc., .S.F.R.S, etc., in two volumes. New s Bros; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

drical four-gallon iron vessels, and kept in racks in the ship's magazine. A drying-room for botanical specimens was situated between the funnel casings, and in the middle of the steamer, near the cabins, a chemical laboratory was built. It was furnished with a working bench, a locker-seat, a blow-pipe table, drawers and writing table, and well stocked with chemicals and chemical apparatus. A light and a dark room adjoined the laboratory, and these were at the disposal of the photographic artist who accompanied the expedition. Apparatus for almost every conceivable thing was placed on board, and no ship ever sailed out of any port better furnished in every way than did the *Challenger* five years ago. She was ably officered, the staff at first consisting of Professor Thomson as director, Captain Nares, "a surveying officer of great experience, and singularly well suited in every way for such a post," as commanding officer, a secretary, three naturalists, and a chemist, chosen on the recommendation of the Royal Society. The full list of officers contains the names of Captain George S. Nares, Commander J. F. L. P. Maclear, Lieutenants Pelham Aldrich, Arthur C. B. Bromley, Geo. R. Bethell, Navigating-Lieutenant Thos. H. Tizard, Paymaster Richard R. A. Richards, Surgeon Alexander Crosbie, Assistant-Paymaster John Hynes, Chief-Engineer James H. Ferguson, Sub-Lieutenants Henry C. Sloggett, Lord George G. Campbell,† Andrew F. Balfour, Arthur Channer; Navigating Sub-Lieutenants Arthur Havergall, Herbert Swire; Assistant-Surgeon Geo. Maclean, M.A., M.B.; Engineers William J. J. Spry,‡ Alfred J. Allen; Boatswain, 2nd class, Richard Cox; Carpenter, 2nd class, Fred. W. Westford; Assistant-Engineers, 2nd class, Wm. A. Howlett, Wm. J. Abbott. Civilian Scientific Staff.—Professor C. Wyville Thomson, F.R.S.; J. Y. Buchanan, M.A.; H. N. Moseley, M.A.; John Murray, Dr. von Willemoes-Suhm, J. J. Wild.

Of course, several changes in this staff were made before the voyage was concluded, the most notable change being that of Captain Nares, who was recalled at the close of the second year to take command of the Arctic Expedition. His place in the *Challenger* was filled acceptably by Captain Frank Thomson.

This expedition, officered so well and equipped so thoroughly, has done the world a signal service. The whole of the Atlantic ocean has been surveyed, and sounding observations have been taken, on an average, every one hundred and twenty miles. Excellent specimens of the bottom have been brought up, the sterling character of the apparatus used and the skilful use of the same ensuring this in every instance. The volumes just issued were written, Professor Thomson informs us, "while the great bulk of the observations are still unreduced, while the chemical analyses are only commenced, and there has not been time even to unpack the natural history specimens. Notwithstanding these many drawbacks to a full report, we have, in the handsome books on our table, a careful epitome of the great work which has been performed. At a glance its scope may be realized, and the reader and student will await with some impatience the report which Dr. Thomson promises *in extenso* of the entire results of his voyage of discovery and recovery. Until such a work appears, the present instalment will suffice to show the breadth and character of this deep-sea exploration. In the succinct summary with which Professor Thomson concludes the second volume, the reader may arrive at some conclusion, though inadequate in many respects, of the relative value of this expedition from a scientific aspect. These general conclusions, however, in the absence of the report which will come later, will be read with interest,

† Author of the Log-book of the "Challenger."
‡ Author of the Cruise of the "Challenger."

as they give in a brief way a *résume* of the notable voyage of this notable ship, about which no less than three interesting volumes have already appeared. The maps and numerous plates, illustrative of the letter-press, which embellish the pages of this "Voyage of the Challenger," are executed in the very highest style of art, and materially aid the student in his examinations of the text.

THE study of Psychology is a most attractive one. It is a science which admits of much experiment, is wide in its scope and rich in its results. The student is drawn towards it by a feeling almost amounting to veneration. It is new and novel, and one is both surprised and startled at the extent and value of the avenues of thought which it opens up. Circumstances are continually occurring in a man's life which are difficult of explanation and oftentimes wholly inexplainable in themselves. While under the effect of some cerebral affection, or when unduly excited by some drug, narcotic or otherwise, or while labouring under some temporary derangement of the system men will do the most unaccountable things. These are of a more or less mysterious character. To explain these phenomena satisfactorily, is an undertaking of the utmost importance, and scientists everywhere have made this department one of the most interesting of the whole series. Psychology has entered into almost every pursuit. We find it asserting an influence in our literature, in our entertainments, in the ordinary walks of life, and even in our dreams. It is a something which awakens thought on the instant. It enters largely into the lives of the romantic and startles with tremendous force even those of an intensely unromantic disposition. Almost every one has a story of a remarkable character to tell about its workings in his own case, or in that of some friend which has become known to him. Every year extraordinary developments occur, and these are frequently of a somewhat baffling description. A new book on the subject of Pseudopia* therefore will be received with more than ordinary interest. The late Dr. Edward Hammond Clarke—a man of excellent parts and wide culture—a physician of skill and a scientist of reputation—known to the world as the author of two intelligent books—'Sex in Education,' and 'The building of a brain,' died in November of last year. He suffered severely from a malignant disease, and knowing death in his case was only a question of time, with almost Spartan courage, he devoted the last days of his life to the development of a study which had long occupied his mind. He sought to explain this wonderful psychologic power, in an essay enriched by a number of examples from his own practice and from the cases of others. His mind was peculiarly fitted for this work. He had spent many years upon it, and his extensive practice in a large city had brought him in contact with many cases, more or less curious, but all interesting and marked. At first he wrote with his own hand, but as he became feebler, his devoted wife acted as his amanuensis. Before the essay was finished, however, she died, and Dr. Clarke's daughter then took up the pen which death had snatched from her mother, and she became her father's secretary. There is something particularly sad about this book and in the circumstances under which it was written; but not a page of it reveals a saddening thought or betrays the condition under which its author laboured. It is fresh, bright and full of attraction. It is free from a morbid tone and fails to exhibit the least sign of weakness. It is characteristically vigorous, and though an unfinished performance, the reader will agree with Dr. Holmes

*Visions: A study of false sight (Pseudopia), by EDWARD H. CLARKE, M.D. With an Introduction and Memorial Sketch, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D., Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co., Toronto: A. Piddington.

that it should not be called a fragment. Indeed the manner of the work proves this. It is divided into portions of the subject whole. When Dr. Clarke ceased dictate no more his work was finished in a measure. Had he lived, his essay would have gone over greater ground, fresh topics bearing on his subject would have been discussed, an untouched field would have been explored, but as the book stands it is complete and full.

Apart from the scientific interest which attaches to 'Visions,' it is a most entertaining volume to the general reader. Physiology and psychology both command attention, and admit, in the exercise of their functions, the widest scope possible. Dr. Clarke has taken advantage of the manifold features which his subjects possess, and as a result, we have not only a creditable contribution to science, but a really very enjoyable volume which the non-scientific reader may peruse with profit and pleasure. Dr. Clarke opens his subject with a carefully considered dissertation on the visions common to human experience, followed by cases and comments, and a thoughtful enquiry on the physiological analysis of vision. To this is added an admirable account of the effects which certain drugs produce, notably quinine, the various preparations of opium, of Calabar bean, Indian Hemp (*Cannabis Indica*), the Bromides and their influence on the brain, the ethers, alcohol, Fox Glove and the deadly Strychnine. This paper is of especial value, and though all too brief, cannot fail in its object of attracting attention. The pages which contain reference to the preparation known in medicine as Indian Hemp, will be read with interest. Haschisch is a powerful drug, marvellous in its effects and singularly uncertain in its behaviour. Dr. Clarke mentions three cases in which the drug was used for the purposes of experiment, and he details at some length the results which occurred in one notable instance. A Mr. K—, a medical student became, under its influence, impressed with the idea that he was enormously rich, that his house and furniture were of the most gorgeous description, and that he himself was a remarkable specimen of the finely developed man. Though stubborn in his belief, and fixed in his views, he afterwards became quite tractable and submitted quietly to be put in bed. The following day Mr. K. remembered distinctly everything he had done when under the influence of the drug. The writer knows of a case where a patient suffering from a delirium, took by accident, two grains of the solid extract of Cannabis Indica. He became violently ill. In health he was of a generous, confiding nature, but the drug changed his character completely. He grew morose, peevish, cunning and treacherous by turns. He imagined everybody he saw was a thief, and all through the night he started up in his bed and cried out that robbers were rifling his bureau drawer. By some unaccountable means he had become possessed of a revolver, and to the horror of his attendant, he presented this formidable weapon at his breast. A friend who sat at his bed-side looked him deliberately in the eye, and in a firm voice said, 'Give me that revolver and lie down.' The sufferer yielded his weapon like a child, and fell back on his pillow, seemingly exhausted. But the visions continued through the night, and never left him until he had slept off the effects of the hemp.

The second part of the essay is striking, and some explanation of visions and their causes is advanced, as well as an interesting notice of dreams and their philosophy. This portion is also full of experiment and eminently rich in allusion. Every one remembers, doubtless, the vision which once occurred to Lord Brougham, as it is a case which has obtained a world-wide circulation, and it has often been advanced by spiritualists, second-sight people, and believers in destiny. It is not necessary here to repeat this story,

but it is as well, perhaps, to give Dr. Clarke's explanation of what has hitherto been regarded as an unexplainable phenomenon. After citing the incident, the doctor says:

'These two phenomena, the vision in England, and the death in India, should not be confounded together. They are not necessarily parts of the same event, and we must not hastily assume that they bear the relation to each other of cause and effect, because the vision and the death occurred simultaneously. Let the fact of G's death, at the time of the vision, be laid aside for the present and the vision alone considered. The facts are these: when Lord Brougham was a young man, gifted, as the world knows he was, with intellectual power of the highest order, he became intimate with another young man of congenial tastes, and undoubtedly of considerable intellectual force. As fellow-students they discussed, it appears, some of the greatest themes with which the human mind ever grapples, such as immortality, God, the problems of human life, and similar themes; some of which Lord Brougham has since studied and expounded with singular ability. It is difficult to conceive of circumstances, better calculated than these to impress, powerfully and profoundly, the mind of one so gifted as Lord Brougham. Impressions naturally made by such discussions as have been described, were deepened by a compact, made with all the folly and enthusiasm of which genius is capable, and consecrated and sealed with the blood of those who made it. Like the oath of Grutli, the compact was intended to be sacred and inviolate, reaching beyond this life into the next. The cells of young Brougham's brain must have been stamped, more deeply than ever before by any other event, with the features of his friend G's face, and with the ideas and hopes and resolutions which the compact they had entered into inspired. G. disappeared from the orbit of Brougham's life. The brain cells which had been thus stamped, sensitized like a photographic plate, were laid away in the recesses of Brougham's brain. There they were deposited, the hieroglyphic representations of G's face and form, and of the compact and the attendant ideas, like a portrait in a garret, or a manuscript in a drawer, ready to be brought out whenever anything should occur, capable of dragging them into light. The cells remained latent in Brougham's brain for a long period, without anything to call them into the region of perception, still the cells were there; they were deeply stamped and were in a condition to be called into activity at any time. With a brain containing the cell-group referred to, Lord Brougham got a chill, while travelling in Sweden, and after the chill, refreshed himself, with what he says was a warm bath. It is evident from the result of the bath, that the water was hot rather than warm. Lord Brougham got from the heat to which he had exposed himself, a congestion of the brain. The congestion clearly was not appoplexy, yet was near being so, for he says that he fell asleep but still contrived to get out of his bath-tub, and there fell on the floor, unconscious.

'It will be remembered that a moderate anæmia of the periphery of the brain, and a moderate hyperæmia of the base of the brain are among the conditions of sleep, and consequently of dreams, which occur only in sleep. The congestion produced by the bath naturally intensified these conditions. What Lord Brougham had been talking about with his friend Stuart shortly before the bath does not appear from the description; but it would be strange if the subjects of God and a future life did not enter into their conversation, when we reflect that such subjects occupied a very large share of Lord Brougham's attention and study during his whole life. We know from his account of the case that he examined and discussed them with G. Such a discus-

sion, added to the stimulus of a warm bath, would be sufficient to bring within the sphere of automatic activity the latent cell-groups which were the representatives of G. The groups appeared, subjective vision was accomplished, and Lord Brougham saw the friend of his youth apparently projected into space before him.

'The connection between the death of G. in India and the vision in Brougham's brain is probably only that of coincidence. At any rate physiology has no explanation to offer of such a phenomenon. Those who believe that it is more than coincidence must seek for an explanation by means which science cannot employ, and in a region into which physiology cannot enter. And, moreover, such persons must not forget the fact previously mentioned, that the future life is not conditioned by time or space, so that when G. died in India he was as near Brougham in England as if they were in the same room. Hence, looking at the vision from the spiritual side, we can conceive how G., having no limits of space between him and Brougham at the moment of death, should at that moment instantly be near him. But how G. could communicate with Lord Brougham is again a matter about which we are utterly ignorant. In reality, we do not know how we communicate with each other. The lips open, the tongue moves, and the air vibrates, but I do not know how that makes an idea pass from me to you, or from you to me. Still less can we guess how a disembodied spirit can communicate with flesh and blood.'

The study is a beautiful one. It is capable of such expansive idea, of such range, of such splendid theory and practice. This volume of 'Visions' is a suggestive book, and no one can take it up without reading it through. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who writes the chapter of introduction, and furnishes the scholarly obituary notice of Dr. Clarke, which originally appeared in the *Boston Advertiser*, has prepared the volume for the pre
is not necessary to say here hov
Dr. Holmes has performed his l
office, or how heartily he has fi
the last wish of his dead friend.
observations on the brain ar
workings,"* by Dr. Holmes, sho
read in conjunction with this v
of Dr. Clarke's. The student
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Linton; No. 4 contains two t
'Gordon Baldwin' and 'Philos
Pendulum,' both by Rudolph L.
and the fifth No. is a bright a
tractive sketch by Katherine S
quoid, entitled, 'The Fisherm
Auge,' which is cleverly writte
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* *Mechanism in Thought and Morals, w
and Afterthoughts.* By OLIVER WENDELL
1871. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

† *Appleton's New Handy Volume Series*
to 5. New York: D. Appleton & Compa
ronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

DR. ANGELL, of Boston, deserves the thanks of the community for the useful hints on the care of our eyes, which he gives in a neat little volume* of some seventy pages. Though brief, the advice tendered is likely to prove of great benefit in all cases where the services of a surgeon in good repute cannot be instantly obtained. The directions which are to be followed in certain stages of eye disease or accident are explicit, and the character and reputation of Dr. Angell are a guarantee of their value and importance. The booklet deals with its subject most amply, and it is full of useful information regarding weak eyes, near-sightedness, cataract, oversight, old sight, squint or cross-eye, colour-blindness, babies' sore eyes, the adjusting power of the eyes, &c., &c. We expect this book will accomplish a deal of good.

IN several respects Miss Stebbins' 'Life of Charlotte Cushman'† is a gratifying performance. An intimate friend of the great actress, she has been able to tell us much of the private life and character of Miss Cushman which was inaccessible to any one else. Her book is largely made up of the career of her subject *off* the stage, and the days of her struggles with poverty and her art, are dwelt upon with the faithfulness of a Boswell. Miss Stebbins has let in a good deal of light on the character of her heroine, and her book will have the effect which doubtless she intended it should. Men and women who only knew Charlotte Cushman as a successful actress, whose only knowledge of her was learned before the garish footlights of a theatre, will be surprised to learn what an estimable character she was off the stage, and how many were her social and personal and womanly virtues. Miss Stebbins tells us of her trials and the many hardships she endured before her hopes became realized, and she gained a leading place on the boards. She dwells on the fact that her native city refused recognition of her talents at first, even when she supported Macready so admirably, and only welcomed her to the theatres after London had placed her at the head of her profession. Her life was one of vicissitudes and of varying fortunes, and the biography before us, though written in an atrociously bad and cumbersome style, reveals the true nobility of character of Miss Cushman, who by her own exertions surmounted difficulties which would have appalled many a stouter heart. In places Miss Stebbins is incorrect, and several anachronisms mar her work. She is not well up in theatrical information, and rather too apt to take things for granted. She has not verified a number of the statements which we find in her book, and this is a serious drawback to its ultimate value as a work of reference and as a matter of history. Miss Stebbins' criticisms of Miss Cushman's various performances are quite slight, inadequate, and marked by an entire want of originality. Indeed, in this respect, the book is valueless. Miss Stebbins is totally ignorant of the first rules of criticism. She criticises like one who had never been to a theatre, or who had never witnessed a play. Some of her blunders are merely laughable, while the least which may be said of them is that they are inane. Miss Stebbins is more at home in her estimate of Miss Cushman's character as it appeared to her in her home, and during the days of the firm friendship which for so many years existed between author and actress. Miss Stebbins is quite successful in her sketch of the genealogy of the Cushman family, and indeed in all her per-

* *How to Take Care of our Eyes, with Advice to Parents and Teachers in regard to the Management of the Eyes of Children*, by HENRY C. ANGELL, M.D. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memories of Her Life.* Edited by her friend, EMMA STEBBINS. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: A. Piddington.

sonal matter she is enjoyable enough, with the one fault of style which we have before mentioned. There are few biographies of noted actresses to be found, and we accordingly welcome this one warmly, notwithstanding the shortcomings which it possesses. Several of Miss Cushman's letters, those she wrote and the ones which were written to her, are exceedingly interesting and illustrative of events quite marked in her long theatrical and social career. No one doubts that she was a great actress—the greatest by all odds which America has produced—and Miss Stebbins' book will have the effect of keeping her memory green in the hearts of all those who have ever seen or heard of Charlotte Cushman. A few matters are cleared up in this memorial volume which are in good taste and spirit. We refer to those impudent attacks which were made on the series of farewell performances which were given by Miss Cushman on her retirement from the stage. Miss Stebbins combats these, and proves that Miss Cushman had no ulterior motives or sordid views in acting as she did, and we thank her for the enthusiasm with which she defends the memory of her dead friend. The work is beautifully published. The three illustrations, the tinted paper with its sumptuously broad margin—the delight of all bibliophiles—the clear and legible type, and general excellence of the whole, is most creditable to the publishers.

—It seems a pity that Mr. G. P. Lathrop, who writes so well, and has such a happy vein of playful humour, should not also possess more originality. As it is he is always delightful, and while it is easy to unravel his plot long before he arrives at the close of his story, the interest is so well kept up, the situations are so admirably managed, that the reader forgets, in his enjoyment, that he is only reading a very old story over again. In his latest book,* Mr. Lathrop reveals the paucity of his invention in a decidedly marked manner. He is not the conceiver of a single situation; he is not responsible for a solitary scene. He borrows largely from quite a number of respectable theatrical farces. He embodies in his work the *mise en scène* from more than a dozen novels of various degrees of merit. And for all this he has contrived to turn out one of the most enjoyable, as well as one of the richest, stories of the year. From the first page to the last the reader is kept in a perpetual roar of laughter. The author's sprightly humour sparkles in every page, and his skill in thus working over old material almost amounts to genius itself. We recognise the incident which is to follow before Mr. Lathrop has said half-a-dozen words, and yet we find ourselves laughing heartily over its ludicrous features, as if the whole thing were new, and not as old as the seven hills. Mr. Lathrop is not a subtle humourist. He is full of rollicking, dashing humour. He never misses a point. He reveals his power to make us laugh at the very start, and he has enough *verve* to keep up this spirit to the end. He has in him, too, a sufficiency of the satiric element, not enough to harm, but quite enough to amuse and interest. He has given us no new character in fiction, no striking portraiture, no fresh incident, not even a novel situation, and despite these defects he contrives to write a story of the most delicious interest and humour. He has an art for conversations. He makes his puppets talk glibly and chat pleasantly, and while they are forever doing old things, they manage to do them in a very acceptable way, and the incident, while not original is always thoroughly delightful.

* *Somebody Else*, by G. P. LATHROP. Boston: Roberts, Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

A VISIT TO THE DOLOMITES.

BY W. D. REED.

WHEN I told my spinster aunt that I was purposing to devote my autumn holiday to visiting the Dolomites, and she replied, 'Indeed! I don't know them: who are they?' and I respectfully observed that 'they' were not people, but mountains, I did so without much surprise, for my aunt's schooldays are—well, farther off than mine. But when my younger brother, who is just on the verge of his degree examination, and knows, or is supposed to know, something about everything, from Aryan mythology to German nihilism, and from Hesiod to the *Daily Graphic*, confessed that he had explored his atlases and geographical manuals and could not find the Dolomites anywhere, I began to think that I really might stand some chance of escaping

HIGH STREET, CORTINA.

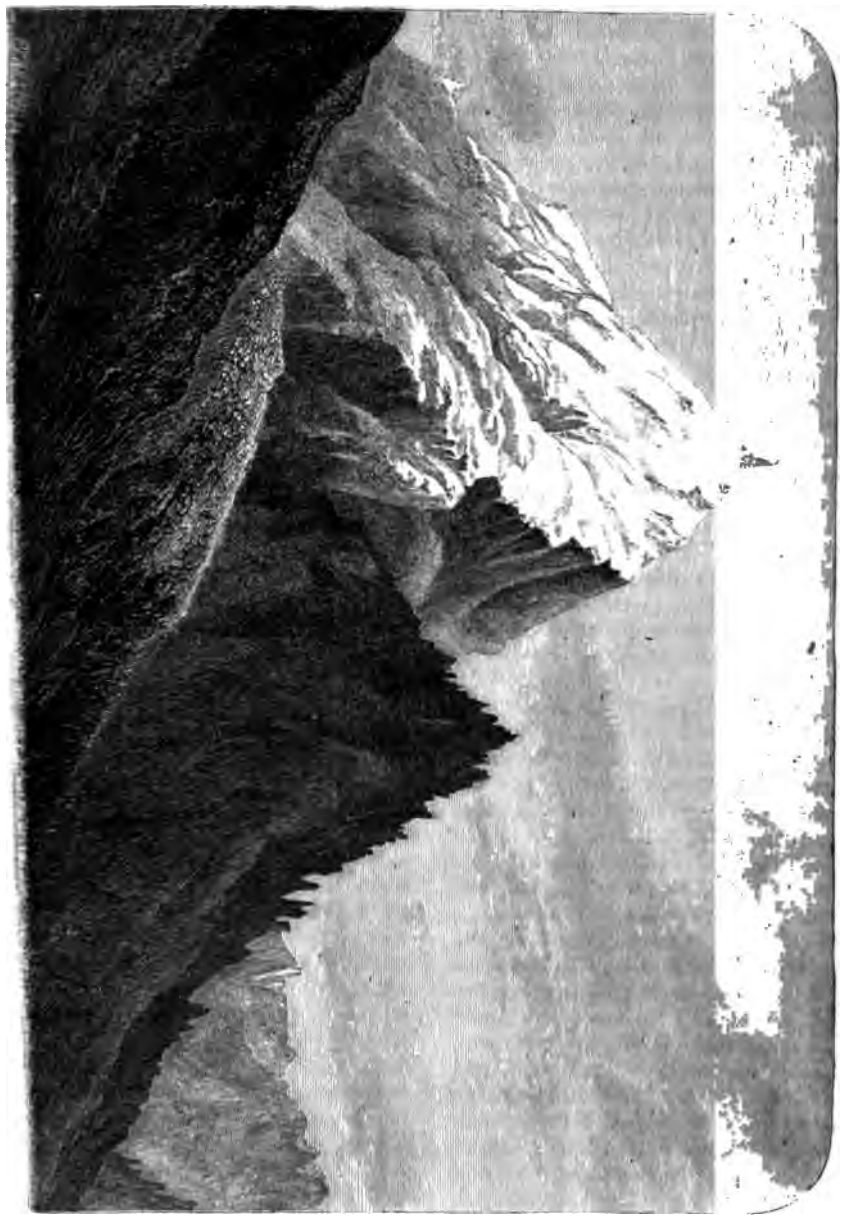
from the tracks of Mr Cook and his tourists, with their [illegible] and coupons, it [illegible] Dolomites at once.

We were a party of three—the best of numbers, for two [illegible] men travel together [illegible] your tastes must [illegible] you will assuredly [illegible] different ways. By [illegible] are sure to break [illegible] But three are just enough [illegible] to finish a couple of bottles of wine, to divide the [illegible] of the Continent, and [illegible] happen in the best-regulated parties, two differ, the third [illegible] always available to give a casting vote, or at least to serve the useful office of a medium through which the opposing spirits may communicate and be reconciled.

I have heard it set down among the brag worthy advantages of London that one may start from it for anywhere. It is equally true that one may start from anywhere for the Dolomites; but they lie at a goodish distance, as Old-World distances go, from the nearest English-speaking country, which is England. To localize the district roughly, draw an imaginary line south from Salzburg on the Tyrol to Venice, and halfway down the line you strike the Dolomites. And here, before going farther, it may be as well to mention, and have done with it (strictly for the benefit of my spinster aunt and my Cambridge brother, and any stray individual whose education or atlas may chance to be defective on the subject), that the Dolomites are a quite unique bunch of mountains, covering a square of fifty miles or thereabouts, incredibly gaunt and weird in shape, extraordinary in their colouring, interestingly dubious and contestable as to their geological formation, and named after a certain scientific Frenchman, M. Dolomieu, who, some seventy years ago, when the globe contained more unvisited nooks and corners than it does nowadays, visited the district and first called attention to its geological peculiarities.

At Cortina d'Ampezzo you are still in Austria—the Italian frontier crosses the road half a dozen miles farther down—but the prevailing *patois* is already more flavoured with Italian than German elements, though certainly some of the natives do contrive to mix the two languages in their talk most impartially. At that dear, pleasant little hostelry, the Stella d'Oro, everything is sheer Italian, from the mistresses, the sisters Barbaria, to the little chamber-help: so we must throw off one language and put on another as best we may. No use at all being shy about it where you want beds and food and drink from people who simply don't know any lingo but their own: and indeed, given a very morsel of antecedent grammar knowledge and a pocket dictionary, the tongue soon runs along glibly enough in the strictly necessary and useful ruts of conversation.

While the cloth is being laid for dinner on the second-floor landing, the place of honour in many a Dolomite hamlet, there is time enough for a stroll up the village street, lazily wondering where the money came from to build this massive new *campanile* (a younger brother of the famous one in St. Mark's Piazza) that towers high above the church, and stopping to admire the spirited wall-paintings with which Ghedina, the Venetian painter, has frescoed the outside of his landlord-father's Aquila Vera. '*Il pranzo, signori—è pronto.*' *Our* Signora Barbaria (each sister takes one entire floor of the house under her exclusive charge) is on the lookout for us, anxious and bustling, at the door; and in two minutes, on that second-floor landing just outside our bedrooms, we are attacking a plentiful tureen of *minestra* (a watery gray soup containing an ample deposit of rice, which C—— irreverently christens 'pudding'), to which succeed in due course a pile of



MONTE ANTELAO.

maccaroni, with bits of mutton about the size of raisins in it, a plateful of craggy beef and an omelette: and if such a *menu* is not enough to content men who have been out all day long in whatever weather happens to be going, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment, too, of wine that at any rate

has probably the merit of being unadulterated, they must be harder to please than we were. And when I add that on the table stood a kind of Portland Vase of mustard, so tall and capacious that one could actually turn up one's sleeve and took a gravy-spoon in hand for the purpose of exploring its recesses, it must be obvious to the inductive mind that Cortina is a land of plenty.

There is scope enough on the peaks about Cortina for the expertest mountaineer to prove his cragmanship, and for anybody to break his neck sensationally. There is ample choice of rambles afoot, and Pieve di Cadore, where Titian was born, and, living amongst the Dolomites, grew into the habit of putting their weird shapes upon his canvases, lies within a day's pilgrimage. But the real centre and heart of the district, the most captivating and characteristic natural surroundings, must be looked for at Caprile, six hours' good walking to the south-west.

To Caprile, though, one cannot very conveniently take baggage, except to the extent of a knapsack: so before leaving Cortina it is necessary to make some sort of arrangement for sending on, in hope of some day finding it again, any reserve of clothing that one may happen to be blessed (or plagued) with. In our case Venice seemed likely to be the next place where we should think of collars and razors: so it was arranged that the afternoon before our start for Caprile I should take a single-horse trip to the Italian frontier, see the three little portmanteaus of the party safely through the custom-house there, and book them on to our intended hotel on the Grand Canal. My comrades, J—— and C——, gave me, of course, each his key, that I might be able to open all or any of the 'pieces' on demand, and with an honesty that I am bold to brag of (for I had nothing personally to gain or lose by it) it had been agreed that I was to own J——'s portmanteau containing some t ...and take the consequences of du forfeiture. Away we bowled d white road in the westering su teiao in front, pitched like a bell-tent to guard the way, driver volubly treating me t mano-Italian sandwiches of the predominant burden bein the marvellous mountains, not the things or habits notewo interesting in the Ampezzo T —the hardness of his own ind life, and his certain convictic every Englishman was 'full o Hardly past the bilingual notice that mark the frontier, a dusty official of the baser sort stalki wart the road magnificently halt. 'The Dogana?' 'No, —the Fumigator.' 'The Fum Why, what on earth—?' but I can get my sentence finish Italian) the dusty-coated one, w connivance of my driver, has w off all the baggage into a white building by the roadside; whi the no-doubt-intended effect of me descend and follow suit. as Dusty-coat has got us all i den he proceeds to lock the do then, going to a brazier in the stirs into vaporous life a pa some abominable chemicals; which he finds time and compl to vouchsafe me the informatic this is the Italian governmen vice for keeping cholera out—no it is fairly in—and that, in fi would like to have the pleas drinking my health in return suffocating assault upon it. W escape into fresh air again is ch a depreciated *lira* ransom; and ple of hundred yards farther br to the custom-house at last. T ceiver in person politely com ward to conduct the examina my portmanteaus. 'Anything clare, signor?' 'Yes' (with a of conscious virtue in the avo 'some tobacco in that black po teau.' 'Hah! Open it.'

MONTE PELMO.

some little difficulty with the lock, not having tried J——'s bramah before starting, but in half a minute the contraband portmanteau is open, and — Hallo! where is that tobacco? The pouch I know well, is of a size calculated (as J—— says) to serve a fellow for a pillow at a pinch, and his

last words to me were that he had placed it, to save trouble, on the top. No signs of it, though. Feeling ridiculously nonplussed, I prod about excitedly among J—'s clothing. The receiver kneels down beside me, and we both prod. No effects; and at last the receiver courteously declares, 'It's a romance, or at any rate the quantity must be too minute to

NEAR CORTINA.

make a fuss about;' and he forthwith closes the examination. Judge of the tableau that we three assisted at in the Venice hotel when it turned out that, through a genuinely unwitting confusion of my friend's two portmanteaus, I had opened and searched the wrong one, and the sly pillow-pouch had thus slipped unconfiscated into Italy!

The Albergo Pezzé at Caprile is a god typical specimen of the Dolomite inn. Its exterior is rather a shock, perhaps, to the average traveller at first sight. From the street you enter, under a narrow archway, an unkempt stone-floored passage or lobby space, a repository for miscellaneous lumber. Undeterred by appearances, it behooves you to mount the staircase to the first floor, and there, emerging from the kitchen, the Signora Pezzé, the hostess, will welcome you with the kindliest smile; and you feel in a moment, even before you have climbed another flight of stairs to the airy, scrupulously clean bedrooms, and snug little sitting room of the second floor, that you have found a place where you may well rest and be thankful. What matter if the equipage of your chamber be a trifle incongruous? A mediæval harpsichord, that may have charmed the ears of many an aristocratic Republican from Venice, stood in a corner of mine, and I knelt down in another corner to perform my ablutions (as best I might) by means of a pie-dish placed on a low rush-bottomed chair. Across the passage J—— and C—— were sharing a room, three walls of which were hung with gaudy-robed saints, to say nothing of holy-water receptacles at the bed-heads, while on the fourth wall flaunted unabashed a recumbent Venus, as lightly clad as Titian's in the Venice Accademia. And time doesn't hang heavily

in the little *sala* during the mountaineer's short evenings. Gilbert and Churchill's book on *The Dolomites* is there of course. and a miscellaneous collection of Tauchnitz novels, and—what one certainly would not have expected—three or four recent numbers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which it seems this dear old (I don't use the second epithet strictly) Signora Pezze actually has posted to her twice a week from London for the benefit of her English-reading *forestieri*, Not that one has much time or inclination for literature at such moments. The evening meal takes some time, though indeed the signora, gliding about from table to table, always benevolently beaming and quick to anticipate every want, does, in her tranquil, unflurried way manage to wait upon a roomful of people with an effective promptness that I have never yet seen equalled. And then there is the free flowing conversation that always abounds, even among Britishers and Americans, when they are on holiday jaunts abroad, with the extra attraction of being able to practice languages upon any foreigners who may happen to be present.

How suddenly the weather changes in mountain-districts! The night before we were to leave Caprile every thing betokened a fair-weather journey, but the morning dawned in such torrents of rain that the good folk of the albergo deliberately omitted to call us at the early hour that we had named, and but for the noise of the water plashing from the spouts we might have lain abed till mid-day. However, we were up and dressed and holding council over our coffee and eggs by six o'clock. It was clearly no use staying in-doors; and one can't expect to have everything one's own way, at least until the clerk of the weather puts on human shape and (what some folk tell us is pretty much the same thing) bribeability. So young Bartolo Battista, our guide and porter, gamely heaved the knapsacks on to his back: we threw our ever-useful Scotch shawls over our shoulders, and fared out into the driving rain. There is positively no doubt about it: your fair-weather traveller loses a multitude of experiences worth having. Lucretius would not have felt half so vividly the sweetness of sitting at ease on the shore while regarding the toils of his fellow-mortals on the deep if he had never himself been knocked about by a head-wind. We, if the rain-clouds did conceal the

THE AIGUILLES OF THE SCHLERN

mountain-outlines, if the rain did not beat upon us with an insistence that only a Scotch maud can tolerate. I, for my part, protest that we lost many compensations. The Sottogurgo Gorge a wonderful cleft, so narrow at some places there is not room enough between the sheer walls for both road and torrent, except by carrying the one on a frail causeway a few feet above the other—is sufficiently remarkable, maybe, at all times; but seen as we did, the stream below swollen to storm fury, the cliffs overhead touching the low driving mist banks, and you will appreciate the sight afterward, when you are indoors and dry, if not sooner. And then the Fedaja Pass! Why, on an ordinary August or September day you may expect to find there a succession of grass-slope and bench, sun Try it in wetti weather, as it was our fortune to d and at four or five hours from Capri may be enjoying all the specta cles of the High Alps—interminab slopes and plateaus of treacherous deep snow, through which, losing th path, you now and then fall spray lingly thigh-deep, snow beating blind ingly in your face, wind (not you own, far from it) *ad lib.*, with the e tra excitement of being conscious tha your guide is not altogether sure o his road. Ours was a cheery, willin young fellow, but there was just on moment when it needed the hint o the probability of a something ove

UNKNOWN MOUNTAINS NEAR CORTINA.

and above the tariff charge rewarding his accomplishment of the day's journey to sway his mental balance in favour of piloting us over the summit of the pass. Perhaps, to do him justice, there would not have been even that one moment of indecision but for the nervous shock of a sudden squall that blew to rods and tatters his friend of many years—his umbrella.

Mid-day was past, and with it t highest point of the Fedaja, when su denly the snow-flakes stopped fallin the dull air grew luminous, and wi a magic rapidity of development whi might well have broken the heart of transformation-scene deviser, the su burst through the clouds, routed the broke them up, and sent them in p turesque, wisplike flight from t

VENETIAN LION AT CAPRILE.

presence into such shadowed hollows as might offer refuge. Marmolata, the loftiest of the Dolomites, and a score of fantastic peaks all round, stood out into the light, lustrous and sparkling in their new snow-garments, and relieved against a back-ground of the brightest blue, while below the pine woods, with every feathery branch weighted with glistening snow, completed a scene that more than repaid us for the little discomforts of the morning.

That night J—— again had to remark (and I must say not without reason) that 'if this was roughing it, well, on the whole, he rather preferred roughing it.' The scene was Antonio Rizzi's at Vigo in the Fassa Thal. The ground floor of the albergo appears to serve the purpose of a cart-house, and the bedroom landing opens on one side into a hayloft; but the tubs of hot water are not the less hot and ample, the host and his family are not the less hearty and obliging, the food and beds are not the less ample and wholesome, on that account. Soup, trout, veal cutlets, salad, *pasti dolis* and an omelette as big as J——'s tobacco-pouch were laid before us in the evening, bouquets for our button holes lay upon our breakfast-plates in the morning; and if there had been but a little coffee in the chicory, we should positively have had to fall back, for grumbling material, upon the grievance of having nothing to grumble about.

The morning air was clear and frosty as we struck down the valley, with promise, though, of coming noon-day heat. To the north-west, toward Botzen, the spike-like Aiguilles of the Schlern shoot up eight thousand feet and more, but in this deep valley they are hidden from our view by a long fantastic chain to our right, where the yellow pinnacles of the Rosengarten stand out clear cut against the blue. On our bedroom walls some local artist had frescoed imaginary peaks of the Japanese tea-tray type, with quite uncalled-for idealism; for here, under his very eyes, had he chosen to use them, he had every day before him mountain-forms more strange, more improbable, to copy

from than any his fancy was likely to devise.

'Just so [illegible] tiously [illegible] for an hour or so after [illegible] solid as they [illegible] foreigners are such [illegible] seems to me they [illegible] of their way to [illegible] with a benevolent view. I [illegible] incline to suspect [illegible] of its travelling [illegible] vertisers, for it [illegible] delicious mess of [illegible] follow up their announcements with a would-be English translation. You remember that hotel advertisement that we found, framed and glazed, in the station waiting-room at Linz? The German half of it was correct enough, of course—'

'As our intimate ignorance of the language assured us, eh?'

'Don't interrupt. I'm content to credit the advertiser with, at any rate, as much knowledge of his own lingo as one of our own advertisers has of his. But the translation was simply delightful: I treasure every adjective of it. "Hotel of the Post, Weissnau. Accessibles Drinks, Captivating Meals, Boats, and a Excellent Bath."'

'"A most excellent bathos," he might have said. But I own there's a consciousness about the language of your Weissnau landlord that amuses me more than this French production that I got yesterday enclosed in a note from our friend S—— at Mentone. Did I read it to you? It's not bad as a bit of fun, even granting what I won't pledge myself to, one way or the other—that the author might have been a little more idiomatically bilingual if he had tried. I'll read it to you while you're shifting your knapsack; which, by the way, you will find ride vastly easier if you'll just let out the strap another hole or two. Listen:

"GRAND HOTEL BIJOVE.

"(*English Version*).

"Place du Paradis. ALCHIADE KROMESSY,
Pre-prietaire.

"Tous les agréments du *High-Life* se trouvent réunis dans ce magnifique établissement, nouvellement organisé et entretenu sur le pied du confortable le plus recherché. Salons de Société, de Lecture et de Billard.

"Pension à prix modérés. Cuisine et service

MONTE CIVITA.

THE MARMOLATA, FROM THE PASS OF ALLEGHE.

hors ligne. Spécialités de rosbif, rhum, thé Pekoë. Porter-beer, wischky, old Thom et autres consommations dans le goût britannique. On parle toutes les langues."

'Here followeth the translation:

'"THE GREAT BY-JOVE HOTEL,

'"Place du Paradis. ALCIBIADES KROMESKY, Proprietar.

'"All the agreements of high-life are reunited in this magnificent establishment, newly organized, and entertained upon the footing of the most researchd confortable. Salons of Society, Lecture and Billiard.

'"Pension to moderate prices. Kitchen and service out of common. Specialtys of rosabeef, rhum-Punsch, Pekoë tea, porteerbeer, wischky, old Thom, and other consummations in the britisch taste. One speaks all the languages."

'There now, what do you say to that, J——, eh?'

'Humph! Don't mind going as far as to say, "*Se non è vero, è ben trovato*," if that will be any gratification to you. But the sun's getting on apace with his day's journey; so I vote for tramping on without more of your comic readings for the present.'

Ten miles and a bittock (if that convenient Scotch word may be permitted) from Campidello stands the little town of Predazzo, long celebrated by geologists and mineralogists, but not much known, as yet, to the unscientific traveller. Here again one finds in the signora of the inn—whose sign, a gilded three-master, swings creakily in metal-work over the entrance-arch—the representative of a very old family of gentle blood. She is a Giacomelli, and has a right to the Giacomelli escutcheon, which, bearing the date 1520, hangs over a door on the first-floor landing. All down one side of the *sala* runs a glazed cabinet well stored with mineralogical specimens collected in the immediate neighbourhood and presented by various learned visitors; and C—— will be quite happy in examining these, and J—— in making acquaintance with the bread and butter and *vino ordinario* of the inn, while I go down stairs again to consult the landlady about the means of getting a vehicle and horses to take us over the five-and-twenty miles of road that lie between us and our self-destined night-quarters at Primiero.

'*Niente cavallo.*'

'What! no horses? Most excellent signora, you are surely joking. The Signor Rizzi told us most dis-

THE ROSENGARTEN, FROM BOTZEN.

tinctly this morning that here we should find no difficulty at all in getting horses—that the *padrone* of the post-house—'

'Ah, yes, there are eight, ten horses generally, but there have been so many *forestieri* passing through lately —two horses here, two there— I assure you, signors, there is not one horse for hire in the town.'

Yes, at Primiero we must and would spend our next night. But how to get

PREDAZZO.

there? Even if human legs could pace the distance between noon and September dark—which, to judge from Ball's almost always trusty *Guide* seemed, to say the least, doubtful—it was quite certain that, for sundry physical reasons, which need not be further particularized than by mentioning that our chlorodyne had been in frequent recent use, our particular trio were, on this particular occasion, distinctly not equal to walking it. If we could but get to Paneveggio, suggested our kind signora of the Nave d'Oro, the padrone there had a *buon cavallo* in his stable which would take us to Primier' (the final *o* seems always to be dropped off the names of places hereabouts in conversation) in no time, and that, too, along the new road of which the German professor had told us at Caprile. Ah, yes! if we could but get to Paneveggio! Only a couple of hours' drive up that wooded valley there to the south-east. But how? C—— would I verily believe, have gone back in another minute to the *sala* to seek an answer to the question in the pages of a well-thumbed Tauchnitz novel which he had found in a sofa-corner there; and J —— might (looking at the matter *a posteriori*, I decline to aver that he would) have persuaded me to join him in sipping acid *ordinario* for inspiration; but at this moment Dame Fortune kindly took the matter into her own potent hands. Round the corner by the church came in sight a cart of clumsy, rustic build, clattering and rumbling direfully along the quiet street, AND —drawn by a pair of wiry little black horses. Rescue!

> A sail in sight appears:
> We hail her with three cheers.

I never had the pleasure of being in the Bay of Biscay myself, but I can fancy that the feelings of the grateful mariner in the song must have closely resembled those which we three (precisely the right-sized party, be it observed, for performing the conventional number of cheers with the least waste of time) greeted the sight of this opportune vehicle and pair.

How astonished the swarthy young Italian in charge of the team looked, to be sure, when he was brought up

THE DREI ZINNEN.

short by a proposition that he should turn his whip and waggon to the unaccustomed purpose of transporting a load of human beings from Predazzo to Paneveggio! At first the novelty of the idea was too much for him, and turned his tongue to the manufacture of excuses. He hadn't had his breakfast; the waggon wouldn't hold us; the horses were tired; the road was—All which the vehemence of a majority who knew what they wanted, could at any rate talk the intelligible language of money-reward, speedily dissipated; and after little more than half an hour's waiting our charioteer, just as the church-clock struck noon, rattled gayly up to the door of the Nave d'Oro. Sparkling were his eyes and teeth, jaunty the feather in his hat, and his vehicle had been equipped for service by laying a couple of boards, by way of seats, across it, and cushioned with an ample bran-sack. There was not much room to spare, certainly, but by letting a few legs dangle over the sides we all managed to find stowage; and with light hearts, the Signora Giacomelli laughing adieu from her doorstep, we creaked and jolted out of Predazzo.

For an hour or so an almost continual ascent, during which J—— and I, leaving the game little black nags quite work enough to do in pulling C—— and our knapsacks up the zigzags, went ahead on foot, and by cutting off corners gained ground enough to have a quarter of an hour to spare, on reaching the level, for sketching the outlines of the Dolomitic ranges by which the view was in every direction bounded.

A mile or two of tolerably level grassy tableland, and suddenly the road plunges into a narrow defile, thick with pine, a brawling torrent rushing far below. At one of the turns we overtake a brawny pedestrian in Tyrolese jacket and hat, who, with a wink of acquaintanceship to our driver, coolly swings a portion of his big body—Goodness only knows how—on to a corner of our already overbrimming wagon, and puffs away at his pipe

without a word till we draw up at the roadside inn, which with a timber-yard and (I think) a hovel or two, answers to the name of Paneveggio. In a paddock beside the inn a well-shaped chestnut is grazing. 'Ecco il buon cavallo!" And so it is, only that it turns out to be a mare. Eagerly we beseech the *padrone* that she may be caught and harnessed, and we started again on our way to Primier' with the least possible delay. He does not, somehow, seem remarkably eager to comply. At the moment we naturally set his reluctance down to the landlord's instinct, in out-of-the-way places, against letting afternoon arrivals go without having the benefit of bed and bill out of them; and we forthwith propitiated him by ordering such eatables and drinkables as his house could produce, accordingly. But looking back with my present knowledge of what he then doubtless knew of the 'new road' over which we purposed travelling—and, as the sequel will show, did travel—I, for one, can readily excuse some unwillingness on the part of the brave chestnut's owner to send her off on the journey for which we three masterful *forestieri* claimed to requisition her.

Still, perseverance prevailed, though indeed command, entreaty, and even the offer of additional *lire*, were alike unavailing to make those obliging but vacuous folk bestir themselves. In truth, the only busy individual about the place was our late wagoner, who, ever since our arrival an hour ago, had been celebrating in potations of acrid *ordinario* his unwonted earnings of the day. It was fully a quarter past three when all was at last ready for our start. The chestnut had been caught and groomed and harnessed, and looked promisingly stout and game, but the rest of the equipage presented a sadly inferior appearance. A sorrier rattletrap than the cramped little antediluvian chaise, to which the good mare was attached by rope-harness of the rudest description, may it never be my lot to see, much less travel in again. But we were little inclined to quarrel or criticise; and tumbling the packs into the bottom of the trap, and getting some portions of our respective persons on the top of them, we were at once fairly under weigh on the 'new road.'

New road, indeed! Yes, I venture to assert that credulous travellers never essayed a newer. You are hardly a quarter of a mile from Paneveggio when the track—thus far a good hard, level one—enters a pine forest and begins an interminable zigzag climb. One knows that there are some wonderful Dolomites close overhead somewhere, but the trees are too thick to allow of anything like a view; and we indeed soon found our eyes and thoughts fully employed in the immediate foreground. For the road was unquestionably getting newer and newer every yard. First, it became deep and sandy, and we jumped out to lighten the ship; then, the first suspicious circumstance, we came upon a surveyor giving orders as to gradients; a little farther, and the smooth sandy surface gave way to an uneven slope of unmitigated stoniness; and finally our progress was suddenly arrested by a party of navvies, who bade us halt while a blast took place a little ahead, hurling above the tops of the trees the fragments of a rock that stood athwart this excellent new road—of the future. At several points it did indeed seem impossible that our shaky little shandrydan could be hoisted over the ground, but the brave mare, never jibbing, tugged it gamely over all difficulties—now through a mud-hole, now over a hump of rock, and here and there a foot or two sheer up from a low level of inchoate track to a bit of metalled roadway just laid and levelled by the navvies. At last the trees grew thinner; increase of light gave hope that we were well nigh out of the wood; and finally we emerged on to a high plateau of turf encircled by a wilderness of barren

peaks, preeminent amongst which the marvellous obelisk of the Cimon della Pala, a veritable Dolomite Matterhorn, stood up, gaunt and terrible, directly in our path. The road passes close under the base and along the steepest point of this extraordinary yellow crag, which from this side, its overhanging outline suggestive, in places, of the conventional form of the Phrygian liberty cap, looks certainly quite unclimbable (forgive the word), though I believe the top has more than once been reached by some back-stairs way or other. Soon our view opened far down into the valley, at the foot of which, somewhere behind that deep-green mass of pines in the distance below, Primiero was to be imagined lying. The September sun was already getting uncomfortably near to the horizon when our tumble-to-pieces little chaise began a descent as unpleasantly steep as the ascent through the wood on the other side had been rough. The track, on this side old, unreformed and narrow, wound at first by frequent sharp declines down the face of a red tumulus-shaped sandhill. As we capped the topmost edge no less than seven zigzags were in view at once on the hill-side. All very well for pedestrians; all very well for carriage-folk, maybe, given everything satisfactory in the departments of vehicle, harness and driver; but where, as in our case, you have a trap so shaky in wheels, springs and body that it is scarcely competent to hold together *without* the superincumbent weight of four bodies averaging over ten stone apiece; when you have a broken brake, rope traces and a most casual charioteer, far too eager a gossip to take much note of his horse or pace,—well, under such circumstances you may very likely (as we did) be jolted into laughter-fits by the ludicrously jerky, all-confusing incidents of the descent; but at the end of each zig and zag, where there is neither fence nor other obstacle interposed between the outer road-corner and a precipitous tumble of a good many hundreds of feet, the open view of the result of overbalancing at the turn, or over-shooting it, will, you may think (as we did), put a quite sufficiently strong *soupçon* of excitement into the proceeding.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

WITH eye suffused and heart dissolved with sorrow,
How often I have fled the realms of sleep,
And sought, not vainly, from thy page to borrow
That which forbids or eye or heart to weep!
Thy 'Thanatopsis,' fraught with tenderest feeling,
Is like a June breeze to the ice-bound heart;
To us, thy humble followers, revealing
The sage, the seer, the poet that thou art,
Still roll 'The Ages,' still 'Green River' flows,
And odorous blossoms load the 'Apple Tree,'—
Into 'The Lake' still fall the fleecy snows,
And nature everywhere, doth speak of thee.
Oh, for a poet's tongue to name thy name!
But does it matter? Thine is deathless fame.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL.

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER X.

'LADY MONTBARRY, Miss.' Agnes was writing a letter, when the servant astonished her by announcing the visitor's name. Her first impulse was to refuse to see the woman who had intruded on her. But Lady Montbarry had taken care to follow close on the servant's heels. Before Agnes could speak she had entered the room.

'I beg to apologize for my intrusion, Miss Lockwood. I have a question to ask you, in which I am very much interested. No one can answer me but yourself.' In low hesitating tones, with her glittering black eyes bent modestly on the ground, Lady Montbarry opened the interview in those words.

Without answering, Agnes pointed to a chair. She could do this, and, for the time, she could do no more. All that she had read of the hidden and sinister life in the palace at Venice; all that she had heard of Montbarry's melancholy death and burial in a foreign land; all that she knew of the mystery of Ferrari's disappearance, rushed into her mind, when the black-robed figure confronted her, standing just inside the door. The strange conduct of Lady Montbarry added a new perplexity to the doubts and misgivings that troubled her. There stood the adventuress whose character had left its mark on society all over Europe —the Fury who had terrified Mrs. Ferrari at the hotel—inconceivably transformed into a timid shrinking woman! Lady Montbarry had not once ventured to look at Agnes, since she had made her way into the room. Advancing to take the chair that had been pointed out to her, she hesitated, put her hand on the rail to support herself, and still remained standing. 'Please give me a moment to compose myself,' she said faintly. Her head sank on her bosom: she stood before Agnes like a conscious culprit before a merciless judge.

The silence that followed was literally the silence of fear on both sides. In the midst of it the door was opened once more—and Henry Westwick appeared.

He looked at Lady Montbarry with a moment's steady attention—bowed to her with formal politeness—and passed on in silence. At the sight of her husband's brother, the sinking spirit of the woman sprang to life again. Her drooping figure became erect. Her eyes met Westwick's look, brightly defiant. She returned his bow with an icy smile of contempt.

Henry crossed the room to Agnes.

'Is Lady Montbarry here by your invitation?' he asked quietly.

'No.

'Do you wish to see her?'

'It is very painful to me to see her.'

He turned and looked at his sister-in-law. 'Do you hear that?' he asked coldly.

'I hear it,' she answered more coldly still.

'Your visit is, to say the least of it, ill-timed.

'Your interference is, to say the least of it, out of place.'

With that retort, Lady Montbarry approached Agnes. The presence of Henry Westwick seemed at once to relieve and embolden her. 'Permit

me to ask my question, Miss Lockwood,' she said, with graceful courtesy. 'It is nothing to embarrass you. When the courier Ferrari applied to my late husband for employment, did you——.' Her resolution failed her, before she could say more. She sank trembling into the nearest chair, and, after a moment's struggle, composed herself again. 'Did you permit Ferrari,' she resumed, 'to make sure of being chosen for our courier, by using your name?'

Agnes did not reply with her customary directness. Trifling as it was, the reference to Montbarry, proceeding from *that* woman of all others, confused and agitated her.

'I have known Ferrari's wife for many years,' she began. 'And I take an interest——'

Lady Montbarry abruptly lifted her hands with a gesture of entreaty. 'Ah, Miss Lockwood, don't waste time by talking of his wife! Answer my plain question, plainly!'

'Let me answer her,' Henry whispered. 'I will undertake to speak plainly enough.'

Agnes refused by a gesture. Lady Montbarry's interruption had roused her sense of what was due to herself. She resumed her reply in plainer terms.

'When Ferrari wrote to the late Lord Montbarry,' she said, 'he did certainly mention my name.'

Even now, she had innocently failed to see the object which her visitor had in view. Lady Montbarry's impatience became ungovernable. She started to her feet, and advanced to Agnes.

'Was it with your knowledge and permission that Ferrari used your name?' she asked. 'The whole soul of my question is in *that*. For God's sake, answer me—Yes, or No!'

'Yes.'

That one word struck Lady Montbarry as a blow might have struck her. The fierce life that had animated her face the instant before, faded out of it suddenly, and left her like a woman turned to stone. She stood, mechanically confronting Agnes, with a stillness so wrapt and perfect that not even the breath she drew was perceptible to the two persons who were looking at her.

Henry spoke to her roughly. 'Rouse yourself,' he said. 'You have received your answer.'

She looked round at him. 'I have received my sentence,' she rejoined—and turned slowly to leave the room.

To Henry's astonishment, Agnes stopped her. 'Wait a moment, Lady Montbarry. I have something to ask on my side.'

Lady Montbarry paused on the instant—silently submissive as if she had heard a word of command. Henry drew Agnes away to the other end of the room, and remonstrated with her.

'You do wrong to call that person back,' he said.—'No,' Agnes whispered, 'I have had time to remember.'—'To remember what?'—'To remember Ferrari's wife: Lady Montbarry may have heard something of the lost man.'—'Lady Montbarry may have heard, but she won't tell.'—'It may be so, Henry, but, for Emily's sake, I must try.'—Henry yielded. 'Your kindness is inexhaustible,' he said, with his admiration of her kindling in his eyes. 'Always thinking of others; never of yourself!'

Meanwhile, Lady Montbarry waited with a resignation that could endure any delay. Agnes returned to her, leaving Henry by himself. 'Pardon me for keeping you waiting,' she said in her gentle, courteous way. 'You have spoken of Ferrari. I wish to speak of him too.'

Lady Montbarry bent her head in silence. Her hand trembled as she took out her handkerchief, and passed it over her forehead. Agnes detected the trembling, and shrank back a step. 'Is the subject painful to you?' she asked timidly.

Still silent, Lady Montbarry invited her by a wave of the hand to go on. Henry approached, attentively watching his sister-in-law. Agnes went on.

'No trace of Ferrari has been dis-

covered in England,' she said. 'Have you any news of him? And will you tell me (if you have heard anything), in mercy to his wife?'

Lady Montbarry's thin lips suddenly relaxed into their sad and cruel smile.

'Why do you ask *me* about the lost courier?' she said. 'You will know what has become of him, Miss Lockwood, when the time is ripe for it.'

Agnes started. 'I don't understand you,' she said. 'How shall I know? Will some one tell me?'

'Some one will tell you.'

Henry could keep silence no longer. 'Perhaps, your ladyship may be the person,' he interrupted with ironical politeness.

She answered him with contemptuous ease. 'You may be right, Mr. Westwick. One day or another, I may be the person who tells Miss Lockwood what has become of Ferrari, if——' She stopped; with her eyes fixed on Agnes.

'If what?' Henry asked.

'If Miss Lockwood forces me to it.'

Agnes listened in astonishment. 'Force you to it?' she repeated. 'How can I do that? Do you mean to say my will is stronger than yours?'

'Do *you* mean to say that the candle doesn't burn the moth, when the moth flies into it?' Lady Montbarry rejoined. 'Have you ever heard of such a thing as the fascination of terror. I am drawn to you by the fascination of terror. I have no right to visit you. I have no wish to visit you: you are my enemy. For the first time in my life, against my own will, I submit to my enemy. See! I am waiting, because you told me to wait—and the fear of you (I swear it!) creeps through me while I stand here. Oh, don't let me excite your curiosity or your pity! Follow the example of Mr. Westwick. Be hard and brutal, and unforgiving, like him. Grant me my release. Tell me to go.'

The frank and simple nature of Agnes could discover but one intelligible meaning in this strange outbreak.

'You are mistaken in thinking me your enemy,' she said. 'The wrong you did me when you gave your hand to Lord Montbarry was not intentionally done. I forgave you my sufferings in his lifetime. I forgive you even more freely now that he has gone.'

Henry heard her with mingled emotions of admiration and distress! 'Say no more!' he exclaimed. 'You are too good to her; she is not worthy of it.'

The interruption passed unheeded by Lady Montbarry. The simple words in which Agnes had replied seemed to have absorbed the whole attention of this strangely-changeable woman. As she listened, her face settled slowly into an expression of hard and tearless sorrow. There was a marked change in her voice when she spoke next. It expressed that last worst resignation which has done with hope.

'You good innocent creature,' she said, 'what does your amiable forgiveness matter? What are your poor little wrongs, in the reckoning for greater wrongs which is demanded of me? I am not trying to frighten you: I am only miserable about myself. Do you know what it is to have a firm presentiment of calamity that is coming to you—and yet to hope that your own positive conviction will not prove true? When I first met you, before my marriage, and first felt your influence over me, I had that hope. It was a starveling sort of hope that lived a lingering life in me until to-day. *You* struck it dead, when you answered my question about Ferrari.'

'How have I destroyed your hopes?' Agnes asked. 'What connection is there between my permitting Ferrari to use my name to Lord Montbarry, and the strange and dreadful things you are saying to me now?'

'The time is near, Miss Lockwood, when you will discover that for yourself. In the meanwhile, you shall know what my fear of you is, in the plainest words I can find. On the day when I took your hero from you and

blighted your life—I am firmly persuaded of it!—you were made the instrument of the retribution that my sins of many years had deserved. Oh, such things have happened before to-day! One person has, before now, been the means of innocently ripening the growth of evil in another. You have done that already—and you have more to do yet. You have still to bring me to the day of discovery, and to the punishment that is my doom. We shall meet again here in England, or there in Venice where my husband died—and meet for the last time.'

In spite of her better sense, in spite of her natural superiority to superstitions of all kinds, Agnes was impressed by the terrible earnestness with which those words were spoken. She turned pale as she looked at Henry. 'Do *you* understand her?' she asked.

'Nothing is easier than to understand her,' he replied contemptuously. 'She knows what has become of Ferrari; and she is confusing you in a cloud of nonsense, because she daren't own the truth. Let her go!'

If a dog had been under one of the chairs, and had barked, Lady Montbarry could not have proceeded more impenetrably with the last words she had to say to Agnes.

'Advise your interesting Mrs. Ferrari to wait a little longer,' she said. '*You* will know what has become of her husband, and you will tell her. There will be nothing to alarm you. Some trifling event will bring us together the next time—as trifling, I dare say, as the engagement of Ferrari. Sad nonsense, Mr. Westwick, is it not? But you make allowances for women; we all talk nonsense. Good morning, Miss Lockwood.'

She opened the door—suddenly, as if she was afraid of being called back for the second time—and left them.

CHAPTER XI.

'DO you think she is mad?' Agnes asked.

'I think she is simply wicked. False, superstitious, inveterately cruel—but not mad. I believe her main motive in coming here was to enjoy the luxury of frightening you.'

'She *has* frightened me. I am ashamed to own it—but so it is.'

Henry looked at her, hesitated for a moment, and seated himself on the sofa by her side.

'I am very anxious about you, Agnes,' he said. 'But for the fortunate chance which led me to call here to-day—who knows what that vile woman might not have said or done, if she had found you alone? My dear, you are leading a sadly unprotected solitary life. I don't like to think of it; I want to see it changed—especially after what has happened to-day. No! no! it is useless to tell me that you have your old nurse. She is too old; she is not in your rank of life—there is no sufficient protection in the companionship of such a person for a lady in your position. Don't mistake me, Agnes! what I say, I say in the sincerity of my devotion to you.' He paused, and took her hand. She made a feeble effort to withdraw it—and yielded. 'Will the day never come,' he pleaded, 'when the privilege of protecting you may be mine? when you will be the pride and joy of my life, as long as my life lasts?' He pressed her hand gently. She made no reply. The colour came and went on her face; her eyes were turned away from him. 'Have I been so unhappy as to offend you?' he asked.

She answered that—she said, almost in a whisper, 'No.'

'Have I distressed you?'

'You have made me think of the sad days that are gone.' She said no more; she only tried to withdraw her hand from his for the second time. He still held it; he lifted it to his lips.

'Can I never make you think of other days than those—of the happier days to come? Or, if you must think of the time that is passed, can you not look back to the time when I first loved you?'

She sighed as he put the question. 'Spare me, Henry,' she answered sadly. 'Say no more!'

The colour rose again in her cheeks; her hand trembled in his. She looked lovely, with her eyes cast down and her bosom heaving gently. At that moment he would have given everything he had in the world to take her in his arms and kiss her. Some mysterious sympathy, passing from his hand to hers, seemed to tell her what was in his mind. She snatched her hand away, and suddenly looked up at him. The tears were in her eyes. She said nothing; she let her eyes speak for her. They warned him—without anger, without unkindness—but still they warned him to press her no further that day.

'Only tell me that I am forgiven,' he said, as he rose from the sofa.

'Yes,' she answered quietly, 'you are forgiven.'

'I have not lowered myself in your estimation, Agnes?'

'Oh, no!'

'Do you wish me to leave you?'

She rose, in her turn, from the sofa, and walked to her writing table before she replied. The unfinished letter which she had been writing when Lady Montbarry interrupted her, lay open on the blotting-book. As she looked at the letter, and then looked at Henry, the smile that charmed everybody showed itself in her face.

'You must not go just yet,' she said: 'I have something to tell you. I hardly know how to express it. The shortest way perhaps will be to let you find it out for yourself. You have been speaking of my lonely unprotected life here. It is not a very happy life, Henry—I own that.' She paused, observing the growing anxiety of his expression as he looked at her, with a shy satisfaction that perplexed her. 'Do you know that I have anticipated your idea?' she went on. 'I am going to make a great change in my life—if your brother Stephen and his wife will only consent to it.' She opened the desk of the writing-table while she spoke, took a letter out, and handed it to Henry.

He received it from her mechanically. Vague doubts, which he hardly understood himself, kept him silent. It was impossible that the 'change in her life' of which she had spoken could mean that she was about to be married—and yet he was conscious of a perfectly unreasonable reluctance to open the letter.

Their eyes met; she smiled again. 'Look at the address,' she said. 'You ought to know the handwriting—but I dare say you don't.'

He looked at the address. It was in the large, irregular, uncertain writing of a child. He opened the letter instantly.

'Dear Aunt Agnes,—Our governess is going away. She has had money left to her, and a house of her own. We have had cake and wine to drink her health. You promised to be our governess if we wanted another. We want you. Mamma knows nothing about this. Please come before Mamma can get another governess. Your loving Lucy, who writes this. Clara and Blanche have tried to write too. But they are too young to do it. They blot the paper.'

'Your eldest niece,' Agnes exclaimed, as Henry looked at her in amazement. 'The children used to call me aunt when I was staying with their mother in Ireland, in the autumn. The three girls were my inseparable companions—they are the most charming children I know. It is quite true that I offered to be their governess, if they ever wanted one, on the day when I left them to return to London. I was writing to propose it to their mother, just before you came.'

'Not seriously!' Henry exclaimed.

Agnes placed her unfinished letter

in his hand. Enough of it had been written to show that she did seriously propose to enter the household of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Westwick as governess to their children! Henry's bewilderment was not to be expressed in words.

'They won't believe you are in earnest,' he said.

'Why not?' Agnes asked quietly.

'You are my brother Stephen's cousin; you are his wife's old friend!'

'All the more reason, Henry, for trusting me with the charge of their children.'

'But you are their equal; you are not obliged to gain your living by teaching. There is something absurd in your entering their service as a governess!'

'What is there absurd in it? The children love me; the mother loves me; the father has shown me innumerable instances of his true friendship and regard. I am the very woman for the place - and, as to my education, I must have completely forgotten it indeed, if I am not fit to teach three children, the eldest of whom is only eleven years old. You say I am their equal. Are there no other women who serve as governesses, and who are the equals of the persons whom they serve? Besides, I don't know that I *am* their equal. Have I not heard that your brother Stephen was the next heir to the title? Will he not be the new lord? Never mind answering me! We won't dispute whether I am right or wrong in turning governess—we will wait the event. I am weary of my lonely useless existence here, and eager to make my life more happy and more useful in the household of all others in which I should most like to have a place. If you will look again, you will see that I have these personal considerations still to urge before I finish my letter. You don't know your brother and his wife as well as I do, if you doubt their answer. I believe they have courage enough and heart enough to say Yes.'

Henry submitted without bein vinced.

He was a man who disliked centric departures from custor routine; and he felt especiall picious of the change proposed life of Agnes. With new inter occupy her mind, she might favourably disposed to listen t on the next occasion when he his suit. The influence of the 'useless existence' of which sh plained, was distinctly an influe his favour. While her hear empty, her heart was accessible. with his nieces in full possessio the clouds of doubt overshadow prospects. He knew the se enough to keep these purely perplexities to himself. The w policy was especially the policy sue with a woman as sensit Agnes. If he once offended h cacy he was lost. For the mom wisely controlled himself and c the subject.

'My little niece's letter has effect,' he said, 'which the child contemplated in writing it. S just reminded me of one of the that I had in calling on y day.'

Agnes looked at the child's 'How does Lucy do that?' she

'Lucy's governess is not th lucky person who has had mon her,' Henry answered. 'Is y nurse in the house?'

'You don't mean to say that has got a legacy?'

'She has got a hundred Send for her, Agnes, while I sh the letter.'

He took a handful of letter his pocket, and looked through while Agnes rang the bell. Re to him, she noticed a printed among the rest, which lay open table. It was a 'prospectus,' a title of it was 'Palace Hotel C of Venice (Limited).' The two 'Palace' and 'Venice,' instan called her mind to the unwelcon

of Lady Montbarry, 'What is that?' she asked, pointing to the title.

Henry suspended his search, and glanced at the prospectus. 'A really promising speculation,' he said. 'Large hotels always pay well, if they are well managed. I know the man who is appointed to be manager of this hotel, when it is opened to the public; and I have such entire confidence in him that I have become one of the shareholders of the Company.'

The reply did not appear to satisfy Agnes. 'Why is the hotel called the "Palace Hotel?"' she inquired.

Henry looked at her, and at once penetrated her motive for asking the question. 'Yes,' he said, 'it *is* the palace that Montbarry hired at Venice; and it has been purchased by the Company to be changed into an hotel.'

Agnes turned away in silence, and took a chair at the farther end of the room. Henry had disappointed her. His income as a younger son stood in need, as she well knew, of all the additions that he could make to it by successful speculation. But she was unreasonable enough, nevertheless, to disapprove of his attempting to make money already out of the house in which his brother had died. Incapable of understanding this purely sentimental view of a plain matter of business, Henry returned to his papers, in some perplexity at the sudden change in the manner of Agnes towards him. Just as he found the letter of which he was in search, the nurse made her appearance. He glanced at Agnes, expecting that she would speak first. She never even looked up, when the nurse came in. It was left to Henry to tell the old woman why the bell had summoned her to the drawing-room.

'Well, nurse,' he said, 'you have had a windfall of luck. You have had a legacy left you of a hundred pounds.'

The nurse showed no outward signs of exultation. She waited a little to get the announcement of the legacy well settled in her mind—and then she said quietly, 'Master Henry, who gives me that money, if you please?'

'My late brother, Lord Montbarry, gives it to you.' (Agnes instantly looked up, interested in the matter for the first time.) Henry went on: 'His will leaves legacies to the surviving old servants of the family. There is a letter from his lawyers, authorising you to apply to them for the money.'

In every class of society, gratitude is the rarest of all human virtues. In the nurse's class it is especially rare. Her opinion of the man who had deceived and deserted her mistress remained the same opinion still, perfectly undisturbed by the passing circumstance of the legacy.

'I wonder who reminded my lord of the old servants?' she said. 'He would never have heart enough to remember them himself!'

Agnes suddenly interposed. Nature, always abhorring monotony, institutes reserves of temper as elements in the composition of the gentlest women living. Even Agnes could, on rare occasions, be angry. The nurse's view of Montbarry's character seemed to have provoked her beyond endurance.

'If you have any sense of shame in you,' she broke out, 'you ought to be ashamed of what you have just said! Your ingratitude disgusts me, I leave you to speak with her, Henry—*you* won't mind it!' With this significant intimation that he too had dropped out of his customary place in her good opinion, she left the room.

The nurse received the smart reproof administered to her with every appearance of feeling rather amused by it than not. When the door had closed, this female philosopher winked at Henry.

'There's a power of obstinacy in young women,' she remarked. 'Miss Agnes wouldn't give my lord up as a bad one, even when he jilted her. And now she's sweet on him after he's dead. Say a word against him, and she fires up as you see. All obstin-

acy! It will wear out with time. Stick to her, Master Henry—stick to her!'

'She doesn't seem to have offended you,' said Henry.

'*She?*' the nurse repeated in amazement—'she offend me? I like her in her tantrums; it reminds me of her when she was a baby. Lord bless you! when I go to bid her good night, she'll give me a big kiss, poor dear—and say, Nurse, I didn't mean it! About this money, Master Henry? If I was younger I should spend it in dress and jewellery. But I'm too old for that. What shall I do with my legacy when I have got it?'

'Put it out at interest,' Henry suggested. 'Get so much a year for it, you know.'

'How much shall I get?' the nurse asked.

'If you put your hundred pounds into the Funds, you will get between three and four pounds a year.'

The nurse shook her head. 'Three or four pounds a year? That won't do! I want more than that. Look here, Master Henry. I don't care about this bit of money—I never did like the man who has left it to me, though he *was* your brother. If I lost it all to-morrow, I shouldn't break my heart; I'm well enough off, as it is, for the rest of my days. They say you're a speculator. Put me in for a good thing, there's a dear! Neck or nothing—and *that* for the Funds!' She snapped her fingers to express her contempt for security of investment at three per cent.

Henry produced the prospectus of the Venetian Hotel Company. 'You're a funny old woman,' he said. 'There you dashing speculator—there is neck-or-nothing for you! You must keep it a secret from Miss Agnes, mind. I'm not at all sure that she would approve of my helping you to this investment.'

The nurse took out her spectacles. 'Six per cent., guaranteed,' she read; 'and the Directors have every reason to believe that ten per cent., or more, will be ultimately realized to the shareholders by the hotel.' 'Put me into that, Master Henry! And, wherever you go, for Heaven's sake recommend the hotel to your friends!'

So the nurse, following Henry's mercenary example, had *her* pecuniary interest, too, in the house in which Lord Montbarry had died.

Three days passed before Henry was able to visit Agnes again. In that time, the little cloud between them had entirely passed away. Agnes received him with even more than her customary kindness. She was in better spirits than usual. Her letter to Mrs. Stephen Westwick had been answered by return of post; and her proposal had been joyfully accepted, with one modification. She was to visit the Westwicks for a month—and, if she really liked teaching the children, she was then to be governess, aunt, and cousin, all in one—and was only to go away in an event which her friends in Ireland persisted in contemplating, the event of her marriage.

'You see I was right,' she said to Henry.

He was still incredulous. 'Are you really going?' he asked.

'I am going next week.'

'When shall I see you again?'

'You know you are always welcome at your brother's house. You can see me when you like.' She held out her hand. 'Pardon me for leaving you—I am beginning to pack up already.'

Henry tried to kiss her at parting. She drew back directly.

'Why not? I am your cousin,' he said.

'I don't like it,' she answered.

Henry looked at her, and submitted. Her refusal to grant him his privilege as a cousin was a good sign—it was indirectly an act of encouragement to him in the character of her lover.

On the first day in the new week, Agnes left London on her way to Ireland. As the event proved, this

; destined to be the end of her
'. The way to Ireland was
e first stage on her way to the
at Venice.

THE THIRD PART.

CHAPTER XII.

he spring of the year 1861.
gnes was established at the coun-
t of her good friends—now pro-
(on the death of the first lord,
t offspring) to be the new Lord
dy Montbarry. The old nurse
t separated from her mistress.
e, suited to her time of life, had
und for her in the pleasant Irish
old. She was perfectly happy
new sphere; and she spent her
lf-year's dividend from the Ve-
otel Company, with character-
rodigality, in presents for the
n.

y in the year, also, the directors
life insurance offices, submitted
umstances, and paid the ten
nd pounds. Immediately after-
the widow of the first Lord
arry (otherwise, the dowager
Montbarry) left England, with
Rivar, for the United States.
aron's object was announced in
entific columns of the newspa-
o be investigation into the pre-
ate of experimental chemistry
great American republic. His
nformed inquiring friends that
ompanied him, in the hope of
consolation in change of scene
he bereavement that had fallen
. Hearing this news from Henry
rick (then paying a visit at his
r's house), Agnes was conscious
rtain sense of relief. 'With the
ic between us,' she said, 'surely
done with that terrible woman

ely a week passed after those
had been spoken, before an event
happened which reminded Agnes of 'the terrible woman' once more.

On that day, Henry's engagements had obliged him to return to London. He had ventured, on the morning of his departure, to press his suit once more on Agnes; and the children, as he had anticipated, proved to be innocent obstacles in the way of his success. On the other hand, he had privately secured a firm ally in his sister-in-law. 'Have a little patience,' the new Lady Montbarry had said; 'and leave me to turn the influence of the children in the right direction; they can persuade her to listen to you—and they shall!'

The two ladies had accompanied Henry, and some other guests who went away at the same time, to the railway station, and had just driven back to the house, when the servant announced that 'a person, of the name of Rolland, was waiting to see her ladyship.'

'Is it a woman?'

'Yes, my lady.'

Young Lady Montbarry turned to Agnes.

'This is the very person,' she said, 'whom your lawyer thought likely to help him, when he was trying to trace the lost courier.'

'You don't mean the English maid who was with Lady Montbarry at Venice?'

'My dear! don't speak of Montbarry's horrid widow, by the name which is *my* name now. Stephen and I have arranged to call her by her foreign title, before she was married. I am 'Lady Montbarry,' and she is 'the Countess.' In that way there will be no confusion.—Yes, Mrs. Rolland was in my service before she became the Countess's maid. She was a perfectly trustworthy person, with one defect that obliged me to send her away—a sullen temper which led to perpetual complaints of her in the servants' hall. Would you like to see her?'

Agnes accepted the proposal, in the faint hope of getting some information for the courier's wife. The complete defeat of every attempt to trace the

lost man had been accepted as final by Mrs. Ferrari. She had deliberately arrayed herself in widow's mourning; and was earning her livelihood in an employment which the unwearied kindness of Agnes had procured for her in London. The last chance of penetrating the mystery of Ferrari's disappearance seemed to rest now on what Ferrari's former fellow-servant might be able to tell. With highly wrought expectations, Agnes followed her friend into the room in which Mrs. Rolland was waiting.

A tall, bony woman, in the autumn of life, with sunken eyes and iron-grey hair, rose stiffly from her chair, and saluted the ladies with stern submission as they opened the door. A person of unblemished character, evidently—but not without visible drawbacks. Big bushy eyebrows, an awfully deep and solemn voice, a harsh unbending manner, a complete absence in her figure of the undulating lines characteristic of the sex, presented Virtue in this excellent person under its least alluring aspect. Strangers, on a first introduction to her, were accustomed to wonder why she was not a man.

'Are you pretty well, Mrs. Rolland?'

'I am as well as I can expect to be, my lady, at my time of life.'

'Is there anything I can do for you?'

'Your ladyship can do me a great favour, if you will please speak to my character while I was in your service. I am offered a place, to wait on an invalid lady who has lately come to live in this neighbourhood.'

'Ah, yes—I have heard of her. A Mrs. Carbury, with a very pretty niece I am told. But, Mrs. Rolland, you left my service some time ago. Mrs. Carbury will surely expect you to refer to the last mistress by whom you were employed.'

A flash of virtuous indignation irradiated Mrs. Rolland's sunken eyes. She coughed before she answered, as if her 'last mistress' stuck in her throat.

'I have explained to Mrs. Carbury, my lady, that the person I has

I really cannot give her her your ladyship's presence!—I England for America. Mrs. (knows that I quitted the perso own free will, and knows w approves of my conduct so word from your ladyship will b sufficient to get me the situati

'Very well, Mrs. Rolland, no objection to be your refere der the circumstances. Mrs. (will find me at home to-morro two o'clock.'

'Mrs. Carbury is not well to leave the house, my lady niece, Miss Haldane, will c make the inquiries, if your l has no objection.'

'I have not the least objecti pretty niece carries her own v with her. Wait a minute, M land. This lady is Miss Lock my husband's cousin, and my She is anxious to speak to yo the courier who was in the la Montbarry's service at Venice.

Mrs. Rolland's bushy ey frowned in stern disapproval new topic of conversation. ' to hear it, my lady,' was all s

'Perhaps, you have not been ed of what happened, after Venice?' Agnes ventured 'Ferrari left the palace secretl he has never been heard of sin

Mrs. Rolland mysteriously her eyes—as if to exclude som of the lost courier which was ture to disturb a respectable 'Nothing that Mr. Ferrari c would surprise me,' she replie deepest bass tones.

'You speak rather harshly c said Agnes.

Mrs. Rolland suddenly ope eyes again. 'I speak harshly body without reason,' she said. Ferrari behaved to me, Miss Loc as no man living has ever bel before or since.'

'What did he do?'

Mrs. Rolland answered with

horror:—'He took liberties
'

ʒ Lady Montbarry suddenly
ıside, and put her handker-
er her mouth in convulsions
essed laughter.

Rolland went on, with a grim
nt of the bewilderment which
ly had produced in Agnes.
hen I insisted on an apology,
had the audacity to say that
at the palace was dull, and he
now how else to amuse him-

ı afraid I have hardly made
ınderstood,' said Agnes. 'I
peaking to you out of any in-
. Ferrari. Are you aware that
.rried?'

y his wife,' said Mrs. Rolland.
is naturally in great grief
ım,' Agnes proceeded.

ought to thank God she is rid
Mrs. Rolland interposed.

s still persisted. 'I have
Mrs. Ferrari from her child-
ıd I am sincerely anxious to
in this matter. Did you no-
ything, while you were at
that would account for her
l's extraordinary disappearance?
t sort of terms, for instance,
ive with his master and mis-

terms of familiarity with his
ι,' said Mrs. Rolland, 'which
nply sickening to a respectable
servant. She used to encour-
to talk to her about all his
-how he got on with his wife,
r pressed he was for money,
h like—just as if they were
Contemptible—that's what I

l his master?' Agnes continued.
lid Ferrari get on with Lord
rry?'

lord used to live shut up with
ies and his sorrows,' Mrs. Rol-
swered, with a hard solemnity
ive of respect for his lordship's
r. 'Mr. Ferrari got his money
t was due; and he cared for
nothing else. "If I could afford it, I would leave the place too; but I can't afford it." Those were the last words he said to me, on the morning when I left the palace. I made no reply. After what had happened (on that other occasion) I was naturally not on speaking terms with Mr. Ferrari.'

'Can you really tell me nothing which will throw any light on this matter?'

'Nothing,' said Mrs. Rolland, with an undisguised relish of the disappointment that she was inflicting.

'There was another member of the family at Venice,' Agnes resumed, determined to sift the question to the bottom while she had the chance. 'There was Baron Rivar.'

Mrs. Rolland lifted her large hands, covered with rusty black gloves, in mute protest against the introduction of Baron Rivar as a subject of inquiry. 'Are you aware, Miss,' she began, 'that I left my place in consequence of what I observed——?'

Agnes stopped her there. 'I only wanted to ask,' she explained, 'if anything was said or done by Baron Rivar which might account for Ferrari's strange conduct.'

'Nothing that I know of,' said Mrs. Rolland. 'The Baron and Mr. Ferrari (if I may use such an expression) were "birds of a feather," so far as I could see—I mean, one was as unprincipled as the other. I am a just woman; and I will give you an example. Only the day before I left, I heard the Baron say (through the open door of his room while I was passing along the corridor), "Ferrari, I want a thousand pounds. What would you do for a thousand pounds?" And I heard Mr. Ferrari answer, "Anything, sir, as long as I was not found out." And then they both burst out laughing. I heard no more than that. Judge for yourself, Miss.'

Agnes reflected for a moment. A thousand pounds was the sum that had been sent to Mrs. Ferrari in the anonymous letter. Was that enclosure

in any way connected, as a result, with the conversation between the Baron and Ferrari? It was useless to press any more inquiries on Mrs. Rolland. She could give no further information which was of the slightest importance to the object in view. There was no alternative but to grant her her dismissal. One more effort had been made to find a trace of the lost man—and once again the effort had failed.

They were a family party at the dinner-table that day. The only guest left in the house was a nephew of the new Lord Montbarry—the eldest son of his sister, Lady Barville. Lady Montbarry could not resist telling the story of the first (and last) attack made on the virtue of Mrs. Rolland, with a comically-exact imitation of Mrs. Rolland's deep and dismal voice. Being asked by her husband what was the object which had brought that formidable person to the house, she naturally mentioned the expected visit of Miss Haldane. Arthur Barville, unusually silent and pre-occupied so far, suddenly struck into the conversation with a burst of enthusiasm. 'Miss Haldane is the most charming girl in all Ireland!' he said. 'I caught sight of her yesterday, over the wall of her garden, as I was riding by. What time is she coming to-morrow? Before two? I'll look into the drawing-room by accident—I am dying to be introduced to her!'

Agnes was amused by his enthusiasm. 'Are you in love with Miss Haldane already?' she asked.

Arthur answered gravely, 'It's no joking matter. I have been all day at the garden wall, waiting to see her again! It depends on Miss Haldane to make me the happiest or the wretchedest man living.'

'You foolish boy! How can you talk such nonsense?'

He was talking nonsense undoubtedly. But, if Agnes had only known it, he was doing something more than that. He was innocently leading her another stage nearer on the way to Venice.

CHAPTER XIII.

AS the summer-months advanced, the transformation of the Venetian palace into the modern hotel proceeded rapidly towards completion.

The outside of the building, with its fine Palladian front looking on the canal, was wisely left unaltered. Inside, as a matter of necessity, the rooms were almost rebuilt—so far at least as the size and the arrangement of them were concerned. The vast saloons were partitioned off into 'apartments' containing three or four rooms each. The broad corridors in the upper regions, afforded spare space enough for rows of little bed chambers, devoted to servants and to travellers with limited means. Nothing was spared but the solid floors and the finely-carved ceilings. These last, in excellent preservation as to workmanship, merely required cleaning, and regilding here and there, to add greatly to the beauty and importance of the best rooms in the hotel. The only exception to the complete re-organisation of the interior was at one extremity of the edifice, on the first and second floors. Here there happened, in each case, to be rooms of such comparatively moderate size, and so attractively decorated, that the architect suggested leaving them as they were. It was afterwards discovered that these were no other than the apartments respectively occupied by Lord Montbarry (on the first floor), and by Baron Rivar (on the second). The room in which Montbarry had died was still fitted up as a bedroom, and was now distinguished as Number Fourteen. The room above it, in which the Baron had slept, took its place on the hotel-register as Number Thirty-Eight. With the ornaments on the walls and ceilings cleaned and

brightened up, and with the heavy old-fashioned beds, chairs, and tables replaced by bright, pretty and luxurious modern furniture, these two promised to be at once the most attractive and most comfortable bedchambers in the hotel. As for the once-desolate and disused ground floor of the building, it was now transformed, by means of splendid dining-rooms, reception-rooms, billiard-rooms, and smoking-rooms, into a palace by itself. Even the dungeon-like vaults beneath, now lighted and ventilated on the most approved modern plan, had been turned as if by magic into kitchens, servants' offices, ice-rooms, and wine-cellars, worthy of the splendour of the grandest hotel in Italy, in the now byegone period of seventeen years since.

Passing from the lapse of the summer months at Venice, to the lapse of the summer months in Ireland, it is next to be recorded that Mrs. Rolland obtained the situation of attendant on the invalid Mrs. Carbury; and that the fair Miss Haldane, like a female Cæsar, came, saw, and conquered, on her first day's visit to the new Lord Montbarry's house.

The ladies were as loud in her praises as Arthur Barville himself. Lord Montbarry declared that she was the only perfectly pretty woman he had ever seen, who was really unconscious of her own attractions. The old nurse said she looked as if she had just stepped out of a picture, and wanted nothing but a gilt frame round her to make her complete. Miss Haldane, on her side, returned from her first visit to the Montbarrys charmed with her new acquaintances. Later on the same day, Arthur called with an offering of fruit and flowers for Mrs. Carbury, and with instructions to ask if she was well enough to receive Lord and Lady Montbarry and Miss Lockwood on the morrow. In a week's time, the two households were on the friendliest terms. Mrs. Carbury, confined to the sofa by a spinal malady, had been hitherto dependent on her niece for one of the few pleasures she could enjoy, the pleasure of having the best new novels read to her as they came out. Discovering this, Arthur volunteered to relieve Miss Haldane, at intervals, in the office of reader. He was clever at mechanical contrivances of all sorts, and he introduced improvements in Mrs. Carbury's couch, and in the means of conveying her from the bed-chamber to the drawing-room, which alleviated the poor lady's sufferings and brightened her gloomy life. With these claims on the gratitude of the aunt, aided by the personal advantages which he unquestionably possessed, Arthur advanced rapidly in the favour of the charming niece. She was, it is needless to say, perfectly well aware that he was in love with her, while he was himself modestly reticent on the subject—so far as words went. But she was not equally quick in penetrating the nature of her own feeling towards Arthur. Watching the two young people with keen powers of observation, necessarily concentrated on them by the complete seclusion of her life, the invalid lady discovered signs of roused sensibility in Miss Haldane, when Arthur was present, which had never yet shown themselves in her social relations with other admirers eager to pay their addresses to her. Having drawn her own conclusions in private, Mrs. Carbury took the first favourable opportunity (in Arthur's interests) of putting them to the test.

'I don't know what I shall do,' she said one day, 'when Arthur goes away.'

Miss Haldane looked up quickly from her work. 'Surely he is not going to leave us!' she exclaimed.

'My dear! he has already stayed at his uncle's house a month longer than he intended. His father and mother naturally expect to see him at home again.'

Miss Haldane met this difficulty with a suggestion, which could only have proceeded from a judgment al-

ready disturbed by the ravages of the tender passion. 'Why can't his father and mother go and see him at Lord Montbarry's?' she asked. 'Sir Theodore's place is only thirty miles away, and Lady Barville is Lord Montbarry's sister. They needn't stand on ceremony.'

'They may have other engagements,' Mrs. Carbury remarked.

'My dear aunt, we don't know that! Suppose you ask Arthur!'

'Suppose *you* ask him!'

Miss Haldane bent her head again over her work. Suddenly as it was done, her aunt had seen her face—and her face betrayed her.

When Arthur came the next day, Mrs. Carbury said a word to him in private, while her niece was in the garden. The last new novel lay neglected on the table. Arthur followed Miss Haldane into the garden. The next day, he wrote home, enclosing in his letter a photograph of Miss Haldane. Before the end of the week, Sir Theodore and Lady Barville arrived at Lord Montbarry's, and formed their own judgment of the fidelity of the portrait. They had themselves married early in life—and, strange to say, they did not object on principle to the early marriages of other people. The question of age being thus disposed of, the course of true love had no other obstacles to encounter. Miss Haldane was an only child, and was possessed of an ample fortune. Arthur's career at the university had been creditable, but certainly not brilliant enough to present his withdrawal in the light of a disaster. As Sir Theodore's eldest son, his position was already made for him. He was two-and-twenty years of age; and the young lady was eighteen. There was really no producible reason for keeping the lovers waiting, and no excuse for deferring the wedding-day beyond the first week in September. In the interval while the bride and bridegroom would be necessarily absent on the inevitable tour abroad, a sister of Mrs. Carbury volunteered to stay during the temporary separat her niece. On the conclusio honeymoon, the young couple return to Ireland, and were lish themselves in Mrs. C spacious and comfortable hou

These arrangements were upon early in the month of About the same date, the las tions in the old palace at Ver completed. The rooms were steam; the cellars were stock manager collected round him of skilled servants; and the was advertised all over E open in October.

CHAPTER XIV.

(Miss Agnes Lockwood to M rari.)

'I PROMISED to give y account, dear Emily, of riage of Mr. Arthur Barville Haldane. It took place ten d But I have had so many thing after in the absence of the m mistress of this house, that I able to write to you to-day.

'The invitations to the were limited to members of lies, on either side, in conside the ill-health of Miss Haldar On the side of the Montbarr there were present, besides L Lady Montbarry, Sir Theo Lady Barville; Mrs. Norbur you may remember as his l second sister); and Mr. Fran wick, and Mr. Henry Westw three children and I atten ceremony as bridesmaids. joined by two young ladies, c the bride and very agreeal Our dresses were white, trim green in honour of Ireland each had a handsome gold given to us as a present f bridegroom. If you add to th

whom I have already mentioned, the elder members of Mrs. Carbury's family, and the old servants in both houses—privileged to drink the healths of the married pair at the lower end of the room—you will have the list of the company at the wedding-breakfast complete.

'The weather was perfect, and the ceremony (with music) was beautifully performed. As for the bride, no words can describe how lovely she looked, or how well she went through it all. We were very merry at the breakfast, and the speeches went off on the whole quite well enough. The last speech, before the party broke up, was made by Mr. Henry Westwick, and was the best of all. He made a happy suggestion, at the end, which has produced a very unexpected change in my life here.

'As well as I remember he concluded in these words:—'On one point, we are all agreed—we are sorry that the parting hour is near, and we should be glad to meet again? Why should we not meet again? This is the autumn time of the year; we are most of us leaving home for the holidays. What do you say (if you have no engagements that will prevent it) to joining our young married friends before the close of their tour, and renewing the social success of this delightful breakfast by another festival in honour of the honeymoon? The bride and bridegroom are going to Germany and the Tyrol, on their way to Italy. I propose that we allow them a month to themselves, and that we arrange to meet them afterwards in the north of Italy—say at Venice.'

'This proposal was received with great applause, which was changed into shouts of laughter by no less a person than my dear old nurse. The moment Mr. Westwick pronounced the word 'Venice,' she started up among the servants at the lower end of the room, and called out at the top of her voice, 'Go to our hotel, ladies and gentlemen! We get six per cent. on our money already; and if you will only crowd the place and call for the best of everything, it will be ten per cent. in our pockets in no time. Ask Master Henry!'

'Appealed to in this irresistible manner, Mr. Westwick had no choice but to explain that he was concerned as a shareholder in a new Hotel Company at Venice, and that he had invested a small sum of money for the nurse (not very considerately as I think) in the speculation. Hearing this, the company, by way of humouring the joke, drank a new toast:—Success to the nurse's hotel, and a speedy rise in the dividend!

'When the conversation returned in due time to the more serious question of the proposed meeting at Venice, difficulties began to present themselves, caused of course by invitations for the autumn which many of the guests had already accepted. Only two members of Mrs. Carbury's family were at liberty to keep the proposed appointment. On our side we were more at leisure to do as we pleased. Mr. Henry Westwick decided to go to Venice in advance of the rest, to test the accommodation of the new hotel on the opening day. Mrs. Norbury and Mr. Francis Westwick volunteered to follow him; and, after some persuasion, Lord and Lady Montbarry consented to a species of compromise. His lordship could not conveniently spare time enough for the journey to Venice, but he and Lady Montbarry arranged to accompany Mrs. Norbury and Mr. Francis Westwick as far on their way to Italy as Paris. Five days since they took their departure to meet their travelling companions in London; leaving me here in charge of the three dear children. They begged hard of course to be taken with papa and mamma. But it was thought better not to interrupt the progress of their education and not to expose them (especially the two younger girls) to the fatigues of travelling.

'I have had a charming letter from

the bride, this morning, dated Cologne. You cannot think how artlessly and prettily she assures me of her happiness. Some people, as they say in Ireland, are born to good luck: and I think Arthur Barville is one of them.

'When you next write, I hope to hear that you are in better health and spirits, and that you continue to like your employment. Believe me, sincerely your friend,—A. L.'

Agnes had just closed and directed her letter, when the eldest of her three pupils entered the room with the startling announcement that Lord Montbarry's travelling-servant had arrived from Paris! Alarmed by the idea that some misfortune had happened, she ran out to meet the man in the hall. Her face told him how seriously he had frightened her, before she could speak. 'There's nothing wrong, Miss,' he hastened to say. 'My lord and my lady are enjoying themselves at Paris. They only want you and the young ladies to be with them.' Saying these amazing words, he handed to Agnes a letter from Lady Montbarry.

'Dearest Agnes' (she read), 'I am so charmed with the delightful change in my life—it is six years, remember, since I last travelled on the Continent—that I have exerted all my fascinations to persuade Lord Montbarry to go on to Venice. And, what is more to the purpose, I have actually succeeded! He has just gone to his room to write the necessary letters of excuse in time for the post to England. May you have as good a husband, my dear, when your time comes! In the meanwhile, the one thing wanting now to make my happiness complete, is to have you and the darling children with us. Montbarry is just as miserable without them as I am—though he doesn't confess it so freely. You will have no difficulties to trouble you. Louis will deliver these hurried lines, and will take care of you on the journey to Paris. Kiss the children for me a thousand times—and never mind their education for the present: Pack up instantly, my dear, and I will be fonder of you than ever. Your affectionate friend, Adela Montbarry.'

Agnes folded up the letter; and, feeling the need of composing herself, took refuge for a few minutes in her own room.

Her first natural sensations of surprise and excitement at the prospect of going to Venice were succeeded by impressions of a less agreeable kind. With the recovery of her customary composure came the unwelcome remembrance of the parting words spoken to her by Montbarry's widow:—'We shall meet again—here in England, or there in Venice where my husband died—and meet for the last time.'

It was an odd coincidence, to say the least of it, that the march of events should be unexpectedly taking Agnes to Venice, after those words had been spoken! Was the woman of the mysterious warnings and the wild black eyes, still thousands of miles away in America? Or was the march of events taking her unexpectedly, too, on the journey to Venice? Agnes started out of her chair, ashamed of even the momentary concession to superstition which was implied by the mere presence of such questions as these in her mind.

She rang the bell, and sent for her little pupils, and announced their approaching departure to the household. The noisy delight of the children, the inspiriting effort of packing up in a hurry, roused all her energies. She dismissed her own absurd misgivings from consideration with the contempt that they deserved. She worked as only women *can* work, when their hearts are in what they do. The travellers reached Dublin that day, in time for the boat to England. Two days later, they were with Lord and Lady Montbarry at Paris.

(*To be continued.*)

HUMOUR.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Come, volatile Humour, of the roguish eyes
  And locks blown refluent from fair mirthful face,
Come forth in brilliant bell-besprinkled guise,
Come, radiant as the first rich rose of June,
  With child-like up-curled lips and dancing pace,
With helm-shaped jingling cap and scarlet shoon!

Come forth and wake the indolent echoes well,
  With many a reckless burst of random glee,
With tinkle of wrist-bell and of ankle-bell,
With clear impetuous song and laughter bold.
  Thou red-lipped romp, come forth, I charge of thee,
Come, chide the old weary world for growing old!

For oh, 'tis a world of yearnings and of tears,
  A world of labour and death and chilling loss!
And rarely enough the parsimonious years
Give heartsease, and right often bitterest rue!
  And many a frail back bears a heavy cross,
And many a sweet bloom dies for lack of dew!

But better if we laugh blithely now and then,
  Turning sad memory's key upon the past;
Ah, better in truth, worn women, weary men,
Than waste an hour with grief, regret or spleen,
  Watch revelling Humour, sweet iconoclast,
Pirouette beneath her ribboned tambourine!

A QUARREL WITH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SECOND PAPER.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

IF any one attempts to remedy the evils for evils they are to which I have referred in a former article, he is told, in accents of mingled doubt and dismay, that that is CLASS LEGISLATION; and class legislation appears to be specially objectionable to the nineteenth century mind. And yet if the nineteenth century mind would but consider it, the most of our legislation is class legislation when I say 'our' legislation I mean the nineteenth century legislation generally.

We legislate for the criminal classes, whose boundaries, topographically and socially we know as well, for they are as well defined, as those of Alsatia of old time. When a new crime begins to be threatening in its frequency, we pass a special law directed against it: witness Mr. Blake's Bill in regard to deadly weapons which was intended to apply not only to a class but to a locality.

We legislate for the commercial classes—witness the Bankrupt law, Stamp Act, and other familiar enactments.

We legislate for the doctors, lawyers, druggists, hackney coaches, and railway companies. In fine the bulk of our legislation is practically class legislation; and its greatest merit is, that it *is* so; its demerit—is that it is not more so.

In an earlier age the legislation was confessedly class legislation. The rulers professed to rule, and to dictate; and even in matters of personal concern the State had its rules, for instance as to dress and food the Acts of Elizabeth's reign being familiar enough to most intelligent p But the nineteenth century learned to look on mankind in masses, and to think that this pe or class rule is fit only for a ch age and for a period when the was younger and less enlightened to-day: and while the bulk o legislation is really class legisl the nineteenth century profes horror of the very name of it. the nineteenth century is guil hypocrisy as well as of neglect interests of the people.

The people are but half awa the neglect; and do not know is the reason of the change in condition: but in their dim way are struggling—forward as they t backward, as some, including m think—in various ways to remed ills they suffer from by advoc some particular form of class lation. It was long enough afte bones of the great Saxon king mouldered into dust before the p of England ceased to wish a struggle for 'the laws and custo the good King Edward.' An times it seems as if in their blind st and struggles the people of En were really only striving to regai state which they enjoyed unde Tudors. The agricultural lab wants to be 'attached to the so *what is the other name for that?* Irish tenant wants 'fixity of te —*what is the other name for tha*

What is the Trades Union, t weak imitation of the ancient G And our legislation regarding working classes fails to effect objects attained by the Guilds.

legislate for, or rather *against* the working classes, defining their privileges, limiting the powers of their associations, and placing penalties against certain acts of single workmen or of the Unions to which they belong; and the result is not creditable to nineteenth century wisdom.

This leads me to another of the great failures of modern civilization involved in the relations of CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

There never was a time in the world's history when the relations of Capital and Labour were so unsatisfactory and so uncivilized, not to say so unchristian, as in these days. According to all present appearances Macaulay's suggestion, that people may hereafter look back to the nineteenth century as the golden age, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and the poor did not envy the splendours of the rich, will never come to pass; or if it does, the idea will arise in some future age so godless, so selfish, so heartless, so given up to greed and sensuality that this age will seem idyllic compared with it. In most countries where mechanical industry prevails, and these are of course mostly Anglo-Saxon communities, the hand of the workman is raised against the face of the employer, and the hand of the employer is raised in turn against the workman. To settle the merits of the question would not be easy; it might be found impossible. Human passions will not be restrained by economic laws, nor guided by logical arguments; and as in all these struggles mere human passion is an important element, its workings defy calculation and render settlement impossible. But the subject admits of a few general observations. Neither workman nor capitalist has any great reason to be proud of the results of modern civilization. The capitalist is far less secure, the workman far less happy than in earlier ages. It is within the experience of every workman approaching fifty years, that the wages of his class are not as valuable as they were twenty years ago, or perhaps even a less period. It is within the experience of every capitalist or business man of the same age, that capital and profit were much more secure twenty years ago than they are to-day. The reasons are too many for discussion. But this change within the experience of those who now read these pages, is only indicative of the change that has been going on for several ages and is known mostly to the student. The workman of the middle ages who was an Artist in his Handicraft, who was a Freeman in his Guild, was an infinitely superior being to the workman of to-day. His work is living forever. Every dome that rises beneath an Italian sky; every grand castle or great Cathedral in France; every Gothic pinnacle that points its own beauty out to the Northern skies; every gem-church hidden in the shy nooks of Normandy; every palace that reared itself in splendour on the Venetian lagoons—is a monument forever to the lost science of Architecture, and to the lost art of cunning handicraftmanship. It is an equally pointed protest against the stucco and stupidity, the bungling and botching of so much of modern workmanship. The grand institution of APPRENTICESHIP has almost departed from among us, and with it has departed excellence of workmanship, and part of the character of the workman. In the earlier ages, too, the capitalist was less of an adventurer, less of a speculator, less ambitious of great profit, living considerably more for another world and taking far greater interest in his people than now. In no particular is the decadence of the benevolent spirit of the ancient capitalist more apparent than in the changed relations of the Landlord and the Labourer to the soil, say of England with which we are most familiar. In the earlier ages the owner of the soil was a resident landlord and the father of his people. He lived on his own

lands; was familiar with his people: aided them, defended them, bound them together; and was in turn served by them and defended by them. His people had a share in the land. He could not if he would make his estate a sheep-farm and cast his people adrift. These had rights which he dared not violate. But all this has disappeared. The allotments of the labourers have been swallowed up. Their share in the common lands has been filched away. Their right of dependence on their lord has disappeared. They have become possessed of what is, with unconscious sarcasm, called "freedom of contract," which resolves itself into freedom of the poor-house or of emigration. Meantime the landlord is an absentee, spending his rents abroad and careless, as a rule, of the condition of his people so long as his income continues undiminished. The allotments of the labourers, their share of the common lands appears perhaps in the shape of a ten thousand pound Vase on his Lordship's London sideboard. If we consider the period in English history covered by the Tudors we shall find in it the germs of much of our modern English commercial supremacy. But we shall find also things which we miss now and which we ought to lament. The apprentice system was rigidly enforced in all branches of trade, and this itself was a very important element in the education of the period. The merits of articles sold were subject to severe tests. The exported goods were subject to inspection before export. There were no idlers allowed. All who were found in a state of vagrancy, and all children of the poor were pressed into work, or apprenticed to some calling. Well, modern civilization has altered all that. The apprentice system exists only in the professions, and exists by a very slight tenure—very elastic in its nature. And have we better workmen? Tests of the merit of articles for sale have of very late times been tried; but we cannot be sure of the quality of the port administer to the sick, of th we wear, of the food we ea drugs we are ordered; in fact tion has become the rule a *nil*s in quality the excepti also all 'restrictions' as they have been struck off from th the result is that shoddy has the most prominent article o among the manufacturers of tion that first won its comme premacy by honesty in de might illustrate this by refe the experience of dry goods pe hardware dealers, of the de small wares and by the purcl them even in every city of Ca

Again a prominent featur national life of the older pe the LOYALTY of the people, a which began with the chief, w tended to the country, and wl rounded the Crown with the a people's reverence and w hosts of a people's power. have departed from that. Liberalism has told the peo Loyalty was a matter of self- and that if an extra dollar earned in a foreign land they ter go and earn it. Hence tion to other lands, filling th in war and the industries in f foreign nations, has lessened alty of the people and weake stability of the throne. And is called progress, *nineteenth progress*.' It seems to me t Rake's Progress, and what i end of the journey! And w examine it, do we find that it gress at all!

Those workmen, with their Unions, are only attempting, half consciously, to reproduce day the strength and the be the ancient Guilds—without fi mitting themselves to the st prenticeship which the Gu sisted on.

Those capitalists who are str on this continent as well as i

heir profits from the workmen instead of ıate source of profit, ıt, are only blindly rrong way the protec- laws of an earlier hem.

ltural labourers who ıg in masses against eally only striving to turn to the ancient vhich the allotments their living secure, ıts protected. The h Land Act was not a ry spirit. It was a emand that arose out and remembrances of

lream of the Radicals niversal suffrage will f the individual free- ed among those who ıning of our constitu- shed their shields or disapproval in the of the nation. You late discussion of the n between Mr. Lowe ly,' Mr. Gladstone in ı Century' and the how the two great n have almost coin- grets at the absence mination boroughs. ave to public life in he most distinguished gured in the parlia- of the kingdom. ıed system of parlia- ıtation they cannot at all, but are driven their ability in the ıevitable result that level of the press is intellectual level of eas under the theory n Parliament ought red wisdom of the ırlier age that really ı the nineteenth cen-

And yet we are king progress in a particularly gratifying manner. The traveller in the forest who trudges along towards an uncertain destination may flatter himself that he is making progress. It may be that he has only lost his way, and is laboriously and slowly working back, without knowing it, to the point from which he set out.

Let any one consider the signs of the times in England in regard to the government and the late possible war with Russia. I am no worshipper of the war-god 'Jingo;' nor do I quite believe in the possibility of Personal Government, but I do say that the liberty of the press which was used to weaken the hands of England and strengthen the arms of Russia was a liberty that I would have joined in ruthlessly suppressing; and that the parliamentary freedom which was used in a moment of crisis for the same unpatriotic purpose, was a freedom that was far less valuable to the nation than the strong governments of an earlier time when wars were conducted by military heroes, serving their Sovereign, not serving and subject to, an unreasoning and illogical parliamentary majority. Lord Beaconsfield seems to recognise the fact that in this age it is not the ill effects of the personal power of the crown, that we have to fear, but the ill effects of a partisan 'mob of gentlemen' who have almost learned to think that they are superior to their Sovereign, and whose contentions offer continued temptations to pur-blind and greedy despots like the Russian Emperor, to threaten the honour and menace the interests of the Crown and of the Empire.

In these remarks, so far, I have confined myself to the relations between the State and the people; and in all the complaints that have been made and all the failures that have been suggested, there have been two main points in view:

1st. The first is the decay of the Principle of AUTHORITY. Governments have forgotten, in a large

measure, that it is their duty to RULE.

2nd. The second is the decay of the virtue of OBEDIENCE.

Peoples have forgotten that it is their duty to OBEY.

Instead of a ruling authority in government, the nineteenth century has given us a nicely balanced system of Irresponsibilities.

Instead of obedience on the part of the people, the nineteenth century has presented us with the elevating [illegible] time of organized periodical revolt

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY HON. WM. C. HOWELLS.

The singer, listening to the bird, apostrophizes:—

WHIP-POOR-WILL, O, whip poor-will!
Echo to me, from thy hill,
All the memories sweet and dear,
Thou waken'st to my waiting ear.
In thy sad notes around me bring
The days of youth, and to me sing
In tones so tender, though so shrill:
Whip-poor-will, O, whip-poor-will!

Whip poor-will, O, whip-poor-will,
From beyond the ruin'd mill
Thou know'st not how upon thy note
Sweet visions of my childhood float,
Of cares and joys of other days,
Of flowered and of thorny ways,
My feet have trod, through good and ill:
Whip-poor-will, O, whip-poor-will!

Whip-poor-will, O, whip-poor-will!
Sitting on the mossy sill
Of the mouldering cabin door,
Where little feet may tread no more,
Sing of the loves that clustered there,
The brave, the strong, the young, the fair,
To whom my heart is turning still,—
Whip-poor-will, O, whip-poor-will!

Whip-poor-will, O, whip-poor-will,
When twilight falls on vale and hill,
And silence weds the evening star,
I listen to thy song afar,
Till on the iterant refrain
The living past comes back again,
And long lost joys my spirits fill:
Whip-poor-will, Ah, whip-poor-will!

WOMAN'S WORK.

BY FIDELIS.

[E world moves'—and nothing more clearly proves it than the se advance which has been vithin the last twenty years in iblic sentiment regarding the n, education, and capabilities of . Up to a comparatively re-riod, women, with any special ual interest beyond what was tionally termed 'woman's ' were regarded as entirely ex-al—as phenomena too rare to any adequate basis for generali-in educational reform. Even he matter began to be stirred, e need for reform in female ed-i became somewhat appreciated, still regarded as venturing into amy regions of Utopia to pro-at the education of girls should ied on on the same principle iat of boys. The idea was a d startling one that education, ease of the girl as well as the ould aim at an intellectual dis- and invigoration which should subject, not only for fulfilling es more intelligently, but also forming, if necessary, tasks demand a heavier calibre of han do the ordinary routine of old duties and the 'adorning '—this 'adorning' being with-very narrow limits of dress, nent, and 'music,' from which i of art was conspicuously ab-*Now*, in England and America , all this has been changed. A gh and systematic education is nd more admitted to be the right of girls as well as of brothers—and within certain limits, which are daily widening, it is more and more fully conceded that whatever women show they can do they have a right to do. That there is still, withal, a pretty strong 'survival' of prejudice is only what might be expected. Nor is it surprising that this should exist, not only in the masculine mind—often cropping out where we should least have looked for it—but also among many women, themselves brought up on the old system, and, therefore, too often incapable of the breadth of view necessary for truly estimating a subject so important, and so intimately connected with the constantly increasing complexities of modern life.

Since the subject of higher education for women was treated by the present writer in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for February, 1875, the subject has made such progress that most of the positions in that article could now be accepted without question. But, notwithstanding this, many considerations, which are either necessarily involved in such admissions or to which such admissions clearly point, are still disputed, and often by men who, we feel, ought to have known better, and who speak as they do simply because they cannot or will not give the subject the patient consideration which it demands. However, no great reform has ever yet been made with a fair wind and a flowing sail. Opposing gales and counter-currents are in the very nature of things, and many a patient tack must be made, and many a day of steady buffeting with winds and waves encoun-

tered before the slowly progressing bark arrives at her desired haven. Happy they who are rewarded by seeing that peaceful haven in full view, even if they may never enter into the actual enjoyment of its fair promise. Happier, perhaps, in some respects than they who actually take possession, since, on a nearer approach, the fairest land of promise shows barren rocks and arid stretches, unsuspected while it still lay in the enchanted distance.

It was recently asked by an able and respected writer, in the pages of this magazine:—'Strike man's work out of the world and what remains? From all the benefits that women enjoy, strike off those for which they are indebted to man, and what remains?' We might just as well reverse these questions, and with equal impunity from reply. Man's work and woman's work in the world are so inextricably blended that it would be simply impossible to disentangle them, from the time when the woman was first given as 'an helpmeet' for man. Man's work, indeed, has, as a rule, been rather with the ruder material forces, or the public affairs of life; woman's as a rule, rather with the inner sanctities of home. But, without woman's work in the latter department, how much of man's in the former would have been possible? In the old fable we all know that the sun proved stronger than the wind, and will any one deny the greatness of the sun's work because it is silent, subtle, pervasive, and often not to be weighed or even felt by ordinary sense? Not only has woman's work proper been of a kind that can never be measured by outward sense—the work of mother, teacher, trainer, helper of man from his cradle to his grave —work that can never be too highly estimated; but, more than this, her actual direct aid to man in his more special achievements can never be fully appreciated, just because her unselfish love has preferred that her share should be merged in his. and then, however, a man appreciative or more candid his fellows gratefully acknowle obligations. Every reader kno Stuart Mill's estimate of his of what he owed to her aid i erary labours. But Mill's i means a solitary case. Charle ley, Dean Stanley, Mr. Sew among the many who have their indebtedness to the in sympathy and aid of the wi have delighted to honour. Si McIntosh said of his wife: I owe whatever I am, to her w I shall be.' And the distin writer of a book on one of t profound questions of theolog counsel with his wife when h took the task,' and 'but for stant sympathy and encoura could scarcely have brought hi taking to a successful issue.'

And as to 'striking off' the for which woman is indebted it would be at least as disas humanity to strike off the for which man is indebted to To take the most surface view may well be doubted whe should ever have had the steam or the electric telegraph. Ha Paradise Lost, if woman's c not watched over the helple hood of the infant geniuses, speak of other and subtler i in later years. Look at Word beautiful tribute to his sister

> 'The blessing of my later years
> Was with me when a boy;
> She gave me eyes, she gave me ear
> And humble joys and delicate fear
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tea
> And love and thought, and joy.'

Woman's work is no mo divorced from man's work, t man's life from man's life; t sap which courses through the trees from the tissue that hol fed by it, unless to the injur struction of both. Any att tear them apart, such as ha made and still are made in mo

important states of society, can only proceed from a most narrow and one-sided interpretation of her position as an 'helpmeet for man,' which there is no reason whatever for limiting to certain 'departments' of life, or making less than co-extensive with human life and human thought. The work of the sexes is complementary, and the more highly and harmoniously each complementary power is developed the higher and more beautiful will be the total result.

Woman's direct contribution to what is more specially termed the 'world's work,' has here been left out of consideration hitherto, because it represents so insignificant a fraction of her real work. Yet, considering how much of the time, strength and energy of womanhood have been absorbed in the more peculiar duties of her sex,—and how inferior, as a rule, has been her educational development, her contribution to the various departments of intellectual activity, which we chiefly mean by the world's work, has been by no means trifling. It is needless, surely, to refer in detail, to the many noble names of the past that might be counted in literature, art and education; but it is interesting to notice that the period when the subject of more thorough education for women has first begun to receive the attention which is its due, is also the period in which women have begun more fully to take an assured and recognised place in current literature, as well as in some other more disputed regions. But it certainly appears strange that any one who knows how important a factor is education in developing human powers should venture to assert that 'women are under no disabilities whatever, unless it be their own incompetency!' Surely there are other 'disabilities' than legal ones! Social prejudice and inadequate education may be just as injurious to full and free efficiency as legal disqualifications. If by 'incompetency,' were meant here the incompetency which has arisen from inadequate education, or, strictly speaking, *no education at all* in the proper sense of the word, this might be taken,—minus the power of social prejudice—as being at least approximately true. But this is evidently not what is meant. And therefore it seems inexplicable how this can be the deliberate verdict of any man who can compare the ordinary education of boys who have any pretensions to be considered 'educated' at all, with the miserable pretence of education which till recently has been, and still is, in many places, the rule for girls. Let it be imagined that a boy has been educationally limited to picking up, in a disjointed manner, scraps of heterogeneous facts,—that mental drill and discipline have been unknown,—that to the *indigesta moles* of historic and scientific and arithmetical crumbs have been added a smattering of music, drawing, and foreign languages learned without any clear comprehension of grammatical coherence;—that, moreover, he has been carefully kept under the impression that acquirements and accomplishments may be an ornament, but can never be of any real use to him,—that his mental powers and the world's work have no relation;—that no career is naturally open to him save the domestic one, so that, destitute of higher interests and noble emulations, he is fain to betake himself to the emotional excitement he can find in poetry, fiction and flirtation. Then, when his mental organization has become wholly enervated by such a debilitating course of treatment, place him besides his contemporary of simply equal powers, who has received what we call a 'liberal education.' Will it be said by any one who truly estimates what education is to man, that such a boy would be 'under no disabilities whatever;'—that he would not be heavily handicapped for the race of life? Yet this picture is no caricature of what has been considered a sufficient education for girls. It has been only step by step and

against the strong current of conventional prejudice, that more enlarged ideas have slowly made their way, and that such handicapping disabilities are beginning to be removed. Witness how all was done that could be done to stifle Mary Somerville's noble powers! And in the case of women in whom the impulse towards studies deemed 'contraband' was somewhat less than despotic, can we doubt that the stifling process succeeded better than happily it did in her's? No wonder that she should write, looking back from the maturity of age: 'The low estimation in which our intellect has hitherto been held has been a grief and mortification to me from my earliest years. While the improvement of man's education has occupied so much attention in the present age, it is wonderful that one-half of the human race should have been comparatively so much neglected. Great duties have been demanded from us, and our minds have not been prepared by solid instruction to fulfil them.' Mr. Huxley has lately enforced the importance of making accessible to the lad of genius – (why not also to the girl of genius?) the highest and most complete training the country could afford. 'Whatever that might cost,' he says, 'depend upon it the investment would be a good one. I weigh my words when I say that if the nation could produce a potential Watt, or Davy, or Faraday, at the cost of £100,000 down, he would be dirt cheap at the money.' In such a reckoning, would not a Mary Somerville be worth counting, – or even an Elizabeth Browning, with the inborn poetic genius cultivated and trained by the thorough classical education which has given us such exquisite lyrics as 'The Dead Pan' and 'Wine of Cyprus'? And here, by the way, is *her* description of the ordinary type of 'education' which has passed muster so long, as all that the feminine half of humanity are entitled to,—to develope the powers and faculties which God has bestowed so liberally on both sexes:—

> I learnt a little algebra, a little
> Of the mathematics, brushed with extreme flounce
> The circle of the sciences, learnt
> Shc musicked women who are rich enough
> I learnt the royal genealogies
> Of Oviedo, the internal laws
> Of the Burmese Empire by how many feet
> Mount Chimborazo outwears Himmeleh,
> What navigable river joins itself
> To Lara, and what census of the year five
> Was taken at Klagenfurt because she liked
> A general insight into useful facts.
> I learned much music, such as would have been
> As quite impossible in Johnson's day
> As still it might be wished fine sleights of hand
> And unimagined fingering, shuffling off
> The hearer's soul through hurricanes of notes
> To a noisy Tophet; and I drew costumes
> From French engravings, Nereids neatly draped,
> With smirks of simmering godship. I washed in,
> From nature, landscapes (rather say, washed out),
> I danced the polka and Cellarino,
> Spun glass, stuffed birds and modelled flowers in wax,
> Because she liked accomplishments in girls.
> I read a score of books on womanhood
> To prove *if woman do not think at all,*
> *They may teach thinking!*'

Yet there are still to be found sensible men who will say that, as regards work which demands thorough preparatory mental description and mental habits of close concentration, women 'are (have been) under no disabilities whatever!' And it is very much to be feared that some of our attempts at educational reform, which are directed merely towards preternaturally widening the number of 'studies' with which even little girls under twelve are now loaded,—without providing any deep and stable foundation,—will but little mend the matter.

It is easy enough to see how the narrow popular impression as to 'woman's sphere' has grown up and remained, a 'survival' of the primitive times when the conception was first formed. In those old times when Aryan and Semitic nations alike lived the simple patriarchal life, and counted their riches in flocks and herds—in stock, not in '*stocks*'—when human occupations were limited almost wholly to the procuring of the means of direct sustenance, woman was the natural helpmeet of man in those simple manual labours which comprised the whole of life's active duties to our

Aryan sires. Her very household names of sister, daughter, &c., are relics of her place in the 'domestic sphere,' for there was then no other. One of the Vedic hymns describes the dawn as 'a young wife, arousing every living being to his work, bringing light and striking down darkness; leader of the days; lengthener of life; fortunate, the love of all, who brings the eye of the god.' And the wife described in the Mahâb-hârata could hardly complain of inadequate appreciation. She is 'man's other half, his inmost friend, source of his bliss, root of his salvation; friend of the solitary one, consoling him with sweet words; in his duties like a father, in his sorrows like a mother.' And in like manner, the 'excellent woman' of the 'Book of Proverbs' is no mere toy or slave, but an intelligent helper of her husband and a judicious philanthropist: 'She is like the merchant's ships, she bringeth her food from far. She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Her husband (through her intelligent aid and co-operation) is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land.' The literature which has given us such a portrait, as well as the figures of a Miriam, a Deborah, a Ruth, and an Esther, had no narrow conception of the sphere of woman as an 'helpmeet' to her husband only in one section of his life, and shut out from all intelligent participation in the rest.

But the strange degeneracy which seems to have crept over mankind soon affected the position of woman. Ideas of polygamy and caste effaced the memory of the 'simple Aryan household, where husband and wife, equals in age, in rights, in serviceable industries, hand-in-hand ministered to the holy fires on their altars and hearths.' The strong and superstitious desire for male children gradually lowered the idea of the wife and mother to that of a mere link in the generations, and encroaching polygamy lowered it still further, though even this may have a compensating good, in a lawless age, in placing a number of otherwise helpless women under a recognised legal protection. Yet, even in this lower stage, woman not unfrequently compelled recognition of her higher gifts. One of the old Hindu dramas gives us a heroine,—Sakuntalâ,—pleading her own cause at the Court of King Dushyanta, and boldly rebuking him, in noble words, closing with the fine thought—'The spirit that dwells within us judges us hereafter;' while Sita, the ideal wife of the Râmâyana, is the good genius of her husband, rebuking, exhorting, warning him, and drawing from him the declaration that she is his 'companion in virtue and dearer to him than life.' Damayanti, another heroine, by her faithful love brings back her unhappy husband from shame and self-exile, and the pious Savitris by her wisdom and love, brings back to life her dead husband, and gives back to his father his sight, his crown and the lost glory of his race. These are, of course, heroines of poetry and romance, with, doubtless, some historic foundation, but there were female poets and sages in the old Hindu literature, as real as Sappho. There are hymns in the Rig-veda by female Rishis or sages, and there was a female poet called Avyar,—venerated as the daughter of Brahmâ,—though but the child of a Brahmin by a low-caste woman, who, we are told, 'though brought up by a singer of the servile class, excelled all her brothers and sisters in learning, and wrote, besides poetry, on astronomy, medicine, chemistry and geography.' Her 'moral sentences' are taught in the schools, as golden rules of life,—and it is worth while noting that though her acquirements extended to three studies which modern *effeminacy* looks upon as 'strong-minded,' her

closing sentence is: 'Of women the fairest ornament is modesty.' Moreover, we are further told that there were Brahmanical schools, not unlike the famous Saracen Colleges of the middle ages, at which *Hindu priests and women united* in the enthusiastic study of metaphysical and moral science; and of the women it is reported that some astonished the masters by the depth of sublimity of their thought, and that others delivered responses from a state of trance.' So that in the country, which, of almost all others, is now most associated with the idea of female dependence and degradation, we have only to go back far enough to find ideas and practices as 'advanced' as those of our modern co-educationists, and equally opposed to the conventional prejudices of the modern 'philistine.' Nay, more, the writer just quoted remarks that as the Prâkrit, supposed, with other softer dialects, to be a special consequence 'of the female organization, and to prove its independent activity in the structure of the language,' has been not only introduced into literature, but 'has gradually supplanted the Sanskrit, and forms the basis of the present spoken languages of India, the stamp of female influence is conspicuous in the historical development of Hindu speech, as an informing and determining force.'

As human life grew more and more complex, as war became more distinctly the profession of the higher classes, and the celibacy of the clergy became habitual in the Christian Church, man's work and woman's work grew more and more apart, and so, by degrees, did man's and woman's education. Yet, scattered all along the dim centuries which we call the Dark Ages, we find exceptional cases, as distinct as those of Sappho and Aspasia, to show that genius knows no bounds of sex, and that the gulf conventionally interposed did not exist in the nature of things. Nor, in mediæval Europe, were what we call the severer branches of education considered at all out of place in developing the feminine mind. Queens and noble ladies learned Greek and Latin as girls now learn 'modern languages,' and were often better read in classic lore than their lords and masters. Ingulphus, an Anglo-Saxon historian of the eleventh century, tells us that when he was a boy at Westminster school, and visited his father who lived at the court of Edward the Confessor, he was often examined by the beautiful and virtuous Queen Edgitha in the Latin language and in logic, in both of which she excelled. The Italian universities were, as Miss Jex-Blake tells us, 'never closed to woman,' and several instances are known of 'degrees granted to women in the middle ages by the Universities of Bologna, Padua, Milan, Pavia, and others;—the earliest being that of Betisia Gozzadini, who was made Doctor of Laws by the University of Bologna in 1209.' In the following century, at the same University, Maddalena Buonsegnori was Professor of Laws, while between that time and the end of the eighteenth century there were, at this most liberal seat of learning, which should be visited by every female tourist, no fewer than three female professors in its Medical Faculty, and one feminine Professor of Philosophy, one of Mathematics, and one of Greek. Every schoolboy has read how Lady Jane Grey preferred Plato to a hunting party, and has doubtless wondered at her choice. 'Queen Bess' was a classical scholar also, and the fair lady who was Queen of Hearts as well as 'Queen of Scots,' was wont to read Livy with George Buchanan, whose courtierly 'Epigramma' dedicates his Latin translation of the Psalms to the 'Nymph.'

Quæ sortem antevenis meritis, virtutibus annos,
Sexum animis, morum nobilitate genus,

and whose genius—he professed at least to hope—would give to his work any

'From 'Oriental Religions,' by Samuel Johnson, New York, 1873.

charm it lacked from him. This instance, one would imagine, might reassure those who fear that a 'liberal education' would make women masculine and unattractive.

The battle of higher education for women may be considered as won. Its bearing upon woman's work is obvious, as well that which the goal of more important and more lucrative work in view has, in its turn, on higher education. For, whatever may be said, or written, or thought about culture and development as an end in itself, the *cui bono* question is sure to intrude itself. It is seldom, indeed, that either a young man or a young woman can patiently toil on in a course of hard study without some definite end in view. And even if the student herself were enthusiastic enough in the pursuit of more 'self-culture,' it is certain that she would in general receive little encouragement from either father or mother. A writer on female education in England remarks that 'the fact that the education of girls has no immediate commercial value is the great hindrance to a better education.' The education of boys has always a commercial value, and, therefore, sacrifices are made to secure it, and care is taken that the necessary time shall be given to the studies which in due time are expected to 'pay.' But, unless a girl is intended for the profession of teaching (and how many hundreds of girls in Canada owe a pretty thorough education entirely to this fact), her studies are reckoned of little account. Few mothers, indeed, would go quite so far as to beg, as one English one did, that her daughter might not be troubled with the pennies and half-pennies in her arithmetic, because 'she can have no use for it when she marries—her husband and her housekeeper will do all that.' But the daughter's studies, after her short school-life is over, are usually at the mercy of the most trifling hindrances. If nothing else intervenes, the mother likes to see her daughter 'amusing herself.' She is impatient of anything like 'shutting herself up'—neglecting 'society' for study. It is natural for every mother to wish and expect to see her daughter 'well married'—equally natural for her to take slight account of a different contingency—and so if the daughter misses what has been set before her as the end of her being she is but ill fitted to find other interests to replace it.

But let some tangible or comprehensible goal be placed before the female student and it will act not only as a stimulus to herself, but as a reminder to her parents that it will be wise for them not to discount prematurely the matrimonial possibility. In England the tone of public sentiment has very materially changed in this respect since the extension to girls of the Cambridge Local Examinations in 1865 initiated a movement which gave cognizance and *status* to the attainments of female students, while at the same time it afforded a means of measuring them. Oxford, Cambridge, and London University have now their regular higher local examinations for women, and the newly organized joint board examinations of the two former universities have been extended to girls. The Scottish and Irish universities were not long in following suit, and St. Andrew's University last year led the way in offering to grant a degree to female students equivalent to that of Master of Arts the magical letters in their case, however, being L. A., which *might* mean Lady of Arts, but in reality stands for *Literate of Arts*—a somewhat curious modification of the old time-honoured title. And there are not only these facilities for testing female acquirements, but also, what is no less necessary, the means for preparing the candidates. Besides Girton College and Newnham Hall, which follow the Cambridge course of education, there are three colleges in London, two in Dublin, and one in Bristol, while the lectures of a large number of professors in the

University of Cambridge, and in the University College, London, are open to female students, who, in several instances, have requited the privilege rather ungratefully by carrying off the prizes from their male competitors. Besides these, there are a large number of lectures and classes in the United Kingdom for the special object of promoting higher female education, with about fifty-six public or high schools for girls, a large number of which furnish a classical, and many of them a mathematical and scientific education. The opening to female students, of all the classes and degrees of London University, is the latest achievement of a progressive movement, which has given an immense stimulus to higher female education in Great Britain, as it will, doubtless, also do to the extension of woman's sphere of work.

The Colonies have not, in general, lagged behind the Mother-country in this movement, and some have even led the way. In the January number of the *Westminster Review*, which furnishes a very full account of the present condition of higher female education throughout the world, we are informed that "to New Zealand University the real honour belongs of having been the first throughout the British Empire to admit a woman to its degrees," a young lady, Miss Edgar by name, having received the degree of Bachelor of Arts on July 31st, 1877. It is a somewhat curious circumstance, remembering Lord Macaulay's famous prediction, that this far outlying dependency of Great Britain should have led the van in this particular. Melbourne University has so far followed, as to admit girls to its matriculation examinations, without, however, allowing matriculation to follow. In Canada we are more liberal than this— one University, Queen's University, Kingston, being already declared open to ladies—an example which it may be hoped, will be followed by others. In Germany, one University at least, and the largest, that of Leipsig, admits students, both to the matriculation and graduation. Two young ladies, one a Russian, the other a [illegible] have there received degrees; [illegible] Miss Kowalewsky, from her name apparently a Pole, received some years ago, from the University of Göttingen, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Magister of Liberal Arts. German women do not as yet seem to have taken any but medical degrees, of which two, at least, were, early in the present century, conferred successively on a mother and daughter. In France, two ladies have taken degrees at Lyons and Montpelier respectively, and the Paris *Ecole de Medecine* has for years been a centre of medical education for women, while other medical schools were closed to them. It was Paris which had the honour of granting a degree, eight years ago, to the distinguished Miss Garrett Anderson, one of the ladies who has proved to the world what it is so slow to believe, that a woman may successfully practice the medical art, and at the same time be none the less, a high-minded, *womanly* woman. It is not one of the things of which England will have reason to be proud that such a woman had to go to Paris for her diploma. Last year five ladies received the degrees of M. D. at Paris—two English, two Russian and one German, a proof that this school is, so far as women are concerned, cosmopolitan rather than French. France and Germany, however, in admitting women to their universities are far behind in the preparatory education of girls, without which the opportunity of University education must be offered nearly in vain. Even in France, at least, the necessity for more thorough secondary education for girls has been eloquently pleaded by Mr. Léon Richer in 'La Femme Libre.'

Italy, where the Universities are 'never closed to women,' and where

in 1876, a State decree formally opened to them the fifteen Italian universities, has well maintained her honourable record in the past by her progressive spirit in establishing and endowing efficient intermediate schools for girls, a suggestive motive being given for 'educating the intellect of those who are to be the earliest teachers of men.' The fair and gracious young Queen Marguerite, who has already won the hearts of her people, has habitually shown her interest in the higher education of her young countrywomen by never failing to be present at the lectures of the Italian professors, which form a sort of educational course for ladies at Rome. In Austria, both university and lyceum education is provided for girls—a powerful society having been constituted in 1873, having for its object 'to save women from the pernicious influence of the prejudices and superstitions generally propounded under the guise of education.' There have already been several female medical students at the University of Vienna. In Holland, medical examinations have been open to women since 1870, and lately a ministerial order has been issued, opening to women every gymnasium as well as every university. In Sweden, both classes and examinations are open to women at the universities, with the exception only of examinations in law and theology; and in Denmark the University of Copenhagen has opened to women all the classec and degrees save those of theology—the reason assigned for this restriction being that they should not be allowed to participate in the benefices and stipends set apart for the male students, masculine magnanimity not yet having arrived at the point of tolerating their competition where its own interests might suffer! In Russia, more than twenty years ago, a liberal system of *gymnasia* for girls was instituted by the present Empress, the guiding principle enunciated being one which has been too long forgotten in some nations which consider themselves immensely the superiors of Russia in liberality, that 'a woman is not necessarily and exclusively wife, mother, mistress of a house: before specialising her for any particular destination, it is necessary to give all the development possible to all her moral and intellectual faculties,' and, owing to a demand for medically skilled women in Russian country districts, more especially in* Asia,—women have been for a good while permitted to study medicine in Russian schools, though not allowed till recently to take a diploma, which qualifies them for treating their own sex only. A college for women in connection with the University of Moscow, in which the classes are taught by professors of the University, and a system of University lectures for women in St. Petersburg, have been organized for several years; and most people will remember the presentation of a number of educational donations to found exhibitions for girls, made by the Russian municipalities in honour of the marriage of the Duchess of Edinburgh:—a fact that sufficiently vouches for the interest in female education taken by the Imperial family of Russia. Even half barbaric Finland, as we are wont to think of it, has taken a part in the great movement, and an academy for the higher education of women was opened at Helsingfors, three years ago, with ninety-three ladies on its opening roll. At the three Universities of Switzerland, there have been a considerable number of female students for more than ten years past, Zurich University having been the first in Europe to open to women its medical classes.

Turning to the western world we find that, in the United States, where half a century ago, the claim of equal

* This permission was for a time withdrawn, but so many Russian ladies resorted for medical study to the Swiss Universities, that it has recently been restored.

education for boys and girls was first advanced and conceived. there are three Universities. Michigan, Cornell and Boston, which admit both sexes alike to their halls. And the President of Michigan University gives the following testimony, borne out by the experience of the other institutions: 'If any have cherished a fear that the admission of women would tend to reduce the standard of work in the University, their attention may be drawn to the fact that during the last three years we have been steadily increasing the requirements for admission and broadening the range of studies. Their presence has not called for the enactment of a single new law, or for the slightest change in our methods of government or mode of work.' And in Boston University, we are told that their presence has raised both the mental and moral tone, as well as the standard of scholarships. So much for the fear, so often expressed, that the admission of female students would necessarily lower the whole standard and tone of a University. In the Western States, Oberlin College has been in operation since 1833, offering co-education freely, and has had a most favourable record. The venerable halls of Harvard and Yale are however still inexorably closed to women, though Harvard has at last made the concession of granting local examinations to girls, after the example of Oxford and Cambridge, but without as yet nearly the success which has attended the English examinations. As perhaps everything is done more thoroughly in England than in the United States, it is probable that even this movement, once taken in hand, will receive more thorough justice. It is rather curious, by the way, that Harvard did not make this concession to the educational movement, until several American girls availed themselves of the Oxford examinations, sending their papers thither and receiving certificates of their proficiency.

Going southward, California h been behind her sister-states, for some years had a Universit to both sexes, and even in far Peru, the new impetus seems working through that strang which seems to scatter broade seeds of new movements all ov world. Three years ago, a youn in the ancient capital of Cusco a for permission to study for the of Doctor of Law, and receiv satisfactory and common-sense that 'the laws of the Republic nised no such difference betwe sexes as would prevent the lad being a lawyer.' Such a so more generally applied, woul settle all vexed questions. By l woman free to do what she cou question of her ability and 'sphere' would practically settl

The impulse given by this state of things must be immc not only in stimulating the high cation of young women, but in o a much wider sphere of women's -especially as the right of wo the proper qualification and aut tion for the practice of medicin be now regarded as conclusiv tablished. When the mind general public shall have adjus self to the altered state of thin instances of the power of prejud conventional thought will be re as more surprising than the lo persistent opposition encountere movement so natural, so fitting, ful, to humanity, as the restora woman to her ancient office of Why this sacred office, belong her of old, should have been con by intelligent men and even by ligent women, as unbecomin womanhood, while the kindre of *nurse* is universally admitte eminently befitting it—seems in able, except on the principle a noticed, that it is the general te to *think in grooves*. In this cas ever, it is the prejudice which real *innovation*. Even in the

age which forms the subject of the Iliad, a female leech is mentioned, and Euripides refers to women able to minister to their own sex. Olympias of Thebes, and the celebrated Aspasia were both skilled in medicines, and the beautiful story of Œnone is mentioned by Professor Blackie as one of the instances showing that 'nothing was more common in ancient times than medical skill possessed by females.' There is, too, the touching history of Agnodice, the Athenian maiden, who donned male attire and risked her life that she might learn how to administer to her suffering and perishing sex, and whose heroism and success won the legal right to study and practice medicine for all the freeborn women of that State. In Henry's history of early Britain we have the following similar testimony: — 'One reason,' says a learned antiquary—'of the great influence of the women among the northern nations, is this; while the men are employed in hunting and war, the women, having much time upon their hands, spend some part of it in gathering and preparing herbs, for healing wounds, and curing diseases; and being naturally superstitious, they administer their medicines with many religious rites and ceremonies, which excite admiration and make the men believe that they are possessed of certain supernatural secrets, and a kind of divine skill.' All through the middle ages, when the 'superfluous women' found an asylum and a vocation in the religious houses, which were, as Miss Jex Blake observes, 'not only the libraries but the hospitals of the day,' the pious and accomplished abbesses, as well as the other nuns were skilled in salves and simples and the crude medical treatment of the day;—and old poems and ballads picture them as exercising their skill on wounded knights, after the manner of the fair Iseult, though not often, it is to be hoped, with the same *dénouement*:

'No art the poison might withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

'With gentle hand and soothing tongue
She bore the leech's part;
And while she o'er his sick bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.'

All through the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we find, in England, Italy, Spain, Germany and Sweden skilled female practitioners, and sometimes even professors of medicine, as in the case of Dorotea Bucca, professor of medicine at Bologna, in the fifteenth century, while even earlier than this, there seems to have been in that University at least one distinguished female medical student. If there was any outcry over her intrusion, it has been lost in the silence which veils forgotten things; but the fact remains. But in the fifteenth century in England, we find that in the year 1421, a petition was presented to Henry V., praying that 'no woman use the practice of fisyk under payne of long emprisonment.' By such means, doubtless, it was that woman was, as Charles Kingsley expresses it, 'thrust out from her natural share in that sacred office of healer, which she held in the middle ages.' Even in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, however, we find both in England and on the Continent women skilled in medicine and surgery, who took delight in using their skill for the good of others. There was, for instance, Lady Ann Halket, daughter of a Provost of Eton College, born in 1622, of whom we are told that 'some of the best physicians in the kingdom did not think themselves slighted when persons of the greatest quality did consult her in their distempers, even when they attended them as their ordinary physicians.' And there is, also, some twenty years later, Elizabeth Lawrence, afterwards wife of the Rev. Samuel Bury, of Bristol. Her husband, who wrote her life, bears testimony that 'it was not possible there should be a more observant, tender, indulgent and compassionate wife than

she was :—a more sympathising spirit is very rarely found : ' and tells us that ' she took much pleasure in Anatomy and Medicine, being led and prompted to it partly by her own ill-health, and partly with a desire of being useful,' and notwithstanding much self-distrust she succeeded so well that ' the successes in the preservation of human lives were not easily numbered.' Her husband further tells us, —showing that human nature is the same in all ages,—that ' she would often regret that so many learned men should be so uncharitable to her sex, and be so loath to assist their feebler faculties, when they were anywise disposed to an accurate search into things profitable and curious : especially as they would all so readily own that *souls were not distinguished by sexes* : and therefore she thought it would have been an honourable pity in them to have offered something in condescension to their capacities, rather than have propagated a despair of their information to future ages.' In Germany, Italy and France, there were, among others, the distinguished Elizabeth Keillen, who died in 1699, having published several medical works,—Anna Moranda Maggiolini, who filled the chair of Anatomy at Bologna in the middle of the eighteenth century and who executed exquisitely delicate anatomical models in wax, which became the pride of the Bologna Museum; —Maria Petraccini, a lecturer on Anatomy at Ferrara, Maria della Dame, who took a doctor's degree at Bologna, in 1806, Frau von Siebold, and her accomplished daughter Marianne von Heidenreich, who took her degree after studying at Göttingen and Giessen, and who died only in 1859, —known during her life, as ' one of the most famed and most eminent female scholars of Germany,' and as being ' universally honoured as one of the first living authorities in her special branch of science.' This lady and Madame Lachapelle in France seem to link the exceptional female science of the past with the noble band voted women of our day, whose verance and heroism can scar over-praised,—who, in the f popular prejudice, and unres odium,* and selfish and unma position, have restored woman natural share in what has been called ' this peculiarly womanly who have supplied to the fe portion of suffering humanity a sorely needed want, and have to women endowed by God talent and a vocation for r study, a useful career and a sphere of work, which, like th ity of mercy, to which it is so akin, at once ' blesses her that and her that takes.'

It is difficult, indeed, even into account the power of conv ality of prejudice and of oppos terest, to understand why th of woman to medical ministr especially to her own sex, sh long have been denied when i strongly enforced by humani justice, and by the natural fit things. As regards these Miss asks us to ' suppose that society r ly awoke to the great want so l noticed, that it was recognised that a scientific knowledge human frame in health and in and a study of the remedies of kinds which might be emplo curative agents would greatly human suffering, and that therefore resolved at once to se some persons who should acqui knowledge and devote their l using it for the benefit of the the race.' ' In such a case,' sh ' would the natural idea be, tha bers of each sex should be so se for the benefit of their own spectively ; that men should fit selves to minister to the mala

* A writer in the *Athenæum* in 186 ed a fact too much lost sight of, whe ' The obloquy which attends innovation i the men who exclude women from a pr which they once had a recognised place.'

men, and women to those of women, or that one sex only should undertake the care of the health of all, under all circumstances?' Few will venture to reply that the latter course would, in such a case, commend itself as either natural or desirable; and women at all events, would be nearly unanimous in preferring the former. If it be said that not a few women still express themselves in favour of a system with which use and want have familiarized them, it is replied, in the first place, that the feminine mind has not yet had time to adjust itself to the idea of *duly qualified* female physicians; in the second, that, owing to the very imperfection of their education, combined with their natural strength of feeling, women, when they are prejudiced, are more obstinate and unreasonable in their prejudices than men. But, notwithstanding this, there are many women who will welcome as an inexpressible boon to their sex, the existence of thoroughly trained female physicians, and this without in the least undervaluing the kindness and skill and unwearied tendency of which they have had abundant proof in physicians of the other sex. To quote Miss Jex Blake again, 'the real test of "demand" is not in the opinions expressed by those women who have never even seen a thoroughly educated female physician, but in the practice which flows in to properly qualified female practitioners;' and judging by this test, as well as by the crowds of patients who flock to Women's Hospitals and Dispensaries, the supply is still a long way behind the demand. And, looking at the matter on the ground of common justice—if many women desire to have physicians of their own sex to consult—and other women are equally desirous of acquiring the skill and training which will qualify them to meet this want—can it be considered as anything but the most glaring injustice that women should be 'arbitrarily prevented from employing women as their medical attendants,' as has hitherto been practically the case in England, owing to the restrictions in the way of license and registration of female practitioners. Happily this is not the case among ourselves; and three years ago the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Ontario, honoured itself by granting a medical license to a female physician, while in Great Britain, the recent liberal action of London University would seem to have settled the matter for the future, even if technical difficulties should still intervene.

But there are objectors who contend that the duties of the medical profession are too onerous for a woman's strength, and that her womanly sensibility and delicacy will be impaired by the studies and training necessary for the medical profession. As regards the first, that question may be left to settle itself, after the fashion of the wise Scotchman who '*aye judged by the e-vent*,' and so long as feminine powers of endurance bear off the palm as they do in the matter of nursing, we may safely presume that they will not be found lacking in the less laborious and more varied work of medical practice. And as woman is confessedly better fitted for nursing than man, she has this odds in her favour as a physician, since the best medical man will admit that half the secret of cure is in the proper *nursing* of the patient. Moreover, it is, if people would only *think*, glaringly inconsistent to applaud one woman as an angel of mercy who devotes herself to army-nursing, and to condemn as 'indelicate' another who makes up her mind to an ordeal no more formidable, —indeed, not so much so—to qualify her for being a medical attendant of her own sex! As Miss Jex Blake well says, 'work is in no way degraded by being made scientific; it cannot be commendable to obey instructions as a nurse, when it would be unseemly to learn the reasons for them as a student, or to give them as a doctor; more especially as the nurse's duties

may lead her, as they did in the Crimea, to attend on men with injuries and diseases of all kinds, whereas the woman who practises as a physician would confine her practice to women only. It is, indeed, hard to see any reason of delicacy, at least, which can be adduced in favour of women as nurses, and against them as physicians.' In an age, too, in which English *ladies* do not seem to shrink from gracing with their presence the aristocratic shambles called *battues*, and the still more revolting exhibitions of a degenerate *jeunesse dorée* making a living target of one of the gentlest and fairest of God's creatures, it seems like the irony of a Mephistopheles to talk of the sacred study of the mysteries of the human frame, as injurious to true womanly delicacy. They must have a very inadequate conception, either of the true nature of genuine delicacy, or of the ennobling influence of any scientific study who can fear any real injury from the one to the other, and it will hardly be disputed that earnest *women* —from the very constitution of their being, are likely to approach one of the noblest of sciences in a more truly reverential spirit than even earnest men. 'To the pure, all things are pure,' and as a true and high-minded woman has said, 'if a woman's womanliness is not deep enough in her nature to bear the brunt of any needful education, it is not worth guarding.' In ordinary life, the women who lower their sex by a tone of courseness and indelicacy are not usually the women who have studied any one subject deeply and truly, but the women who have received no education at all.

Finally, on the score of *humanity*, the objection to female physicians seems as untenable as it does on the ground of justice or of the fitness of things. Not only is there an incalculable amount of disease and suffering in what are called civilized countries, which might be prevented if women had physicians of their own sex to consult, but, in addition to this, we know that in countries wh female patient can ever be see male physician, the condition fering woman is such as to affo ple scope for the benevolent ex of all the female physicians w be qualified to relieve them. I men should insist on monop medical practice at home, the limitless field of work abroad cannot be done by men at all, a which women are specially From all missionary stations the appeal for female medical m aries, and those who have alrea swered the appeal find far mo mands on their time and st than they can possibly overtake Methodist Episcopal Mission United States has had the hon pioneering this noble work, the medical lady, Clara A. Twain, having been sent to India in and their second, L. L. Combs, having been sent to Pekin in The first of these ladies has b successful in her plans and m that the Government has adopt hospital plan for its own. The s in company with sister-labourer gone out, is doing noble wo Chinese women. A missionary writing from China, testifies no to the wide and urgent need fo labours,* and to their opport for ministering to souls as w bodies diseased, removing pre awaking kindly feelings, and o doors for the entrance of the Tr but also to the gratifying fac 'medical ladies, well fitted f work, are multiplying; and th no longer regarded with contem opprobrium, as stepping out of sphere, but, on the contrary, du our and respect are already them.' She also testifies that ' cal men who generally, in Ch

* 'Perhaps,' says Miss Jex Blake, 'we s the solution of some of our saddest social p when educated and pure minded women are more constantly in contact with their sim suffering sisters in other relations as well of missionary effort.'

lands, are very slow to welcome the sisterhood into their ranks, as generally recognize their usefulness in heathen lands.' In India female medical missionaries are already numerous, and it is significant that, a few months ago, the first female missionary was sent from Scotland to Poona, by a Scottish Ladies' Association. She has already had as much work as she could do, and has prescribed for a large number of cases. From the missionary ladies maintained in India by the Presbyterian Church in Canada comes the same appeal for a lady qualified for a medical missionary, and it may be hoped that, ere long, a Canadian labourer in this department will be found. The whole field of foreign missions, indeed, opens up a wide and appropriate sphere for woman's work, but specially rich in usefulness and fruitful in opportunities, is sure to be the career of the faithful and efficient female medical missionary. But not only are medical ladies from home in request, but in India there has arisen also an urgent demand for 'educating native women of good caste, so as to qualify them to treat female patients and children.' And so the Madras Medical College was opened to women in 1875, with permission to take a limited course with a corresponding certificate of proficiency, 'when the student did not desire to take the whole course and study for a degree.' The female students attend the ordinary courses of lectures with the other students, except for some few lectures, which it is thought more desirable to be delivered separately. 'This,' as the writer in the *Westminster Review* observes, 'is a practical way of solving that mountain-of-a-molehill difficulty—medical co-education.' That, in a country, where the position of woman has hitherto been so low, 'the wisdom of the east' should have so simply solved a problem which has so long perplexed the 'wisdom of the west' is another proof that 'necessity is the mother of invention.' If women are to be educated for the medical profession at all, it is self-evident that they must either attend the ordinary classes in medical colleges or have a special medical college for women, such as have now been established in London and New York. But where this facility does not exist the former method *must* be followed, as has been done in Madras, and is done in both European and American medical schools.

This suggests an additional reason, and one of no slight importance, why the admission of duly qualified ladies to the practice of medicine should be hailed with satisfaction by all who value the physical well-being of society. There cannot be a doubt that multitudes of lives are needlessly sacrificed or stunted in their natural development by the dense ignorance of common physiological and sanitary principles which prevails among the sex which has most to do with the care of life at its fountain-springs, and indeed all through its course. For it is women, as Charles Kingsley says, 'who have the ordering of the household, the bringing up of the children; the women who bide at home, while the men are away, it may be at the other end of the earth.' But the lack of women qualified to impart physiological instruction to their own sex has been one of the chief causes of this ignorance, which may be expected to be largely diminished when women shall be qualified to lecture to women on such subjects. 'This,' says Kingsley again, in his lecture on The Science of Health, 'is one of the main reasons why I have, for twenty years past, advocated the training of women for the medical profession, and one which countervails, in my mind, all possible objections to such a movement.'

The medical profession, as a department of woman's work, has occupied a larger space in this paper than might seem its fair proportion, both because it appears to the writer, as to

many others, a work for which woman is peculiarly fitted and peculiarly needed, and because no other so-called innovation has excited so much bitter and unreasonable opposition. But no thoughtful observer of our own times can have failed to see how much, during the last ten years, feminine activity has developed itself in many directions. An article in an American magazine, a year or two ago, gave a list of employments of American women, which included occupations apparently so unfitted for them as those of driving for livery-stables and piloting steam-boats on the Mississippi! In Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a woman was appointed Chief Engineer of the Fire Department; in New Hampshire, another contracted to construct a section of the Valley Railroad, and in Ohio in 1871, there was a lady deputy-collector of the revenue. In Washington, female clerks have for some years been employed in the departments, and telegraph operating has become a common employment, recognised as a thoroughly suitable one for women. A recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States has followed the example of the Peruvian Republic, in ceasing to recognise any reason why a lady should be denied the right of pleading in its Courts, and there are already several practising female barristers. This profession seems a much more anomalous one for women than that of medicine, yet have we not all known women who, we felt, would make good lawyers, and the publicity attending the practice of law is, after all, not nearly so great as that involved in the profession of a public singer, which seems to be universally recognised as a perfectly fit and appropriate profession for women. And it is difficult to see why it should be more unbecoming for women to use in public any powers of persuasive eloquence with which they may be endowed, than it is for them to sing or to read before large audiences. One thing is certain, that ladies who, by dint of perseverance and laborious study, qualify themselves for any of these ways of gaining an honourable maintenance, have a right to the most respectful consideration from their sisters who live only to spend the earnings of others, instead of being spoken of in the haughty and insolent tone in which we not seldom hear these, as well as other working women, referred to by women who do not possess a tenth part of their claims to esteem, and who lead, as compared with them, aimless and useless lives.

But, it may be said, why should women resort to such unusual employments, when there are the time-honoured feminine occupations of needlework and teaching? Not to dwell upon the obvious fact that both are greatly overstocked, it may be asked, as to the first, whether any man with brains and energy to do better would be content to spend his life in earning by tedious mechanical labour a bare subsistence, with no possibility of laying up anything for days of old age and weakness? And as for teaching, not only might the same be usually said of it, where women are concerned, but the ability to teach well is, like other talents, a natural gift, and it has been one of the serious obstacles in the way of educational progress that so many have betaken themselves to the profession of teaching without any natural fitness for it, but simply because it is a respectable way of 'earning a living'—a practice which is sure to degrade any profession.

There are, however, many manual and artistic occupations which modern progress has opened to women, to which her right is not disputed, and which have greatly enlarged her means of remunerative livelihood. The Art Schools of Great Britain have educated —not only female artists in the highest sense,—but also many female designers for the industrial arts, and painters of porcelain and pottery, who have at-

tained to very great perfection. Messrs. Doulton & Co., of Lambeth, employ a considerable number of female workers, in the preparation of the celebrated ware which bears their name; and one lady, Miss Barlow, has attained considerable celebrity for her spirited figures of animals incised in pottery, specimens of which were specially noted among the attractions of the late Centennial Exhibition. The same exhibition contained specimens of the taste and skill shown by English ladies in decorating furniture, and in artistic embroidery, as well as many beautiful articles which testify to the proficiency of American ladies in decorative art, —especially in wood-carving and porcelain-painting,—both of them arts in which women with artistic talent might be expected to excel. It is worth noting, also, that the machinery of the Woman's Department of that exhibition was under the sole charge of a young American lady, whose little engine-room was said to be a model of brightness and neatness. In England, the sisters of the celebrated Dr. Elizabeth Garrett, already referred to, —struck out a line of artistic and profitable employment for themselves, in the art of house-decorating, in which their taste and success soon insured them a most lucrative practice. American as well as English ladies have taken their places among the first illustrating artists of the day. And, last, but not least, the extent to which female writers are now represented in the current literature of the day,—as shown for instance in the place they take in the best English and American periodicals,—is one proof among many of their increased intellectual activity, and a hopeful indication that the enlarged educational advantages now offered will be good seed sown in good ground,—bring forth abundant fruit.

It was intended in this paper to touch a little more at length on two important relations of woman's work to her personal welfare—that bearing on her ability to maintain herself independently, and that affecting her fuller development, — mentally and morally. The present paper is, however, already so long, that this suggestive and fruitful subject cannot be discussed here. Its consideration will, it is hoped, strengthen the position that whatever mental difference there may be in sex,—and it is not by any means sought to deny or underrate it,—natural gifts and talents are distributed on a principle very different from the cut and dry theories which human minds are so ready to form and so unwilling to resign. Even in the matter of physical strength, in which women as a class are admittedly inferior to men,—there are many exceptions as regards individuals. There are 'men with nerves of flax and women with nerves of iron.' Set a Grace Darling, for instance, by the side of some effeminate exquisite, and which would be chosen for any occupation requiring even *physical* usefulness? And if there are exceptions even as to this omitted point of superiority, how many other considerations are there to show how much better it is for both men and women that both should be left entirely free to choose that life work to which they are led by the natural gifts with which God has endowed them, combined with that providential guidance which all who seek it shall surely find.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' et

CHAPTER XX.

'Her disposition she inherits which makes fair gifts fairer.'

ALMA Bostock saw Mr. Dunlop open the gate and walk up the path without any other emotion than a little surprise that he should be without his contemptible smock-frock. She held him in small respect, considering his self-denying life as a proof of mere feebleness of brain; but he was undoubtedly a man to whom outward respect was due, as the fountain and source of the family well-being. There was perhaps another reason why she regarded Alan with some contempt. It is well known in her class, and among her sex, that gentlemen, of whatever rank, are not insensible to the attractions of pretty girls, even when of lowly birth. Alma had good reasons for knowing this fact. Only a week before, Mr. Caledon, meeting her in a shady lane, while she was balancing a basket on her head, bet her a sovereign that he couldn't kiss her lips without the basket falling off. He lost the bet. And Mr. Roger Exton, the gentleman who gave her the golden apple—made her Beauty-Laureate—the funny man with the lines about his face, walked home with her through the park, when Miss Miranda and the ladies had gone away, and insisted on payment of the promised reward. But from Mr. Dunlop, who was so much about the place, no attention of that or any other kind. No use being the prettiest gir village, if you get no complime Might as well be the uglies Dunlop had eyes for nobod said, but Miss Miranda. An no hurry to put up the banns

If it had been Tom Caledo ing up the path, Alma wou smiled and nodded gaily, s talk and a laugh. As it was o Dunlop, she made a salut ceremony, which was by no m graceful.

Alan's thoughts were quite

'She is good-looking,' h have said. 'A little awkwar teaching will cure. I wish sh not drop a curtsey. She look ciative, as well as pretty. S be sympathetic and ready, o Miranda would never have her. Of course, I am not in love with her. How coul after Miranda?'

'Good-morning, Alma,' taking off his hat, as to a you Alma thought this cold and nious, but quite characteristi Squire. 'I came over to see yourself. Are you alone?'

'To see me, sir?' she ask wonder. 'Yes, I am alone. gone a-marketing, and fathe the place somewhere.'

'Alone. Then we can t and I?'

'Yes, sir.' Alma, at sight solemn eyes gazing intently nestly in her face, felt her an

spect for Mr. Dunlop increase rapidly, until it almost amounted to terror. 'Yes, sir. There is no one here. Will you come in out of the hot sun? Father 'll be in for dinner, and I'll give him your message.'

'My message is altogether for yourself, Alma. You may tell your father afterwards if you like.'

What on earth was he going to say? Could that rash fellow, Harry, who promised to tell nobody anything, have gone talking to the Squire? It *must* be Harry; and what a rage father would be in! Certainly, Harry's position in society was not that which could be expected of one who would mate with a Bostock.

With these misgivings, Alma led the way into the best room, the apartment reserved wholly for visitors of distinction. It was a room of small dimensions; what, however, it lacked in space it made up in stiffness, like some small dame of dignified and upright bearing, decked in antique bravery. The table had a dozen keepsakes, and such light reading, ranged round it. There were slippery, horsehair chairs, on which no one could sit, unless he held on by the back of the next chair; and a horse-hair sofa, on which if any one had ever tried to recline, needs must that he repent it afterwards. And the artificial flowers on the mantel-shelf, and the vases of thirty years ago, and the cheap German prints, and the coldness of the room, whose windows were never opened, struck Alan's heart with a chill. And yet what a room might this be made when the principles of the Higher Culture should have taken root! On the right of the window, the pretty wooden porch, covered with its creepers; on the left, a little lawn, with standard roses; and beyond, the greenery of the orchard. A room whose windows should open to the ground, which should be hung with light draperies, and painted in green and grey, and furnished in black, with just a little china. The girl herself, Alan thought, would set off the picture, were she but dressed to correspond with the furniture.

'What is it, Mr. Dunlop?'

He recovered himself and looked at her again with a curious gaze, half of inquiry, half of hesitation, which frightened her. He could not, really, have seen Tom Caledon—no; that was impossible. And no business of his if he had. It *must* be Harry.

'Won't father do as well, Mr. Dunlop?'

'No,' he replied, 'he will not do nearly as well.' He sat down, but the treacherous nature of the horsehair chair caused him to abandon this attempt in confusion. Then they both remained standing, rather awkwardly, Alan beside the table and Alma by the window.

'You know,' he went on, 'what I am endeavouring to effect in this village—and I hope my work has your sympathy and that you understand its great aim—to increase the love for Culture and the practices of the Higher Life. Your father lends me his cordial aid'—here Alma turned away her face to hide a smile. 'You have seen me at work for a good many months. And you have seen, I dare say, that my efforts, so far, have been a failure.'

'Well, sir,' said Alma, 'I always did say that for the Squire to put on a smock-frock like a common labourer and go a hay-making, and reaping, and hedging with a passel o' village boys was a thing I couldn't hold with. And mother said the same; said my lady would ha' blush red to see the day. Father, he only said, "Let him alone." That's all father ever said. But he's that deep, is father.'

'Yes,' Alan went on, 'we have not succeeded very well, he thinks. Your mother and you were right so far as you understood. And your father, in his rough way, was also right in saying, "Let him alone." It is what I expected of him. However, I have found at last the main cause of my

failure, and it is this, Alma—alone and single-handed I cannot do much in the direction of culture. I can only set an example which may or may not be followed. If I am married, now; if I am married to a girl who understood the classes among whom I labour—don't you see, Alma?—I should be working double, not single. Do you begin to understand?'

Not at first. She looked wonderingly in his face. Then, all of a sudden she did understand, and first she turned red and then ashy pale. Could it be? Was she in her senses? And the Squire, too? And never so much as a chuck under the chin from him to give her warning of what he intended.

'I will repeat,' he said, 'I want to find a girl who understands, as I never can really understand, the classes among whom I work. I want her to marry me in order that I may work with double my present efficiency. I want her to join with me in learning what is best, teaching what is best, practising what is best, and showing by our own example, plain for all to see, the life that belongs to the higher civilisation.'

It could not be. But yet—but yet—things looked like it. If the Squire did not mean that, what could the Squire mean?

'Will you,' he added, 'will you marry me, Alma?'

There was no possible mistake about that invitation. Five words most unmistakable. As Alma looked at Alan with frightened, wonder-stricken eyes, so looked Semelê when Zeus proclaimed his love and told her who he was. So also, but with the sheepishness natural to his sex, young Anchises gazed upon the white-limbed Thetis when she astonished him by stealing up along the golden sands, dripping wet, resplendent in her beauty and radiant with her new-born love. So looked the beggar-maid when she left her barrel-organ and received from King Cophetua, not a royal penny with a royal pat upon her fair cheek, but instead a golden wedding-ring, or the offer of one, when the monarch, in robe and crown, stepped from his throne to meet and greet her on her way. The age of that monarch is nowhere mentioned, but it must have been very advanced, and his rash act was doubtless speedily followed by deposition and consignment to the County Asylum.

Alma did not answer—she could not answer perhaps thinking of Harry. But she looked him straight in the face and tried to understand this wonderful proposal.

In two minutes you can get through a good deal of thinking.

What in the world would Harry say?

Sweet passages—many passages sweet and tender—had gone on between Harry and herself. Would he take it crying, or would he take it swearing?

Then the thought of Weyland Court. Oh—h!

She would be mistress of that beautiful place, where her mother, always full of its glories, had been lady's-maid. She would be the lady—with a carriage to drive in and horses to ride—the equal of Miss Dalmeny, the superior of Miss Despard. And what would Harry say when she drove by resplendent in silk and satin?

Help in his work? What did Mr. Dunlop mean by that?

'Well, Alma, what do you say?'

'I don't know what to say,' she replied; 'I'm struck of a heap.'

Alan shuddered. 'Struck of a heap!? But then the training had not begun. 'Miss Dalmeny did not prepare you for this proposal? I thought that she had spoken to you about it.'

'Miss Dalmeny!' She opened her blue eyes wider. 'Why, what in the world should Miss Dalmeny want you to marry me for? And everybody says that you and she are as good as handfasted, a'ready.'

Really, this young woman would require a good deal of training.

'Never mind Miss Dalmeny, then, but consider what I propose. Will you marry me?'

'It *can't* be real,' said Alma; scared out of her wits. How different from Tom Caledon, and, indeed, all the gentlemen with whom she was acquainted. A laugh and a compliment: a kind word, or perhaps, if no one was within sight, a kiss—which, in young ladies of Alma's position of life, is neither here nor there, a mere unconsidered trifle. But to stand there cold and quiet playing with his watch-chain and waiting for an answer!

'It *can't* be real,' she repeated, turning the corners of her apron in her fingers. This may be objected to as a trick of the stage, but all tricks of the stage came originally from life outside the house, and some old fashions linger; therefore, Alma being, as she subsequently described it in a quandary, the like of which she had never before experienced, turned the corners of her apron in her fingers.

'I thought you had received some intimation,' Alan went on, feeling a little pity for the embarrassment of the girl. 'I do not come to you, as you see, professing passionate love. That is not at all my motive in offering you marriage. You may, however, depend on receiving all possible kindness and consideration. And I do not invite you to a life of luxury and ease. By no means. You will go on living just as you do now, only with more attention to externals.'

She did not understand one single syllable that he said. 'Marry her, and go on living as she was accustomed to live!'

'What I want in a wife especially is advice, sympathy, help. She will supplement my own deficiencies of knowledge. I want her to be always at hand, suggesting the one right way and preventing all the wrong ways. I want her, in fact, to be the Lieutenant in my work. Can you do this, Alma? Can you be this to me?'

She gazed at him in mere stupid bewilderment. Give him—Mr. Dunlop—advice? 'Give him—the Squire—sympathy?' She thought sympathy meant pitying people who are unlucky enough to have fevers, rheumatisms, or prison fare. What did he want sympathy for? And then to give him help?

Perhaps he was cracked. People in the village did whisper that the young Squire *must* have a soft place in his head. To be sure, if he had come like a lover should—

> '. . . . the young man, he comes dancing,
> With a "How do you do, my dear?"'—

if he had told her that because she was such a pretty girl, and because her eyes were so blue, her lips so rosy, her cheek so soft, and because she had won the golden apple, which was a clear proof of her superiority, and because she must, being so beautiful, necessarily be good in proportion, therefore he had fallen madly in love with her; then, indeed, she would have believed entirely in his sanity. But to march gravely into the house, to look at her as if he was a schoolmaster and she a pupil who had done wrong things, with those solemn eyes of his, and then to say that he wanted to marry her in order to get assistance in his work—why, the man must be gone clean stark-staring mad.

Marry her and go on living as she had been living? Churning butter, perhaps. Oh! yes, and she Mistress of Weyland Court. Likely! And milking cows—and she with her best frock on every day. Or darning stockings—and she with silk ones. Picking red currants—and she with a dozen servants. And perhaps making the beds. Very likely. Work, she imagined, meant this kind of work and nothing else. He must be mad.

'Come, Alma,' said Alan, who had been listening patiently, 'what do you say?'

'I don't know,' she replied with hesitation, 'about helping in your work. But I've always been used to

house-work, and I suppose I should be able to learn what you wanted me to learn. Only I don't understand. But you don't really mean it, Mr. Dunlop? It's only some of your fine gentleman's fun.'

The idea of Alan Dunlop ever having manifested any fine gentleman's fun in his life!

'You can't mean it,' she went on. 'Up at the Court, with all those beautiful Sisters to pick and choose from.' Alma's notions of Alan's irresistible charms might have pleased a vainer man, but he received the words with a shudder. Fancy 'picking and choosing' among such girls as Sisters Miranda, Rosalind, Cecilia, and the rest. 'There's Miss Despard as beautiful as beautiful. Or there's Miss Miranda herself, like a Queen. And yet you come to me and tell me you want to marry me.'

Was then the *Droit du Seigneur* ever in force in this country? It never once occurred to Alma that she could refuse so wonderful and surprising a proposal.

To be sure the position was remarkable.

'You do not quite understand as yet, Alma,' said Alan gravely. 'With these young ladies there has been no question of marriage. And I propose this—this union—in the hope and belief that by forming new ties—I am afraid, however, that I cannot make you entirely comprehend all my views at once. Trust yourself to me, Alma, and I think you will never have reason to regret your consent.'

He held out his hand and she took it. The manners of the upper classes are singularly cold. How different from Harry! Why, only last night, when he took leave after a stealthy and hurried interview at the garden-gate, had he not with his arm round her waist, given her kisses twain—fair and honest kisses—one on either cheek? Did gentlefolk never kiss each other? If Miss Miranda had said yes, would he not have kissed her? A pang of jealousy girl's heart. She was not g then, to be kissed!'

'We will meet again Alma,' said her suitor. ' great deal to be talked ove present, good-bye.'

He was gone, and she, t the slender power of im her command, she found i believe, was actually betr Dunlop, the owner of Wey

Alma sat down on th pery of the chairs and tri what it all meant. She wo ly have a carriage—she tainly have servants—she tainly not do a stroke of w She would be a grand lady go about with Miss Dal—she hardly thought she sh see very much of Miss Dal what did Mr. Dunlop mea her whether Miss Dalme pared her for the proposa knew all about it, and n of kindness from her th fore, when Mr. Exton g golden apple. She was g to marry Mr. Dunlop; b enough to be spoken to b meny. Very well, then, and here she began to d possible revenge, a safet small natures. She coul stand it. What would say? What would her What would Harry say? all the world say?

Then, for a brief space Rapture, Joy, Triumph, wedding-bells rang and church the coach-and-four gallant steeds tossing imp and the tag-rag—includi faced gipsy thing, the daughter, who dared conte apple with her—stood a and envied.

Then, for a longer spa and sadness of heart. Harry say? She had attra her brief span of ninete

many suitors as, in that short period, a maiden may. Young gentlemen who knew her had not disdained to pay her those attentions which please them and hurt nobody. There had been farmers' sons—in fact there were still farmers' sons, because no one was ever dismissed. But, for a permanency, there was Harry.

He was a gamekeeper. One of Mr. Dunlop's gamekeepers. Would he still continue, Alma wondered, to game-keep for the Squire when she was married to him? He was a tall, stalwart, handsome young fellow of two and twenty, and he loved the girl with a passion which she could neither understand nor return. What maiden of Alma Bostock's nature can return the passion of a man who loves her? As well ask the shallow rippling lake to reflect in all its strength and glory the splendour of the sun. He believed in her love as an honest man should. His blood would have boiled had he known of these passages to which we have been constrained, sorrowfully, to allude, with Tom Caledon, Mr. Exton, and others. Of them he knew nothing. To him the girl was a pearl among maidens, full of sweet and lofty thoughts, too high for him, who was one of nature's own gentlemen, and as incapable of a meanness as any peer of noble lineage. He made her his idol, his goddess. He saved and economized for her, paring down tobacco to the lowest point compatible with a pipe a day, cutting off beer, and living at the lowest, so that he might save money to buy furniture and make his Alma comfortable. He would have liked nothing better than to wrap her in swan's down and leave her no work to do, but to sit warm and comfortable while he worked for her. And all this Alma knew.

That was the gamekeeper's idea of love and marriage: the wife was to be cosseted up and cared for by others. She was to sit warm and comfortable while her husband did what the Americans call the 'chores.' Her place was to look happy while she was petted and made much of. Well, that is a kind of duty, Alma thought, which most girls find to come pretty easy.

On the other hand, the Squire's idea about wedlock seemed to be that his wife was to do great quantities of work—perhaps the washing and the mangling. No doubt he must be cracked. Still, he had the good sense, Alma thought, to come to the prettiest girl in all the country-side. Also, though she was young and artless, the thought did occur to her that when once they were married, marriage being a tie impossible to dissolve, the wife might fairly sit down and refuse to do anything, after which the Squire would have to keep her, as the Squire's wife ought to be kept, in idleness.

But what in the world would Harry say? He was a masterful man, and he was strong. Suppose he and the Squire were to fight about her. Such things had been. Alma's heart glowed within her, as she pictured such a battle as she had read about—all for her—she herself looking on from a safe distance. And yet Mr. Mill tries to persuade us that woman's influence has always made in the direction of peace.

Suddenly she became aware that it was half-past twelve o'clock. Simultaneously with the striking of the clock arrived her mother.

She was hot: she was a little out of temper: she was disappointed with her marketing.

'Alma!' she cried. 'You here?

In point of fact, Alma ought to have been in the kitchen, where the potatoes were still waiting to be washed and peeled, and all sorts of culinary operations were already overdue. And to find her daughter actually sitting down in the best room in the morning was revolutionary, simply.

'Yes, mother,' she replied meekly; 'I am here.'

'And where are the currants?'

'I haven't picked them.'

There was something peculiar about the tone of Alma's voice. Generally, she was extremely obedient, having been ren lered so, like Shagpat, of immortal memory, by reason of thwacks. But, to-day, without b ing exactly mutinous, she was calmly superior.

'I have not picked them,' she said, a bare statement of the fact.

'Oh! and what in the world have you been doing then?'

'Nothing.'

Of all replies that Alma could have made, this was the most astounding. Had she been pert, which often happened; had she been saucy, which was not unusual; had she been rude, which happened both when she was pert and when she was saucy, an answer would have been found; but that she should calmly and without excuse, state that she had done nothing, was beyond all Mrs. Bostock's experience of girls; and she had had a long and painful experience.

She gasped.

'And the potatoes?'

'I haven't touched them. I haven't been into the kitchen at all.'

'And the cabbage?'

'I don't know nothing about the cabbage.'

'And the beef?'

'I haven't touched the beef. I tell you I haven't been into the kitchen this morning since breakfast.'

'Alma Bostock,' said her mother calmly, but with despair, 'are you mad?'

'No, mother.'

'Has father been carrying on? Have you up and sauced your father, child?'

'No. I haven't seen father; and I don't want to.'

'Then what's the matter with the girl? Is she gone out of her senses with last night's tom-foolery?'

'No, mother. It isn't that.'

Just then returned her father. He, too, was out of temper, because things had not gone altogether right in the matter of buying and sel morning. It was nothing with Alan's interests. Quit trary. Only a *coup manq* own, a little transaction in wl honesty for once would h better than chicanery.

'Now, what's this?' l abruptly, seeing the element mestic row.

'I don't know what eve world has come over Alma,' mother. 'Been sitting dow please-- sitting down--here all the morning, and done You'd better come back in time, father. There can't b ner till then. No potatoes cabbage washed, and the be the pot; and my young la on the sofa, as grand as yc doing nothing.'

Bailiff Bostock banged h whip on the table so that th frames rattled and every i keepsake on the table jun the air with alarm.

'Now, you—go up to room,' he said. 'Hanged if a couple of years younger if I lay this whip over your shoul out of my sight, I say, les now.'

Alma meekly obeyed. B mounted the stairs there was in her eye and a dimple at of her lips which showed tl pation of a little game of t ing of quite a supernatural the immediate future. He saw both twinkle and din returned to her kitchen, de velling what manner of t happened unto her daughter

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CHAPTER XXI.

'Then a most astonishing thing ha

THE bailiff banged about like a bluebottle again

of glass, swearing at large. His wife, used to these illustrations of temper, went on peeling the potatoes.

'I can't think,' she said quietly, 'whatever can have come to Alma. Who ever heard tell of such a thing before?'

'I know what is going to come to her,' replied Alma's father grimly, 'if it ever happens again.'

Then there was a pause, after which, observing that if dinner was not ready in half-an-hour he would perpetrate mysterious horrors, the bailiff retreated.

Alma remained upstairs.

Presently her mother called her. There was no answer. Then she ran up and tried the door, which was locked and bolted.

'Come down this minute, Alma.'

'Shan't,' the young lady replied.

'Come down before your father comes home. He won't take any more notice.'

'Shan't,' replied Alma again.

'Come, child. Don't make your father mad.'

'Father,' she said, 'may get as mad as he likes. I mean to stay here till he comes upstairs and begs my pardon.

'Then, my lady,' said Mrs. Bostock, 'you'll have to stay pretty long.' There was no reply, and Mrs. Bostock returned to her potatoes.

The bailiff walked down his garden in angry mood. From the garden gate, looking down the road, you could see the beginning of the village. He leaned over the rail and looked up and down.

Things were not going so well as, with his opportunities, he had a right to expect. Two hundred and fifty pounds a year, *and* the buying and the selling, meant other possibilities. There was, for instance, a little commission on which he had fully calculated. The other party, to the ineffable disgrace of humanity, had that very morning disclaimed the transaction, and refused to part with the ten per cent. This disgusted the bailiff, and predisposed him for wrath. Alma's strange forgetfulness was, therefore, like a spark to a mine. After exploding he left the house, and leaning over his garden gate, brooded as a deeply-injured man for a few minutes, and then, half mechanically, opened the gate and strolled along the road in the direction of the village.

It was a bright and beautiful day in July, the sun lying hot and strong upon the fields, turning the green corn into yellow, and doing all sorts of fancy painting with apples, pears, and peaches. The bailiff, who wanted a great deal more culture before he could get the right grip of nature's beauties, walked, growling to himself, with the intention, I believe, of taking a glass of beer, as a snack before dinner, at the Spotted Lion. But as he passed the Squire's cottage, he was hailed by the tenant.

'Come in, Bostock,' cried Alan. 'You are the very man I wanted to see.'

The bailiff growled again, and swore melodiously between his teeth; but he obeyed the invitation.

Alan was writing, but he put aside his pen, and turned his chair from the table.

'Now, then,' he said. 'I was coming up to see you this afternoon, to say what I have to say.' He rested his head on his hand, and his elbow on the arm of his chair, looking at the bailiff in his meditative way. Bostock thought he looked at him reproachfully, and began to wonder if anything had come out. It is always disagreeable to be afraid of something coming out. In the case of gentlemen like Mr. Bostock, too, there are so many things which one is anxious to keep in obscurity.

'Well, sir?' he said, feeling hot and uncomfortable.

'Pray, take a chair, Bostock. We will leave the door open for coolness. First of all, about the farm.'

'What about the farm?'

'Well: we are not doing well with it. You can see that by your own accounts. Can you recommend anything?'

The bailiff thought that accounts are things over which a Christian compiler may rejoice, inasmuch as they may tell a different tale to him who writes them and to him who reads. But he did not say so.'

'I am disappointed, I confess, with the result. I hoped there would be a margin of profit; but we are sinking deeper and deeper.'

'Well, sir, you see there's all the charges you made on it at first; the machinery, and the rise of wage, and all. And then it is but a small farm. If you really want to make money—what a gentleman like you would call money—by farming, farm large. Get two or three of your farms, run 'em into one, and make me—there, now, that's the only way—make ME bailiff of the whole.'

Alan allowed the suggestion to fall to the ground.

'You may strike one of your labourers off the roll, Bostock. I have decided that I have done all I can by my year's work upon the farm. If I have failed to make myself a friend of the men, which is, I am sorry to say, the case, I have learned what a rough and hard life they have, and how difficult it is to move in the direction of culture men whose days are spent in labour. That is something. Where I am most disappointed is, that I cannot get any nearer to them.'

'You're quite near enough,' said the bailiff.

'The men shun me; they will not work with me if they can help it. Even with the boys I make no headway. They look upon me with some sort of dislike.'

'That lot,' said Mr. Bostock, by way of consolation, 'would dislike the Devil himself.'

'Well, the end of it is, that I withdraw from the field-work. There is plenty to do here: I have to arrange my amusements for the winter, get the Art Gallery in order, make another attempt at night-schools—plenty to do. But I am going to take a very serious step.'

Mr. Bostock turned pale. Not going to dismiss the bailiff?

'In order to enter fully into the mind of the people, to sympathise with them, to understand my own failure up to the present point, and guard against more and greater failure, I must have a wife. She must be herself a daughter of the class, or near to the class, among whom my life is to be spent; and she must be ready to enter into my views and help me with my work.'

Mr. Bostock stared with all his eyes. What the deuce did all this mean?

'In so important a matter—because I cannot pretend to be actuated by the—the usual motives in seeking a wife—I took the advice of friends. They have pointed out to me the girl who seems to possess most of the requirements for the position. That girl is ——'

'Not Black Bess, daughter of the blacksmith!' cried the bailiff, in alarm; for the blacksmith and he were not friends.

'No—not that young woman,' Alan replied, with a smile. 'In fact, Bostock, it is—your daughter.'

'My gal! Mine!" This time he jumped out of his chair with excitement. For in a moment that crafty brain saw the boundless possibilities of the position. For himself, ease and comfort assured for life: no more necessity for paltry cheateries: the luxury of virtue attainable without an effort: and even if awkward things did come out, the certainty that they would be smoothed over.

'Yours, Bostock.'

'My gal!' he repeated, slowly. 'Mine!'

He opened his lips and gasped. This was indeed a Providential go.

'You are not joking, Mr. Dunlop?'

'You ought to know by this time, Bostock, that I am not in the habit of joking.' This was quite true. No one ever knew Alan Dunlop make a joke. He would as soon have stood upon his head.

'I have already spoken to Alma about it—in fact, I spoke to her this morning. She has consented to become my wife on the terms I propose, to join in my work among the village people, and raise them, with herself, to the higher levels.'

'Oh!' Bostock became more and more bewildered. The young lady whom he threatened with his horse-whip half-an-hour before was already, then, the betrothed of Squire Dunlop. 'Oh! You have spoken to my gal,' he added, slowly, 'and my gal has consented. Ha!'

'I hope you have no objection, Bostock.'

'Well, sir,' he replied, with dignity, 'I don't see any objection, if Alma's willing. That gal was born to raise herself—we see it in her from the beginning. And she has a feeling 'art. Like her father, she has a feeling 'art.'

'Very well, Bostock. I will go over and see her again to-morrow morning.'

'What will Lord Alwyne say, sir?'

'My father never interferes with my scheme of life,' said Alan. He nodded his head and returned to his writing, as if that interview was over.

Mr. Bostock hastened home with a very different air from that with which he had set out. And when he entered the kitchen, which was at the very moment when his wife was dishing the potatoes and setting out the dinner, he came in whistling and singing like a jocund swain of Arcady.

'Why, Stephen, what's come over you now?' His wife thought that he might have had some slight touch of sunstroke, or some sort of fever. But no; it was not sunstroke, nor fever. Joy, as we know, does not kill. 'You whistling and singing! and Alma——why, all the world's gone mad!'

'Where is my little gal?' he asked, with emphatic affection, rubbing his hands together. 'Where is my little gal?'

'Where should she be, an idle hussy, but where you sent her—in her bedroom, sulking?

'Ah, we are but purblind mortals, wife.' He filled, and drank a glass of beer. 'Only purblind mortals in the day of our wrath'—this was scriptural—'and no man knoweth what a talk with the Squire may bring forth. My little gal is upstairs, in her bedroom, is she? Well, it's a warm day, and she'll be cool and comfortable there. Go and tell her to come down and kiss her daddy. You and me will peel the potatoes; she shall sit on the sofy in the best room and look pretty.'

Was the man stark staring mad?

'My gal, Alma!' he sighed, sentimentally. 'Mind, wife, I always did say that girl would be a credit to us. And a feeling 'art.'

'If you did say that, Stephen, you said it behind my back. Feeling heart? Yes, after a bit o' ribbon and a ruff. Alma won't come down, she says, unless you go upstairs and beg her pardon.'

'At any other time,' said her father, rising with alacrity, 'at any other time but this, I'd see Alma'd ——d first, and break my stick over her shoulders afterwards. Now, my dear, it's my turn to sing small; very small we must both sing now.'

'Why, what has happened, Stephen?'

Stephen did not reply, but climbed heavily upstairs.

"Alma," she heard him cry in honeyed tones. 'Alma, my little gal, come out and kiss your daddy.'

'Say, "I beg your pardon,"' cried Alma shrilly, from the safety of her own room.

Mrs. Bostock laughed with the incredulity of Sarai.

'I beg your pardon, Alma,' said her father. 'I beg your pardon, my

little gal: come out and kiss your loving dad.'

The door was instantly opened, and there was a sound as of a paternal embrace, and a kiss upon the forehead. And then they came down stairs together, the father with his arm around his girl's waist.

'Lord!' said Mr. Bostock, 'if I'd only a known it. But there, you see, you said nothing. That was your artfulness. Kiss me again, pretty.'

'Now, Bostock,' said his bewildered wife, 'when you've done carrying on like a Tom-fool in a show, p'raps you'll sit down and eat your dinner.'

'Dinner!' cried the bailiff, 'what's dinner at such a moment! We ought to be drinking champagne wine. And we shall, too; only you wait. Alma, tell your mother all about it. No—I will. This gal 'o mine,' he laid his broad hand upon her head, and the triumph of the moment was to Alma almost as delightful as the triumph of the golden apple—'This gal 'o mine, who takes after father for sweetness of disposition, is going to marry no less a nobleman than Mr. Dunlop—there!'

Tableau!

But Mrs. Bostock said, when she had recovered something of her tranquillity, that it seemed to her an unnatural thing, and one which, if brought to her late lady's knowledge would make her turn in her grave. This aristocratic platform was the result of having been a lady's maid. Both the bailiff and his daughter despised it.

How Mr. Bostock spent the afternoon in surveying the land which he already regarded with the eye of a proprietor; how he saw himself, not bailiff of the smallest and least productive farm on the estate, but steward of half a dozen farms rolled into one; how he revelled in anticipations of large balances at the bank; how he puffed himself up with the sense of his newly-born greatness—these things belong to the chapters of Paralipomena. And if every novel had these chapters published in addition to its own, the world would not be wide enough to contain the literature of fiction. To the same chapter belong the flatness of the afternoon for Alma, and the mixture of pride and disgust which fell upon the soul of her mother.

In the evening, after sunset, the girl slipped out unobserved. Her father had just lit his pipe and her mother the lamp. One was sitting over needlework, the other over a book of accounts. It was quite usual for her to go out in the evening, and neither made any remark.

She slipped down the long garden-path as fast as her feet would carry her. At the garden-gate she looked up and down the road. Presently, a tall form came quietly along in the twilight. It was that of Harry, the gamekeeper. She opened the gate, and he came in; following her across the beds to the orchard at the side, where they could talk without fear of detection. This, in fact, was their trysting-place.

'I heard,' said Harry, 'about the fooling of the gold thing. Don't you turn your head with vanity, Alma. Not but you deserve it better than Black Bess, and if you like it, why—there—it don't matter to me.'

He has got his arm round her waist, and is a tall young fellow, looking handsome and well-set-up in his rough gamekeeper's dress.

'No, and nothing will ever matter to you any more, Harry,' said the girl.

'Why, what's happened, Alma?'

'Oh! Harry, you and me can't ever marry now.'

'Why not! 'Cause of father? Who cares for your father?'

'No, not because of father—worse than that—'cause of the Squire, Mr. Dunlop.'

'What's he got to do with you and me, Alma?'

'A good deal, Harry. He pays

your wages, which is what he has to do with you. And he has asked me to marry him.'

'You! Alma—you! To marry the Squire!'

Even the bailiff's astonishment was not greater than honest Harry Cardew's.

'You, Alma!'

'He will have it, Harry. I can't help myself. Besides, though I like you the best, and you know that very well, it *is* a grand thing to marry the Squire. And if I was to say "no," there's all the rest to pick and choose from. For he's determined, he says, to marry in the village, so as to get to understand——there—I don't know.'

Harry was staggered. He was prepared for almost any other kind of blow. That the bailiff would not consent he knew already; but Alma had promised, with every vow that the girl knew, fidelity to him. She would keep company with no one but him; how, then, about that walk through the woods with Mr. Exton? The young man trusted her, as is the way with loyal young men. And now she was asked in marriage by the Squire—of all men in the world. Did Rebekah, when the great sheikh's messengers bore her away, leave behind her some mourning swain of Padan-Aram?

'What did your father say?' asked Harry.

'Father's proud. Been kissing and hugging me all day long,' Alma replied.

'What would your father say if you told him you liked me best?'

'Father 'ud beat me to a mash,' said the girl with the straightforwardness of conviction.

'So he would—so he would. Bostock's handy with his stick, 'cept when a man's about. Well, you ain't married yet, my beauty. You go on easy and quiet. Don't you fret. When the right time comes, we'll see.'

'Why, what would you do, Harry?'

'Never you mind, pretty. I've got your promise and the broken sixpence. Go on fooling round with the Squire a bit longer, if you like—let your father make what he can out of him while the sun lasts, for it won't last long. And when it comes to a wedding, it'll be Harry Cardew and Alma Bostock, not the Squire at all. So there, now.'

There was an air of strength and certainty about her lover which was not unpleasing. And the way in which, putting his arms round her, and kissing her at odd intervals, he assumed that she belonged to him, was at once terrifying and delightful. It would never do to miss the chance of Weyland Court, for although Mr. Dunlop said something foolish about work in the village, that was all nonsense, and she intended to live as the wife of the Squire ought to live, in idleness at the Court. On the other hand, there would be the dreadful trouble of a husband of whom she was afraid. Far better the man who held her in his arms, the handsome, stalwart Harry, as brave as a lion and as strong.

'So there, Alma, my gal,' he said, 'and now, good-night. I've got to think over it somehow. If I must speak to Mr. Dunlop, I shall tell him everything. But I shall see. Keep up your courage, my dear.'

He left her and she returned to the house.

Her father was drinking brandy-and-water.

'Where have you been, Alma?' asked her mother.

'Into the garden for my basket,' she replied, using a figure of speech common among young women, but not inculcated in any of the copy-books, called the *suppressio veri*. She had, in fact, brought back a basket.

'Your mother,' said Mr. Bostock, 'says it isn't natural. I suppose flesh and blood isn't natural next, nor a pretty girl isn't natural. To me, now, it only shows what a straight man Mr.

Dunlop is. What a man! As I said the very first day when he made me his bailiff. "He is a man," I said, "as knows a man when he sees a man." First, he says to himself, "I want a bailiff. Where shall I find that bailiff? Where am I to go for honesty and hard work? Stephen Bostock," he says, "is that man." Next, he says, "I want a wife—not a fal-lal fine lady, but an honest wife. Where shall I find that wife? Alma, daughter of Stephen Bostock, is the girl for me," he says; "my bailiff's gal. She takes after her father and has a feeling 'art."'

He looked round the room triumphantly after quoting this double illustration of his employer's remarkable acuteness.

'Going into the garden after your basket,' he echoed, after a pause. 'Next year you'll be sending your footman into the garden after your basket. See how different men are from women,' he observed. 'Mr. Dunlop wants a wife. He takes his bailiff's daughter. Now, if I had a boy, do you think Miss Miranda would marry *him?*'

'I am quite sure,' said his wife, 'that she wouldn't be such a fool.'

'No, she wouldn't. Gar! it's their cussed pride.'

They left him alone presently, and he drank more brandy-and water, considering how this new relationship could be turned to the best advantage. He saw many ways. As he considered each in its turn his face assumed the varying expressions of conceit, selfishness, cunning, and extraordinary satisfaction.

He sat up in his chair and slapped his leg, a resonant slap, which woke up Alma lying in the room above, and made Harry the gamekeeper, a mile off, think there was a shot in the preserves.

'It's fine!' he ejaculated. 'Dammit—it's fine.'

CHAPTER XXII.

'They say, best men are moulded out of faults.'

SO Alan Dunlop became engaged. Events of great magnitude are seldom long before they meet with the trumpet of Fame. It need not be detailed how the intelligence was received at the Spotted Lion; how the thing, whispered at first from ear to ear, was speedily proclaimed upon the housetops: how, finally, the London papers got hold of it, and set specials down to write sensation columns on the Weyland Experiment.

The members of the Order, for their part, received the news with unfeigned disgust. There could be no longer any doubt as to Hamlet's madness. A man may give up all that makes life desirable and go to work in a smock-frock, and yet not be mad. A man may fancy that he will be able to educate the British peasantry into a love for culture, and yet not be mad. Dubious and ill-defined as is the borderland between sanity and its opposite—multitudinous as are the men who cannot quite see things as other men see them—there can be no doubt as to which side he belongs who, being a gentleman, actually proposes to marry a village girl, without the pretence of passion, and solely in order to carry out an experiment. The opinions of the fraternity, variously expressed, amounted, therefore, to this, that Alan Dunlop must be mad. The spirit of the Order, which requires affection and service to be given by knight to demoiselle, and not to fillette or chambrière, was infringed. It was *lèse-majesté*—high treason against Love. And to the Sisters, though none expressed the feeling in words, it seemed a cruel slight towards their Abbess.

Naturally, it was Miranda who first talked about it. The Sisters, or a good many of them, were collected in Desdemona's cell, which was, as we know, a great place of morning resort; chiefly

because its occupant sat there over what she was pleased to call her work, which was chiefly the devising amusements for the Abbey, and because she never minded interruption.

'I have known,' said Miranda in her quiet and straightforward manner, seeming to be aware of the thought that lay in every mind—'I have known for some time what has been in Alan Dunlop's mind; and it is a great unhappiness to me, because, of course, he has always been a great deal to me, a part of my life.'

Desdemona, from the depths of her easychair, murmured lightly:

'Henceforth, let us acknowledge that Hamlet is really mad. To have been with Miranda all these years, and not to have fallen in love with her, is alone enough to prove it. Has he made love to any of you, my dears?'

No: there had been no sign of flirtation, no indication of the slightest tendency in that direction towards any of them. Their pretty heads shook with unanimous sadness—call it rather pity—that one so handsome and so admirable from every other point of view should be so cold.

'Confirmatory evidence,' said Desdemona. 'He has been insensible to the single beauty of Miranda when he was alone with her, and to the collective beauty of the Order. Oh! he is quite, quite mad. And yet we love our Hamlet.'

'No,' said Miranda, 'Alan is not at all mad: he is only an enthusiast: he has chosen a path full of difficulties, and he does not always see his way plainly. I fear he has made a grave mistake.'

Said Desdemona: 'But he is not married yet.' She said it with emphasis.

'Unfortunately,' Miranda went on, 'it was partly my fault. Alan asked me to recommend him the best—or the least objectionable—of the village girls. Of course I could not conscientiously recommend him any one really, but I undertook the task in the hope that he would see the dreadful mistake he was going to make. And then, the other day, when Mr. Exton had his unfortunate "Judgment of Paris," just after he had awarded the prize to Alma Bostock, and at the very moment when she was standing before us all, looking her very best in her first flush of her triumph, Alan came in, and jumped at once to the conclusion, that there was the girl I had selected for his wife.'

'And now,' said Cecilia, with a sigh, 'I suppose we shall have to disperse ourselves. There is an end of the Abbey of Thelema. Where else can the Order find so glorious a home, and so splendid an organ?'

'Where else,' sighed another, 'shall we find so complete a theatre?'

'Where else,' asked Nelly, 'shall we find such a free and happy life?'

'And a park like Weyland Park.'

'And gardens like those of Weyland Court.'

'And such an owner of all, such an Amphitryon,' said Desdemona, 'as Alan Dunlop. Hamlet with all his fancies is the best of all the Brothers. But, my children, go on enjoying youth and pleasure. The Abbey is not dissolved yet: the Seigneur of Weyland is not yet married.'

'Desdemona,' said Nelly, 'you said that before: you mean something: you are raising false hopes. You prophesy what you wish. Wicked woman! Alan must keep his word of honour.'

'I am a prophet,' replied the actress, 'by reason of my age and sex. You will all become prophets in time, especially if you learn the art of foretelling by your own sufferings, which Heaven forbid. I read the future—some futures—like a printed book. Alan will not be married to the Bostock girl. Are you all satisfied?'

'Not quite,' said Nelly, the most superstitious of womankind. 'Tell us more about him. Will he ever marry at all? Will he give up his crotchets? Will he settle down and be happy like the rest of the world?'

Desdemona shook her head. 'Do you not know,' she said, 'that the Oracle would never give more than one reply at a time.'

'Then tell me something about myself,' said the girl.

'Look out of the window,' replied the Pythoness, 'and see your fate.'

Nelly looked, and returned blushing.

'What have you seen, my child?'

'Tom Caledon lying on the grass, and he saw me, and waved his hand. And Mr. Exton was walking away into the Park.'

'That is your fate, my dear.'

All the other Sisters laughed, and Nelly asked no more questions.

Alan did not appear that night, nor for several nights, at dinner. When he did, his manner was constrained. No one congratulated him: no one asked him any questions. Only Desdemona sought to speak with him secretly.

'I think,' she said, when she found an opportunity, 'I think, for my part, that a man's happiness is the very first consideration in life.'

This was a proposition which could not be allowed to pass unchallenged by a man who had deliberately thrown away his own chance of happiness.

'I know what you think, Alan,' she went on. 'That I am a selfish old woman. Perhaps I am. I see no good, for instance, in your self-sacrifice. You were born to set an example.'

'And I do set an example, I think,' he replied grimly.

'Yes: the awful example. It was foolish enough to fancy that these clods would begin to long for culture because you went to live among them. You see they do not. But it is far worse to imagine that they will be any the better for your marrying among them.

'It is my hope,' said Alan, a little stiffly, 'that they will. It seems to me the only chance of understanding them.'

'If I wanted to understand farm-labourers,' said Desdemona, '[illegible] do not, I should get at their n[illegible] comparison. You drink a [illegible] wine critically: they gulp bee[illegible] ily. You make dining one [illegible] Fine Arts: they eat where [illegible] they can. You think of othe[illegible] besides yourself, of great q[illegible] and lofty things: they think [illegible] selves and the soil. As yo[illegible] the scale you shake off more a[illegible] of the animal. As you desce[illegible] put on more and more.'

But Alan shook his head.

'Then there is another thi[illegible] demona went on with her [illegible] "If you marry this girl with[illegible] of using her insight and expe[illegible] help out your own, what [illegible] marry you for?'

Really, Alan could not say [illegible] was going to marry him. [illegible] came to face the question he [illegible] suddenly that it might be on[illegible] of his great possessions.

'Is it for love, Alan?'

'No, I suppose not—at lea[illegible] not pretended to any love on [illegible] part.

'Is it in the hope of further [illegible] projects?'

'It is on the understand[illegible] my ideas are to be studied [illegible] thered if possible.'

'The lower you go,' De[illegible] went on, 'the less dopeopleca[illegible] efforts which are based on ide[illegible] can understand a pair of bla[illegible] piece of beef. Charity to the [illegible] immediate help. What symp[illegible] expect to find in such a girl I [illegible] think.'

He made no answer.

She went on relentlessly.

'Another thing, again. Al[illegible] tock does not belong to the [illegible] labourers.'

'I see very little distance [illegible] a small tenant-farmer, who is [illegible] bailiff, and one of his labourer[illegible]

'You do not,' she replie[illegible] Alma does. She sees a gre[illegible] Alan, before the eyes of all

girls of the lower ranks there floats for ever a vision of rapturous splendour. They dream that a prince, a beautiful youth with vast possessions, is coming to marry them, and that they will go away with him to bliss unspeakable. Too often, the prince does actually come, and makes love to them. And they do go away with him —but not to marriage or to bliss, poor things. Alma's eyes are dazzled. No use for you to protest that in marrying her you want her to be your Lieutenant, that you intend to live down in the village among the people. They are not her people; she has risen a little above them: she will rise to your level, if she can. She will have her eyes fixed upon Weyland Court. As you have made her your wife, you must make her a lady. And then you will bring to your old home, not the worthy successor of your mother, no queenly chatelaine like Miranda, no sweet and beautiful girl like Nelly, but a companion who is no companion, a woman miserable because she has got her ambition, and is not satisfied because she is out of her place——"

'Stop, Desdemona,' said Alan. 'I have pledged my word. All these things may be as you say. It will be my business to fight against them.'

He left her, and presently struck gloomily across the Park, homewards. Ever since the day when he offered himself to the village maiden, he had been tormented by a doubt worse than that of Panurge. Said Panurge, 'Shall I marry? Shall I marry not?' Said Alan, 'I must marry. Have I been a fool, or have I not? And if I have, then what an amazing fool!'

For of these late days a vision of quite another kind had crossed his mind. It began with that touch of Alma's hand when it lay in his. She was to be his wife: her hand was there in token of her promised word. It was a soft hand, and small, although it did all sorts of household work; but Alan did not think of its softness. It was, somehow, the wrong hand. It was a hand which had no business with him or his. When he talked with her the same feeling came over him. He was talking to the wrong woman. His words fell into her mind like water poured into the vessels of the daughters of Danaus, because it passed away and made no impression. The wrong woman. And if so, who was the right woman? If so, how could there be any other woman to fill that place but Miranda?

When it was too late, when he had given his promise to another, he found what Miranda had always been to him —the only woman in the world.

'A man's own happiness the chief thing to look after,' Desdemona had said. And his duty to set an example in the conduct of life. Was it, then, altogether a mistake? Was his self-imposed mission, his apostleship of culture, wholly a great mistake? Was he, instead of a martyr, only an ass?

I think it would be difficult for a preacher, an apostle, or a prophet to propose to one's self a more disquieting question. Suppose Brigham Young, in his old age had been troubled with doubts: suppose the Pope were to have misgivings about Protestantism: suppose Mr. Spurgeon were to become convinced that the right thing was the Establishment: suppose Mr. Ruskin doubting whether he had not better tear up everything he has written since the 'Stones of Venice:' suppose Mohammed at the close of his career wondering whether he had not done infinite mischief: suppose the Archbishop of Canterbury becoming a Ritualist: suppose Mr. Gladstone beginning to stone the priests. Such a revolution was going on in poor Alan's brain. Was he a confessor for the faith, was he a young man who had generously sacrificed himself in the pursuit of a noble cause, or was he —alas!—was he only an ass?

The owls in the trees hooted at him as he passed across the silent Park. 'To-whoo! to-whoo! What an ass you are! To-whoo!' The wind in his face

whispered it in his ears as he passed: 'Ass! ass! ass!' And a low voice in the distance murmured unceasingly as he went along: 'He might have had Miranda—Ass!' He got back to his cottage—how grim and mean it looked, with its stone floor and its pine-wood table!—and found a letter from Alma.

'My dear friend'—(after all, it made very little matter whether she spelled properly or not. Philanthropy, marriage, harmony, mutual respect, things beyond the power of bad spelling to touch)—'My dear friend. I have read the book which you lent me quite through. I will give it back to you to-morrow. I think I should like a story-book better, if you will find me one. Father sends his love.

'Your affectionate

'Alma.'

Well: he taught her to call him her friend: she *had* read the book—one of Ruskin's shorter works: it was natural that she should like a story-book better than an essay; and it was also pleasant that she should add in her artless way, the love of her father. Stephen Bostock's love, and yet . . . oh! the wrong hand, the wrong voice, the wrong woman.

He went to bed, and lay awake, thinking sadly of the future which stretched before him. He saw himself carrying a burden growing daily heavier. He saw the sweet eyes of Miranda resting upon him with sympathy, but they gradually sank out of sight and disappeared. And then he was left quite alone with his burden, which was a live woman, struggling and fighting with him, and crying to go to Weyland Court.

Desdemona, for her part, began to think that in her professional career she had assisted at the construction of many a good drama, of which the plot did not promise to be half so good as this story of Alan and Miranda. She had suggested many an ingenious situation, striking t and astonishing *dénoûement*, wh author had carried out in the and she on the boards. Now s a plot to work out, the issues of concerned the happiness of two at least, not counting Alma.

To prophecy is all very wel suppose it depends upon the p to bring about the fulfilment? it becomes embarrassing. Wha should she take? Presently a t occurred to her. It was as ye in the rough, but it was worth ing up. And she sent for Tom don, because he knew everybo their history.

'Now, Tom,' she said, 'I w have a confidential talk wit Sit down, be patient, and tell exact truth, or help me to find

'Is it anything about Nell me?' asked Tom guiltily.

'No, egotistical boy—always ing of yourself—it is not. It is a much more important couple—Alan and Miranda.'

'Why—Alan is engaged to Bostock.'

'Please do not interrupt. ' gacity of men, when they do times attempt to understand th sometimes too dreadful. Lis want to know all about Aln tock.'

'All about Alma Bostock,' T peated: 'as if anybody coul know all about a girl.'

'Do not be cynical, Tom. may learn quite as much abou as is good for them to know. I men have their little secrets like. However, I want to find many of Miss Alma Bostock' can.'

'That seems an extensive or

'First, what do you know her?'

'Well, it's a good many yea I have been knocking about th of the country, and I know n the people in it——'

'Dear me! cannot the ma

to the point at once? Do you know Alma Bostock well?'

'Pretty well.' Tom smiled. 'Pretty well—I have spoken to her.'

'Now tell me, Tom, what sort of a girl is she?'

'Comely,' said Tom, 'not to say alarmingly pretty. Alan has got one of the village beauties.'

'Ah!' said Desdemona. 'I suppose the other two are that black-haired young person whom we saw in the tent last week, and the statuesque-looking girl. Beauties of a kind; but, Tom, *do* you think it right—I ask you—to use the same word to describe Nelly Despard and Alma Bostock?'

'Never mind,' said Tom, waving the question. And indeed it must be owned that the masculine mind is far more catholic and comprehensive as regards beauty than the feminine. We need not be ostentatiously proud, however, of this superiority. 'Never mind that,' said Tom. 'She is a pretty girl.'

'Is she—I don't say a good girl—of course she is a good girl.' Desdemona paused a moment, as if she would receive with resignation an assurance to the contrary effect. 'Of course she is a good girl,' she repeated with emphasis, as such assurance did not come. 'But is she a girl with any self-respect or dignity?'

Tom tried to look serious, but broke down and allowed a little smile to play about the corners of his mouth.

'Then I am to suppose that she is not,' Desdemona said sharply.

'Indeed, I said nothing of the kind.'

'Some girls of that class,' his examiner went on with great persistency, 'allow young gentlemen to kiss them. At least, I have heard rumours to that effect.'

Here Tom fairly burst into a laugh.

'Oh!' said Desdemona. 'Then I suppose that you are one of those who have already kissed the village maiden. Now, don't beat about the bush, Tom, but tell me everything.'

'You really must not ask everything. I appeal to your generosity, Desdemona.'

'I have none when the interests of Alan Dunlop are at stake. Tell me all, Tom.'

Well, then, if you must know——I wonder what Nelly would say——'

'Nelly shall not know.'

'If you do meet a pretty girl in a shady lane, and you do take toll as you pass—an innocent toll that really does no harm to anybody——'

'A country girl is only a toy to amuse a gentleman,' said Desdemona a little bitterly. 'Go on, Tom Caledon. Has this toll been often demanded and paid?'

'Pretty often, I dare say,' he replied, with unblushing effrontery.

'I suppose whenever you met her. Shameful!'

'Well,' said Tom, 'if you come to that, Desdemona, I should like to know what you would have done if you had met her dancing along the way with her bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and her curls as gay as the flowers in June?'

'I should have boxed her ears,' said the lady calmly. 'I should certainly like to box her ears. A girl who lets one man kiss her will, of course, let a dozen. One understands that. But about herself—is she clever?'

'I should say no.'

'Has she any education?'

'I should say none. Reads and writes. Reads love-stories and writes love-letters, no doubt, to Harry.'

'What!' shrieked Desdemona. 'Writes love-letters! To Harry?'

'She used to, I know, because Harry, who is as good a fellow as ever stepped, has often shown them to me. But, of course, she has left off now, and given Alan the benefit of all her thoughts.'

'I see.' Desdemona relapsed into silence. She was turning things over

in her mind. This revelation about Harry was just the thing she wanted.

Tom went rambling on:

'She is good about the house, I believe; makes butter, looks after the cheese, and the cream, and the eggs—all that sort of thing. I've been in her dairy when her father and mother were away on market day. It was quite Arcadian, I assure you. Made a fellow feel like a shepherd.

'Thank you, Tom; you have told me quite enough,' said Desdemona. 'That is another remarkably stupid thing about men that they never know when to stop when they do begin confessing. I suppose it comes of the amazing opinion they always have of their own importance. Do you know if she is fond of running about in the evening or does she stay at home?'

'Why,' said Tom, 'of course she likes running about in the evening they all do. She used to get out on one excuse or the other, and meet Harry at the bottom of the garden every night. I dare say she stays at home now, and listens to Alan. I should like to see him, with his solemn blue eyes, preaching to poor little Alma about the great and glorious mission she has to fulfil, while old Bostock pretends to enjoy the talk, thinking how to make something more out of it for himself. Perhaps poor old Harry is crying his eyes out at the bottom of the garden. He's just the sort of man to take things of this sort seriously; and if you've got nothing more to ask me, Desdemona, I will go and find him out, and see how he *does* take it.'

Tom rose and took his hat.

'One moment, Tom,' said Desdemona; 'who is he, this Harry.'

'Why, Cardew, one of Alan's gamekeepers, of course. Everybody always calls him Harry, and there can't be two Harrys about the place.'

'What sort of man is he?'

'A tall, handsome man, about my height, but better looking and stronger. Just the sort of fellow t girl's fancy.'

'Yes; and is she the girl fancy in her head when on got one?'

'That I can hardly say. Desdemona, my acquaint Alma Bostock is limited t

little trifles I have com to you. Need I express a they will not be mention certain ears polite? I perhaps Nelly, not to say might not think the bett Now you, I know, will fo little trespasses, the kno which has been, so to spe from me by a pressure equ horses.'

'I shall not talk about t Of course, it is of no use to abstain in future fro toll.'

'On the contrary, as rega said Tom, lightly, 'all the world; she belongs to Alan

'And before, she belonge the gamekeeper. Poor Ha

'Well, but Harry did n and what the eye does n heart does not grieve for.'

'Poor Harry!—again. Tom, we come to the real part of the business. Do y idea of this marriage?'

'Like it! No! but I Alan's keeper.'

'Then will you help me it?'

'I would help you if I c demona.'

Tom became serious, and again.

'Of course Alma is quite of him.'

'We must look about us invent something.'

'Shall we take Nelly i dence!'

'Tom, your weakness that young lady is unworth The fewer in our confidence You and I are the only two

with. Later on, perhaps, we may let gamekeeper Harry join us.'

'Harry? Well, I leave it all to you. Only Nelly would have enjoyed it so much.'

'Nelly is charming as she is pretty. But Nelly might enjoy it so much as to share her pleasure in the plan with somebody else. You must confine your confidence to me, if you please.'

'Very well,' said Tom, 'though how you are going to manage things I cannot understand.'

Desdemona rose from her chair, and began to walk about the room.

'I never thought you would understand,' she replied, at one of the turns upon the stage.

She still preserved her stage manner—right to left, left to right—and swept her skirts behind her with a touch of the hand, as she turned, in her old familiar stage style.

'You see—stand up, sir, before the footlights, and face the audience—we are now at the end of Act the First, and this is the situation. Alan Dunlop is engaged to Alma Bostock, being himself in love with Miranda.'

'In love with Miranda? How do you know that?'

'Because I am a propheteess—before the audience—and when the curtain is down I am a dramatist. But it is true, Tom; and Miranda, though she will not confess it to herself, is in love with Alan. Your friend Harry is already engaged to this village maiden, who may be represented on the stage as artless and innocent. In real life she is vain, foolish, and designing, and Harry would be well rid of her. The girl herself, afraid of her stalwart rustic, afraid of her greedy and grasping father, afraid of her gentleman suitor, does not know what to do. The curtain falls upon the situation. Even the critics, who have left off applauding since poor old John Oxenford retired, are pleased with the tableau which ends the First Act, and the people are mad for what follows.'

'And what does follow?'

'That we must devise for ourselves—you and I.'

'But I am not a dramatist, Desdemona. I don't believe I could write a play to save my life.'

'You might, my dear Tom; but it would be a shocking bad one. All you have to do is to follow my instructions. It is a very strong comedy. The first act is, beyond everything, effective. It remains with us to improve upon it in the second and third. Up to the present I only half see my way to the second. And as to the third, all I see as yet is a wedding. There will be bells, but not for Alan and the village beauty; and a procession, but Alma will not occupy the leading place in it—at least, not the place she contemplates——'

'You are such a clever woman, Desdemona,' said Tom, 'that I should think you might construct another drama out of Nelly and me, and make it end, like the first, in a procession with bells, in which that fellow Exton shall not occupy the position he apparently contemplates.'

'The old-fashioned plan was the best, Tom. The lover ran away with the girl, and made it up with her father afterwards.'

Tom sighed, and withdrew.

Desdemona sat down, and reflected.

(To be continued.)

ONE OF CANADA'S HEROINES.

MADELEINE DE VERCHERES.[1]

BY JOHN READE.

I.

'OH! my country, bowed in anguish 'neath a weight of bitter wo
Who shall save thee from the vengeance of the desolating fo
They have sworn a heathen oath that every Christian soul must die—
God of Heaven, in mercy shield us! Father, hear thy children's cry.'

II.

Thus prayed Madeleine, the daughter of an old, heroic line—
Grecian poet, had he seen her, would have deemed her race divine.
But as the golden sun transcends the beauty of the brightest star,
Than all the charms of face or form her maiden heart was lovelier fa

III.

We can see her now in fancy, through the dim years gazing back
To those stormy days of old, the days of valiant Frontenac,
When the thinly settled land was sadly wasted far and near
And before the savage foe the people fled like stricken deer.

IV.

'Tis the season when the forest wears its many coloured dress,
And a strange foreboding whisper answer's back the wind's caress,
As the swaying pines repeat the murmurs of the distant waves,
While the children of the Summer flutter softly to their graves.

V.

But—was that another whisper, warning *her* of ill to come,
As she stands beside the river, near her father's fortress-home?
Hark! the sound of stealthy footsteps creeps upon the throbbing ear
Maiden, fly! the foe approaches, and no human aid is near.

[1] See Parkman's 'Frontenac.'

VI.

Surely He who decked with beauty this fair earth on which we dwell
Never meant that men should change it by their madness into hell :
He who gave the trees their glory, gave the birds their gift of song
Cannot smile from out yon heavens at the sight of human wrong.

VII.

But those savage hearts no beauty wins to thoughts of tender ruth—
Mother fond, or gentle maid, or smiling innocence of youth.
See ! with fierce exulting yells the flying maiden they pursue—
Hear her prayer, O God, and save her from that wild, vindictive crew.

VIII.

Never ere that day or since was such a race by maiden run ;
Never 'gainst such fearful odds was wished-for goal so swiftly won ;
Fifty foes are on her track, the bullets graze her floating hair—
But worse than vain is all their rage, for God above has heard her prayer.

IX.

Madeleine has reached the Fort ; the gates are closed against the foe.
But now a terror-stricken throng sends up to Heaven a wail of woe—
Feeble men and fainting women, without heart, or hope, or plan—
Then it was that God gave courage to a maid to act the man.

X.

Then it was that Madeleine bethought her of her father's fame :
'Never shall a soldier's daughter die the coward's death of shame ;
Never in the days to come, when Canada is great and proud,
Be it said a Christian maiden by a heathen's threat was cowed.

XI.

'He is but a craven wretch would bid me yield in such an hour—
Never yet my country's sons in peril's face were known to cower—
No, my people ! God is with us ; 'tis our homes that we defend—
Let the savage do his worst, we will oppose him to the end.

XII.

'Women, I am but a girl, but heroes' blood is in my veins,
And I will shed it drop by drop, before I see my land in chains ;

Let them tear me limb from limb, or strew my ashes to the wind,
Ere I disgrace the name I bear, or leave a coward's fame behind.

XIII.

'Brothers mine, though young in years, you are old enough to know
That to shed your blood is noble, fighting with your country's foe.
Be the lesson unforgotten that our noble father gave,
Whether glory be its guerdon or it win us but a grave.

XIV.

'Come, my people, take your places, every one as duty calls,
Death to every foe who ventures to approach these fortress walls!
Let no point be unprotected, leave the rest to God on high,
Then we shall have done our duty, even if we have to die.'

XV.

Thus she raised their drooping courage, matchless maiden, Madeleine,
And the cry 'to arms' re-echoed, till the roof-tree rang again,
Cannons thundered, muskets rattled and the clank of steel was heard,
Till the baffled foe retreated, like a wolf untimely scared.

XVI.

Seven days and seven nights, with sleepless eye and bated breath,
They held the Fort against the foe that lurked around them plotting death.
At last a joyous challenge came, it was the brave La Monnerie,
And up to Heaven arose a shout, 'The foe has fled and we are free.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POET.

BY WALTER TOWNSEND.

IT is only within the last few years that Mr. Matthew Arnold can be said to have firmly established his reputation as one of the first among living poets. The fact is surprising, when we reflect that this reputation, so recently gained, rests entirely on poems which have been before the public for about a quarter of a century. For Mr. Arnold, deaf alike to the remonstrances of friendly critics and to the prayers of brother poets, has suffered many years to elapse without adding to the list of his poems. He has confined himself to prose, and as a prose writer he is universally known and widely read, while it is safe to say, that even at the present time, many of those who know him well as a philosophical and didactic essayist, have little or no acquaintance with him as a poet.

To a few, and by no means an esoteric few, his poems have long been familiar and well-loved friends; by the general reading public they have been little known. This is the more surprising, as there is no obscurity or want of human interest in the poems themselves. All of them are musical and nearly all of them 'easily understanded of the people;' qualities which, as a rule, ensure to a poet rapid and universal success. Neither are they widely at variance with the works of those living poets to whom fame has been more readily accorded. Mr. Arnold has indeed much in common with most of his great contemporaries. Mr. Browning's characteristics are deep philosophy and Shakspearean insight into the hidden recesses of men's minds; Mr. Swinburne's, southern passion and burning power united to Greek severity and perfection of form, as though fire were laid upon snow; Mr. Tennyson's, beauty of expression and exquisite grace; Mr. Morris's, truly Virgilian powers of adorning a story with poetic charm; Mrs. Barrett Browning's, unaffected pathos and sympathy with pain and suffering. Mr. Arnold is a philosopher, although not of Mr. Browning's 'microscopic' school; he resembles Mr. Swinburne in pure classic grace; he tells a story more dramatically than Mr. Morris; he is often as full of charm as Mr. Tennyson himself, and his pathos is as tender as Mrs. Barrett Browning's. And yet the slow growth of Mr. Arnold's influence as a poet cannot be due to any external cause. We must seek a reason for it in the characteristics which form at once the strength and the weakness of his poetry—the ever abiding presence of sadness, and the unvarying absence of enthusiasm.

There is a human sadness, which, while distinct from what the world calls melancholy, is closely akin to that 'goddess sage and holy,' 'divinest melancholy,' sung by Milton. This is the sadness which falls upon the heart like solemn music upon the ear, which soothes and yet evokes vague yearnings and aspirations, which at once builds and destroys airy fabrics of delight, still leaving behind it a deep sense of peace and contentment. When we think of the littleness of man, and the immensity of the Universe, of the vast duration of Nature's works and the evan-

escence of our own, of how always few and often evil, are men's days, a sadness sinks into the soul and for a moment bows us to the dust. But the reflections which induce such sadness as this, themselves work out its cure. We remember that although we vanish Nature remains; we remember that the autumn sun gilding the changing leaves will be no less fair because we cannot look upon it; we remember, and to those who think aright the thought does bring peace and content, that

> 'The world in which we live and move
> Outlasts aversion, outlasts love,
> Outlasts each effort, interest, hope,
> Remorse, grief, joy; and were the scope
> Of these affections wider made,
> Man still would see, and see dismayed,
> Beyond his passion's widest range,
> Far regions of eternal change.'

It is such a sadness as this which runs through the whole of Mr. Matthew Arnold's poetry. The thought, the grace, the pathos of his poems are all alike imbued with it, and to sympathize fully with him, we must be among those who think with Keats, that sorrow can sometimes make

> 'Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.'

We shall not attempt, what would indeed be impossible in this brief paper, any exhaustive analysis of Mr. Arnold's Poems; we shall simply endeavour to point out how far these poems contain what we have claimed for them above) philosophy, power, beauty of expression, sweetness and pathos.

It is a difficult matter to label any particular poem or poems of Mr. Arnold's as being, above all others, philosophical. With few exceptions the spirit of his philosophy is embodied in all he writes. Indeed, *Empedocles on Etna*, the poem which deals perhaps more than any other in speculative philosophy, is cast in dramatic form. The *dramatis personæ*, however, have not, and perhaps are not intended to have, any great human interest. The drama ends with a catastrophe, it is true, but the catastrophe is after all only part and parcel of the philosophy. The gist of the poem lies in the two speeches of Empedocles, in the first of which he expounds his creed to Pausanias, and in the second of which he shews how insufficient he has found for himself that philosophy which, he was fully convinced, would enable his friend to 'bravelier front his life and in himself find henceforth energy and hearing.' In the first of these speeches Empedocles insists upon this: that the fruitful cause of men's woes, and the abiding reason for the murmurs and discontent so rife in the world, is that man will insist upon making his *will* the measure of his *rights*. He shews Pausanias how much would be gained if man could discern that he has no prescriptive *right* to bliss,

> 'No title from the gods to welfare and repose.'

That man should thirst for bliss is surely no cause for blame; he errs only in thinking that the world exists for the express purpose of bestowing bliss upon him. This leads him, either in querulous complaint to make for himself,

> 'Stern Powers who make their care
> To embitter human life, malignant deities;'

or in unreasoning, senseless, expectation to

> 'Feign kind gods who perfect what man vainly tries.'

The old, old lesson which the wisest ones of the world have ever striven often amid shame and buffetings to teach to foolish man is here grandly taught by Empedocles:

> 'Read thy own breast right
> And thou hast done with fears:
> Man gets no other light
> Search he a thousand years.'

He shows how men, by childishly refusing to take the world as it is, and by inventing a false course for the world, and false powers for themselves, are led into gross inconsistency in the principles regulating their actions, and hereby entail on themselves misery

which can only cease when the inconsistency is made consistent. The marvellous verses in which Empedocles shows how utterly, how hopelessly unteachable by experience man is, recall the exhaustive treatment this subject has received at the hands of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The aims of both Poet and Sociologist are identical, widely as their methods differ. The melancholy reflection ensues that even in those cases where

> 'Man forsakes
> All sin,—is just, is pure,
> Abandons all which makes
> His welfare insecure,--
> Other existences there are, that clash with ours.'

The storm, the lightning, the cruel sea strike down or entomb the just man equally with the unjust, and, most uncontrollable of all, 'the ill deeds of other men make often *our* life dark.' Life being of this complexion, what, asks Empedocles, were the wise man's plan? Should it not be his aim, 'through this sharp, toil-set life to fight as best he can,' striving to make dark places light, and rough ways smooth? Is it not more healthy, as well as more hopeful, for man to accept himself and to accept the world as they ARE, and determine to do his part manfully towards making them, even if ever so little, better, than to waste life in useless alternations between hope and fear? After all, this life to one who comprehends himself and Nature, is glorious:

> 'Is it so small a thing
> To have enjoy'd the sun,
> To have lived light in the spring,
> To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
> To have advanced true friends and beat down baffling foes—
>
> That we must feign a bliss
> Of doubtful future date,
> And, while we dream on this,
> Lose all our present state,
> And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?'

This philosophy, even to those who differ most widely from it, must have its beautiful side, and the conclusion to which it leads and with which Empedocles ends is surely ennobling:

> 'I say: Fear not! Life still
> Leaves human effort scope!
> But, since life teems with ill,
> Nurse no extravagant hope;
> Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair—

This reminds us of Professor Huxley's advice, 'Do what you can to do what is right, and leave hoping and fearing alone.'

In the edition before us of Mr. Arnold's works, the poems are not presented in chronological order, nor have we any means of deciding the date at which any particular poem was composed, but we believe that *Empedocles on Etna* was first published in 1853. This being so, it is a remarkable instance of how Genius not only compresses into a few brief lines the salient points of a school of science, but anticipates by intuition the results which it cannot arrive at by induction. We have already indicated how some verses in this speech of Empedocles flash upon the mind the very conclusions which Mr. Herbert Spencer has more lately enforced by patient reasoning. But it is a still more remarkable fact, that the whole speech may be tersely described as Mr. Frederic Harrison in verse. It is a curious and instructive process to read this poem, and Mr. Frederic Harrison's recent articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, each by the light of the other.

The second speech, or rather soliloquy of Empedocles is powerfully dramatic. In it he sadly confesses, that

> 'Something has impaired his spirit's strength,
> And dried its self-sufficing fount of joy.'

So that his philosophy, hitherto so all perfect, is now as dust and ashes in his mouth. His weariness of life among men who ask of him 'not wisdom but drugs to charm with and spells to mutter,' and his disgust with solitude which cannot 'fence him from himself,' leave him no outlet save death. But he fails confessedly through the failure of his own nature. The creed which he expounds to Pausanias, demands strong and ever-hopeful na-

tures as its disciples. Rob it of its trustful side, ally it with despondency, and there remains indeed no remedy save 'the lare-bodkin's prick.' It does not come within the scope of our present criticism on this poem to do more than mention the exquisite grace and melody of the five songs of Callicles. They stand unmatched among modern lyrics, and as Mr. Swinburne admirably says: 'Nothing can be more deep and exquisite in poetical tact than this succession of harmonies, diverse without a discord.'

Let us now turn to the consideration of a poem, which, although only cast in semi-dramatic form, involves as deep a human tragedy as 'Empedocles on Etna,' and is at the same time a remarkable example of both the sadness and the depth of Mr. Arnold's philosophy. In the *Sick King in Bokhara*, the vivid presentment of a bygone age, and the powerful sway over the emotions gained by the pathetic recital of a most pathetic story, have not been found incompatible with deep thought upon the most difficult problems of human life. The three actors in this episode are the King, the Vizier, and Hussein, the 'teller of sweet tales.' There was a great drought in Bokhara, so great

> 'That the green water in the tanks
> Is to a putrid puddle turn'd;
> And the canal that from the stream
> Of Samarcand is brought this way,
> Wastes, and runs thinner every day.'

and as the King went to Mosque,

> 'A certain Moullah, with his robe
> All rent, and dust upon his hair,'

cast himself before the king and prayed for 'Justice O King and on myself!' but the king's guards thrust him as a madman away; on the next day he came again, and this time the king could not help but hear his tale: how he had found under some mulberry trees a little pool, and filled his pitcher, and stolen home unseen, and hidden his prize—

> 'But in the night which was with wind
> And burning dust, again I creep
> Down, having fever, for a drink.'

Meanwhile his brethren ha
his store of water, and called
ther, and they drained the pit

> 'Now mark.' I, being fever'd sick
> Most maddest also, at that sight
> Brake forth, and cursed them lost th
> One was my mother. Now do right.'

But again the King put him as
'to the Mosque passed on.'
morrow again he came, this t
entreating, but sternly den
vengeance on himself, and th
although loth to do so, was fc
deliver him to the priests, whc

> 'doubted not
> But sentenced him, as the law is,
> To die by stoning on the spot.'

And the King charged all men
he sought to fly, none should
him.

> 'But the man,
> With a great joy upon his face,
> Kneel'd down, and cried not, neithe
> So they, whose lot it was, cast stone
> That they flew thick and bruised hi
> But he praised Allah with loud voice
> And remain'd kneeling as before.
> My lord had cover'd up his face
> But when one told him, "He is dea
> Turning him quickly to go in,
> "Bring thou to me his corpse," he s

It is at this point the poe
mences. The story of the Mc
death is told by Hussein to the
whose advice the King asks,
whether he may bury the dea
The Vizier, after hearing Huss
plies, blaming the King for sor
so greatly for one who was
friend nor of his blood; telli
of all the griefs we *must* have
world, surely more than enough
out need to raise up sentimenta
out of the occurrences of our
life; bidding him—

> 'Look, this is but one single place,
> Though it be great; all the earth r
> If a man bear to have it so,
> Things which might vex him shall l

He recounts all the great evil
pression, slavery, disease and d
which vex men's souls, and h
cludes thus:

> 'All these have sorrow, and keep still,
> Whilst other men make cheer, and sir
> Wilt thou have pity on all these?
> No, nor on this dead dog, O King!'

's is a manly, if somewhat
ıetic appeal to common sense,
e hysterical sentimentality
lone in his eyes, the King's
owing. He is an exempli-
the intensely practical na-
necessarily either hard or
ıut determined neither to
what is unalterable, nor to
Quixotic, and probably use-
ɔts to better a universe for
ɔf which he feels himself in
ɜrsonally responsible. The
ılady, however, is not to be
r such reasoning as this ; he
n that terrible '*welt-schmerz*'
ɔws to its victim all the
ng and bitter injustice of the
l at the same time sears his
the conviction of his own
ıess to lessen, by one drop,
of sin and sorrow. His
potence in any struggle with
ɔy which

t bear rule, and are obey'd,
'ule more strong than theirs
heir turn obedient made.'

ıain which a King feels 'if
e not satisfied,' combine to
his sorrow for the poor, self-
ıner. He does the dead
y honour, though, as befits
ɜ character, the honour is a
ıtimental one. The poem
thus :

fretted brick-work tomb
hill on the right hand,
' a close of apricots
e road of Samarcand ;
O Vizier, will I bear
n my pity could not save,
ıcking up the marble flags
y his body in my grave.
. nard, and linen-rolls !
blood, set smooth each limb !
' He was not wholly vile,
ng shall bury him." '

ɜnding to a noble poem, of
the least noteworthy feature
he touching pathos with
death of the Moullah is nar-
tes no whit our interest in
himself ; his is the central
l the sad fate of the dead
not divert our sympathy
more kindred (if somewhat
sentimental), sorrow of the King. The Moullah is dead, the King lives ; we pity the dead, but we sympathize with the living. This poem is instructive as regards Mr. Arnold's philosophy, because he has apparently forced us into this fellow-feeling with the King in order to remind us that

' We are all the same,—the fools of our own woes.'

The King would 'make no murmuring were his will obeyed' ; that it is not obeyed touches him even more than the Moullah's death. He feels what all of us at some juncture in life are made to feel ; how little, how very little, man can do to make himself happy according to any fixed plan of his own. The inscrutable Power which guides and shapes all, devises countless turns to defeat our petty schemes, until weary with striving, 'what we yearn for most instinctively at last is *rest*, and the peace which we can imagine the easiest, because we know it best, is that of sleep.' This is often the burden of Mr. Arnold's song. Empedocles, the baffled and weary philosopher, and the Eastern potentate, smarting with the woes he cannot heal, alike unfold the sad and solemn lesson —how insignificant is man, and how unhappy, unless he bend in all humility to the great teaching of Nature. In another beautiful and inexpressibly sad poem, *The Youth of Man*, Mr. Arnold pictures the old age of those who whilst the halo of youth crowned their brows, and the sunshine of hope, and the rapture of spring filled their hearts, proudly said :

' We are young, and the world is ours :
Man, Man is the king of the world !
Fools that these mystics are
Who prate of Nature ! '

In most touching language he tells how in old age they remember, 'with piercing untold anguish, the proud boasting of their youth,' and when the mists of delusion, and the scales of habit fall from their eyes, they see

' Stretching out, like the desert
In its weary unprofitable length,
Their faded ignoble lives.'

We may very well end these remarks on Mr. Arnold's philosophy with the concluding lines of this beautiful poem:

> 'Sink, O Youth, in thy soul!
> Yearn to the greatness of Nature;
> Rally the good in the depths of thyself!'

To give instances of the possession of power by a poet who, whatever he may be, is never in any single instance weak, would at first sight seem an easy matter. But the very superfluity of material lying ready at hand, renders the task at least an embarrassing one. We are puzzled where to begin. Power in a poet is, however, so often gauged merely by the extent of his sway over the emotions or passions of men, that we shall perhaps sufficiently fulfil our present purpose, by discussing some poems of Mr. Arnold's whose power consists chiefly in their human interest. And if this be a somewhat narrow limitation, we shall trust to the extracts we give in illustration of others of his characteristics, to furnish proof that his power is not confined to any one class of his poems. Mr. Arnold's Narrative Poems are strange mixtures of dramatic interest and speculative suggestion, but in two of them, *Sohrab and Rustem*, and *Tristram and Iseult*, the dramatic element reigns supreme, and the poet shows his power, not by awakening dormant yearnings in our minds, but by bringing our hearts into living sympathy with the actual tragedies of life.

Sohrab and Rustum is based on one of a class of incidents which have always appealed with especial force to the sympathies of mankind. The accidental, or the unwitting, commission of a deadly crime against nature has the fascination inseparable from all subjects in which destiny plays a leading part. The portentous solemnity which envelopes these tragedies, the apparently causeless, inexplicable accidents which force the victim, as De Quincey says of Œdipus, 'to recoil unknowingly upon the one sole spot of all the earth where the coefficients for ratifying his destruction are lying in ambush,' have a peculiar hold at once upon the intellect and the heart. We watch with pity the struggles of the mortal against whom Fate has issued its immovable decree; we see that, even if he be warned, the very precautions that he takes are turned against him, and become at last the actual instruments by which the workings of destiny are accomplished. *Sohrab and Rustum*, therefore, in which a father slays his only son in single combat, in ignorance that his own blood flows in the veins of his victim, affords Mr. Arnold wide scope for the exercise of his powers of vividly impressing our imaginations and commanding our emotions. The whole scene rises before our eyes as we read. The broad 'Oxus and the glittering sands,' the Tartar and Persian encampments, Sohrab, the young Tartar champion, in his pride of youth, and Rustum, the mighty Persian warrior, 'vast and clad in iron and tried,' locked in deadly and unnatural combat, before the breathless gaze of two mighty hosts, are described with intense realistic force. It is hardly possible to conceive anything more powerfully pathetic than the discovery by Rustum that the dying youth is his son:—

> '"O, boy—*thy father!*" and his voice choked there.
> And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
> And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
> But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
> His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,
> And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
> Trying to call him back to life.'

And after, 'when on the bloody sand Sohrab lay dead,' and Rustum sate by his dead son, the majestic river—emblem of fate—still floated on, undisturbed by the anguish which had riven two noble hearts, and laid two proud spirits low.

Mr. Arnold's blank verse is both vigorous and musical, it is more nervous than Mr. Tennyson's, and never so rugged as Mr. Browning's too often is. It is noticeable, however, for

a quality, in support of which Milton may perhaps be quoted, but which, nevertheless, is not an unmixed good. We refer to the frequent breaks in the narrative caused by long similes, appropriate and beautiful in themselves, but which, in certain conjunctures, disturb the mind, and distract it from the central idea. In the thirty lines descriptive of the meeting of Sohrab and Rustum on the arena of their strife, no fewer than seventeen are devoted to such similes. After all, however, this is more or less a matter of taste, and we should be loth to allege it as any serious blemish upon a noble and powerful poem. Mr. Arnold's verse is in turns majestic, stirring and pathetic. The picture of the Tartar camp in the half gloom preceding the dawn, the stately flow of verse describing how Oxus

'Moved
Rejoicing through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,'

the Miltonian spirit in which the dreadful combat is set forth, and, finally, the heart-rending pathos with which the closing scenes are invested, combine to render this one of the most powerful productions of any living poet.

There are some lovers whose errors the world has consented to ignore, recognising that passion is sometimes so sacred as to be almost divine, and that it may then be treated by a poet apart from the consideration of social ordinances and restraints. Francesca da Rimini, Heloïse and Abelard, Petrarch and Laura, are among these, and modern poets have added to the list Tristram and Iseult. Their story has been told by many poets. Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Tennyson have treated it, each after his own manner, but neither with the fulness and completeness of Mr. Arnold. Mr. Swinburne sings of the golden youth of the lovers, of their sweet and fatal voyage; Mr. Tennyson of the sudden and swift vengeance of King Marc; and Mr. Arnold of the sad end of all, when Death rescued from Love two of his victims, and left the third

'Dying in a mask of youth.'

It is in accordance with Mr. Arnold's wide views of life that he should treat this subject so largely from the side of Iseult of Brittany. He pictures with infinite tenderness, and mighty passion, the loves of Tristram and Iseult of Ireland, but he leaves photographed upon the mind, the figure of the 'snowdrop by the sea' and her ruined life, henceforth to be spent in watching, with hopeless resignation,

'The days in which she might have lived and loved
Slip without bringing bliss slowly away.'

We know of nothing in modern poetry more powerful, or more imaginative, than the manner in which the story of Tristram's fatal passion is unfolded through his delirious dreams. As he lies fever-tost, watching for the coming of Iseult of Ireland, with the agonized expectation of a dying man, he lives over again the sweet and bitter course of passion; he endures again the unavailing struggles, amid the din of battle or the peaceful calm of life in Brittany, to forget the haughty Queen who had possessed his 'resplendent prime.' But alas for the one who watches so meekly by his couch; she hears no word in all his muttered dreamings of wife or children; all his imaginings, all his thoughts, centre in deep longing to see once more, albeit with eyes darkening with the film of death, the face for which he had lived, and for which he was now dying. And yet she 'who possessed his darker hour,' Iseult of Brittany,

'Raised her eyes upon his face
Not with a look of wounded pride
A look as if the heart complain'd—
Her look was like a sad embrace;
The gaze of one who can divine
A grief, and sympathise.'

Not less graphic, and certainly not less touching, is the last meeting between Iseult of Ireland and Tristram. The agonized cry of Iseult,

'Tristram! Tristram! stay! receive me with thee!' Iseult leaves thee Tristram! never more.'

is speedily answered: hand in hand the lovers go 'down the dusty way to death,' for to such love as theirs the grave can be no barrier. Fiercely their hearts beat on earth, but at last they are at rest, and prone on one couch, Tristram and Iseult lie

'Cold, cold as those who lived and loved A thousand years ago.'

The admirable touch of genius by which the figures on the tapestry are endowed with a life in death, and made to end the sad story, adds a weird and ghost like element, deepening the already powerful impression created on the mind.

After such a moving tale as that of the deaths of these lovers, the calm sadness of the third part of the poem, '*Iseult of Brittany*,' is like the hushed melancholy of the ocean when the storm has spent its force, and the waves, no longer raging, plash with mournful iteration on the rocky shore. The picture of Iseult and her children is wrought out with exquisite tenderness. The bounding youth of the little ones renders the sad quietude of the mother still more affecting:

'She moves slow; her voice alone
Hath yet an infantine and silver tone,
But even that comes languidly.'

Acutely unhappy with her children to love she cannot be, but nevertheless,

'Joy has not found her yet, nor ever will.'

Mr. Arnold completes this charming description with the tale of Vivien and Merlin, as told by Iseult to her children. It is not easy to say if the poet had any distinct artistic purpose in putting this particular tale into the lips of Iseult. Many different analogies might be drawn between Merlin's story, and Iseult's own; Mr. Arnold, however, draws none, but leaves each reader to settle the question for himself, according to his peculiar taste and imagination.

It is a great proof of Mr. Arnold's power that, in dealing with a passion so moving as that of Tristram and Iseult, he should, while doing full justice to it, leave our minds more vividly impressed with the soft, still figure of her, whose life that passion ruined, than with the fate of 'the true long parted lovers.' This is an instance of that love of sadness which we have called Mr. Arnold's chief characteristic. In the very tragedy of such a fate as that of Tristram and Iseult of Ireland, some consolation is to be found. We pity the lovers with a deep and abiding pity, but we glory in the thought that Love can triumph even over Death. Our sorrow for Iseult of Brittany, however, is more lasting and more tender, because it is wholly devoid of exaltation. None but a poet conscious of power would have attempted, and none but a poet possessing great and peculiar power would have succeeded in the task of impressing us so strongly with this view of the old and beautiful story of Tristram and Iseult.

Beauty of expression, and purity of external form are best and most easily attained, by the poet who studies most zealously the models of antiquity. Mr. Arnold himself has said—we quote from memory—'clearness of arrangement, simplicity of style, vigour of development, may be best learned from the ancients, who, though far less suggestive than Shakespeare, are thus to the artist more instructive.' There can be no question that he has followed out his own precept. The simple beauty of his imagery, and the quiet directness of his method are entirely classic. He is never ornate, never exuberant, never involved, and at times he crystallizes thought in a manner marvellous in one who has to deal with so difficult a medium as the English language. We are glad in this relation to quote one of his poems in its entirety.

'*Requiescat.*

'Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah! would that I did too.

'Her mirth the world required:
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired
And now they let her be.

'Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

'Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath:
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.'

This exquisite little song is perhaps one of the finest examples in the whole range of English poetry of what Mr. Palgrave terms the Homeric manner.* He thus charcterizes those poems in which the pathetic is wholly wrought out by the simple presentment of the situation. Poems of this class contain no absolute narration of facts, far less do they attempt any analysis of character, or any deep reflective moralizing. Their apparent simplicity militates somewhat against their obtaining from all critics due meed of praise, but, as Mr. Palgrave justly observes, 'first-rate excellence in this manner is, in truth, one of the least common triumphs of poetry.' The union of intense dramatic power, (a whole life drama being suggested in sixteen lines) with exquisitely melodious verse, can be successfully attempted by only the greatest of poets. It would be a curious psychological problem to determine to what extent we are influenced through the ear, and to what extent through the mind by such a poem as this. Certain it is, that the melody of these and similar verses irresistibly recalls to many minds passages of music, such as, for instance, the slow movements in Beethoven's Sonatas, and the poem is for them henceforth indissolubly linked with the memory of the music it has evoked. This effect is, however, wholly different from that produced by poems which rely entirely upon sound power, such as Edgar Poe's *Ulalume*, in which the wonderful combinations of sound have given rise to the remark that a Patagonian hearing it read would be as much affected by the mournful cadences as the Englishman himself. Such an effect cannot be produced unless genius makes use of mechanical ingenuity and laborious art. But poems which, like *Requiescat*, derive their dramatic power from simplicity and directness cannot afford to show the smallest sign of effort or ingenuity. It may be thought that Mr. Matthew Arnold has jeopardised this poem by the last line of the first stanza, which certainly has the effect of distracting attention from the central idea, the transition appearing at first sight somewhat abrupt. As the poem becomes more familiar, however, we see that its beauty is in reality enhanced by the apparent break. Unconsciously the three remaining stanzas all present themselves to the mind in the light of the first one, and thus there are two forces at work—sympathy with the living as well as sorrow for the dead. Mr. Arnold has written many poems in the same manner, and almost as perfect as *Requiescat*, and his more important poems are full of descriptive passages also very beautiful in outward form. What poet has given us a more charming picture of the sleep of infancy than the following?

'Through the soft opened lips the air
Scarcely moves the coverlet.
One little wandering arm is thrown
At random on the counterpane,
And often the fingers close in haste,
As if their baby-owner chased
The butterflies again.'

It is surely unnecessary to make any extended claim to charm of expression on behalf of the author of such verses as these. Mr. Arnold's command over language shows itself, however, in another direction. He possesses in a high degree the power of epigrammatic condensation; he sometimes flashes upon us a whole scene, nay, a whole lifetime, in a single line. As an instance of this may be cited his reference to Alexander the Great as one who

'Thundered on
To die at thirty-five in Babylon.'

Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics, pp. 321-22.

We cannot quit this portion of our subject without a passing reference to Mr. Arnold's sonnets and elegiac poems, which, in finish and perfection of form, leave nothing to be desired. Mr. Arnold, however, sometimes weaves the semblance of a story into the groundwork of his sonnets, and this we cannot but think a mistake. A sonnet, in our opinion, should be the perfect embodiment of one idea, and no disturbing element should be present to interfere with that idea being impressed upon the mind. Some of his sonnets, notably that on Shakespeare, are perfect both in conception and execution, but we have always been a little surprised that he should have chosen as fit subject for a sonnet such a travesty of art as Cruikshank's picture of 'The Bottle.' Elegiac poetry, of necessity, depends greatly on external form, and as an elegiac poet Mr. Arnold deservedly ranks very high. *Thyrsis a Monody*, written to commemorate that extraordinary genius, Arthur Hugh Clough, is perfect as an expression of manly, contemplative sorrow. *Haworth Churchyard*, *Rugby Chapel*, and *A Southern Night*, also furnish examples of what, without any hysterical outbursts, elegiac poetry may become in the hands of a poet who, like Mr. Arnold, is gifted with perfect command over language and rhythm.

We now come to the last of the propositions with which we set out, and we must have performed our task very indifferently if, in discussing Mr. Arnold's philosophy, power and beauty of expression, we have not also shown that he is a master of pathos. There is, however, one purely fanciful subject which Mr. Arnold has treated with such touching tenderness and pathos, that some reference must be made to it. Poets have often sung of the cruel Merman, who drags to his halls beneath the sea the Christian maiden, and how she escapes from his thraldom by the help of the Church's rites. Mr. Arnold, true to the sweet sadness of his genius, treats the subject from the other side. The *Forsaken Merman* tells how the Sea-king's wife heard, through the waves, the far-off sound of the church-bell, and the Merman said:

'Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves.'

She went up through the surf, to the Church, to the busy town, to the light of the Sun, and returned no more to her 'red-gold throne in the heart of the sea.' This is the whole story, and the poem is simply the wail of agonized sorrow uttered by the Merman, who, weary with waiting, rose up through the waves and crept with his little ones through the town to the Church, to call her back to his home. Their yearning looks drew no answering glance, the moaning of her children fell on closed ears, and the Merman was forced, after one last piteous cry, to bid them cease their calling, and to return to dwell for ever lonely and motherless under the sea. This poem is beyond and above criticism. A subject from the realms of fairy-land is rendered so human as to be absolutely heartrending; exquisite verse, harmony of sound, and unspeakable tenderness are here all united, and although it cannot be called one of his great poems, we consider it, for sweetness and pathos, the gem of the whole collection.

Mr. Matthew Arnold himself has somewhere said, that the true object of the critic should be 'to get himself out of the way and let the world judge.' Acting on this principle, we are not disposed to add very much to what we have already written. If the extracts we have given do not of themselves establish Mr. Arnold's claim to be considered a great poet, nothing that we could say now would be much to the purpose. But there are two points indicated early in this article which, perhaps, need some further explanation: one is the pervading sadness of Mr. Ar-

nold's poetry, and the other, the absence from it of any enthusiasm. Such of his works as have already been discussed are in themselves a justification of the first assertion, but in speaking of the sadness of a poet who is so vividly impressed with the follies and weaknesses of mankind, it is necessary to guard against the assumption that this sadness contains the slightest admixture of cynicism. It is so easy to be hard, and bitter, and cynical, but it is another thing to expound that gentle, sorrowful philosophy which views with tender toleration and infinite pity the sin and sorrow of the world. There is not in the whole of Mr. Arnold's published poems one single bitter, cynical, or uncharitable line. To look with charity on all men, to recognise how circumscribed is our existence here, to bend with resignation to the inevitable, to believe that the world's 'secret is not joy but peace,' these are the teachings of Mr. Arnold's sweet sad singing.

Each one of Mr. Arnold's poems is so perfect in itself, saying so fully and delightfully what the poet meant to say, that it is impossible to discover anything wanting in any poem considered separately. But, in his poetry as a whole, we undoubtedly miss something. The presence of sadness almost implies the absence of enthusiasm, and we search in vain for any trace of enthusiasm in Mr. Arnold. There is no sign that he has ever allowed himself to be carried away by his subject; he is strong with the strength of self-restraint, not with the strength of impulse. He has a firm seat on his Pegasus, and a strong hand upon the reins; he never urges his steed to scour the plain at full speed, charging boldly all the obstacles in his path; he never drops the reins upon his neck, that he may wander where the impulse of the moment may direct. In this respect it is interesting to contrast Mr. Arnold with Shelley. He is never borne along, as Shelley often is, by the tyrannous force of his thoughts; he is never crude, never allows the simple beauty of an idea to be hidden under profusion of images, as Shelley sometimes does; we understand from his own poetry, why it is that he reproaches Shelley, with 'not knowing enough;' and yet Shelley's faults all arise from the excess of that impetuous enthusiasm, the lack of which is Mr. Arnold's most serious defect. But Shelley was always young, and enthusiasm is an attribute of youth, while Mr. Arnold's poetry never bears the stamp of youth. His Early Poems occupy a separate place in his works, and we know by the years that have elapsed since they were published, that they are in fact the work of youth, but internal evidence would never show it. That exquisitely melodious lyric *A Memory Picture*, which is one of the Early Poems, concludes thus:

> 'Ah, too true! Time's current strong
> Leaves us true to nothing long.
> Yet, if little stays with man,
> Ah, retain we all we can!
> If the clear impression dies,
> Ah, the dim remembrance prize!
> Ere the parting hour go by,
> Quick, thy tablets, Memory!'

This is hardly the conclusion that a young poet would ordinarily give to a poem, containing the picture of a fair, sweet woman. A more striking instance is to be found in another of the Early Poems, which deals directly with the aspirations of youth. In *Youth and Calm*, the question whether 'the ease from shame and rest from fear' of the grave is, 'the crowning end of life and youth,' is thus answered:—

> 'Ah no, the bliss youth dreams is one
> For daylight, for the cheerful sun,
> For feeling nerves and living breath—
> Youth dreams a bliss on this side death.
> It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
> More grateful than this marble sleep;
> It hears a voice within it tell:
> *Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.*
> 'Tis all, perhaps, which man requires,
> But 'tis not what our youth desires.'

If the poem had ended with the line in italics, the subject would clearly have been treated from the standpoint

of youth itself, but the concluding lines strike the mournful key of age, with its shattered aspirations, and bitter disillusionments, and change the whole scope of the p em : instead of being the warm protest of youth, it becomes the sorrowful reflection of maturity. Mr. Arnold's early poems, in fact, bear no trace of the youthful exuberance, which, mellowed by experience, 'its baser parts all purged away,' gives strength and fire to the utterances of a poet's maturity. His Early Poems may be the better for this freedom from the rash enthusiasm of youth, but his work as a whole suffers, and its influence is lessened, by the loss of that which such enthusiasm leaves behind it in a poet's mind, making him--

'Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far.'

Mr. Arnold, in describing a poet's feelings and emotions, has with the introspective power of genius, at once the strength and weak his own poetry. Apart from trinsic beauty, the passage is r able as an instance of unco self-analysis, and the last line ticular is startling in the truth application to himself. 'His cidity of soul,'--this it is that Mr. Matthew Arnold perhaps the greatest, and certainly one saddest, of living poets. We more fitly conclude than by c this passage, which may, witho travagance, be called a poet's c tion of himself :—

'He gazes—tears
Are in his eyes, and in his ears
The murmur of a thousand years.
Before him he sees life unroll,
A placid and continuous whole
That general life, which does not cea
Whose secret is not joy, but peace ;
That life whose dumb wish is not mi
If birth proceeds, if things subsist ;
The life of plants, and stones, and ra
The life he craves—if not in vain
Fate gave, what chance shall not con
His sad lucidity of soul.'

A STRAY LEAF FROM AN OLD DIARY.

The Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau.

BY J. M. LE MOINE.

ONE of the most conspicuous figures, now and hereafter, in the annals of the Province of Quebec, will doubtless be that of the fiery spirit, who originated the insurrection of 1837. I find inserted in an old Diary of mine, a note recording my first glimpse of this famous agitator and eloquent statesman, Louis Joseph Papineau ; it dates of my early youth--in 1837.

Trifling as it seems, it may possibly interest some readers of the present generation.

Far be it from me to atte portray *in extenso*, the eminent man's parliamentary career—a historian or biographer. Thi be practicable, when a few d have passed over and the e of the political cauldron, so liv 1837, shall have sufficiently coo be handled with safety or adva let us wait until the contemp of this stormy period have be thered to their fathers ; let u sess in peace our minds, until tl mentous changes, brought abo

e by the outbreak of '37-
ly fruited.

L. J. Papineau appears
ight but that of an *ignis*
bid, merciless demagogue,
ised the whirlwind of
zy, without the power to
even when his own head
: a madman, who to op-
ity power of England, had
nger at command than
non' served by raw peas-

his career seems sur-
i the divine halo of patri-
vas the liberator of an
tionality;—the unrelent-
lonial misrule. His me-
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Why was it so vivid?
leave such a lasting im-
"haunted halls" of mem-

Papineau had a remark-
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seigneur, with the fiery
i modern French *orateur*
e, all who saw him, in the
te, felt inclined to admit.
ulously neat in his dress,
n octogenarian. He car-
proportioned head, high;
cut rather short and ter-
i erect *toupet*, well suited
style of face: his coat, of
with the *petit collet*, re-
ut, a Judge's coat. It
ut of place to recall here
aits of his parliamentary

eph Papineau, born in
1789, was the son of
eau, for many years mem-
ber for Montreal, a notary by profession, and highly distinguished for the simple but very effective style of his forensic oratory.

Joseph was born in Montreal, in 1752.

The young Louis Joseph was educated at the Quebec Seminary, and had for class-mates, amongst others, the genial and talented author of the CANADIANS OF OLD. Philippe A DeGaspé, Esq.: Mr. De Gaspé, in his *Memoirs*, has recorded several interesting particulars of the studiousness, wit, and eloquence of the budding statesman. Young Mr. Papineau's abilities had so impressed his friends, that he was returned to Parliament whilst yet a law student, in 1809, two years previous to his admission to the Bar: he represented the county of Kent—now the county of Chambly — for twenty consecutive years, he represented in Parliament the west ward of Montreal. In 1812, although no lover of the British Government, true to his allegiance, he served as a captain in the militia, until 1815: having to escort to Montreal some American prisoners, he left the ranks and refused to take his place, until the band of the escort had ceased playing 'Yankee Doodle,' in derision of the captives. Three years after his entrance in the legislative halls, he was chosen as leader of the French Canadian opposition party, a position which he held until the insurrection of 1837. For twenty years, from 1817 to 1837, he was Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. In 1820, he was elevated to a seat in the Legislative Council. In 1822, we find him selected in conjunction with the late Hon. John Neilson, as a delegate to proceed to England to oppose the Imperial plan for the union of Upper and Lower Canada: a mission crowned with complete success, the obnoxious measure having been withdrawn. His share in the rebellion of 1837, we all know: he had to fly to the United States.

In 1839, he crossed the Atlantic and buried himself in seclusion, in the city of Paris, for eight years. with no other familiars but, Lamennais, Béranger, and a few other French master-minds. Through the exertions of his great adversary, Lafontaine, he was subsequently pardoned; he received also through the same influence, £4,500 arrears of his pay as late Speaker. His thrilling accents were soon again heard in the legislative halls, but times and politics had changed: many of the reforms previously asked for had been granted: the great tribune found in 1847 the soil yielding under his feet: another master-spirit, the Hon. Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine, had come to the front.

One of the changes Mr. Papineau had so warmly advocated in 1837, an elective Legislative Council, strange to say, found echo later on. A brilliant constellation of youthful Montreal lawyers, the Dorions, Doutre, Papin, Labreche, Viger, Laberge, Laflamme and others, made it a plank of their platform in the *Avenir* newspaper. Mr. Papineau was the oracle—the high-priest, of this ardent, eloquent and patriotic band, who have lived mostly all of them, to see the bulk of the opinions they entertained thirty years ago, triumphant, and themselves, released from the cold shades of opposition to enjoy the highest offices in the gift of the Crown and people. The fiery statesman, withdrew for ever, in 1854, from the arena of politics: he was in the habit of passing the winter season at Montreal, in the society of a few tried friends: the summer months he devoted to his family at his elegant *Chateau*, Montebello, in his seigniory of *La Petite Nation*, on the green banks of the Ottawa: here, amidst his plantations, his flowers, his birds and books, he found sincere friends and trusty advisers, in those dear old authors, Montaigne, Seneca, Plutarch, Bacon, &c.; of their intercourse, he never tired. Here, on one mellow day of Sep 1871 (the 28th), at the ripe a years, death released his nobl not however with the usual panniment on his part of a son o Mr. Papineau, like Sainte-Be fused to see, in his last mom R. C. pastor, though his rema placed by loving hands in a his own *private* chapel at Mo which chapel he had had con by the R. C. authorities son previous.

The power wielded for a q a century over the masses ir Canada by Mr. Papineau, wa thing marvellous: though the i his impassioned appeals exert seem incredible to those who n nessed the display. Mr. Papi unquestionably several of t butes which Quintillian and o sign to the public speaker. mestic life was spotless: his t vated—pure: his education tune had opened out to choicest stores of learning: *V dicendi peritus*, he certainly

Was it then surprising if peroration of a fiery onsla colonial abuses—or at the c scathing denunciation of the of his race, attempted by the bureaucracy which then invad avenue to preferment—or eve tice, was it surprising to heard cheers and frantic spectator hold of the fearless speaker rying him in triumph to his ho home? No parliamentary the Province of Quebec ever surely, so powerfully, the chord, as did this indefatigab pion of popular rights?*

* "If," says his biographer, L. O. David oblivious of his genius, ever dare to ask wh had done for his country, let his voice his tomb: "Je vous ai fait respecter, j' monde que dans un coin de l'Amériq milliers de Français, vaincus par les arm lutte héroique, avaient su arracher leu leurs libertés des griffes de leurs vainq pendant trente ans, guidé mes compatrio combats qui ont fait l'admiration des na gères, et j'ai appris à mes fiers conquéra pourraient jamais enchaîner ma patrie."

In June, 1837, when I saw him first, he was in the zenith of his fame, though coming events were already looming out portentously.

A split in the party of the patriots was at hand, the Hon. John Neilson and some others, refused to abet armed resistance to British rule : in this they differed from the "patriots" of the Montreal district.

A grand gathering of the *Nationalité Canadienne* was to take place on the 24th June, 1837, in a beautiful maple grove owned by Captain Faucher, at Berthier, then forming part of the county of Bellechasse: the festival, dear to all Canadians, the *Fête de la St. Jean Baptiste*, was to be solemnized here by all the "patriots" of ever so many counties, not only by the destruction of hundreds of lovely young maple trees as is now the unhallowed custom, but in a much more appropriate manner : by speeches, a splendid banquet with—music—songs—a display of artillery and of cavalry. The Demosthenes of Parliament was to address the people on their wrongs and their mode of redress, flanked by the *elite* of the House of Assemby, Sir E. P. Taché (then Dr. E. P. Taché) his friend, Notary Letourneau, M. P. P. for Islet, Messrs. A. N. Morin, Louis Bourdages, *cum multis aliis*. The fire eaters of two or three counties met accordingly, and what with oratory, punch, music and songs, the discharge of fowling pieces, and the presence of the best trotting horses of the three counties, mounted by warlike young peasants with wreaths of maple and green, the pageant was a memorable one and very creditable to the enterprise of the "patriotes."

A full account is given by the *Canadien* newspaper of the 3rd July, 1837. Once the *fête* ended, the liberator in a showy carriage, followed by much of the "rank and fashion" of the disaffected counties, was to drive all the way to Kamouraska, to visit an important personage of the day : J. Bte. Taché, brother to Sir E. P. Taché, whose services to Canada subsequently, invested him with a knighthood and the honorary title of aide-de-camp to the Queen.

It was judged suitable that popular respect and ovations should attend the march of the Hon. Louis J. Papineau, not only amongst grown up men ready to bleed for their country, but even amongst prattling school-boys. Thus, was brought in, the parish school of St. Thomas. It was so fated that in "jacket and frills" I found myself a juvenile inmate—the tallest boy of this rustic academy. Our "Dominie's" name was Mercier. Dominie Mercier was no less celebrated for the zest and vigour with which he wielded the birch rod over the shoulders of his refractory subjects, than for his demonstrative patriotism amongst their fathers : he was what then was styled "un bon patriote," ready to vote down at a moment's notice, the importation of any dutiable English goods : broadcloth, cutlery, tea, &c.* Mr. Mercier was determined his school should offer ocular proof of the glowing patriotism, which, there bubbled up, like, from a fountain. The great statesman, Papineau, being pressed for time, could not stop, even to receive addresses : it was then decided by the Dominie, that an address, brief but gushing, should be delivered to the liberator as the carriage rolled past the school, on its way to Kamouraska. To the tallest boy was allotted the envied honour of acting as spokesman. He, as well as his comrades, for the nonce had been suitably drilled in court etiquette : all the "hopefuls" were to stand in line on the road side, and when in presence of the carriage, the tallest was to advance three steps, right foot first, take off his cap, and deliver

* During this stormy period of 1837, some of the more enthusiastic patriots, in order to dry up England's revenue in the colony, had gone so far as to discard every article of raiment on which duty was levied. A professional man, I knew, wore home spun breeches, coat ditto, straw hat, a neck-tie of Canadian linen and beef moccassins with the tradition round toes.

in a loud, measured voice the patriotic salutation or address :

"Honneur et gloire au brave et généreux Defenseur de nos droits !

Hourah ! Hourah ! ! Hourah ! ! !"

These three *hourah's* were to be given with deafening cheers, off ; so it was ordained, and done. The defender of ou gracefully bowed to us. As t of the boys was your humble the entry in this old diary relied on.

AN ANIMATED MOLECULE AND ITS NEAREST RELA

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D.

INQUIRERS seeking in earnest investigation to find the basis of life, may be divided into three classes. The one class I shall call *subjectivists*, or those who study chiefly mental phenomena, and attempt to build up a system of philosophy from this source. The second class may be designated *objectivists*, or those who merely apply their attention to physical manifestations, and endeavour through them to solve all the difficulties which bar the way to a clear understanding of man in his multifarious relations. The third division may be styled the *eclectics*, who do not circumscribe their investigations to either body or mind, but on the one hand endeavour to know from all sources, whether a man be a unity, a duality, or a trinity, and what are the relations of this sphinx, which is continually propounding so many enigmas for our solution ; or on the other hand, are seeking to find out if mind be a resultant or function of bodily forces and standing in the relation of effect to cause. The first class are pure metaphysicians, who adhere strictly to the study of mental modes. Many master minds have belonged to this class, but because of the circumscribed field of investigation, have made 'confusion worse confounded.'

These were divided into two great schools, viz. : The idealistic istic. The former reasoned existence of the whole extern including our bodies, except known by inferential evide that of the latter logically that mind has no existence known. Between these co scholastics we are asked to bel both the *ego* and the *non-eg* mythical existence. The sec are now called materialists gians on the one hand, and tain school of physical inv on the other. I do not say is a misnomer, but seeing it held up as a hideous ogre to the timid, and as those who such deny 'the soft impeachi the sense of holding any vie cal to ethical philosophy, I these phrases to indicate the of thinkers, and which cover t ground of mental and physical The egoist declares that the entity called mind, affected not being, matter, although in relation to it, and capable of it to action in will, emotion He appeals to our conscious proof of our power at will to physical effects by exercising and stirring to intensity the a not as secondary but primar

He holds that these efforts are initial, and are not primarily sensational. The basis upon which he builds is surely worthy of more consideration than a sneer. In such a simple physical act as that of raising my arm consequent on a volition, I ask the *objectivist* to tell me, if the primary impulse be a command of the nerve molecules to do so; and if so, what gave them the hint that this illustration was required at this opportune moment? I wait for a reply, and am told that my will to do so, is only a function of these molecules, and can not be at any time an initiatory impulse. In some mysterious way they got to know that this movement was required at this particular time. In other words, it is necessary in every volition to suppose a goading primary sensation and consequent reflex action from the power developed. It is held the same is true of memory and the wildest flights of imagination. My will, imaginings, reminiscences and consciousness, are said to be the *results* of acts of the brain, which determines in an autocratic way their intensity, kind and variety, being amenable to no motive power higher than itself and the law by which it operates. Mental activity thus becomes a sequent of antecedent brain manifestation. The wild impossibilities of Milton—the creations of Shakespeare—the word picturings of Homer, Tasso, Dante, Scott, and Longfellow—the wonderful combinations of Mendelssohn, Handel or Mozart, are only fortuitous presentments of a Molecular Grand Jury knowing no master *ab extra*—receiving no promptings but through sensation, and heeding no dictation independent of themselves.

The argument adduced by the objectivist seems to be, that there is no reason to assume an *ego* distinct from the varied functions of nerve molecules. The manifestations of the brain, of the spinal cord, and of the sympathetic system, can all be explained on physical grounds, he says, therefore, there is no need for laying down a spiritual hypothesis to account for that which natural laws explain. It will be my endeavour to prove the existence of a *psychical* power resident in nerve tissue—not in the relation of organ and function—but in that of organ and exciting agency, by parallel reasoning based on the phenomena of natural law. The physical system can be raised on a high pedestal of wonderful complicity and power, and at the same time mental modes need not necessarily be considered as a resultant of its activity, in order to unravel all its mysteries. There is a power or substance continually acting upon matter, from its lowest to its highest forms, and is the cunning workman in building up the ultimate elements of organic matter, whose presence in the human body is evident by phenomena the most complicated and marvellous in the animal kingdom. This is called electricity in its simplest form. I will call it *vitalism* in the second series of its operations, and *psychism* in its highest manifestation in the more complicated groups of the animal creation, including man. These three substances are possibly developments of one active fluid—the latter including those in the lower forms, just as the brain of man is built up by this force in a more elaborate way than is done in the simple ganglia of the lower creations. The cunning of this workman is known by his handiwork. I will endeavour to show that the molecule, about whose creation so many scientific battles are being fought, does not create mental modes, but is only the medium of their manifestations, and that a common ground of agreement can be found in calling the psychic force—the ego—the highest development of that entity called magnetism. It is a substance more subtle than the ether which pervades all nature, and we have no reason to believe that grosser matter could possess sensible properties without its cohesive power.

I will condense a few general

remarks on electricity before considering its relation to the nervous system of man. The latter connection is very important to every student of insanity. It will be my endeavour to rigidly apply the same principles of reasoning adopted by the pure scientists, and draw no conclusions they would not readily admit as legitimate from the premises adduced. I wish to show briefly:

First. That it is not in accordance with physiological and pathological facts to call mental phenomena functions of the brain.

Second. That no evidence adduced has satisfactorily established the localization of mentality beyond the focal point of nerve tissue in the basal ganglia of the brain.

Third. That brain power is not dependent on the size of the organ only, but requires many other conditions to manifest its durability and intensity.

Fourth. That psychic force correlates to some extent with magnetism, and is probably a higher power of the same substance, and presumably is the most subtle form of material existence known to man.

Fifth. That this entity exists in the nervous system of all animals and beings possessing nerve structure, not depending on a molecule for its existence, but, on the contrary, the molecule could have no being without its constructive power. The maker of the molecule necessarily antedates the creation, and manifests the occupancy of the tenement in a series of functions numerous and complicated.

Sixth. That the intensity and complicity of mental modes, *cæteris paribus*, do depend on the condition and capacity of the organ, and that the intellectual and moral powers decrease in a certain proportion, as the instrument diminishes in efficacy (as a magnet decreases in power according to its size), until only automatic or reflex life remains. In other words, the descending series of *psychism*, *vitality*, *electricity* leave in the inverse order to that in which they built up the system, until dust to dust manifest the ultimate elements in their primary form, with only a low grade of cohesive power remaining.

Seventh. That the different phenomena of mind in health and disease can be explained satisfactorily to my mind, if the views stated be accepted without leading to illogical conclusions.

Eighth. That no appeal has been made to arguments and deductions beyond accepted phenomena, and only by legitimate conclusions drawn from evidence furnished by the senses.

We see the intimate relation existing between the ego and non-ego in the influence the one exerts on the other. Dyspepsia will give the patient that mental despondency which vulgarly goes by the name of the 'blues.' It is also true that strong emotion, or any mental shock, unexpectedly excited, at once affects the stomach, in disturbing its digestive powers, and in suddenly quenching all sense of hunger. Local causes will produce constipation, or flux of the bowels, or, it may be, retention of urine in the bladder, without the invasion of disease, but mental excitement or anxiety of any kind will produce the same results. Violent exercise will increase the heart's action; so also will sudden fright. There is not an organ of the body but can be affected through mental influence. We shall see if this mentality can consistently be called a function of the organs it is assumed to have the power to rouse to action, or in other words whether an *effect* can perform the impossibility of being its own *cause*. These dual phenomena have never received a satisfactory solution by looking at them only in one of their aspects and at the same time ignoring the other. Like the valiant knights of old, each school is prepared to fight for the truthfulness of the inspection of the face of the shield next to themselves, ignoring any other aspect. The wonderful force I am about

to consider, explains this double influence. The myriad telegraphic offices in the body are in constant communication with the great central depositories of nerve force, called the cerebro-spinal system. There is not a part of the physical system, however apparently automatic or organic, but is in some intimate relation to this cardinal motor power, and which necessarily responds to its influence. However multifarious the functions may be, each according to its kind, yet they are all within call of these centres. They are the primary conservatories of vital power and energy. Like armies in action, while fighting, a stern battle against dissolution, they are within supporting distance of one another. The most remote organs from these centres are within reach of their influence. In the same way are those which belong to what Mr. Paget calls the 'rhythmic nerve centres,' *i.e.*, the organs of respiration, the heart, and the alimentary canal. A certain kind of electricity is essential to the existence of physical life. Its absence means death, and on the other hand it increases in intensity, or diminishes in force, according to the degree of mental or bodily health. Now, by a parity of reasoning, if this power be neither a primary nor secondary quality of matter, *i. e.*, nor essential nor accidental, in any medium in which its energy may be manifested, it is not so monstrous to infer, by analogy, that mind is a unity of a subtle nature, like magnetism, but of a higher order of influence; it is directed and circumscribed in the same way, by the body in which it resides, but at the same time equally capable of producing changes of a material and vital nature, in the different substances which it permeates with its influence, without being a secretion, quality, or condition of any of them. It is not my intention to inquire whether the higher power is an evolution from the lower, or whether each has a distinct creation, origin or existence. Suffice to show that this entity in the series of its manifestations does not depend on gross matter for its being, but on the contrary, the form and continuity of such matter are results of its operations.

There is a vast difference in distance between the utmost boundary of the field of scientific investigation, and nature's laboratory in building up structures of multiform complexity, out of the monads of molecules or matter. It is not in opposition to the severest rules of the inductive philosophy of a positivist to use imagination where observation cannot go, and by analogy judge the unknowable from the knowable. We infer that a quantity of water has interstices between its particles, because we can compress it somewhat, and also dissolve a soluble body in it without increasing its bulk; but no human eyes ever saw these openings between the molecules of water. Cold is applied to water, and as a result it contracts, until it reaches the temperature of thirty-nine degrees Fahrenheit; when in violation of any well known law, by some unaccountable freak the liquid expands, and in its expansion becomes solid ice. This is a process in its elements most strange, but beyond our ken. This ice may be melted, and it may be minutely examined through the microscope, but no change can be seen in its physical appearance. Send a current of electricity through it and great changes take place in its condition; the particles of water are made polar in a diamagnetic manner; the water is changed as a medium to transmit light, for a ray in its passage through it is twisted in a definite way, under this influence, not seen in water not under magnetic power. We can legitimately imagine that the molecules have been marshalled by this new force into other positions, but the *how* and *why* are matters for speculation, yet, in this phenomenon is a strong inferential proof of the change magnetism makes in the position of the ultimate ele-

ments of water. This movement or change is even more striking in solid bodies. Boyle, in his tract on 'The Languid Motion of Bodies,' shows that even compact bodies, such as turquoise and agate stones change in their molecules, and that spots in them shift their relative positions continually. The *patina* of antiquarians found on ancient coins is only the copper of the alloy having found its way to the surface during centuries of molecular action. The other metals of the combination were not as active as the copper in the magnetic race. The term *inertia* is a misnomer, for it is not a condition of matter any where in universal nature. This electrical state of motion and adhesion, can be observed in a simple way, by the tenacity of surfaces in contact, whether solid or liquid, and in the electricity evolved on their separation. This is best seen if glass be laid on the surface of mercury, or melted sulphur brought in contact with glass. The same is seen in capillary attraction, which experiments have shown to be from electrical results. These are evident in the minute arteries, which are filled with arterial blood, surcharged with oxygen, and that seeks with avidity interstitial substances, satisfying the wants of the system, and through the veins carries the effete matter to the outlets of the body, but were it not for this subtle agent there would be stagnation and death. The same attraction and repulsion is seen in the pulmonary and portal circulation. The molecular supply of blood to nerve tissue, is doubtless a counterpart of this work, going forward elsewhere, on a larger scale. The objectivist says the processes are as mechanical or chemical as is the formation of a crystal or capillary attraction in a lump of sugar, a sponge, or a glass tube. It may be the same power but of a higher order—shall I say a *Darwinian* development of it? The wonderful law of *selection* is not considered. This power uses a few primary elements to build up ne stances, of the most complicat diverse kind. We may sow in of uniform earth, the seeds of d plants: they are watered by th fluid: heated by the same sun same degree: grow in ever under the same external influe each will produce its kind. Se from these simple fluids what e quires, and grouping with a hand, the most harmless elemen rank poison, innocuous floral l or luscious fruit, in keeping wi powers of each. The food may be of the most heterog kind, yet, nature's laboratory more complicated, but similar selection, forms out of these th tions, and the myriad variati substances in our bodies. Tr law that operates to form the ch models in nature, are in force i more complicated bodies, but and beyond the simpler types o is an energy more intricate handiwork than can be produ the world of chemistry, and patent right to manufacture, no in the lower stratum of force ca approach in beauty and comp Alcohol can be made out of star no cunning of chemistry can d is undone and make starch spirits. We can reduce to the mate elements all organic bodi the varieties are so few that count them on our fingers, bu the same elements at our cor we cannot re-construct the si cell by chemical art. My dinn be composed of roast beef, plun ding and pumpkin pie. Thi builds up the millions of vario stances in my body before I go I defy the ultra-scientist to d successful parallel between th any law of crystallization. V asked to believe, in the face o such as these, that water, a cry grain of corn, an egg, and a bodies are all built up by exact same agency, in its lowest powe

that the vegetable and animal worlds are only multiples of the grosser forms of matter, thus making 'vital force' a myth of the despised metaphysicians. A crystal cannot produce its like as a cell does. It cannot repair injury to it as life does the waste of tissue. Friction will reduce the size of the one, but the living form thickens by its application to the other. Vitality will rush to the rescue when a cut is made. It will join the ends of a broken bone and surround the breach with additional safeguards. Chemistry can show no equal to the law of diffusion. We cannot imitate respiration in the laboratory by exchanging oxygen and carbonic acid through the same septa at the same time. We might enumerate in an endless catalogue, and put in antithesis the great difference that exists between chemical and vital processes.

The school of objectivists classify the beginnings, varieties and movements of all forms of organized life into a group of 'affinities.' According to the class of thinkers these may be called *chemical*, *elective*, *organic* or *inherent*, and if these terms are not satisfactory to the opposite class of inquirers, refuge is taken in the definition that 'molecular life is a co-ordinating power.' I contend that all these terms refer to one and the same substance—call it electricity, magnetism, odic force, or what you will, and is not a necessary quality of matter; but, on the contrary, all phenomena of matter go to show that on its cohesive power the existence of matter depends. It must necessarily antedate organized substances, unless a miracle takes place, and a molecule can originate itself. It is hard to say, however, what wonders of this kind may transpire when a great philosopher like Mill can say that it may be possible for two and two to become five, and that a part may be greater than the whole in some other condition of mind. That 'condition' should only be found in the ward of an asylum. Herbert Spencer is forced reluctantly to admit (Biology, Am. Ed. page 167): 'It may be argued that, on the hypothesis of evolution, life necessarily comes before organization. On this hypothesis, organic matter in a state of homogeneous aggregation must precede organic matter in a state of heterogeneous aggregation. But since the passing from a structureless state to a structured state is itself a vital process, it follows that vital activity must have existed while there was yet no structure; structure could not else arise.' Lionel Beale says grudgingly (Bioplasm, page 209, Ed 1872): 'The vital power of the highest bioplasm in nature is the living *I*.' Darwin calls this power 'innate' in defining life. This may mean much or nothing. He vaguely applies it to that *something* in organized nature; that invisible builder known only in his works; that which the microscope has not brought to view; that which the scalpel has never laid bare; that which the chemical tests have not found out its affinities, and the *spectrum analysis* has not displayed its colour to the eye. Man may be said to consist of a collection of living cells, or organic monads. These have a dynamic union in a power whose crowning phenomenon we call consciousness. All the phases of mind-knowing are in the latter, and one physical cell is the equivalent prototype or representative integer of a multitude, that constitute the body in its completeness. These distinct individual cells may have varied functions, but the vital energy controls them, prevents antagonisms, and procures concord of action to accomplish unity of purpose.

We see organisms of the lowest order multiply their kind by a division of themselves. This inherent power causes these separate parts to have a family resemblance. Each of these has a power to move, to feed, to grow, to multiply, and to have a harmony of action in all their parts. No

such complicity of power can be seen in chemical action and affinity. Then, look at the laws of heredity the transmission of peculiarities of disposition, of idiosyncrasies, of resemblances, of tendencies to particular diseases, of constitutional and physical appearance to both parents in one case; in a second to only one, in a third to neither; of stupidity producing intelligence, and genius begetting mediocrity; of so much in common between parents and children, yet so much diversity in the nearest approach to likeness, even among the members of the same family. In the descending series of existences this diversity decreases until we come to the sameness of crystallization. The building power is more circumscribed in its capacity, although more general in its application, the lower it goes in the scale of existence. Look at the strange tendency toxical agents have to assail distinct portions of nerve tissue, as if each section had a different molecular arrangement. Strychnia, aconite, opium, alcohol, prussic acid, belladonna, select their locations with unerring aim whenever they come in contact with a nervous organization. There is no reason to believe this law of selection lies in the poisons alone. The ultimate elements of nerve tissue may differ in each section. In lower nature we have the laws of cohesion and attraction, evidencing the one force called electricity. This power exists in the wide domain of matter animate and inanimate. The primary elements of all bodies are kept together by its cohesive power. It is indispensable to existence and compactness of outline. A remarkable form of this force is seen in animal magnetism. This pervades all our nerve centres, and their prolongations. It permeates the primitive fasciculi of muscle and binds them together. This animal magnetism will produce the same phenomena as frictional and atmospheric electricity. It affects the needle of the galvanometer, decomposes iodide of potassium, produces light and gives severe shocks si felt in the electric dischar torpedo eel. The law of t tion of forces is thus made by this agent. Light is from the black hair of a ne son, with a vulcanized rul or by friction from the fur a marked degree, and heat i at the same time. It is muscle and nerve only durin as long as the natural w mains, but is completely *rigor mortis*; yet if warm injected into the limbs of after rigor has set in for a relaxation will return, an animal magnetism; even e will be induced for a short artificial or extraneous should be used to excite ner cle while it occupies this me is no evidence of the presen ral inherent electricity; it two can not co-exist in the at the same time. It is e monstration that the fasciculi and muscle have in each tw nistic states of electricity natural condition the surfa is in a positive state, and t each is in a negative relation words, the longitudinal and surfaces are, as a rule, relati antagonistic conditions. say by irritation, heat, or rence of death, a complete these magnetic relations t not only so, but sections o muscle may change in this sections remaining in the lation. Statical electricity of rest is the primary condi power in these tissues, and magnetism usurps the pla potent fluid, or rather it i manifestation of the same e physical action is accompan trical discharge. In the e of Matteucci, Du-Bois-Ray others, this is clearly dei directly and by analogy.

of the electric system of a torpedo eel spring from the anterior track of the spinal cord, and at the periphery of each are the same complicated plexuses analogous to those in our bodies springing from a similar source. If the nerves of each are divided in any part of their course, both are equally affected by paralysis, and if shocked by electricity both show activity in an analogous manner. They are similarly affected by the application of toxic irritants, especially by strychnia, which induces in both convulsions and the elimination of electricity. Both become exhausted by action and return to their normal tonicity by rest. In a word, what can be predicated of the one can be affirmed of the other in all respects. If the nerves of the rheoscopic limbs of two frogs are only connected by water, or by candle-wick saturated with water, and the nerve of one is pinched, or any irritant applied, the magnetic fluid will traverse this foreign isthmus and cause contraction of the distal limb, showing conclusively that when electricity is given off, the muscle or nerve is in action, induced from any such exciting cause. It need scarcely be added that when muscular or nervous energy exists from the action of this agent, heat is generated. This correlation is universal. This transmission of nerve force explains much that is otherwise inexplicable, where there is diffluence or disorganization of nerve tissue, for even then its power of conveying this agent is not destroyed. It is even asserted by pathologists that the appropriate function is still preserved, through broken down tissue. This fluid is put in motion by friction and irritation on the one hand, or by volition, emotion, affection or desire, on the other. The nerves are excited by these currents, when the repulsion of the ultimate elements from their natural state of rest is temporarily reversed; in chronological order the same results follow in muscular fibre. This brings sections or molecules into apposition in their natural polarity; *plus* forces or *negative* states, in respective contact, will result in contraction of the parts affected. This condition explains the sudden invasion and departure of pathological causes, accompanied by spasms, fits, convulsions; also, the rhythmic movements of so-called automatic life. In this act of shortening, electrical action produces heat, and with it, ultimately, exhaustion, analogous to that seen in the torpedo. In chemical union or decomposition the same effects are always seen, and living tissues are not an exception to this general law. These changes of conditions from positive to negative, and *vice versa*, are sudden in their effects, and may be transitory. Exciting causes may continue them for a short time, until feeble action compels at least intermittent secession of this condition, in order to give time to accumulate fresh force, as is the case in a battery. We can not grip continuously. We suffer when we keep our body in one position for a length of time. The periodical emphasis of the lungs, the heart, the bowels, the uterus, and it may be also of such busy laboratories as the liver, the kidneys and the stomach, show the necessity of these periods of rest, not to speak of intermittent sleep to the weary brain. We can not think without periods of rest of longer or shorter duration. All careful experiments go to show that any of these movements must be accompanied by a corresponding interchange between the external and internal magnetic relations of muscular and nervous fibres, giving out heat and throwing off decomposed matter during this activity.

This partial reversal of sections of nerves and muscles in their electrical relations is doubtless a normal condition. Huxley in his 'Lay Sermons' seems to show this when explaining the circulation in a nettle sting. He says:

'The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely ap-

plied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semi-fluid matter, full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semi-fluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitutes a kind of bag, full of limpid liquid. When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually, from point to point, and give rise to the appearance of progressive waves. But in addition to these movements, and independently of them the granules are driven in relatively rapid streams through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. Most commonly the currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm take similar directions, and thus there is a general stream up one side of the hair and down the other. But this does not prevent the existence of partial currents which take different routes and sometimes trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; which, occasionally, opposite streams come into collision and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. The cause of these currents seems to lie in *contractions* of the protoplasm which bounds the channels in which they flow, but which are so minute that the best microscopes show only their effects and not themselves.'

In plant or animal, heat and electric shocks cause contractility in the same way and under similar conditions. This primal form is subject to laws of vitality and growth such as is seen in more complicated physical existences. It has in it these potentialities, and the experiments of eminent scientists go to show that electrical shock causes contraction of many of the first organized forms of life, and it is fair to infer it in all, were our knowledge extended. In a paper recently read before the Royal Society it was clearly shown that such plants as those of the Dionæa genus, especially the Venus fly-trap, not only secrete a juice as solvent as the gastric fluid and capable of performing the same work, but in the contraction of the lobes of this pitcher plant upon its food it gives out an appreciable current of electricity at every closure analogous to that obtained from the nerves and muscles of animals.

This also explains the flow of fluids, against the laws of gravitation and which are vaguely stated to flow on account of the chemical reaction between the external moisture and the internal juices of the plants, excited in some way by atmospheric disturbance. This response to stimulation is analogous to that seen in the animal economy: even the change of direction of this fluid modifies and varies its action.

If a current of electricity be passed from the neighbourhood of the nerve centres towards their ramifications, the result is violent contraction of muscle.

A current sent from the peripheral loops in a contrary direction will cause great pain, but only slight contraction. The power and medium are the same in both cases, but there is no doubt that the polar conditions of the molecules of the nerves are changed by the difference in the direction of the force, if not, the effects would be the same in both directions, as on a telegraphic wire, when a message is sent from either termination. This difference of effect based upon change of direction is seen in the nervous excitation of sensation and volition.

To understand what follows, it is therefore necessary to remember that (*a*) what is called 'voltaic alternatives,' is a remarkable phenomenon, which is experienced when a *direct* and an *inverse* current is alternately sent through a section of nerve, it loses and gains its natural electricity, synchronous with the intermissions, and in the same degree as the loss and re-

covery of it, with irritability. (*b.*) The influence sent through a nerve causes the muscle in which it ramifies, to contract when the galvanic circuit is closed and not when it is opened. (*c.*) A continuous action of magnetism will at last produce paralysis of the part affected—or in other words its irritability is lost, and in this deprivation it no longer receives nor transmits impressions. Did time permit, it could be shown that in these changes we see phenomena that make it possible to arrive at rational conclusions in respect to the sudden invasion of such attacks as those of paralysis, epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, hysteria, and allied nervous disorders. To illustrate the nerve influence by what we know in electricity, take two wires and place them parallel to one another, without touching; send a current through one, and a flash of electricity will instantaneously pass through the other, synchronous with that in connection with the battery. This wave passes away and is not repeated except the connection is broken, when the same results are obtained. These intermittent impulses, on connection and breach of continuity, can be repeated indefinitely. In the connection the two currents go in the same direction, but break it and the secondary current returns in a contrary direction. In this way the two currents can made to pass forward and backward, with the regularity of a weaver's shuttle. It is worthy of note that the return current, induced by the break of connection, is much stronger in this parallel wire, on the 'home stretch,' than is that running in the same direction as the fluid in the connecting wire. If a number of insulated wires are coiled spirally round the primary wire, instead of running parallel to it, not only can these intermittent currents be produced, but also an extra or third current is produced in all the wires, no doubt induced by the magnetic influence one upon the other. These facts will be of importance when we come to consider nerve influence, especially when we find that the larger the wire, the greater the number of spirals, the more powerful is the magnetic influence. The larger the healthy nerve is, the more capable it is to transmit magnetic power, in proportion to its size. Apparent exceptions do not violate this law. The point of a pin makes a limited impression on the end of my finger, yet, small though the injury may be, the nerve disturbance is considerable. There is no reason to believe that the irritation is confined to the fibre of the nerve injured; nor that the influence travels to the nearest ramifications, and from them sends messages of alarm to the neighbouring surface, as well as to the seat of sensation. According to the laws above mentioned, synchronous impulses can be sent through adjacent nerves, by induced electric currents, and at the cessation of excitation a powerful return current is set up, which produces the contraction of muscles, even before the will has power to act. I need scarcely add that a large number, if not all, of physical automatic action can be explained in the same way. It is the same in disease. A circumscribed injury will produce tetanus, or paralysis—effects out of all proportion to the local lesion. A few writhing worms in the bowels of a child, or a tooth keeping in constant tension a small portion of gum, will produce convulsions. A sudden emotion when we are awake, or the *phantasmata* of a horrid dream, will produce startling physical effects, although the cause be subjective. The centric excitant is equally strong to the objective when it dominates.

The inference, therefore, is strong that this substance gives impulse in and through itself, by filling the body it occupies, in all its interstices, and vibrating from the point of perturbation through *monadic* contact. This is seen in the telephone. The voice—or in other words the undulating air—is not sent through the wire, but

the vibration takes place in the medium, through its molecular structure, possibly in an infinitesimal degree, without any onward movement of the substance thrown into action. The reproduction of the nicest modulations of the human voice at the distal end of the telephone, is only a repetition of the motion continued, as is seen in the wave movements of a rope. The sound can be transmitted through a septum of boiler iron, or marble, as easily as through a thin membrane. This result can be produced without magnets, in the same way, with a thread as a means of communication. In fact, this power responds to the same tests, as if it were a subtle form of matter. It may be proper here to say that this manifestation of force is known in an exceptional manner to that of light and heat, showing that it does not, in every particular, correlate with these two forces, and must differ from them in some material way. Take a wire of unequal size, and place it between the two poles of a battery. Where this conductor is smaller, there it heats more rapidly. In other words it condenses, and becomes more intense where the way is narrowed, as a stream becomes more impetuous where it is pent up by banks or rocks. Another illustration will show this: take a nodulated glass tube, in which the air is rarified, pass through it an electric current, which may be seen as a luminous spray. Where the tube is narrowed, the light condenses and becomes more bright; in other words becomes swifter in its flow the more it is confined. Here is a well known law of fluids in operation, and not mere force. The same experiments may be made with sound, light or heat, and it will be found that they do not condense and flow onward with increased intensity, but that they are refracted or reflected into or from the medium. Herein, even in this primary form, lies a radical difference in the phenomena of these forces, and leads me seriously to question their entire correlation. I have not the least that in the wonderful phenon Edison's phonograph, in whic brating tympanum, a steel poin a revolving cylinder covered wi foil, can act as do the two comp organs, the ear and the vocal p will be found that the minute i sions depend on the molecular tion of the surface. Were it the ten thousandth part of a v in the receiving of speech and it out, must change its charac tirely. Thus far I have briefl cated salient points in the phen of *magnetism*, and the analogou more varied force, which I have nated *vitalism*. The latter alw cludes the former, as a subs energy. We can see that in *ps* the two former are necessary latter, and that the trinity is pensable to mental existence—i say- being mental life.

Thus far I have stated a fe eral principles. It is not too for the egoist to ask that an a be drawn between the laws tha ern matter, and those that he control mind. In fact, he is to do this, and is promised, as of his research, utter discon He at once proceeds to do so by ing parallels. For example, th knife in his pocket has no ma power, but let him rub it alo pole of a magnet and the peculi perty of attraction in the mag communicated to the steel bl once, without reducing this myst power of the magnet. Let the f be reversed and this virtue again. This inter-change can ried on indefinitely. Here is a w ful property induced and lost by friction in a hard metal. How it do to say that this manifesta magnetic iron is a function? I piece of cold steel and a lam equally cold flint, and go out Canadian winter night, with th mometer ranging from 30° t below zero. I strike them tog

heat and light are evolved from most unlikely substances under external conditions unfavourable to both. Would a philosopher call these evolved phenomena functions of matter? A savage on a lone island has lost his fire, and at once the friction of two pieces of wood eliminates heat and kindles into activity that power called fire. Why not call this element a secretion of any substance in which it resides, from which it can be abstracted, and which is the resultant of inherent forces as potent and active as in any organ of the body? Experiment shows that the active motion of all such bodies, whether by friction, by chemical union, or by vital processes, only make manifest these powers, but we would fly in the face of scientific investigation were we to say that all such forces which correlate were productions of these media. The molecules of the nervous tissues are put in similar activity by the irritation of contact, friction or excitation; the result is heat, light, electricity. These are imponderable forces, of which we know nothing beyond their evidence of potential energy. A sudden emotion, a desire, a violation will produce evidence of these convertible forces in the animal system. As in the knowledge of material phenomena, or in the study of electrical force, it is not unscientific to assert that we have in self-imposed conceptions the evidence of 'an invisible supersensuous' *something*—a dynamical agent—a material force it may be, which, at will, can, independent of sensation or automatic life, cause the excitation of nervous or muscular molecules, as efficiently and truly as is done by *ab extra* agency. The knowledge of force is as strong in the one example as in the other, and both are equally knowable by phenomena, and these only. Electricity excites molecular action, and through its action on matter we are cognizant of its existence. The so-called vital force is denied to those bodies, even in the lowest form, yet the same laws of chemical and electrical affinity are brought to play to build up a crystal, a grain of wheat, a muscle, or a nerve fibre; but behind these, and producing each according to its kind, is a power that baffles the wisest objectivist, in spite of his acutest analytical investigation. This force is thus assumed by its phenomena. We may not see the worker, but on all sides is indubitable evidence of his craft. A mad man would not say that the means adapted to ends seen in universal nature were a jumble of fortuitous sequents and consequents.

Tyndall says (Use and Limit of the Imagination in Science):

'The philosophy of the future will assuredly take more account than that of the past of the relation of thought and feeling to physical processes; and it may be that the qualities of the mind will be studied through the organism, as we now study the character of a force through the affections of ordinary matter. We believe that every thought and every feeling has its definite mechanical correlation—that it is accompanied by a certain separation and re-marshalling of the atoms of the brain. The latter process is purely physical; and were the faculties we now possess sufficiently strengthened, without the creation of any new faculty, it would, doubtless, be within the range of our augmented powers, to infer from the molecular state of the brain the character of the thought acting on it, and conversely to infer from the thought the exact molecular condition of the brain.'

Herbert Spencer says that 'with our present knowledge we are in this predicament. We can think of matter only in terms of mind. We can think of mind only in terms of matter. When we have pushed our explorations of the first to the uttermost limits, we are referred to the second for a final answer; and when we have got a final answer of the second, we are referred back to the first for an

interpretation of it' (Principles of Psychology, p. 272.)

Huxley says: 'For, after all, what do we know of this terrible "matter," except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that "spirit" over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause or condition of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena.' (Lay Sermons.)

This definition is doubtless correct, and 'a state of consciousness' which exists, and which tells me that there is within me a power, at command now or in the future, and that through this residuary *something* my arm is raised, my head nods, my eye winks, or my imagination takes flights, at any time this *something* dictates, is entitled to ask for consideration as an entity as much as, for example, pain, which is only a state of consciousness, and cannot be weighed, measured, seen or heard. In fact, the operations of the laws of chemical affinity or of gravitation cannot reach this height of complex power. A subtle influence pervades our bodies. It follows the nerve tracts from preference, but is everywhere present in the physical domain, exercising its power. It prevents the complete localization of each mental phenomena because of its ubiquity, yet may control the entire system from one central nerve capitol. It is not probable that the idea of the old philosopher in locating the soul in the pineal gland, or the doctrine of Bichat, in putting our feelings, affections, and desires in the sympathetic system of the bowels, is any more than the vagaries of visionary theorists, but it is evident that the organs at the base of the brain are the most wonderful of all brain locations, and that nerve influences emanate from the optic thalamus, the pons varoli, the medulla oblongata and the corpus striatum, that can be found nowhere else in the domain of nerve power. Large portions of the cerebrum and the cerebellum may be taken away from the living body without immediate danger of death, but the organs in the base of the brain, from which spring the numerous nerves so essential to life, cannot be touched in vivisection or by disease with impunity. From this central region nerve influence radiates to every part of the body, making its connections with the depositories of nerve power in the spinal cord, and with the ganglia of the sympathetic system.

The proofs upon which are founded the arguments in favour of different localizations are far from convincing, even were eminent pathologists unanimous in their conclusions. The results of disease in the physical manifestations of what Fritsch and Hitzig call the 'psycho motor centers' present so many exceptions to the generalizations of *localizers* that a verdict of 'not proven' must at present be recorded against them. Take a few examples:

First. Hæmorrhage in the brain. Brown-Séquard justly observes (*vide Lancet*, July 29, 1875), that:

'Convulsions may appear as well on the side of the lesion in the brain as on the other side, and that if they are more frequent on this last side when the cause is a tumor or an inflammation, they, on the contrary, are more often witnessed on the side of a hæmorrhage in certain parts, and perhaps in more parts of the brain.'

Out of two hundred and twenty-two cases of hæmorrhage collected by Gintrac (putting aside the cerebral ganglia, the ventricles, and the central parts) there were forty-seven cases of convulsions either on one side, or on the two sides of the body. Of these forty-seven cases, there were eleven in forty-five cases of homorrhage in the convolutions; two only in seventeen

casea in which blood was effused in the anterior lobes; twenty-five in one hundred and twenty-seven, in which it was in the middle lobes, and nine in thirty-three cases in which it was in the posterior lobes. The same general distribution of efficient causes in the brain, producing similar effects, have been collated by thousands, all going to show that a local disease of the brain may (if at all manifest) produce certain effects, as is seen in the connection of aphasia with lesions of certain lobes, but when we find a large number of cases in which the same part is diseased, and no such results follow, and also that other parts of the brain becoming diseased do produce the same results, we are forced to the conclusion that some pervading influence must be at work upon nerve cells at a distance from the seat of the disease, and that it overleaps physical lesions and abnormal conditions in its operations. An insane person dies, and we find a large portion of his brain, or, it may be a section of the spinal cord, of the consistency of cream. The nerve substance has become homogeneous by gradual disintegration, yet, there may be no local or distal effect, commensurate with the breaking down of nerve tissue, and the evident destruction of nerve cells, nor need there always be striking mental manifestations consequent thereon. Brown-Séquard says: (*vide Lancet*, September 16, 1876,) 'that considerable alterations, and even complete destruction of parts, can exist without the appearance, or, at least any marked degree of paralysis, whether the lesion exists in motor parts, or in the other parts, or in both simultaneously.' On the other hand, a hæmorrhage, the size of a pea, in the pons varoli, has been known to produce paralysis and death. The experiments of Hitzig, Ferrier, Carville, Hurst and Northnagel, lead us to believe that there is a centre for perception somewhere in the cortical substance of the brain. This is divided in true phrenological style into other circumscribed spaces, of distinct mental power. At the same time they tell us that the occipital lobe can be destroyed without producing any effect on the sensibility; that the convolutions of this lobe, as well as those of the frontal, the insula, those of the internal faces of the hemispheres, and those of the suborbital, do not respond to electrical excitation; and that for the most part lesions of these have little or no results. They think that ablations of the frontal lobes appear to lessen the activity of the intelligence, and that of the occipital extremity of each hemisphere seems to abolish the appetite. Orchansky, a celebrated pathologist of St. Petersburgh, after numerous experiments on dogs and rabbits with the electric current, and by vivisection on the motor centres, candidly states that the separation of the cortex into motor and non-motor parts rests, probably, upon an anatomical basis only, but is little known. In other words, there is no special cerebral vaso-motor centres, except in intimate relation with the general motor system, this consisting of the cord, central ganglia, and the convolutions, but this tripartite is in mutual relation and subordination. The careful experiments of Brown-Séquard go to show that this mechanism of voluntary action does not depend on clusters of brain cells in one locality, but on the co-ordination of all the cells. The germ of the future therapeutics of brain disease may be indicated in the fact that paralysis is not always produced in the destruction or lesion of nerve matter, but often depends upon the influence exerted by disease upon parts at a distance. The supposed motor centres can be destroyed without any paralysis at all. On the other hand, paralysis may occur in arm or leg when it was the most anterior or posterior part of the brain—the part furthest removed from the supposed centre of motion—that had degene-

rated. Paralysis may be quite independent of the destruction of the tissue. It might result from the puncture of the smallest needle.

It is, therefore, quite evident that if we can divide up our mental modes into sections, and give each a distinct domain within which each can only work; then the laws of co-ordination mean a perfect unanimity of a 'committee of the whole' brought about in some fortuitous way, not from any *ab extra* influence, but by some intuition among the different organs. Without any autocratic authority to dictate to them they manage, in health and disease, to do tolerably well. These in the light of the *objectivists* views of mental *localisms* should present good examples of modern miracles. The triumvirate of nerve systems have been divided so minutely that in each part is located all the intellect, volitions, emotion, desires and affections of humanity, so that many pathologists profess to point out the capital seat of each of these manifestations, principally through the abnormal conditions of organs and localities, and in the perversion of functions co-existing with mental aberration. Ferrier (strong objectionist though he be) says: 'We are still only on the threshhold of the inquiry; and it may be questioned whether the time has yet arrived for an attempt to explain the mechanism of the brain and its functions.' The applying distinct functions to the grey and white matter of the brain is not founded on a true basis of experiment. Many have made the grey cortex uniform and without physiologically organic divisions, but Ferrier and his school, like surveyors, lay out in this structure, in definite order, the more complex faculties of the ego, because in a number of cases certain abnormal states follow pathological conditions of localities in the brain. They ignore the large numbers of exceptions they find in opposition to their deductions. If we are able to see in even one instance without our eyes, it is evident our optic organs have rivals. can hear in a solitary case, inde ently of our auditory apparatus. must the ear look after its la Memory is said to be located i left, right, or both frontal evolu yet I find them diseased and me intact. What am I to thin this division? If I am told to b that the motor centres of the extremities are in the optic tha and then find that in the experi of Northnagel this tract can be troyed in rabbits without imp their locomotion where am I my faith! (*Vide Lancet*, Janua 1875). Dr. Carpenter tells us the *corpus callosum* is sometim cient or absent in man, and wh it is an evidence of low intellectu Professor Gerinano, of Turin, d ed the brain of an intelligent so who had served in the army years, but his *corpus callosum* absent. When aphasia occurs c tions are drawn from disease found in certain convolutions the nerve influence of speech come from that locality. The wit do not agree as to place and boun so it will be necessary to rule out of court until there is consi and unanimity in their testi Ferrier tells us that he remov whole of the occipital lobes brain of the monkey, Jacko, an excision impaired his appeti have not the least doubt it woul the appetite of any one thus dep (See Review in *Journal of Ps gical Medicine*, January, 187 need not cite historic cases lik of Gage; the case of Galli men by Dr. Gray; the large list of s with brain injury mentioned in I, and Vol. 1, of 'Medical an gical Cases in the recent Am War.' Some had epileptic fit result; others were affected in more of the special senses, but c number had no permanent inj intellect or function, with f

bodies lodged in the brain. When I first had my attention seriously drawn to this matter it was about fifteen years ago. A lad of thirteen years of age had been kicked by a horse. A section of the skull was broken in the upper part of the frontal and occipital bones on the right side. One of the nine pieces fractured had been driven into the substance of the brain over an inch. The membranes were ruptured and broken up and brain substances protruded through the wound and were hanging in pieces on his cheek. At the time I first saw him he was comatose. I extracted the bones, cut away the ragged edges of the membranes and lacerated brain substance. Consciousness returned immediately. He did not lose a night's sleep, nor a meal afterwards. No febrile symptoms intervened, but a large cavity remained. He went to school to the same mistress as before, and she informed me that except a certain irritability of temper, he was as intelligent as ever and could learn his lessons with the usual aptitude. I need not enter into particulars, but merely say that some considerable cortical substance had been extirpated without serious results to mentality. Any number of such cases might be culled from medical literature to show that *all* brain substance is not necessary to physical nor mental life, and that the localization of psychical power is not borne out by experiment or pathology. It is dangerous to adopt a pet theory as a foregone conclusion, and endeavour to drag in every argument that we find at hand to support it, without stopping to find out if all the phenomena can be explained by our hypotheses.

If the views advanced by me are not accepted, I can not conceive any other solution except the old Hippocratic doctrine, a modified idea of which exists in '*bumpology*,' viz: a duality of the ego, and that by mutual agreement this Siamese twin only becomes half diseased alternately. So by a law of compensation one can do the work of both if the necessity arises. If this suggestion of double function be not satisfactory, then vicarious work among the organs or segments of organs might approach a solution of the difficulty, although it would be a hypothesis fatal to the localizers' theory. The opinions given in this monograph meet many of the difficulties, and at the same time do not fly in the face of accepted facts exhibited in health and disease. All of the phenomena of mind, and of the functions of the physical system go to show, when brain tisse is injured by disease or by traumatic effects that the artificial divisions of it by some physiologists are not consistent with experiment. It is worthy of note that no nerve of the body can be traced into the substance of the brain beyond the basal ganglia. The olfactory and optic nerves were inferentially supposed to issue from the cerebrum, but no experiment nor development shows this to be the case. We have only to suppose the upper parts of the encephalon, the spinal cord, and the bodily ganglia to be depositories of psychic power to explain much in pathology. I have often been struck by Goethe's statement:

> 'Who of the living seeks to know and tell,
> Strives first the living spirit to expel,
> He has in hand the separate parts alone,
> But lacks the spirit bond that makes them one.'

The fulcrum arguments in support of the idea that our mental and moral natures are 'functions' of molecules of nerve substance, rest on three grounds principally. (*a.*) The effect produced on mind by the healthy action of the nervous system. (*b.*) The mental changes consequent upon pathological conditions. (*c.*) The relation between mental power and the size of the organ in which it exists. In a word, the endeavour to find out what mind is, by a careful study of the phenomena of nerve tissue. This effort is praiseworthy, but is as one-sided as the *logomachy* of the mental philosophers.

We will consider the last argument adduced in respect to the relation of the massiveness of the brain to mental power. It is said there must be a necessary connection between the quantity of nerve substance - the proportion of grey and white tissue and *functional mentality*. The larger the brain is, the more complicated, varied and powerful are these functions. The nervous system is traced upwards in the scale of being from an *asidian* mollusk to the ganglia of the centipede, and upward through the nervous systems of wasps, bees, fishes, reptiles, birds and quadrupeds to man. The simple ganglion in its upward growth becomes complicated by divisions into segments, convolutions and lobes. The more intricate in structure, and massive in substance the brain becomes, the higher are the psychical powers. It is stated that the relation is as marked as is the size of any other organ and its secretions, hence by parallel reasoning mental phenomena depend in force and complicity on the size of the organ, and must be necessarily the result of molecular action in the one case as in the other.

This assertion of an exact proportion existing between the size of the brain and mental power is, as a rule, far from correct. A man with a large brain often shows less mental activity and power than a man with a much smaller brain. The tone of nerve fibre, the temperament, and the general recuperative forces have much to do with the conditions of mental action. The temper of the medium has a great deal to do with the fluid which permeates and occupies it. The power of transmission, conduction and insulation of thought in brain matter depend on this as much as does the lowest form of electricity on the condition and size of the magnet. There are large animals such as the elephant and whale whose size of brain—if measured by cubic inches—should make them great philosophers, if well educated. This opinion is guarded, and this dilemma avoided by asserting that in some way we must take into consideration the relative size of the body to the brain. I have never been able to comprehend a rational reason for this explanation. Lubbock and Darwin, being neighbours, watched together the habits of twenty kinds of ants, and they assert that for intelligence they rank next to man: their wisdom; their social economy; their aptitude to successfully provide for or against unforseen contingencies in which instinct could hold only a minor part; their preparation for probable exigencies that could only be learned inferentially led these great scientists to rank these insects high in the intellectual scale. Yet, their ganglia are poor apologies for brain. The human brain is said by Huxley to be fifty-five cubic inches in capacity among the smallest organs; the largest of the gorilla thirty-five cubic inches; that of the orang and chimpanzee twenty-six inches in volume. These varied sizes give no reliable data for measuring the mental capacity of each. We may fill up the *hiatus* between the different brains of each with an hypothetical scale and measure intelligence by it on some common basis, but the attempt would show the absurdity of the classification. Multifarious conditions, as well as quantity of brain matter, must be taken into account in measuring mind, and many of these being still involved in obscurity, no definite results can be obtained. A large brain in normal tone may exhibit greater mental power, than a smaller one in the same physical condition, just as a large magnet, or a cell battery in action increases magnetic strength in proportion to size, not because of the inherent potential energy of the instruments, but because of the attributes they possess in manifesting the activity of the fluid. The brain organ does not create and eliminate psychic force, *per se*, but its structure, and constitution are such that in tonicity it is the best medium to evolve the residuary phenomena of the *ego*.

The activity of this agent shows that in emotion, will, passion or desire electricity and heat are the result of the energy of the tenant. Time would fail to show that this has been fully proven by experiments of the most conclusive kind. Apply this solution to any of the so-called anomalies found in comparing the results of pathological research with mental phenomena, and we have here a key to unlock the door behind which so much mystery exists, and about which so many vague and unsatisfactory theories are propounded, founded on a physical basis alone. If these three forces be granted, and I am not aware of their being denied, the highest of which includes the two lowest, and the second of which is necessarily existant because of the first of the series; or if we hold that each is a development of the other, many of the riddles of pathology are solved, and existence is given to an entity not dependent on matter for its existence.

Take a few examples to show some of the difficulties the objectivist has to contend with in explaining his views, when brought to bear in the study of insanity. For the sake of argument we will assume his position to be correct. We will grant that the cerebro-spinal system is the causation of all mental phenomena. With Maudsley we will put memory in every molecule and consciousness as being only the recognition by a molecule of the influence of sensory impressions; like Carpenter we will put volition in nerve tissue wherever found, or, to use his own terms, call it 'a function of the supreme centres' (*vide 'Body and Mind;'* p. 30), or designate will to be merely 'a result of organic changes in the supreme centres' (*vide Popular Science Monthly*, p. 320, vol. iii.); like Tyndall we will call the ego 'a poetic rendering of a phenomenon which refuses the yoke of ordinary physical laws;' like Cabanis we may say 'that as the liver secretes bile, so does the brain secrete thought.' The same opinion is given by Voght. Moleschott says: 'Thought is a motion of matter.' Buchner asserts that 'the soul is a product of a peculiar combination of matter—thought is emitted by the brain as sounds are by the mouth, or as music is by the organ.' These quotations are sufficient to show the standing ground of the objectivist school of thought. Let us see how they will apply to the observations of every day and asylum life. If these definitions of mind be correct, then it must follow as a corollary that a diseased brain and spinal cord must *always* produce abnormal functions, or morbid secretions. To state the contrary would be to give up the whole controversy, for as long as the disease continues it must produce its effects—if not uniformly—at least continuously.

Let us apply this doctrine to asylum experience. I go into the wards of an hospital and find cases of transitory mania. It may come on as suddenly as a blow, and in a short time may leave as abruptly, only to return in the same way at irregular intervals. Does our experience of disease enable us to consistently say that a permanent lesion could produce such erratic results? Let those who think so give a rational explanation from experience in other diseased parts of the body. The 'lucid intervals' of insanity may not mean complete recovery, but the convalescence at stated periods is sufficient to make it an enigma, if a uniform pathological condition can produce results so diverse in intermittency to similar states in other parts of the body. It means that at times the brain can perform its work as thoroughly as ever in spite of disease. Can its *mental* functions then depend on its condition? The paretic will recover his intellect for months. The most acute observer can discover no mental obliquity in the interval of relief. We know too well the victim is doomed, and that the disease has not relaxed its grip. Sooner or later it

will become evident with increased intensity than before. Must we believe that the organ, diseased as it is, can do its work healthily at one time and at another morbidly, yet under the same conditions in both cases? If not let the objectivist explain the enigma, for I know of no parallel to such a uniform cause having such diversity of sequence in the whole range of psychological physiology. The intermittent character of a disease caused by morbific germs, the invasion of which nature is struggling against principally by excretion, becoming alternately victim and victor, is not a parallel example to permanent disease of an organ. How often do we see in asylums the partial or complete return to reason in a dying hour! We have clearer answers to questions, and more intelligent conversations than at any time during the insane period. This lucidity may continue until the final capitulation is about to take place. If mentality be a resultant of a molecular action, then is seen the strange anomaly of the secreting cause becoming gradually feebler, yet at the same time the effect increasing in strength. The fountain has risen above its source. The psychal energy increases in the inverse ratio to the power of the brain to perform its *egoistic* functions. Nor can it be compared to the spasmodic efforts of expiring nature, because we have to do with a permanently diseased brain which can not give normal results from an abnormal source.

Consciousness remains with us during all the mutations of our physical system. In that time millions of brain molecules have grown to maturity—produced their like—and having become an excretion are cast out as useless drones from the busy hive. Each parent monad has left to its child, as a legacy, a biography of the past. Each succeeding generation has garnered permanent and fleeting impressions to be harvested and appropriated by the living tenant as emergencies arise. The older the facts of memory in childhood the more vividly are they portrayed in the vast picture gallery of the brain. The molecules change in substance and possibly in contour, as do the other parts of our physical system. Every impression, mental or physical, makes a fixed change in the ultimate elements. From this storehouse, at will or by association, the past is brought up to mental view with all its varied experiences. The instrument is ever changing in essence and capability during revolving years, but consciousness remains true to its impressions, in spite of these disturbing transitions, and even of much organic lesion. What hypothesis can consistently explain this, if our consciousness were only a function or a secretion? No wonder that Maudsley takes every opportunity to have a tilt at it, and calls it only an 'indicator' to tell what the molecular agent is doing; for if it be a faculty taking cognizance of the condition and acts of the ego, or rather the ego itself acting, such a living fact strikes a fatal blow at the substratum on which is built the doctrines of the school of Comte.

These puzzling problems might be extended indefinitely, based upon the experiences of asylum life, and no satisfactory solution can be given, unless we take for granted that a large part of the cortical and medullary substance is only a depository of *psychic* energy, and that when disease attacks these non-vital parts, or traumatic injury impairs their receptive powers, the mental force is often not weakened to an appreciable extent, because the conducting capacity of the abnormal parts may not be impaired to any extent. A shock or the sudden crushing of a small portion of nerve tissue, or pressure from slight effusion may be productive of danger, or even destroy life, from the sudden invasion of a powerful eccentric influence into the life centre, but the gradual slicing away of the surface of the brain, or the slower breaking down of

its peripheral substance through disease, often produces no mental disturbance proportionate to the injury done. If an equation is to be made between mental power and organic lesion, the collation of cases and the experiences of life problems have not given us a solution to it, except in some way not yet unfolded by the objectivists. This paper is written in the hopes that it may be a small plank of a common platform upon which all can stand with consistent adherence to the facts of physical and medical science.

NEW ASPECTS OF THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

BY G. MERCER ADAM.

THE law of literature is a subject that has hitherto received but little attention. Only occasionally has it had the interest of legislators, and but rarely that of the legal profession. There are few subjects, however, with which legislation has dealt, that more require intelligent discussion than that of literary copyright. Its bearing on the progress of knowledge and the dissemination of popular literature, as well as on the interests of an important branch of commerce, suggests that not only the principles on which the law is founded, but its economic working should be clearly understood. The habit, among authors, of looking at the subject in a purely professional light, and the fetters that surround the trade system upon which books in England are published, have hitherto interposed difficulties in the satisfactory solution of its problems; though happily, it is now likely to be made the object of more intelligent legislation.

A Royal Commission has for some time been enquiring into Copyright and the provisions of the law, and the result of its labours, embodied in an ample Report now before us, makes us hopeful of the future of legislative enactments in regard to it. Of course, considering the value of the literary property at stake, and the many vested interests which the present Copyright laws have created, it was not to be expected that any very radical change in the system now in vogue in England was likely to be proposed by the Commission. Nor even was it to be looked for, that, considering the predominating professional character of its members (if we may venture to speak of this), the Commission would seriously entertain suggestions tending to uproot the old order of things, and to recast the relations between author and publisher. At the same time, if not with surprise, it is with pleasure, that we discover from the Report how thoroughly the subject has been dealt with by the Commission, and how many and novel are the phases the discussion of its provisions now assumes. Formerly, to discuss Copyright questions in a spirit other than that which affirms literary property to be an inalienable and indefeasible right, and to justify foreign reprints, issued under other systems of public law than that which gave protection to the original work, was to be guilty of a heinous offence. No outcry was too loud that would denounce the so-called American piracy, or that would impugn the morality of the concession which admitted reprints of British Copyright works into the colonies.

But *nous avons changé tout cela*. Not only do we find the Commission recognising the purely statutory origin of copyright, and discussing its necessary limitations, but in many of the appended notes of dissent from the Report, so radical a measure as the admission into England of the cheap reprints issued by the author's consent in the colonies, is urged as a means of breaking up the high-priced system of publishing that prevails there. But further than this, it is also seriously debated, and with a similar object in view, to substitute for the monopoly which the present system of Copyright encourages, the publication of books, by any publisher who may choose to produce them, on what is called the royalty principle, *i. e.*, the payment of a fixed percentage, on the retail price, of the work issued.

It need hardly be said that changes so violent as those referred to are not the propositions the Commission, as a body, subscribe to. They are the recommendations, however, of the minority report, and are supported by many weighty reasons in their suggestion. That changes of a more gradual and tentative character should have occupied the attention of the Commission was, of course, only reasonable and politic. But that the more radical suggestions gave rise to considerable discussion, the arguments against their adoption in the Report are practical evidence of the fact. That they were entertained at all is a hopeful augury of their future experiment, if not of their ultimate permanent adoption: and the new aspects which they give to the subject of Copyright are more or less significant. To those who are familiar with the workings of the present system of Copyright in England, it will, of course, be known that the obstacles to its satisfactory maintenance arise mainly from the conservative manner in which the business of publishing is there carried on. It is wholly a conventional and artificial system, based upon no grounds of public expediency, and having but little regard to the literary wants of the masses. Publishing seems to have had but one interest—that of giving support, and the monopoly of supply, to the circulating libraries, or to ensure to wealth the selfish possession of what author-craft seems solely to have provided for it.

That a legislation in regard to literature which so mocks at the rights of a common property in words and thought, should some day be called in question, is not to be wondered at. The surprise is that a system should have had such a tenure of privilege, which has so long maintained the artificial prices at which books are originally published, and only, when it can no longer conserve its products, consents that the public may then become the reversioners of its blessings. While the literary requirements of the people are, by such a system, so inadequately provided for, and when the advantages the reading communities of the United States and Canada possess, have become better known and are contrasted with their lack in England, the advance notes of a clamour for reform which are sounded by some members of the Copyright Commission in the Report do not surprise us.

The dissentient utterances, on the subject, of Sir Louis Mallet, Sir John Rose, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, and the evidence before the Commission of Mr. Farrer, the Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, are unmistakable in the earnestness and soundness of their argument, and the publishers would do well to look either to their weapons, or prepare for an impending change. That the initiative in the reform had better be taken by the publishers themselves, no friend of the trade will deny, and the remedy for the system complained of, if they will only break with the few interested library stockholders, is easily within their reach. And as a matter of gain, they will find it to their advantage to make the change, for com-

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in other kinds of property, what they design to protect, but the failure of protection will retort upon socialism. The nemesis of this principle, as it happens, is but too fatally being illustrated at present in the United States, where the publishing trade, which used formerly to prey without compunction upon English commerce in books, is (despite the atonement it is now endeavouring to make) as unmercilessly being preyed upon by its own rivals in return.

But while decrying piracy in literature, we do not vaunt selfishness and illiberality in trade. Neither, in regard to the lack of a Copyright treaty with the United States, do we wail over the fact, though we regret that its absence should check the growth of American literature, for we cannot but recognise the benefits which the non-existence of a treaty has conferred upon the people of the United States and of this country. Like Sir Louis Mallet, we, too, incline to doubt the public expediency of repeating a system of legislative protection that but finds its results in the artificial mode of publishing which has fastened itself upon the English book-trade, and that cannot, in the nature of things, be of advantage to the American public. At the same time, whether the British author is content with the occasional honorarium for 'advance sheets' of the present system, or whether some such plan as publication 'on the royalty system,' recommended by the Commission, may be accepted by the American trade, the interests of literature, as well as of fair dealing, demand that some less precarious and uncertain means of recompensing the author for his labour should be devised, and universally acted upon, than has hitherto been discovered in the States. As a merely reciprocal measure, this duty is doubly incumbent upon her people, as England, with the liberality which characterizes her fiscal policy, as it has particularly marked her diplomatic dealings with the United States,

has given American writers the same privileges in the United Kingdom as her own subjects possess, and this while depriving herself of the argument for a similar reciprocal privilege to her own authors in America. And in alluding to this disinterested act of England, so much in consonance, as it is, with the generous impulses that [illegible] the spirit of international law-making among English legislators, and those called upon to deal with such subjects, we may perhaps be permitted to make the following extract from the Report of the Copyright Commission, bearing on the circumstance we have referred to. Its manly, unselfish recommendation, from the motives of principle and chivalrous instinct, may, perhaps, not be wholly lost upon our cousins on the other side the lines, while it equally appeals to the better nature of the legislators of other countries. The extract forms clause 251 of the Report, under the division of International Copyright.

Says the Commission :

'It has been suggested to us that this 'country would be justified in taking 'steps of a retaliatory character, with a 'view of enforcing, incidentally, that 'protection from the United States which 'we accord to them. This might be done 'by withdrawing from the Americans 'the privilege of copyright on first pub- 'lication in this country. We have, 'however, come to the conclusion that, 'on the highest public grounds of policy 'and expediency, it is advisable that 'our law should be based on correct 'principles, irrespectively of the opin- 'ions or the policy of other nations. 'We admit the propriety of protecting 'copyright, and it appears to us that the 'principle of copyright, if admitted, is 'one of universal application. We 'therefore recommend that this country 'should pursue the policy of recognising 'the author's rights, irrespective of na- 'tionality.'

But 'the American question,' in this discussion of international Copyright, is not to be settled by an example. Whether Copyright is a natural right or not, it is wholly of statutory origin, and if the Government of the United States will not accord to foreigners the rights they give to subjects, or if, as is more true, the trade interests of American publishers and printers, which would be too much in jeopardy in Congress agreeing to an international convention, are too powerful to permit a reciprocal treaty being negotiated, then expectant suitors of justice must be content with a compromise. We cannot but believe, however, that what may be called the excess of virtue, on the part of England, in so disinterestedly giving American authors copyright in the United Kingdom, on the simple condition of first publication there, is an impolitic and wholly gratuitous act. It is a departure, moreover, from the practice which, in England, governs the making of treaties with other foreign countries, the basis of which is reciprocal legislation, and it is a privilege which if withheld, could not but have an important influence, in connection with other inducing motives, in leading the American people to accept such modified measures of copyright, at least, as the reprinting of British works on 'the licensing system.'

But whatever persuasive effect these gratuitous measures of the Imperial law may have in inducing the United States to afford British authors some degree of protection, we have no wish to see her accept international Copyright, if it is to exchange the present system of popular editions, suited to the wants of the country, for the high priced ones which a monopoly is sure to impose upon the public.

We, in Canada, have been too much indebted, intellectually and socially, to the cheap literature which the absence of legislative restrictions has enabled the American publisher to supply us with, and the memory of the old-time conservative attitude of British publishers, when approached on the subject of cheap books for our people, is too keen to permit us to be

careless of what is now looked upon as one of the bright heritages of the New World. What advantage, too, as an educating force, the cheap literary productions of the American markets have been to Canada, none certainly can estimate; and to have been able to possess them, by the permissive Order in Council, has, since 1847, been a continuous and incalculable blessing. That the conditions upon which the privilege to use them were granted have not been faithfully carried out, has been more the result of the obstacles that lay in the way of compliance with the conditions, than from any unwillingness on the part of Canadians to carry out their part of the compact. And in discussing the subject of Colonial Copyright, this fact must be borne in mind, as the failure to collect the author's Copyright duty on reprints entering Canada, which was the obligation imposed in getting permission to use American editions of British works, has perhaps more embittered the feeling against the Dominion, in the minds of British authors and publishers, than the loss of the market itself for the editions of home manufacture. But, frequently as the difficulties in the way of levying the author's royalty on reprints entering our ports have been urged in extenuation of our shortcomings, the excuse is only subsidiary to the greater one that the close geographical proximity of the two countries has called for exceptional legislation in the case of Canada's trading in American reprints, and in itself explains not only why there could be no restriction at the boundary line in these editions entering the country, but also explains the difficulty in properly taxing them as they crossed the frontier. The difficulty is not unlike that which might be imagined if, on the borders of Scotland and England, the northern people were to establish a line of custom-houses, and were there to overhaul every package of books that crossed the Tweed, and then proceeded to discover which were of Scotch and which of English authorship, and with all the red tape of rigid officialism, levied accordingly as the uncertain result might determine.

But this hypothetical case would very inadequately represent the difficulties of the reality with us, as the greater extent of frontier in our case, and the obvious impossibility of getting so many Customs' officials with the requisite range of literary information, and capable of tracking a contraband author, or one whose works would be liable to duty, immeasurably increases the task required of us. Indeed, that the law could be more than perfunctorily complied with, resort would have to be had to the principle of 'setting a thief to catch a thief,' as none but a staff of bookseller-experts would be capable of doing justice to the work. The relation of the cost of maintaining such a machinery of impost to the amount realized for the author, might then be worth a day or two's study.

But we dwell on this matter a little more than may seem necessary, as it is of moment in meeting the recommendation of the Copyright Commission that the Orders in Council which permitted Colonies to import foreign reprints of British Copyright works should be revoked, unless the local laws of the Colonies better secure the payment of duty upon foreign reprints to the owners of those copyrights. Still more is it of moment, in view of the suggestion of the Commission that, for the better ensuring of the collection of the author's 12½ per cent. duty, foreign reprints should be sent to certain specified places in the Colony, into which they are admitted, to have an Excise stamp placed upon them, on the payment of duty, and before they can go into circulation. Now, both of these suggestions of the Commission, we need hardly say, threaten serious inconvenience to us in Canada, should their recommendation ever be acted upon. As will be seen, they have

alike one object in view, namely that of meeting the defects of the local colonial laws in collecting the author's copyright duty. With regard to the first, while the Colonies maintain their present relation to the Mother Country, and having accepted in good faith the obligations which the Order in Council imposed, it, of course, does not become one to quarrel. But with regard to the second, though it is open to us, by a more faithful performance of our duty, if this be possible, to avoid the necessity for its imposition, there are circumstances in the case which would make its becoming law exceedingly obnoxious. Besides the defence we have already made in stating the difficulties inseparable from the collection, in its present form, of the author's royalty-tax, there are arguments to be advanced, the force of which should weaken the indictment against us, if it may not lead to the withdrawal of the charge. But in briefly referring to these, let us revert for a moment to the difficulties already set forth in attempting to collect the author's tax, that we may instance the case of mixed parcels of books arriving at the Customs, and to ask the Commission to imagine the work involved in referring to several hundred unclassified sheet-lists covering a period of twenty years or more, to find out, as each book is taken up and examined, which is copyright and which is not. Again, in the case of packages whose invoices may read, in the brevity which expeditious despatch of goods in the United States makes of common occurrence, 'so many hundred Harper's novels, at such a price,' how, may we ask, can business be conducted at all, if such daily arrivals at our ports are to be tumbled out, and singly overhauled, to discover the copyright works, to prepare the Customs' entry; to make separate enumeration of the title, the author, the publisher, the quantity, the price, and the amount of duty in the case of each book; and this throughout the whole detail of the intolerable labour imposed by the Act. A thousand times one would prefer to assume the whole contents to be subject to duty, and to pay the impost on the full amount of the invoice, on a general author's account. How the tangle of such a return to Downing Street would be unravelled, and its amount apportioned, were so expeditious a method of getting rid of the worry accepted at the Customs, it would be curious to say. And yet, if we make the suggestion discarding the idea of a lottery scheme—that the whole levy might be turned over, on its arrival in London, to the Literary Fund Charity, we may, perchance, hit the germ-idea that, in its development might wholly rid us of the annoyance and reproach of this troublesome tax: for, rather than have its universally imposed levy in Canada, the trade would prefer to see all book imports from the United States taxed with the 12½ per cent. author's duty, if England could only devise the means of its equitable apportionment. But the minutiæ of the details of this insufferable worry to the book trade are in character with the minutiæ of the arithmetical calculation of the sum represented in such an entry as we have instanced, particularly when one has singly to deal with the importation of the cheap issues in fiction of the day, the retail price of which is of the value, say, of 5d. sterling. The *finesse* required to calculate, receive, record, and transmit to the British Treasury 12½ per cent. of this sum needs neither illustration nor emphasis.

We hope, however, that in referring to the vexatious exactions, of time and trouble, connected with the collection of the author's royalty at our Customs, we shall not be understood as taking exception to the principle of the tax itself. Very far otherwise; as what we have already said in admission of the author's rights, and in commendation of clause 251 of the

Commission's Report, will confirm the fact. Neither do we wish to be understood as belittling, in themselves, the small amounts of duty collected for the author's benefit, for this, again, would not agree with what has been claimed would be the Copyright owner's experience, of the greater gain accruing from the publication of large editions of a book, at a small price, rather than of limited editions at a large one. What we are arguing against, is merely the mode of collection, which, from considerations of author's interest, and the convenience of the importing trade and public of the Colonies, one would prefer to see paid, *en bloc*, on the edition published, by the foreign producer of the reprint. Of course, that is just what owners of Copyright have most desired, and have hitherto, in great measure, failed to secure. We are hopeful, however, that the proposed licensing system will be soon taken advantage of, on both sides of the Atlantic, and that the author will, in a more satisfactory manner, get his just proportion of the profits of his labour. Meantime, some little consideration should be extended to Canada, in the failure properly to collect this duty, as no one who has not experience of the intolerable trouble its faithful collection entails, can conceive of the infinite worry the cumbrous tax occasions.

But we have said enough, more than enough we fear, on this matter, without wearying the reader further to refer to other points of defence. Two of them, however, must be alluded to, as they tell strongly against those who arraign Canada on account of the inoperative Copyright law. The one is, the deficient notification our authorities at Ottawa receive of English Copyright publications, which necessarily limits the operation of the Act; and the other, the fact that many authors now accept, in the sum paid them by the American publisher for 'advance sheets,' a consideration understood to cover rights of sale in Canada, which should exclude them from interest in the provisions of the Act, and keep them silent as to its defects.

As to the proposal to distinguish the duty-paid reprint from the contraband, by defacing it with an excise stamp, we trust there will be no resort to any such measure, for, from what has been said, it can hardly be thought of that such an additional nuisance should be tagged on to the machinery of the Customs. The restrictions to which trade is already subjected by the Customs' system are numerous enough, and this proposed addition to them, in subjecting foreign reprints, on their entering the country, to the process of official stamping, would be a most aggravating enactment.

But all these devices of restrictive legislation, deemed expedient for our good at Westminster, are, in Canada, only annoying adjuncts to an impost that can never practically be carried out. The sooner, therefore, butterfly-on-the-wheel systems of legislation, and the trifling pedantries of plans for stamping foreign reprints (if one may so speak of them without intended disrespect) are seen to be but weak suggestions on a wrong tack, the better, for colonial respect, at any rate, for those that are on a right one. But the remedy for the evils the English author complains of is not to be looked for in international copyright treaties, nor in repressive measures towards the Colonies, as the artificial system for which English copyright is responsible will never be permitted to root itself in the States, and Imperial hectoring would be unwise with us.

Yet alike, in the main, as the attitude of the United States and Canada must be in regard to this subject, from the circumstances of their common requirements and position, it by no means follows that new measures of English copyright would be acceptable to Canada unless the United States came also under their obligations. For it is just here where the difficulty has

all along been felt, and the anomaly has presented itself of England's exacting from one portion of the continent, divided by no physical line of separation, obligation to respect enactments she was unable to exact from the whole. Both countries, in regard to this subject, must be treated as one, and no expectations should be entertained that its restrictive imposts, particularly where the principle on which the law is founded is still a debatable point, will find faithful response from one section while they are not levied upon another. But the injustice, discrimination in the operations of the Act has occasioned, has not been resented because of unwillingness on the part of Canada to bear its rightfully imposed burdens, but solely on the ground of its giving advantage to American publishing industries which it withheld from those in the Colony. Why Canada should have the right to trade in foreign reprints, and yet be refused permission, if she chose, to manufacture them, and when, in producing them, she would respect the author's rights, so little regarded by the country that had the monopoly of their manufacture, no one could ever see. And as little was it possible to explain, while offering opportunities to owners of copyright to share in the profits of their enterprise, why Canadian printers should be threatened with Star-Chamber penalties for supplying their own market, which was open, without restriction, to the foreigner at their door. Hence the necessity, in legislating anew upon this subject in England, that nothing should be proposed that will fail of being accepted by the United States as well as by the Dominion; or, at least, that as little invidiousness will be made in the case of Canada, as will place her publishing trade at a disadvantage with that of the States. How far the proposed substitute for Copyright, which the Commission recommend, will, in the practical operation of the Act, keep this necessity in view, can, of course, only be clearly seen when the scheme matures itself into a Bill. So far, the recommendation to substitute rights of publishing, on a licensing system, for that of copyright, strikes us favourably. It is the only measure we can think of, that, unrestricted by conditions as to place of publication, will be likely to meet with approval in the United States; and considering the common circumstances of our position and wants, it is just the one that commends itself as fair and helpful to the Colonies. Limited in many of them, as yet, as are their resources, and the means of giving support to a native publishing trade, the plan could only be gradually taken advantage of. But it places within practical reach the privilege of obtaining cheap literature which shall have paid a fair percentage on its cost to the author; and, freed from disabilities and restrictions outside the publishers' control, will be helpful to local industries, and productive of wide-spread public blessing.

But the new measure, however beneficial to the book industries of the Colonies, places no obstacles in the English publisher's continuing to be the medium of supply. Yet, in changing the system, it must be one that will give the reading-public cheap books, as it has now cheap education, and a cheap press. And with the book markets of this side, to supplement his own, and a reading class greater in extent than is to be found elsewhere in the world, no greater inducement could be conceived of to stir the English publisher to make the earliest bid for the trade. In the Commission's proposal that the English copyright system should be exchanged for that of the licensing principle, he has the opportunity of snatching at undreamed of acquisitions to fortune, and of conferring enlarged favours upon the world.

ROUND THE TABLE.

A GREAT deal of discussion has been going on of late in the Province of Quebec, and notably in Montreal, as to whether or not the Act or rather the Ordinance of the Special Council of Lower Canada, 2 Vict., cap. 8, entituled, 'An Ordinance for more effectually preventing the administering or taking of unlawful oaths, and for better preventing treasonable and seditious practices,' and on which the Mayor of Montreal acted on the 12th of July, when he took it upon himself to prevent the Orangemen walking as a body through the streets of Montreal on that day, is really in force or not; or whether, if in force, the Orange Society comes within the terms of the Act.

If the Ordinance was not in force it is idle to consider whether or not the Orange Society comes within its terms. I propose, therefore, to consider the two propositions in their order as above stated.

First.—Is the Ordinance in force? In order to the proper solution of this question, it is necessary to consider Imperial as well as Provincial legislation. The Imperial Act, 1 & 2 Vict., cap. 9, passed on the 10th February, 1838, gave authority to the Governor of Lower Canada to appoint a Special Council for legislative purposes, in lieu of the then existing Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly. The 3rd section of the Imperial Act provided 'that no law or ordinance so made (*i. e.*, by the Council) should continue in force beyond the 1st of November, A.D. 1842, unless continued by competent authority.'

The Imperial Act of 2 & 3 Vict., cap. 53, passed 17th August, 1839, in sec. 2 enacted 'that so much of the Act or Ordinance of 1 & 2 Vict., cap. 9, as provided that no law or ordinance made by the Governor of Lower Canada should continue in force beyond the 1st November, A.D. 1842, should be repealed,' but with a proviso as follows, 'Provided always that every law or ordinance which by the terms or provisions thereof shall be made to continue in force after the 1st November, 1842, shall be laid before both Houses of Parliament (Imperial) within 30 days after a copy thereof shall be received by one of the Principal Secretaries of State under the provisions of the said Act of the last Session of Parliament, if Parliament should be then sitting, or otherwise within 30 days after the then next meeting of Parliament, and no such law or ordinance *shall be confirmed* or declared to be left to its operation by Her Majesty until such law or ordinance shall first have been laid for 30 days before both Houses of Parliament, or in case either House of Parliament shall within 30 days address Her Majesty to disallow any law or ordinance.'

By another Ordinance of Lower Canada, cap. 19, and which was passed at the 5th Session of the Special Council and between the 20th April, 1840, and 13th May, 1840, the ordinance of of 2 Vic., cap. 8, was declared to be made permanent.

It seems to me then in this condition of things that the parties interested in the question, before they can say whether or not the Ordinance 2 Victoria, cap. 8, is in force or not must ascertain whether or not that Ordinance has ever received the sanction of both Houses of the British Parliament. The Ordinance itself was a general

Ordinance not limited in point of duration, and is therefore, an Ordinance it would seem, within the Proviso of the Imperial Act, which as above stated provided "that every law or ordinance which, by the terms or provisions thereof shall be made to continue in force after the 1st November, 1842, shall be laid before both Houses of Parliament." Even if this were not so, the Ordinance of 3 & 4 Vic., cap. 19, which made it or professed to make it permanent, was an Ordinance which required the sanction of both Houses of the Imperial Parliament. That Special Council of Lower Canada and its Ordinances were not so much in favour with certain persons in former times as they appear now to be with Mayor Beaudry and the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, *fortified by the opinion of four eminent lawyers, three of whom were Protestants*, declaring that the Ordinance is still in force. For my part I would not bind myself to say one thing or the other until the facts have been ascertained as to its allowance or disallowance by both Houses of the British Parliament,—the allowance signified by its being the 30 days before both Houses of the Imperial Parliament. The words of the proviso '*confirmed* or *declared* to be left to its operation by Her Majesty,' seem to require a positive assent to the continuance of the Act or Ordinance by Her Majesty. Has Her Majesty given such assent?

But then, it may be said the Ordinance is in the Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada, cap. 10—Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada, A. D. 1860. True, but the 8th Section of the 'Act respecting the Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada,' cap. 1, expressly enacted 'That the said Consolidated Statutes shall not be held to operate as *new* laws, but shall be continued and have effect as a Consolidation and as declaratory, &c.'

In consolidating this Statute, the Lower Canada Commissioners have at the end of each clause referred to the 2 Vic. cap. 8, as authority for their work. Clearly showing that they did not intend the consolidated Act to be new law, but consolidation of old law, if it existed, and if it did not exist, it was no consolidation, and could have no effect. I say this without reference to the terms of the recital of the Act respecting the Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada, cap. 1, which was and is as follows:

'Whereas it has been found expedient to revise, classify and consolidate the Public General Statutes which apply exclusively to Lower Canada, *including as well those passed by the Legislature* of the late Province of Lower Canada, &c."

Unless the Special Council can be called a Legislature, the Commissioners had no power to consolidate the Ordinance at all, and so on this ground the consolidation would go for nought.

It is not necessary to press the point, as it may be found that the ordinance after all, owing to Imperial legislation, has not the force of law.

Whether or not the Orange Society will be found to come within the meaning of the 6th clause of the Ordinance, suppose it to be in force, will depend on the evidence, as to the inner working of the Society with which the public is not familiar. The preamble of the Act is evidently intended for societies of a seditious character. The recital in part is: 'Whereas divers wicked and evil-disposed persons have of late attempted to seduce divers of Her Majesty's subjects in this Province, from their allegiance to Her Majesty, and to incite them to acts of sedition, rebellion, treason and other offences."

The 6th clause referred to, defines the character of the societies, the Ordinance is meant to meet, as for instance, where members take an oath 'not authorised or required by law,' societies whose members take, subscribe or assent to any engagement of

secrecy, test or declaration, 'not required by law.'

The clause, it will be seen, is very sweeping, and if the Act is so construed as to include any other than seditious societies, it is much to be feared that nearly every society in Quebec will come within its operation —not excepting the Masons who hold their warrants from a Canadian head. Now that the excitement has partially subsided, would it not be well for the counsel of the rival parties to have a conference, and if on further investigation, they find the Ordinance not to be in force, let it be published to the world. The great merit of a judge is to alter his opinion if he find he was wrong; let counsel apply the same rule to themselves. If this can not be effected, it is to be hoped that steps will be taken to get a judicial decision as soon as possible. If the Orangemen have been denied rights which belong to them, no doubt the Mayor of Montreal will be the first to accord them their due. So far, he has acted on what the St. Patrick's Society have, through their counsel, stated was law; if it turns out the law is the other way, he will doubtless still carry out the law, and prevent his citizens molesting those who, not infringing any law, wish to walk the streets of Montreal in procession, if they choose to exercise the right. It may be that the right conceded, the Orangemen, who, so far, endeavoured to keep within what they believe to be the law, will generously waive their right, and be slow to give offence.

D. B. READ.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE Rose-Belford Publishing Company have issued, beyond all doubt, not only the prettiest but the most complete edition of a work* which for over thirty years has held a recognised place in the literature of the day. The work has been so celebrated; it has been so exhaustively reviewed, and it has gone through so many editions—five in England and two or three in the United States—that there is no need of our saying anything here in regard to the views advanced and discussed in a work of so much merit and power as Mr. Greg's 'Creed of Christendom.' We can only speak here of the great excellence which the new American edition of this very able volume possesses. Strange as it may appear, hitherto the Creed of Christendom has never contained an index —a feature which the book-makers now-a-days seldom forget to add to even the most trivial of books—and the present edition, printed on fine paper and from good and legible type, is enriched by a carefully prepared Index from the hand of a gentleman whose fine scholarly attainments and extensive reading, eminently fitted him for the task. This Index occupies some nineteen or twenty pages, and its value will become at once apparent to

* *The Creed of Christendom*: Its foundations contrasted with its superstructure. by WILLIAM RATHBONE GREG. Detroit, Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

the student and general reader. Another highly important feature in the Rose Belford edition of the 'Creed of Christendom' is the careful way in which the notes and context have been verified with the authorities cited. In many cases awkward errors, clerical, typographical, and others, had crept into even the best English copies, and these have all been removed in the present edition. It may be noted also, that the book before us, is published in one crown octavo volume, is of four hundred pages, and that the publishers, to meet a want long felt, have put the price so low, that all admirers of scholarly literature may secure the best edition of an able work a book which sells to-day as well as it did over a quarter of a century ago at a dollar and a half a copy. This is a boon which many will accept with thankfulness, and the publishers' enterprise is certainly deserving of extensive patronage. We observe that the book is substantially bound, is embellished with a neat and tasteful cover, and that it is the first volume of the Religio-science Series.

Mr. Stanley's Canadian publisher may be congratulated on the fine appearance which 'Through the Dark Continent'* makes. The book is perhaps a little bulky, and we would like to see some convenient arrangement made by which the two large maps which accompany the volume, could be preserved. A pocket in the book itself might answer the purpose. We cannot, however, have everything, and Mr. Maguru has succeeded in not only issuing in advance of the English and American publishers, a great and noted work, but he has furnished it at far less than half the cost of the book in England, and at half the price of the American edition. The Canadian copy too, is issued from the original plates by special arrangement with the author. Mr. Maguru's commendable enterprise should meet with its just reward.

Books of travel are always delightful companions: but books of travel in distant and mysterious countries, in lands seldom trodden by the feet of the European, and whose whole history is a sealed book, are more delightful still. On his task Mr. Stanley brings to bear all those characteristics which have made his other works so interesting and famous. A versatile and nervous writer, and an author who wields the vigorous and dashing pen of the correspondent of the daily paper rather than that of the student and laborious worker, Mr. Stanley's book of exploration and adventure seizes hold of the reader at the very beginning. The rapid pen of the intrepid and youthful adventurer carries his reader along at a tremendous pace, and almost unconsciously one finds himself treading the soil of the very heart of Africa. The history of the expedition is told with all the fascination that a romance which might have been written in the middle ages gives. The manner in which 'Through the Dark Continent' opens, prepares the reader for a journey of excitement, and eager, anxious, splendid life in a far off and unknown region. Mr. Stanley possesses to a large extent dramatic power and force. He has a quick eye for the picturesque, and a timely appreciation for incident and event. He has pathos too, this lithe young explorer, and the passages in his book which tell the sad story of sickness and death in the misknown forests of Africa, are tender and affecting. His management of men, his faithfulness to his followers, and the love they bore him in return, are pleasant features in a book which, while it is exciting and striking, is full of sad details. The illustrations are both numerous and good, and the portraits of Stanley, the one before he went on the exploration, and the other which represents him

* *Through the Dark Continent; or the Sources of the Nile around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean*, by HENRY M. STANLEY. Two volumes in one, with many maps and illustrations. Toronto, John B. Magurn.

after his return to England, are studies of themselves.

We have said Mr. Stanley's style is that of the newspaper correspondent. The reader will discover that after ten minutes' perusal of his narrative. We do not mention this to the discredit of Mr. Stanley, at all. His book contains a good deal of slip-shod writing, but it is all bright and intensely interesting. In a book of travel and adventure by a gentleman whose natural tastes lead him to exclude dry statements of facts, and whose mind is active and whose feelings are picturesque and full of colour, we may expect just such a sketchy, graphic book as this one is. It is a book which many will read because it is so written, and its convincing earnestness is a very charm of itself. Stanley is fond of bold actions. He is equally fond of bold writing. 'Through the Dark Continent' attempts the solution of the problem which baffled the skill of Livingstone, Speke, Burton, Grant, Cameron, and others, and details the incidents of a life in the country extending over a period of two years. eight months, and twenty days.

Mr. James Freeman Clarke wields a fascinating pen. His 'Ten Great Religions' and 'Common Sense in Religion' have an interest of their own, and they enlist the sympathies of the reader at once. It is worth noting here the fact that Mr. Clarke's larger work has penetrated into the remotest corners of the earth. It has been encountered in China, and in many parts of Europe it has gained a strong and secure foothold. It is a book of deep interest and earnest thought. It is not dry and colourless, but a bright book, fascinating, courageous, and brilliant. It occupies a place in literature all its own, and its admirers increase every day. Mr. Clarke is equally successful as a biographer. He possesses a charming and cultivated style, and a winning way. He is never slovenly nor careless, and his utterances have always a manly tone about them. He has managed to put a good deal of his strength in his latest work,* and his peculiar characteristics appear on every page. We have some nineteen or twenty agreeable sketches of men, who, in their time, wielded a certain influence, oftentimes a very great influence, and sometimes a very pleasant one. The reader, in glancing down the list of names, is apt to select the papers which treat of his own heroes first, and he can read the book in this way, for it is not a continuous narrative. It begins with the War Governor of Massachusetts, John Albion Andrew, and concludes with William Hull, the grandfather of the author. A fine chapter is devoted to an estimate of the life and writings, and it may be added the influence, of Jean Jacques Rousseau, of whom Napoleon once said, 'without him there would have been no French Revolution.' A few pages are taken up with a sketch of Robert J. Breckinridge, and another chapter describes Washington and the secret of his influence. The paper on Shakespeare will attract many readers. It is admirably thought out, and some very clever bits of analysis and criticism are introduced. An incident in the life of Junius Brutus Booth is a very amusing and attractive paper, and Mr. Clarke relates the story with consummate tact and good humour. In 1834 he was summoned by the tragedian to assist at the burial of some *friends* of Booth's. The friends proved to be *a bushel of wild pigeons!* The sketch of George D. Prentice—one of the wittiest men who ever lived, and at the same time a scathing, trenchant writer—is very interestingly written. It is full of anecdote of the intrepid editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and exhibits all the phases of his character. Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, the Channings and their contemporaries,

* *Memorial and Biographical Sketches.* By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: A. Piddington.

Samuel Joseph May, James Freeman, Samuel Gridley Howe, and others are ably discussed in this delightful volume of 'Memorial and Biographical Sketches.'

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner always contrives to bring out his books at the proper season of the year. He has done this so often that it has become an art with him at length. His latest work is the charming series of papers which have recently been published in *The Atlantic Monthly* and which his publishers have got out in a very pretty dress. 'In the Wilderness,'* is a breezy and healthful book, and an admirable burlesque on the style of writing affected by the persons who make our sporting books for us. It is rich in the exuberant fancy and dashing humour of its author, that almost classic fun of his which sparkles in 'My Summer in a Garden,' 'Back-log Studies,' and in many of the pages of 'Mummies and Moslems.' 'How I killed a Bear,' and the 'Fight with a Trout,' will remind the reader of a popular author whose books smell of the rod and gun and the resinous odour of the forest. The burlesque is captivating, the humour is infectious and the little asides which everywhere abound are delicate and delicious. 'How Spring came to New England' will be read and re-read, and with each succeeding reading the pleasure will be increased. It is as playful a bit of writing as Mr. Warner has yet given us and it invites perusal.

A new book,† by the Sage of Concord, will be hailed with something more than satisfaction, for Mr. Emerson is an author whose works positively grow into the affections of his readers. The new volume consists of a single essay—a pertinent discussion of current events—a lecture on the Fortune of the Republic—and it exhibits the veteran author in his most robust and scholarly vein. There is no falling off in the vigour of the mind, which so many years ago electrified a small but select band with a thin volume entitled 'Nature'—a book unfortunately too far advanced for the people of that time, and the little edition of five hundred copies was not exhausted till twelve years had passed away. 'The Fortune of the Republic' is full of thought, full of rich, classical allusion, and sound common sense. The disease is attacked and a prompt remedy is suggested. Many truths, not always new, but always pertinent, are presented, and stubborn facts not always palatable are brought out and laid before the people. This little book, for it is composed of only forty-four pages, owes its origin to the lecture which Mr. Emerson delivered on the 30th of March last, at the Old South Church, Boston, Mass. In its present shape it will have many readers.

People no longer read Ouida's novels under protest. For several years this lady has enjoyed a peculiar distinction. Her stories sold readily, and edition after edition appeared of not one but the whole set of her books. They were read apparently and the public craved for more; but who ever read them! It has been said of Milton, and with some truth it must be admitted, that everyone talks about him but few read him. Ouida reversed this aphorism for everyone read her and few talked about her. People spoke as slightingly of her as they sometimes do of their poor relations. The bare mention of her name—her pen-name at any rate—was a grave offence to ears polite. If by accident a quotation from 'Under Two Flags' was uttered, or an incident from

* *In The Wilderness.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.; Toronto: A. Piddington.

† *Fortune of the Republic.* By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.; Toronto: A. Piddington.

* *Friendship* By OUIDA, Author of 'In a Winter City,' 'Ariadne,' &c. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

'Puck' was mentioned before a gathering, the offender was made miserable for the rest of the day by the coldness with which his observation was received. And in his heart he knew that his quotation was understood, and that his hearers were only trying to keep up appearances. It was fashionable to read Ouida, but it was very unfashionable to let your neighbours know it. But the hypocritical mask fell at length, and now people read Ouida and talk about her, not always without a shudder, but still they talk about her. A change has come over the novel reader; but no change has come over Ouida. She is the same rollicking, hoydenish, semi-learned and semi-superficial story-teller she was from the first. She has neither improved her style nor her morals. She talks as plainly as ever. She slips scraps of French and Italian into her stories with the same old prodigality. Her men are as profligate, her women are as immoral and the incidents she describes are as loose, and her dramatic effects are as ambitious as they were fifteen years ago. Her last story is a finished satire on the morals which exist in a certain class of society. She paints all of her pictures boldly and with a bold and masculine hand. She is prodigal with delicate tints, but the reds and greens and blues, particularly the flaunting blues, she squanders on her canvas with great liberality. 'Friendship' is not a satisfactory story. There is nothing cheering about it, and its tone is morbid. It has passion, but the passion is affectation, and its sentimentality is mawkish. Some of the descriptive parts are extremely good, while much of the incident is meaningless, and the conversations are not always bright and interesting. The story will be read, however, for Ouida has a hold on the multitude. She is best among writers of her own class and people will have the best when they can get it. She furnishes a diet which is stronger than milk and water.

There are bits in Mr. J. Sheridan Le Fanu's romance of The Bird of Passage* which are worthy of the best days of William Black. He possesses fine descriptive power, clever analysis of character, and a chivalrous fancy. His story is full of action, eminent in dramatic force, and original in conception and tone. From the first page, which rather whets the appetite of the reader, to the last one in the book, there is not a dull chapter, or a single passage we would willingly part with. The glimpse which Mr. Le Fanu gives of old country life, the Manor house and its cheery inmates, the wild and romantic scenery roundabout Haworth Hall, the camps of the wandering gipsy bands, and the fresh breezy sketch of the bold young squire of Hazelden, and the exquisite portraiture of Euphan Curraple, are as enchanting as they are artistic. Not the least interesting portion of the book is the minor character sketch of the old housekeeper, Mrs. Gillyflower, whose frequent appearance on the scene is hailed with satisfaction. Her portrait is apparently painted from life. But she does not always exist in the village, nor does she live at all times in the old country houses. She can often be seen in the cities, and her type is the ruling spirit in many homes to-day. Mrs. Gillyflower is a true woman, faithful and kindly, and her 'managêment' of her young master—in her eyes yet a child—is described very pleasantly. The incident which brings about the meeting between William Haworth and the beautiful gipsy girl, is related with consummate skill. The lonely young squire is striding homeward. A wintry wind is sweeping the moor. A sound falls upon his ears, and he stops and listens. The notes of a sweet song fill the weird forest of trees with melody, and the sighing wind carries the strain over the distant hills.

* *The Bird of Passage*, by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, New York, D. Appleton & Company; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

Haworth moves on and comes full upon the figure of a young girl, tall, slender, and graceful. She was standing against a stone which rose from the grass high above her. He spoke to the girl, and after a time she answered in a clear, low voice. He invites her to his home, and after telling her how kind Mrs. Gillyflower is, he offers his house as shelter for the night if she will only come with him. After a while she accepts, and from that moment William Haworth's heart was lost. The story sustains its interesting character. The love-making, the walks over the old moor, the chats in the forest, the hilarious fun in the kitchen where Euphan, Mrs. Gillyflower and Mall Darrell sing and tell stories from after tea till bedtime, the picture we have of the fair-day at the old Northumbrian Town, Willarden, the quarrel with the two gipsy horse-dealers, the bout with the cudgels, the fight with Lussha Sinfield, and the victory of the Squire over the knavish brute, are all powerful features of a powerful novel. Not the least interesting part of the story is the delicate portrayal of the character of Euphan Curraple—the poor and high-minded gipsy girl—which is done lovingly and well. She is mistaken for an escaped nun, and her action lends colour to the suspicion. She leads a double life—a life of sadness for those who love and esteem her and who have skill enough in their composition to penetrate the mask she wears, and another life—a brighter state of existence, full of liveliness and bright spirits. Her character is a study and Mr. Le Fanu, in Euphan Curraple, adds a powerful creation to the literature of fiction. The time spent in reading The Bird of Passage is not lost. The story is one which exercises a mastery over the reader. It is not sensational, nor are there any tricks of composition in the narrative. It is a romance, pure and simple. It is a manly and healthy novel, and one of the best stories of the present day.

Old Martin Boscawen's Jest* is the joint production of two ladies who have already done some pretty good work. In their joint authorship, however, some excellent characteristics which each of the ladies undoubtedly possess, seem lost and as a result Old Martin Boscawen's Jest is a very ordinary novel indeed. It is unreal, and beyond the development of the titular personage which is quite vigorously done, the book will hardly hold a place among the increasing heap of second-class novels. The story may, however, please some readers; the publishers have given it a very pretty dress.

Mr. Peter Crewitt† and Nobody's Husband‡ will suit the fancy of the reader, which at this season of the year, turns to something very light and very trifling. The first tale is prettily told, and though slight in texture, the plot is unravelled very pleasantly, and the character-drawing is exceedingly good. Peter Crewitt is no new character in fiction, but he belongs to that class of persons who wear well and the reader cannot help loving the honest soul for the good he is forever doing. Mary is sketched with a tender hand, and old Jacob Coggins, the Parson and the Parson's wife and Enty Moss are drawn with more or less fidelity to nature. The story will repay perusal. Of a somewhat different kind is Nobody's Husband. It describes the adventures on railroad and steam-boat of a bachelor gentleman and his friend's wife, a young lady accustomed to enjoy her own way, a baby, a dog and an Irish servant girl. The book is full of the author's peculiar humour, and the haps and mishaps of the party are sketched with some force.

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* *Old Martin Boscawen's Jest*, by MARIAN C. L. REEVES and EMILY READ. New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Mr. Peter Crewitt*, by the author of "That Wife of Mine;" Boston, Lee & Shepard; Toronto, A. Piddington.

‡ *Nobody's Husband*, by NOBODY KNOWS WHO (except the publishers); Boston, Lee & Shepard; Toronto, A. Piddington.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1878.

A VOYAGE IN THE SUNBEAM.

A COZY CORNER.

ONE of the handsomest as well as one of the most interesting books of the year, is Mrs. Annie Brassey's 'Voyage in the Sunbeam.' It is full of information, graphic narrative and spirited description. The illustrations

which are large in number, are of a superior character and finish. Several maps accompany the letterpress, and the book is beautifully printed on richly toned paper. The Rose-Belford Publishing Co. have this volume in press, and it appears as one of their announcements for the present month. From the advance sheets before us, we excerpt the following:

A pleasant walk over some grassy slopes, and two more hard scrambles, took us to the summit of the Torrinhas Peak; but the charming and extensive view towards Camara de Lobos, and the bay and town of Funchal, was an ample reward for all our trouble. It did not take us long to get back to the welcome shade of the chestnut trees, for we were all ravenously hungry, it being now eleven o'clock. But, alas! breakfast had not arrived: so we had no resource but to mount our horses again and ride down to meet it. Mr. Miles, of the hotel, had not kept his word; he had promised that our provisions should be sent up to us by nine o'clock, and it was midday before we met the men carrying the hampers on their heads. There was now nothing for it but to organize a pic-nic on the terrace of Mr. Veitch's deserted villa, beneath the shade of camellia, fuchsia, myrtle, magnolia, and pepper-trees, from whence we could also enjoy the fine view of the fertile valley beneath us and the blue sea sparkling beyond.

Wednesday, July 19th.—We were so tired after our exertions of yesterday, that it was nine o'clock before we all mustered for our morning swim, which I think we enjoyed the more from the fact of our having previously been prevented by the sharks, or rather by the rumour of sharks.

We were engaged to lunch at Mr. and Mrs. Blandy's, but I was so weary that I did not go ashore until about six o'clock in the evening, and then I went first to the English cemetery, which is very prettily laid out and well kept. The various paths are shaded by pepper-trees, entwined with bougainvillæa, while in many places the railings are completely covered by long trailing masses of stephanotis in full bloom. Some of the inscriptions on the tombs are extremely touching, and it is sad to see, as is almost always the case in places much resorted to by invalids, how large a proportion of those who lie buried here have been cut off in the very flower of their youth. Indeed, the residents at Madeira complain that it is a melancholy drawback to the charms of this beautiful island, that the friendship frequently formed between them and people who come hither in search of health, is in so many cases brought to an early and sad termination. Having seen and admired Mrs. Foljambe's charming garden by daylight, we returned on board to receive some friends. Unfortunately they were not very good sailors, and, out of our party of twenty, one lady had to go ashore at once, and another before dinner was over.

They all admired the yacht very much, particularly the various cozy corners in the deck-house. It was a lovely night; and after the departure of our guests, at about ten o'clock, we steamed out of the bay, where we found a nice light breeze, which enabled us to sail.

Thursday, July 20th.—All to-day has been taken up in arranging our photographs, journals, &c., &c., and in preparing for our visit to Teneriffe. About twelve o'clock the wind fell light and we tried fishing, but without success, though several bonitos or flying-fish were seen. It was very hot, and it seemed quite a relief when, at eight o'clock in the evening, we began steaming, thus creating a breeze for ourselves.

Friday, July 21st.—We all rose early, and were full of excitement to catch the first glimpse of the famous Peak of Teneriffe. There was a nice breeze from the north-east, the true

trade wind, we hope, which ought to carry us down nearly to the Line. The morning being rather hazy, it was quite ten o'clock before we saw the Peak towering above the clouds, right ahead, about fifty-nine miles off. As we approached, it appeared less perpendicular than we had expected, or than it is generally represented in pictures. The other mountains too, in the centre of the island, from the midst of which it rises, are so very lofty that, in spite of its conical sugar-loaf top, it is difficult at first to realise that the Peak is 12,180 feet high.

We dropped anchor under its shadow in the harbour of Orotava in preference to the capital, Santa Cruz, both on account of its being a healthier place, and also in order to be nearer to the Peak, which we wished to ascend.

The heat having made the rest of our party rather lazy, Captain Lecky and I volunteered to go on shore to see the Vice-Consul, Mr. Goodall, and try to make arrangements for our expedition. It was only 2 p. m., and very hot work, walking through the deserted streets, but luckily we had not far to go, and the house was nice and cool when we got there. Mr. Goodall sent off at once for a carriage, despatching a messenger also to the mountains for horses and guides, which there was some difficulty in obtaining at such short notice.

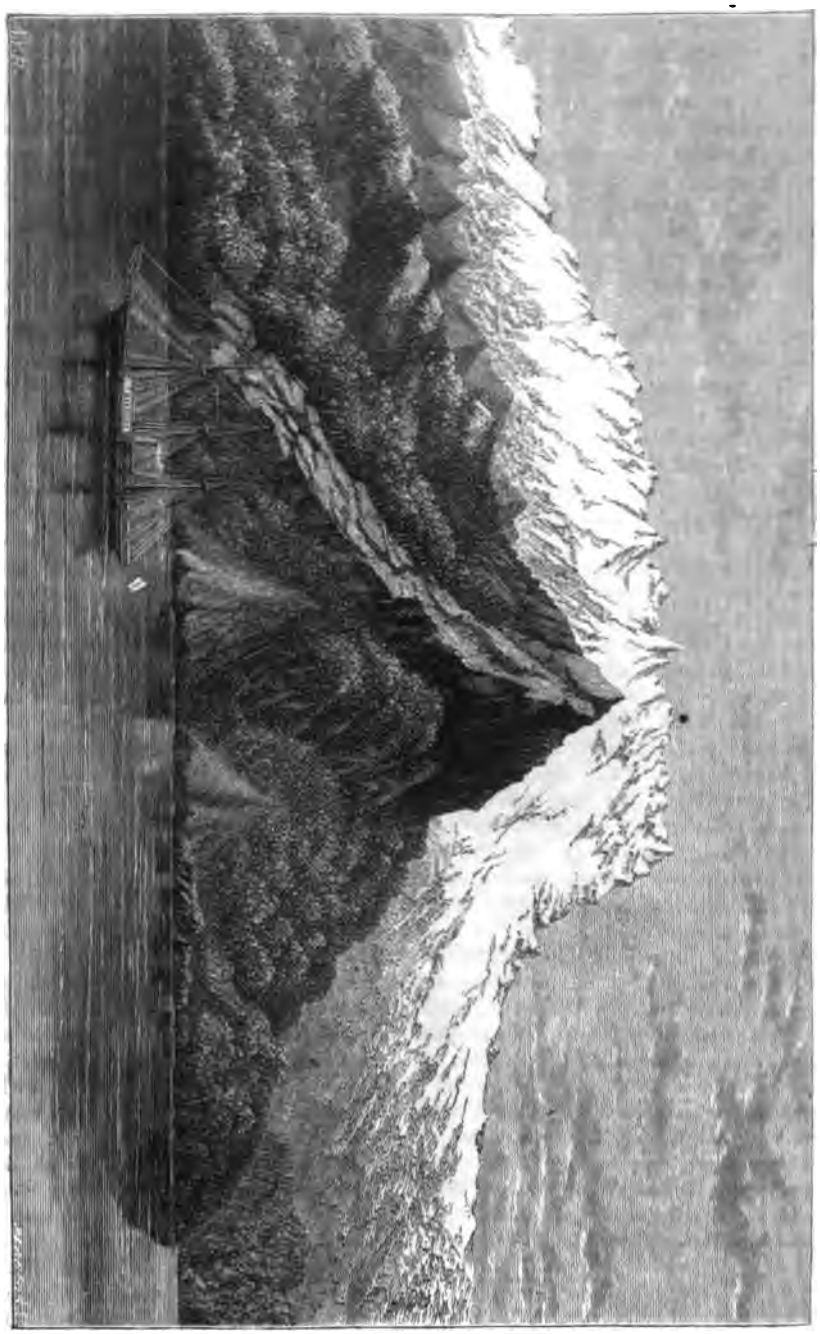
Having organised the expedition we re-embarked to dine on board the yacht, and I went to bed at seven, to be called again, however, at half-past ten o'clock. After a light supper, we landed and went to the Vice-Consul's, arriving there exactly at midnight. But no horses were forthcoming, so we lay down on our rugs in the patio, and endeavoured to sleep, as we knew we should require all our strength for the expedition before us.

CAPE FORWARD.

Steaming ahead, past Port Gallant, we had a glorious view over Carlos III. Island and Thornton Peaks, until, at about seven o'clock, we anchored in the little harbour of Borja Bay. This place is encircled by luxuriant vegetation, overhanging the water, and is set like a gem amid the granite rocks close at hand, and the far-distant snowy mountains.

Our carpenter had prepared a board, on which the name of the yacht and the date had been painted, to be fixed on shore, as a record of our visit; and as soon as the anchor was down we all landed, the gentlemen with their guns, and the crew fully armed with pistols and rifles, in case of accident. The water was quite deep close to the shore, and we had no difficulty in landing, near a small waterfall. To penetrate far inland, however, was not so easy, owing to the denseness of the vegetation. Large trees had fallen, and, rotting where they lay, under the influence of the humid atmosphere, had become the birthplace of thousands of other trees, shrubs, plants, ferns, mosses, and lichens. In fact, in some places we might almost be said to be walking on the tops of the trees, and first one and then another of the party found his feet suddenly slipping through into unknown depths below. Under these circumstances we were contented with a very short ramble, and having filled our baskets with a varied collection of mosses and ferns, we returned to the shore, where we found many curious shells and some excellent mussels. While we had been thus engaged, the carpenter and some of the crew were employed in nailing up our board on a tree we had selected for the purpose. It was in company with the names of many good ships, a portion of which only were still legible, many of the boards having fallen to the ground and become quite rotten.

Near the beach we found the remains of a recent fire, and in the course of the night the watch on deck, which was doubled and well-armed, heard



CAPE FORWARD.

shouts and hoots proceeding from the neighbourhood of the shore. Towards morning, too, the fire was relighted, from which it was evident that the natives were not far off, though they did not actually put in an appearance. I suppose they think there is a probability of making something out of us by fair means, and that, unlike a sealing schooner, with only four or five hands on board, and no motive power but her sails, we are rather too formidable to attack.

UP THE VALLEY TOWARDS THE ANDES.

This is a wonderful place, built entirely of wood. The centre part is a square, seventy yards in extent, surrounded by a single row of one-storied rooms, with doors opening into the courtyard, and windows looking over the river or up into the mountains. In the middle of the square are a pavilion containing two billiard-tables, a boot-blacking arbour, covered with white and yellow jessamine and scarlet and cream-coloured honeysuckle, plenty of flower-beds, full of roses and orange-trees, and a monkey on a pole, who must, poor creature, have a sorry life of it, as it is his business to afford amusement to all the visitors to the baths. He is very good-tempered, does several tricks, and is tormented 'from early dawn to dewy eve.' I remonstrated with our host on his behalf; but he merely shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Mais il faut que le monde se divertisse, Madame.' From the centre square, marble steps lead to a large hall, with marble baths on either side, for ladies and gentlemen respectively. A few steps further bring one to a delightful swimming-bath, about forty feet square, filled with tepid water. The water, as it springs from the rock, is boiling

UP THE VALLEY.

hot, and contains, I believe, a good deal of magnesia and other salts, beneficial in cases of rheumatism and gout; but the high temperature of the water makes the air very muggy, and we all found the place relaxing, though perhaps it was because we indulged too freely in the baths, which are a great temptation.

In the afternoon we went for a ride, to see a celebrated view of the Andes. Unfortunately it was rather misty, but we could see enough to enable us to imagine the rest. Some condors were soaring round the rocky peaks, and the landscape, though well clothed with vegetation, had a weird, dreary character of its own, partly due to the quantity of large cacti that grew in every nook and corner, singly, or in groups of ten or twelve, to the height of twenty or thirty feet. Though they say it hardly ever rains in Chili, a heavy shower fell this afternoon, and our landlord thoughtfully sent a boy on horseback after us with umbrellas.

CONVERSATION AT SEA.

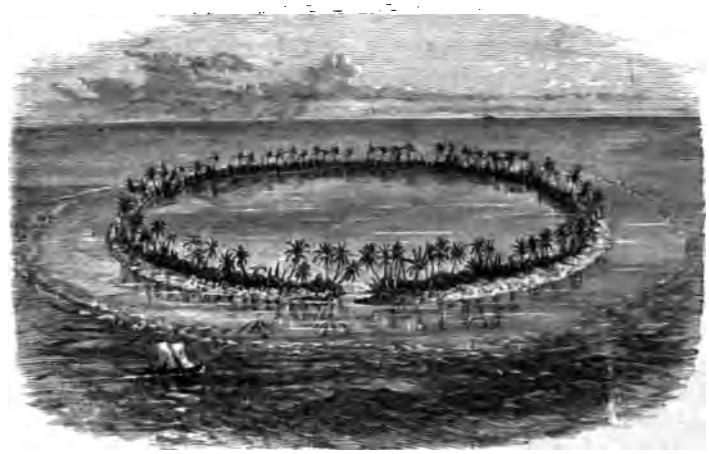
AFTER LEAVING VALPARAISO.

Monday, November 6th.—Passed, at 3 a.m. to-day, a large barque, steering south, and at 8 a.m. a full-rigged ship steering the same course. We held as we do with every ship we pass a short conversation with her through the means of the mercantile code of signals. (This habit of exchanging signals afterwards proved to have been a most useful practice, for when the report that the 'Sunbeam' had gone down with all hands was widely circulated through England, I might almost say the world—for we found the report had preceded us by telegram to almost all the later ports we touched at—the anxiety of our friends was relieved many days sooner than it would otherwise have been by the fact of our having spoken the German steamer 'Sakhara,' in the Magellan Straits, Oct. 13, four days after we were supposed to have gone to the bottom.) The weather continues fine, and we have the same light baffling winds. We hoped, when we started, to average at least 200 miles a day, but now we have been a week at sea, and have only made good a little more than 700 miles altogether, though we have sailed over 800 miles through the water. It is, however, wonderful, in the opinion of the navigators, that we have made even as much progress as this, considering the very adverse circumstances under which the voyage has so far been performed, and we must endeavour to console ourselves with the reflection that the sailing qualities of the yacht have undergone another severe test in a satisfactory manner. How the provisions and water will last out, and what time we shall leave ourselves to see anything of Japan, are questions which, nevertheless, occasionally

present themselves to our minds. Independently of such considerations, nothing could be more luxurious and delightful than our present mode of existence. With perfect weather, plenty of books to read and writing to do, no possibility of interruptions, one can map out one's day and dispose of one's time exactly as one pleases, until the half-past six o'clock dressing-bell—which always seems to come long before it is wanted—recalls one to the duties and necessities of life.

AT TAHITI.

At half-past eight we breakfasted, so as to be ready for the service at the native church at ten o'clock; but several visitors arrived in the interval, and we had rather a bustle to get off in time, after all. We landed close to the church, under the shade of an hibiscus, whose yellow and orange flowers dropped off into the sea and floated away amongst the coral rocks, peeping out of the water here and there. The building appeared to be full to overflowing. The windows and doors were all wide open, and many members of the congregation were seated on the steps, on the lawn, and on the grassy slope beyond, listening to a discourse in the native language. Most of the people wore the native costume, which, especially when made of black stuff and surmounted by a little sailor's hat, decorated with a bandana handkerchief or a wreath of flowers, was very becoming. Sailor's



CLARKE ISLAND.

hats are universally worn, and are generally made by the natives themselves from plantain or palm leaves, or from the inside fibre of the arrow-root. Some rather elderly men and women in the front rows were taking notes of the sermon. I found afterwards that they belonged to the Bible class, and that their great pride was to meet after the service and repeat by heart nearly all they had heard. This seems to show at least a desire to profit by the minister's efforts, which we must hope, were not altogether in vain.

After the usual service there were two christenings. The babies were held at the font by the men, who looked extremely sheepish. One baby was grandly attired in a book-muslin dress, with flounces, a tail at least six feet long dragging on the ground, and

a lace cap with cherry-coloured bows; the other was nearly as smart, in a white-worked long frock and cap, trimmed with blue bows. The christenings over, there was a hymn, somewhat monotonous as to time and tune, but sung with much fervour, followed by the administration of the sacrament, in which cocoa-nut milk took the place of wine, and bread-fruit that of bread. The proper elements were originally used, but experience proved that, although the bread went round pretty well, the cup was almost invariably emptied by the first two or three communicants, sometimes with unfortunate results.

After service we drove through the shady avenues of the town into the open country, past trim little villas and sugar-cane plantations, until we turned off the main road, and entered an avenue of mangoes, whence a rough road, cut through a guava thicket leads to the main gate of Fautahua a regular square Indian bungalow, with thatched roofs, verandahs covered with creepers, windows opening to the ground, and steps leading to the gardens on every side, ample accommodation for stables, kitchens, servants, being provided in numerous outbuildings.

Soon after breakfast, Mrs. Brander dressed me in one of her own native costumes, and we drove to the outskirts of a dense forest, through which a footpath leads to the waterfall and fort of Fautahua. Here we found horses waiting for us, on which we rode, accompanied by the gentlemen on foot, through a thick growth of palms, orange-trees, guavas, and other tropical trees, some of which were overhung and almost choked by luxuriant creepers. Specially noticeable among the latter was a gorgeous purple passion-flower, with orange-coloured fruit as big as pumpkins, that covered everything with its vigorous growth. The path was always narrow and sometimes steep, and we had frequenty almost to creep under the overhanging boughs, or to turn aside to avoid a more than usually dense mass of creepers. We crossed several small rivers, and at last reached a spot that commanded a view of the waterfall, on the other side of a deep ravine. Just below the fort that crowns the height, a river issues from a narrow cleft in the rock, and falls at a single bound from the edge of an almost perpendicular cliff, 600 feet high, into the valley beneath. First one sees the rush of blue water, gradually changing in its descent to a cloud of white spray, which in its turn is lost in a rainbow of mist. Imagine that from beneath the shade of feathery palms and broad-leaved bananas through a network of ferns and creepers you are looking upon the Staubbach, in Switzerland,

WATERFALL OF FAUTAHUA.

magnified in height, and with a background of verdure-clad mountains, and you will have some idea of the fall of Fautahua as we beheld it.

After resting a little while and taking some sketches, we climbed up to the fort itself, a place of considerable interest, where the natives held out to the very last against the French. On the bank opposite the fort, the last islander killed during the struggle for independence was shot while trying to escape. Situated in the centre of a group of mountains, with valleys branching off in all directions, the fort could hold communication with every part of the coast, and there can be little doubt that it would have held out much longer than it did, but for the treachery of one of the garrison, who led the invaders, under cover of the night, and by devious paths, to the top of a hill commanding the position. Now the ramparts and earthworks are overrun and almost hidden by roses. Originally planted, I suppose, by the new-comers, they have spread rapidly in all directions, till the hill-sides and summits are quite a-blush with the fragrant bloom.

Having enjoyed some strawberries and some icy cold water from a spring, and heard a long account of the war from the *gardiens*, we found it was time to commence our return journey, as it was now getting late. We descended much more quickly than we had come up, but daylight had faded into the brief tropical twilight, and that again into the shades of night, ere we reached the carriage.

Dinner and evening service brought the day to a conclusion, and I retired, not unwillingly, to bed, to dream of the charms of Tahiti.

Sometimes I think that all I have seen must be only a long vision, and that too soon I shall awaken to the cold reality; the flowers, the fruit, the colours worn by every one, the whole scene and its surroundings, seem almost too fairylike to have an actual existence. I am in despair when I attempt to describe all these things. I feel that I cannot do anything like justice to their merits, and yet I fear all the time that what I say may be looked upon as an exaggeration.

> Long dreamy lawns, and birds on happy wings,
> Keeping their homes in never rifled bowers;
> Cool fountains filling with their murmurings
> The sunny silence 'twixt the chiming hours.

After breakfast I had another visit from a man with war-cloaks, shell-belts, *tapa*, and *reva-reva*, which he brought on board for my inspection. It was a difficult task to make him understand what I meant, but at last I thought I had succeeded in impressing upon his mind the fact that I wished to buy them, and that they would be paid for at the store. The sequel unfortunately proved that I was mistaken. At nine o'clock we set out for the shore, and after landing drove along the same road by which we had returned from our excursion round the island.* After seeing as much of the place as our limited time would allow, we re-entered the carriages and drove over to Fautahua, where we found the children and maids had arrived just before us. The grand piano, every table, and the drawing-room floor, were spread with the presents we were expected to take away with us. There were bunches of scarlet feathers, two or three hundred in number, from the tail of the tropic bird, which are only allowed to be possessed and worn by chiefs, and which are of great value, as each bird only produces two feathers; pearl shells, with corals growing on them, red coral from the islands on the Equator, curious sponges and sea-weed, *tapa* cloth and *reva-reva* fringe, arrowroot and palm-leaf hats, cocoa-nut drinking vessels, fine mats plaited in many patterns, and other

* We paid a brief visit to Point Venus, whence Captain Cook observed the transit of Venus on November 9th, 1769, and we saw the lighthouse and tamarind tree, which now mark the spot. The latter from which we brought away some seed, was undoubtedly planted by Captain Cook with his own hand.

specimens of the products of the island.

All the members of the royal family at present in Tahiti had been invited to meet us, and arrived in due course, including the heir-apparent and his brother and sister. All the guests were dressed in the native costume, with wreaths on their heads and necks, and even the servants—including our own, whom I hardly recognised—were similarly decorated. Wreaths had also been prepared for us, three of fragrant yellow flowers for Mabelle, Muriel, and myself, and others of a different kind for the gentlemen.

When the feast was ready the Prince offered me his arm, and we all walked in a procession to a grove of bananas in the garden through two lines of native servants, who, at a given signal, saluted us with three hearty English cheers. We then continued our walk till we arrived at a house, built in the native style, by the side of a rocky stream, like a Scotch burn. The uprights of the house were banana trees, transplanted with their leaves on, so as to shade the roof, which was formed of plaited cocoa-nut palm leaves, each about fifteen feet long, laid transversely across bamboo rafters. From these light green supports and the dark green roof depended the yellow and brown leaves of the *there*, woven into graceful garlands and elegant festoons. The floor was covered with the finest mats, with black and white borders, and the centre strewn with broad green plantain leaves, to form the tablecloth, on which were laid baskets and dishes, made of leaves sewed together, and containing all sorts of native delicacies. There were oysters, lobsters, wurrali, and crawfish, stewed chicken, boiled sucking-pig, plantains, bread-fruit, melons, bananas, oranges, and strawberries. Before each guest was placed a half cocoa-nut full of salt water, another full of chopped cocoa-nut, a third full of fresh water, and another full of milk, two pieces of bamboo, a basket of *poi*, half a bread fruit, and a platter of green leaves, the latter being changed with each course. We took our seats on the ground round the green table. An address was first delivered in the native language, grace was then said, and we commenced. The first operation was to mix the salt water and the chopped cocoa-nut together, so as to make an appetising sauce, into which we were supposed to dip each morsel we ate, the empty salt-water bowl being filled up with fresh water with which to wash our fingers and lips. We were all tolerably successful in the use of our fingers as substitutes for knives and forks, though we could not manage the performance quite so gracefully as those more accustomed to it. The only drawback, as far as the dinner itself was concerned, was that it had to be eaten amid such a scene of novelty and beauty, that our attention was continually distracted. There was so much to admire around one, both in the house itself and outside, where we could see the mountain stream, the groves of palms and bread-fruit, and beyond them the bright sea and the surf-beaten coral reef. After we had finished, all the servants sat down to dinner, and from a dais at one end of the room we surveyed the bright and animated scene, the gentlemen—and some of the ladies too—meanwhile enjoying their cigarettes.

When we got down to Papiete, at about half-past four, so many things had to be done that it seemed impossible to accomplish a start this evening. First of all the two Princes came on board, and were shown round, after which there were accounts to be paid, linen to be got on board, and various other preparations to be made. Presently it was discovered that the cloaks I had purchased—or thought I had purchased—this morning had not turned up, and that our saddles had been left at Fautahua on Sunday and had been forgotten. The latter were

immediately sent for, but although some one went on shore to look after the cloaks nothing could be heard of them; so I suppose I was not successful after all in making the man understand that he was to take them to the store and receive payment for them there.

HAWAIIAN SPORTS.

The natives have many other games of which they are very fond, and which they play with great skill, including spear-throwing, transfixing an object with a dart, *kona*, an elaborate kind of draughts, and *talu*, which consists in hiding a small stone under one of five pieces of cloth, placed in front of the players. One hides the stone, and the others have to guess where it is; and it generally happens that, however dexterously the hider may put his arm beneath the cloth, and dodge about from one piece to another, a clever player will be able to tell, by the movement of the muscles of the upper part of his arm, when his fingers relax their hold of the stone. Another game, called *paua*, is very like the Canadian sport of 'tobogging,' only that it is carried on on the grass instead of on the snow. The performers stand bolt upright on a narrow plank, turned up in front, and steered with a sort of long paddle. They go to the top of a hill or mountain, and rush down the steep, grassy, sunburnt slopes at a tremendous pace, keeping their balance in a wonderful manner. There is also a very popular amusement, called *pahé*, requiring a specially prepared smooth floor, along which the javelins of the players glide like snakes. On the same floor they also play at another game, called *maita*, or *uru maita*. Two sticks, only a few inches apart, are stuck into the ground, and at a distance of thirty or forty yards the players strive to throw a stone between them. The *uru* which they use for the purpose is a hard circular stone, three or four inches in diameter, and an inch in thickness at the edge, but thicker in the middle.

Mr. Ellis in his 'Polynesian Researches,' states that 'these stones are finely polished, highly valued, and carefully preserved, being always oiled or wrapped up in native cloth after having been used. The people are, if possible, more fond of this game than of the *pahé*, and the inhabitants of a district not unfrequently challenge the people of the whole island, or the natives of one island those of all the others, to bring a man who shall try his skill with some favourite player of their own district or island. On such occasions seven or eight thousand people, men and women, with their chiefs and chiefesses, assemble to witness the sport, which, as well as the *pahé*, is often continued for hours together.'

With bows and arrows they are as clever as all savages, and wonderfully good shots, attempting many wonderful feats. They are swift as deer, when they choose, though somewhat lazy and indolent. All the kings and chiefs have been special adepts in the invigorating pastime of surf-swimming, and the present king's sisters are considered first-rate hands at it. The performers begin by swimming out into the bay, and diving under the huge Pacific rollers, pushing their surf-boards—flat pieces of wood, about four feet long by two wide, pointed at each end—edgewise before them. For the return journey they select a large wave; and then, either sitting, kneeling, or standing on their boards, rush in shorewards with the speed of a racehorse, on the curling crest of the monster, enveloped in foam and spray, and holding on, as it were, by the milk-white manes of their furious coursers. It looked a most enjoyable amusement, and I should think that, to a powerful swimmer, with plenty of pluck, the feat is not difficult of accomplishment. The natives here are almost amphibious. They played all sorts of tricks in the water, some of the performers being quite tiny boys. Four strong rowers took a whale-boat out into the worst surf, and then,

steering her by means of a large oar, brought her safely back to the shore on the top of a huge wave.

After the conclusion of this novel entertainment, we all mounted our horseback to the Falls, Bob going in front of Tom, and Muriel going with Mr. Freer. After a couple of miles we dismounted, and had a short walk through grass and ferns to a pretty double waterfall, tumbling over a cliff about 100 feet high, into a glassy pool of the river beneath. It fell in front of a fern-filled black lava cavern, over which a rainbow generally hangs. As it was too wet to sit on the grass after the rain, we took possession of the verandah of a native house, commanding a fine view of the bay and town of Hilo. The hot coffee and eggs were a great success eventually, though the smoke from the wood fire nearly suffocated us in the process of cooking. Excellent also was some grey mullet, brought to us alive, and cooked native fashion,—wrapped up in *ti* leaves, and put into a hole in the ground.

We now moved our position a little higher up the river, to the Falls, over which the men, gliding down the shallow rapids above, in a sitting posture, allowed themselves to be carried. It looked a pleasant and easy feat, and was afterwards performed by many of the natives in all sorts of ways. Two or three of them would hold each other's shoulders, forming a child's train, or some would get on the backs of their companions, while others descended singly in a variety of attitudes. At last a young girl was also persuaded to attempt the feat. She looked very pretty as she started, in her white chemise and bright garland, and prettier still when she emerged from the white foam beneath the fall, and swam along far below the surface of the clear water, with her long black hair streaming out behind her.

AT YOKOHAMA.

An old priest took us in hand, and, providing us with stout sticks, marched us up to the top of the hill to see various views, and spectacular views of the surroundings. The camellias and evergreens on the roadside made a lovely framework for each little picture, as we turned and twisted along the narrow path. I know not how many steps on the other side of the island we had to descended before the sea-beach was reached. Here is a cavern stretching 500 feet straight below high water mark, with a shrine to Benten Sama, the Lucinda of Japan; and having been provided with candles, we proceeded a few hundred feet through another cave, running at right angles to the first.

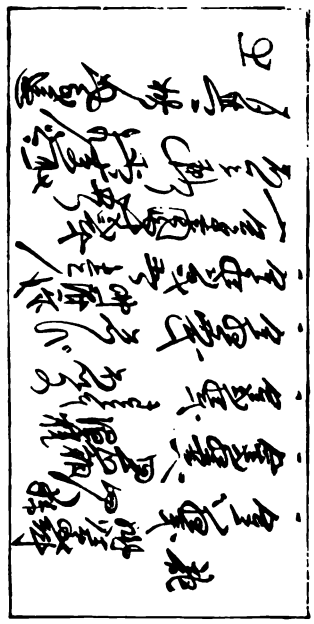
As it would have been a long steep walk back, and I was very tired, we called to one of the numerous fishing boats near the shore, and were quickly conveyed round to our original starting place. Before we said good-bye, one of the old priests implored to be allowed to dive into the water for half-a-dollar. His request was complied with, and he caught the coin most successfully.

We lunched at a tea-house, our meal consisting of fish of all kinds, deliciously cooked, and served, fresh from the fire, in a style worthy of Greenwich; and as we had taken the precaution to bring some bread and wine with us, we were independent of the usual rice and *saki*.

After this we proceeded on our way towards the Daïboots, or Great Buddha, situated within the limits of what was once the large city of Kama-kura, now only a collection of small hamlets. As all Japanese cities are built of wood, it is not wonderful that they should in time entirely disappear, and leave no trace behind them. But there still remain some of the columns of the temple which once existed in the gardens surrounding the idol. Now he is quite alone; and for centuries has this grand old figure sat, exposed to the elements, serenely smiling on the varying scene beneath him. The figure is of bronze, and is sup-

LEAP AT HILO.

posed to have been cast about the year 1250 or 1260. It is some fifty feet high, with golden eyes and a silver spiral horn on the forehead. It is



OUR LUNCHEON BILL.

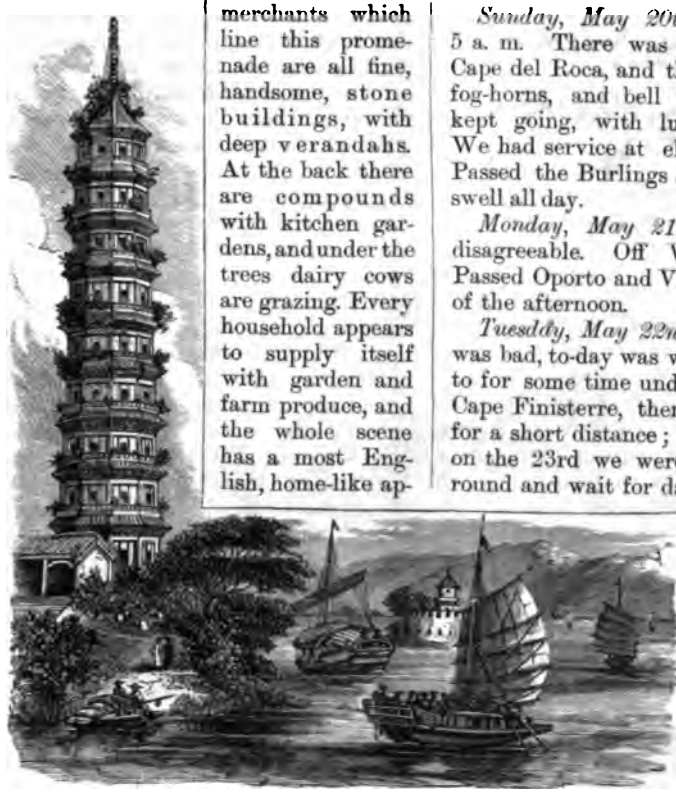
possible to sit or stand on the thumb, and within the hollow body an altar is erected, at which the priests officiate. Sitting there, amidst a grove of enormous cryptomerias and bamboos, there is an air of ineffable silent strength about that solitary figure, which affords a clue to the tenacity with which the poorer classes cling to Buddhism. The very calmness of these figures must be more suggestive of relief and repose to the poor weary worshippers than the glitter of the looking-glass and crystal ball to be found in the Shintoo temples. The looking-glass is intended to remind believers that the Supreme Being can see their innermost thoughts as clearly as they can perceive their own reflection; while the crystal ball is an emblem of purity. Great store is set by the latter, especially if of large size and without flaw, but to my mind the imperfect ones are the best, as they retrace the sight a net do not look so much like glass.

In another village close by, also part of the ancient Kama-kura, there is a fine temple, dedicated to the God of War; but we were pressed for time and hurried back to the little carriages. The homeward drive was long and cold, but the Tokaido looked very pretty lighted up, the shadows of the inmates being plainly visible on the paper walls, reminding one of a scene in a pantomime. On our way down a very steep hill we met the men carrying a *cango*. It is a most uncomfortable-looking basket-work contrivance, in which it is impossible to sit or lie with ease. These *cangoes* used formerly to be the ordinary conveyance of Japan, but they are now replaced by the *jinrikishas*, and they are seldom met with, except in the mountains or in out-of-the-way places.

About one o'clock we reached Whampoa, the leading port of Canton. The Pearl River is too shallow for large steamers to go up any higher; so we stopped here only a few minutes to disembark some of the Chinese passengers, and from this point the interesting part of the voyage began. The river, as well as all the little supplementary creeks, was alive with junks and sampans—masts and sails stuck up in every direction, gliding about among the flat paddy-fields. Such masts and sails as they are! The mandarins' boats, especially, are so beautifully carved, painted, and decorated, that they look more as if they were floating about for ornament than for use. Just about two o'clock our large steamer was brought up close alongside the wooden pier as easily as a skiff, but it must require some skill to navigate this crowded river without accident. On the shore was an excited, vociferating crowd, but no one came to meet us; and we had begun to wonder what was to become of us —what we should do, and whither we

should go in a strange city, where we did not know a soul—when we were relieved from our embarrassment by the appearance of the Vice-Consul, who came on board to meet a friend. He told us that, owing to an expected ball, all the houses were unusually full, and that not one of the people who had been written to could take us in. This was rather bad news, but we felt sure that something would turn up.

We landed, and, after proceeding a short distance along the dirty street, came to a bridge with iron gates, which were thrown open by the sentry. After crossing a dirty stream we found ourselves in the foreign settlement—Shameen it is called—walking on nice turf, under the shade of fine trees. The houses of the merchants which line this promenade are all fine, handsome, stone buildings, with deep verandahs. At the back there are compounds with kitchen gardens, and under the trees dairy cows are grazing. Every household appears to supply itself with garden and farm produce, and the whole scene has a most English, home-like appearance. We went first to the Vice-Consul, and then to the Jardine Hong. All the business houses retain the names of the firms to which they originally belonged, even when they have passed into entirely different hands. After a little chat we went on to the Deacon Hong, where we found they had just done tiffin, and where we met some old friends.



CHINESE PAGODA AND BOATS.

By the kindness of various people, to whom we were introduced, we all found ourselves gradually installed in luxurious quarters. As for us, we had a large room comfortably furnished in English fashion, with a bath-room attached. All the houses are very much alike, and are fitted up in an equally comfortable style.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Sunday, May 20th.—Weighed at 5 a. m. There was a dense fog off Cape del Roca, and the steam-whistle fog-horns, and bell were constantly kept going, with lugubrious effect. We had service at eleven and 4.30. Passed the Burlings at 1.30. Heavy swell all day.

Monday, May 21st.—Rough and disagreeable. Off Viana at noon. Passed Oporto and Vigo in the course of the afternoon.

Tuesday, May 22nd.—If yesterday was bad, to-day was worse. We hove to for some time under the shelter of Cape Finisterre, then went on again for a short distance; but at 1.30 a.m. on the 23rd we were obliged to put round and wait for daylight.

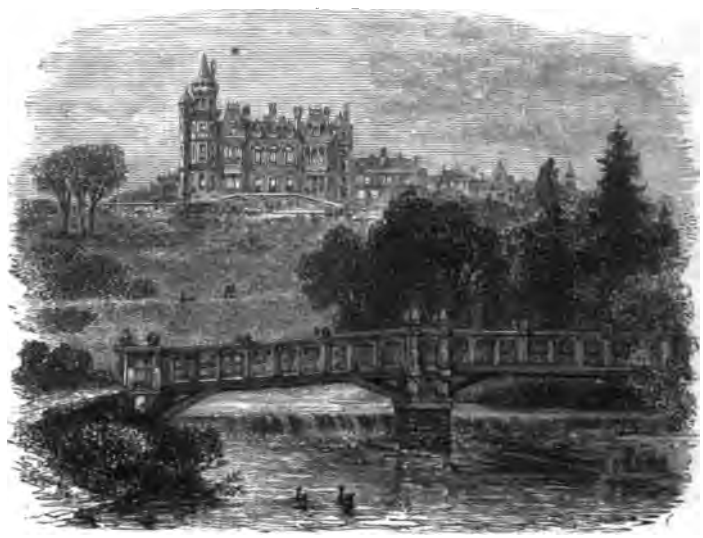
Wednesday 23rd & Thursday 24th.—In the course of the day the weather mended, though the sea still continued rough, and our course was really in the direction of

America rather than England. In the evening of the 24th we were able to light fires, and, with the assistance of steam, to keep nearly on our proper course.

Saturday, May 25th. Saw the first English land, the Start, at 2.30 a. m. Wind continued fresh and fair, but at noon dropped calm, and we had to steam through the Needles instead of sailing, as we had done on our way out. We reached Cowes about 3 p. m., and were immediately welcomed by several yachts, who dipped their ensigns and fired their guns. We landed, and were warmly greeted by many friends, and, after sending off telegrams and letters, re-embarked and proceeded towards Hastings. We were anxious to land by daylight, but this was not to be. So it turned out to be midnight before we reached Beachy Head and could discern the lights of Hastings shining in the distance. As we drew near to our anchorage we could see two boats coming swiftly towards us from the shore. The crews were members of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, and as they came alongside they raised a shout of welcome. Hastings had been expecting us all the afternoon, and late as was the hour, 1.30 a. m., we were immediately surrounded by a fleet of boats, and many willing hands seized our heterogeneous cargo and multitudinous packages, and before daylight all had been safely landed on the pier. We committed ourselves to the care of the R. N. A. V., and landed in their boats, and at 4.30, proceeding to the Queen's Hotel, we had joyous meeting with T. A. B. and Maud.

How can I describe the warm greetings that met us everywhere, or the crowd that surrounded us, not only when we landed, but as we came out of church; how along the whole ten miles from Hastings to Battle, people were standing by the roadside and at their cottage doors to welcome us; how the Battle bell-ringers never stopped ringing except during service time; or how the warmest of welcomes ended our delightful year of travel and made us feel we were at home at last, with thankful hearts for the providential care which had watched over us whithersoever we roamed?

> I travelled among unknown men,
> In lands beyond the sea,
> Nor, England! did I know till then
> What love I bore to thee.



HOME AT LAST.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL:

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

THE FOURTH PART.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was only the twentieth of September, when Agnes and the children reached Paris. Mrs. Norbury and her brother Francis had then already started on their journey to Italy—at least three weeks before the date at which the new hotel was to open for the reception of travellers.

The person answerable for this premature departure was Francis Westwick.

Like his younger brother Henry, he had increased his pecuniary resources by his own enterprise and ingenuity; with this difference that his speculations were connected with the Arts. He had made money in the first instance, by a weekly newspaper; and he had then invested his profits in a London Theatre. This latter enterprise, admirably conducted, had been rewarded by the public with steady and liberal encouragement. Pondering over a new form of theatrical attraction for the coming winter season, Francis had determined to revive the languid public taste for the 'ballet' by means of an entertainment of his own invention, combining dramatic interest with dancing. He was now, accordingly, in search of the best dancer (possessed of the indispensable personal attractions) who was to be found in the theatres of the continent. Hearing from his foreign correspondents of two women who had made successful first appearances, one at Milan and one at Florence, he had arranged to visit those cities, and to judge of the merits of the dancers for himself, before he joined the bride and bridegroom. His widowed sister, having friends at Florence whom she was anxious to see, readily accompanied him. The Montbarrys remained at Paris, until it was time to present themselves at the family meeting in Venice. Henry found them still in the French capital, when he arrived from London on his way to the opening of the new hotel.

Against Lady Montbarry's advice, he took the opportunity of renewing his addresses to Agnes. He could hardly have chosen a more unpropitious time for pleading his cause with her. The gaieties of Paris (quite incomprehensibly to herself as well as to everyone about her) had a depressing effect on her spirits. She had no illness to complain of; she shared willingly in the ever varying succession of amusements offered to strangers by the ingenuity of the liveliest people in the world—but nothing roused her: she remained persistently dull and weary through it all. In this frame of mind and body, she was in no humour to receive Henry's ill-timed addresses with favour, or even with patience: she plainly and positively refused to listen to him. 'Why do you remind me of what I have suffered?' she asked petulantly. 'Don't you see that it has left its mark on me for life?'

'I thought I knew something of women by this time,' Henry said, appealing privately to Lady Montbarry for consolation. 'But Agnes completely puzzles me. It is a year since

Montbarry's death: and she remains as devoted to his memory as if he had died faithful to her. She still feels the loss of him, as none of *us* feel it!'

'She is the truest woman that ever breathed the breath of life,' Lady Montbarry answered. 'Remember that, and you will understand her. Can such a woman as Agnes give her love or refuse it, according to circumstances? Because the man was unworthy of her, was he less the man of her choice? The truest and best friend to him (little as he deserved it) in his lifetime, she naturally remains the truest and best friend to his memory now. If you really love her, wait; and trust to your two best friends—to time and to me. There is my advice; let your own experience decide whether it is not the best advice that I can offer. Resume your journey to Venice to-morrow; and when you take leave of Agnes, speak to her as cordially as if nothing had happened.'

Henry wisely followed this advice. Thoroughly understanding him, Agnes made the leave-taking friendly and pleasant on her side. When he stopped at the door for a last look at her, she hurriedly turned her head so that her face was hidden from him. Was that a good sign? Lady Montbarry, accompanying Henry down the stairs, said, 'Yes, decidedly! Write when you get to Venice. We shall wait here to receive letters from Arthur and his wife, and we shall time our departure for Italy accordingly.'

A week passed, and no letter came from Henry. Some days later, a telegram was received from him. It was despatched from Milan, instead of from Venice; and it brought this strange message:—'I have left the hotel. Will return on the arrival of Arthur and his wife. Address, meanwhile, Albergo Reale, Milan.'

Preferring Venice before all other cities of Europe, and having arranged to remain there until the family meeting took place, what unexpected event had led Henry to alter his plans? and why did he state the bare fact, without adding a word of explanation? Let the narrative follow him, and find the answer to those questions at Venice.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE Palace Hotel, appealing for encouragement mainly to English and American travellers, celebrated the opening of its doors, as a matter of course, by the giving of a grand banquet, and the delivery of a long succession of speeches.

Delayed on his journey, Henry Westwick only reached Venice in time to join the guests over their coffee and cigars. Observing the splendour of the reception rooms, and taking note especially of the artful mixture of comfort and luxury in the bedchambers, he began to share the old nurse's views of the future, and to contemplate seriously the coming dividend of ten per cent. The hotel was beginning well, at all events. So much interest in the enterprise had been aroused, at home and abroad, by profuse advertising that the whole accommodation of the building had been secured by travellers of all nations for the opening night. Henry only obtained one of the small rooms on the upper floor, by a lucky accident—the absence of the gentleman who had written to engage it. He was quite satisfied, and was on his way to bed, when another accident altered his prospects for the night, and moved him into another and a better room.

Ascending on his way to the higher regions as far as the first floor of the hotel, Henry's attention was attracted by an angry voice protesting, in a strong New England accent, against one of the greatest hardships that can be inflicted on a citizen of the United States—the hardship of sending him to bed without gas in his room.

The Americans are not only the most hospitable people to be found on

the face of the earth—they are (under certain conditions) the most patient and good-tempered people as well. But they are human; and the limit of American endurance is found in the obsolete institution of a bedroom candle. The American traveller, in the present case, declined to believe that his bedroom was in a completely finished state without a gas-burner. The manager pointed to the fine antique decorations (renewed and regilt) on the walls and ceiling, and explained that the emanations of burning gas-light would certainly spoil them in the course of a few months. To this the traveller replied that it was possible, but that he did not understand decorations. A bedroom with gas in it was what he was used to, was what he wanted, and was what he was determined to have. The compliant manager volunteered to ask some other gentleman, housed on the inferior upper story (which was lit throughout with gas), to change rooms. Hearing this, and being quite willing to exchange a small bed-chamber for a large one, Henry volunteered to be the other gentleman. The excellent American shook hands with him on the spot. 'You are a cultured person, sir,' he said; 'and *you* will no doubt understand the decorations.'

Henry looked at the number of the room on the door as he opened it. The number was Fourteen.

Tired and sleepy, he naturally anticipated a good night's rest. In the thoroughly healthy state of his nervous system, he slept as well in a bed abroad as in a bed at home. Without the slightest assignable reason, however, his just expectations were disappointed. The luxurious bed, the well-ventilated room, the delicious tranquillity of Venice by night, all were in favour of his sleeping well. He never slept at all. An indescribable sense of depression and discomfort kept him waking through darkness and daylight alike. He went down to the coffee-room as soon as the hotel was astir, and ordered some breakfast. Another unaccountable change in himself appeared with the appearance of the meal. He was absolutely without appetite. An excellent omelette and cutlets cooked to perfection, he sent away untasted—he, whose appetite never failed him, whose digestion was still equal to any demands on it!

The day was bright and fine. He sent for a gondola, and was rowed to the Lido.

Out on the airy Lagoon, he felt like a new man. He had not left the hotel ten minutes before he was fast asleep in the gondola. Waking, on reaching the landing-place, he crossed the Lido, and enjoyed a morning's swim in the Adriatic. There was only a poor restaurant on the island, in those days; but his appetite was now ready for anything; he eat whatever was offered to him, like a famished man. He could hardly believe, when he reflected on it, that he had sent away untasted his excellent breakfast at the hotel.

Returning to Venice, he spent the rest of the day in the picture-galleries and the churches. Towards six o'clock his gondola took him back, with another fine appetite, to meet some travelling-acquaintances with whom he had engaged to dine at the table d'hôte.

The dinner was deservedly rewarded with the highest approval by every guest in the hotel but one. To Henry's astonishment, the appetite with which he had entered the house mysteriously and completely left him when he sat down to table. He could drink some wine, but he could literally eat nothing. 'What in the world is the matter with you?' his travelling-acquaintances asked. He could honestly answer, 'I know no more than you do.'

When night came, he gave his comfortable and beautiful bedroom another trial. The result of the second experiment was a repetition of the result of the first. Again he felt the all-pervading sense of depression and

discomfort. Again he passed a sleepless night. And once more, when he tried to eat his breakfast, his appetite completely failed him!

This personal experience of the new hotel was too extraordinary to be passed over in silence. Henry mentioned it to his friends in the public room, in the hearing of the manager. The manager, naturally zealous in defence of the hotel, was a little hurt at the implied reflection cast on Number Fourteen. He invited the travellers present to judge for themselves whether Mr. Westwick's bedroom was to blame for Mr. Westwick's sleepless nights; and he especially appealed to a grey-headed gentleman, a guest at the breakfast-table of an English traveller, to take the lead in the investigation. 'This is Doctor Bruno, our first physician in Venice,' he explained. 'I appeal to him to say if there are any unhealthy influences in Mr. Westwick's room.'

Introduced to Number Fourteen, the doctor looked round him with a certain appearance of interest which was noticed by everyone present. 'The last time I was in this room,' he said, 'was on a melancholy occasion. It was before the palace was changed into an hotel. I was in professional attendance on an English nobleman who died here.' One of the persons present inquired the name of the nobleman. Doctor Bruno answered (without the slightest suspicion that he was speaking before a brother of the dead man), 'Lord Montbarry.'

Henry quietly left the room, without saying a word to anybody.

He was not, in any sense of the term, a superstitious man. But he felt, nevertheless, an insurmountable reluctance to remaining in the hotel. He decided on leaving Venice. To ask for another room would be, as he could plainly see, an offence in the eyes of the manager. To remove to another hotel, would be to openly abandon an establishment in the success of which he had a pecuniary interest. Leaving a note for Arthur Barville, on his arrival in Venice, in which he merely mentioned that he had gone to look at the Italian lakes, and that a line addressed to his hotel at Milan would bring him back again, he took the afternoon train to Padua —and dined with his usual appetite, and slept as well as ever that night.

The next day, a gentleman and his wife, returning to England by way of Venice, arrived at the hotel and occupied Number Fourteen.

Still mindful of the slur that had been cast on one of his best bedchambers, the manager took occasion to ask the travellers the next morning how they liked their room. They left him to judge for himself how well they were satisfied, by remaining a day longer in Venice than they had originally planned to do, solely for the purpose of enjoying the excellent accommodation offered to them by the new hotel. 'We have met with nothing like it in Italy,' they said; 'you may rely on our recommending you to all our friends.'

On the day when Number Fourteen was again vacant, an English lady travelling alone with her maid arrived at the hotel, saw the room, and at once engaged it.

The lady was Mrs. Norbury. She had left Francis Westwick at Milan, occupied in negociating for the appearance at his theatre of the new dancer at the Scala. Not having heard to the contrary, Mrs. Norbury supposed that Arthur Barville and his wife had already arrived at Venice. She was more interested in meeting the young married couple than in waiting the result of the hard bargaining which delayed the engagement of the new dancer; and she volunteered to make her brother's apologies, if his theatrical business caused him to be late in keeping his appointment at the honeymoon festival.

Mrs. Norbury's experience of Number Fourteen differed entirely from her brother Henry's experience of the room.

Falling asleep as readily as usual, her repose was disturbed by a succession of frightful dreams; the central figure in every one of them being the figure of her dead brother, the first Lord Montbarry. She saw him starving in a loathsome prison; she saw him pursued by assassins, and dying under their knives; she saw him drowning in immeasurable depths of dark water; she saw him in a bed of fire, burning to death in the flames; she saw him tempted by a shadowy creature to drink, and dying of the poisonous draught. The reiterated horror of these dreams had such an effect on her that she rose with the dawn of day, afraid to trust herself again in bed. In the old times, she had been noted in the family as the one member of it who lived on affectionate terms with Montbarry. His other sister and his brothers were constantly quarrelling with him. Even his mother owned that her eldest son was of all her children the child whom she least liked. Sensible and resolute woman as she was, Mrs. Norbury shuddered with terror as she sat at the window of her room, watching the sunrise, and thinking of her dreams.

She made the first excuse that occurred to her, when her maid came in at the usual hour, and noticed how ill she looked. The woman was of so superstitious a temperament that it would have been in the last degree indiscreet to trust her with the truth. Mrs. Norbury merely remarked that she had not found the bed quite to her liking, on account of the large size of it. She was accustomed at home, as her maid knew, to sleep in a small bed. Informed of this objection later in the day, the manager regretted that he could only offer to the lady the choice of one other bedchamber, numbered Thirty-eight, and situated immediately over the bedchamber which she desired to leave. Mrs. Norbury accepted the proposed change of quarters. She was now about to pass her second night in the room occupied in the old days of the palace by Baron Rivar.

Once more, she fell asleep as usual. And, once more, the frightful dreams of the first night terrified her; following each other in the same succession. This time her nerves, already shaken, were not equal to the renewed torture of terror inflicted on them. She threw on her dressing-gown, and rushed out of her room in the middle of the night. The porter, alarmed by the banging of the door, met her hurrying headlong down the stairs, in search of the first human being she could find to keep her company. Considerably surprised at this last new manifestation of the famous 'English eccentricity,' the man looked at the hotel register, and led the lady upstairs again to the room occupied by her maid. The maid was not asleep, and more wonderful still, was not even undressed. She received her mistress quietly. When they were alone, and when Mrs. Norbury had, as a matter of necessity, taken her attendant into her confidence, the woman made a very strange reply.

'I have been asking about the hotel, at the servants' supper to-night,' she said. 'The valet of one of the gentlemen staying here has heard that the late Lord Montbarry was the last person who lived in the palace, before it was made into an hotel. The room he died in, ma'am, was the room you slept in last night. Your room to-night is the room just above it. I said nothing for fear of frightening you. For my own part, I have passed the night as you see, keeping my light in, and reading my Bible. In my opinion, no member of your family can hope to be happy or comfortable in this house.'

'What do you mean?'

'Please to let me explain myself, ma'am. When Mr. Henry Westwick was here (I have this from the valet, too) he occupied the room his brother died in (without knowing it) like you. For two nights he never closed his eyes. Without any reason for it (the valet heard him tell the gentlemen in the

coffee-room) he could *not* sleep; he felt so low and so wretched in himself. And what is more, when daytime came, he couldn't even eat while he was under this roof. You may laugh at me, ma'am — but even a servant may draw her own conclusions. It's my conclusion that something happened to my lord, which we none of us know about, when he died in this house. His ghost walks in torment until he can tell it! The living persons related to him are the persons who feel he is near them — the persons who may yet see him in the time to come. Don't, pray don't stay any longer in this dreadful place! I wouldn't stay another night here myself — no, not for anything that could be offered me!'

Mrs. Norbury at once set her servant's mind at ease on this last point.

'I don't think about it as you do,' she said gravely. 'But I should like to speak to my brother of what has happened. We will go back to Milan.'

Some hours necessarily elapsed before they could leave the hotel, by the first train in the forenoon.

In that interval, Mrs. Norbury's maid found an opportunity of confidentially informing the valet of what had passed between her mistress and herself. The valet had other friends to whom he related the circumstances in his turn. In due course of time, the narrative, passing from mouth to mouth, reached the ears of the manager. He instantly saw that the credit of the hotel was in danger, unless something was done to retrieve the character of the room numbered Fourteen. English travellers, well acquainted with the peerage of their native country, informed him that Henry Westwick and Mrs. Norbury were by no means the only members of the Montbarry family. Curiosity might bring more of them to the hotel, after hearing what had happened. The manager's ingenuity easily hit on the obvious means of misleading them, in this case. The numbers of all the rooms were enamelled in blue, on white china plates, screwed to the doors. He ordered a new plate to be prepared, bearing the number, '13 A', and he kept the room empty, after its tenant for the time being had gone away, until the plate was ready. He then re-numbered the room: placing the removed Number Fourteen on the door of his own room (on the second floor), which, not being to let, had not previously been numbered at all. By this device, Number Fourteen, disappeared at once and forever, from the books of the hotel, as the number of a bedroom to let.

Having warned the servants to beware of gossipping with travellers on the subject of the changed numbers, under penalty of being dismissed, the manager composed his mind with the reflection that he had done his duty to his employers. 'Now,' he thought to himself, with an excusable sense of triumph, 'let the whole family come here if they like! The hotel is a match for them.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEFORE the end of the week, the manager found himself in relations with 'the family' once more. A telegram from Milan announced that Mr. Francis Westwick would arrive in Venice on the next day, and would be obliged if Number Fourteen, on the first floor, could be reserved for him, in the event of its being vacant at the time.

The manager paused to consider, before he issued his directions.

The re-numbered room had been last let to a French gentleman. It would be occupied on the day of Mr. Francis Westwick's arrival, but it would be empty again on the day after. Would it be well to reserve the room for the special occupation of Mr. Francis? and when he had passed the night unsuspiciously and comfortably in 'No. 13 A,' to ask him in the presence of witnesses how he liked his bed-chamber?

In this case, if the reputation of the room happened to be called in question again, the answer would vindicate it, on the evidence of a member of the very family which had first given Number Fourteen a bad name. After a little reflection, the manager decided on trying the experiment, and directed that '13 A' should be reserved accordingly.

On the next day Francis Westwick arrived, in excellent spirits.

He had signed agreements with the most popular dancer in Italy; he had transferred the charge of Mrs. Norbury to his brother Henry, who had joined him in Milan; and he was now at full liberty to amuse himself by testing in every possible way the extraordinary influence exercised over his relatives by the new hotel. When his brother and sister first told him what their experience had been, he instantly declared that he would go to Venice in the interest of his theatre. The circumstances related to him contained invaluable hints for a ghost-drama. The title occurred to him in the railway: 'The Haunted Hotel.' Post that in red letters six feet high, on a black ground, all over London—and trust the excitable public to crowd into the theatre!

Received with the politest attention by the manager, Francis met with a disappointment on entering the hotel. 'Some mistake, sir. No such room on the first floor as Number Fourteen. The room bearing that number is on the second floor, and has been occupied by me from the day when the hotel opened. Perhaps you meant number 13 A, on the first floor? It will be at your service to-morrow—a charming room. In the mean time, we will do the best we can for you, to-night!'

A man who is the successful manager of a theatre is probably the last man in the civilized universe who is capable of being impressed with favourable opinions of his fellow-creatures. Francis privately set the manager down as a humbug, and the story about the numbering of the rooms as a lie.

On the day of his arrival he dined by himself in the restaurant, before the hour of the table d'hôte, for the express purpose of questioning the waiter, without being overheard by anybody. The answer led him to the conclusion that '13 A' occupied the situation in the hotel which had been described by his brother and sister as the situation of '14.' He asked next for the Visitors' List, and found that the French gentleman who then occupied '13 A' was the proprietor of a theatre in Paris, personally well known to him. Was the gentleman then in the hotel? He had gone out, but would certainly return for the table d'hôte. When the public dinner was over, Francis entered the room, and was welcomed by his Parisian colleague, literally, with open arms. 'Come and have a cigar in my room,' said the friendly Frenchman. 'I want to hear whether you have really engaged that woman at Milan or not.' In this easy way Francis found his opportunity of comparing the interior of the room with the description which he had heard of it at Milan.

Arriving at the door, the Frenchman bethought himself of his travelling companion. 'My scene-painter is here with me,' he said, 'on the look-out for materials. An excellent fellow, who will take it as a kindness if we ask him to join us. I'll tell the porter to send him up when he comes in.' He handed the key of his room to Francis. 'I will be back in a minute. It's at the end of the corridor—13 A.'

Francis entered the room alone. There were the decorations on the walls and the ceiling, exactly as they had been described to him! He had just time to perceive this at a glance, before his attention was diverted to himself and his own sensations, by a grotesquely-disagreeable occurrence which took him completely by surprise.

He became conscious of a mysteriously-offensive odour in the room,

entirely new in his experience of revolting smells. It was composed (if such a thing could be) of two mingling exhalations, which were separately-discoverable exhalations nevertheless. This strange blending of odours consisted of something faintly and unpleasantly aromatic, mixed with another underlying smell, so unutterably sickening that he threw open the window, and put his head out into the fresh air, unable to endure the horribly-infected atmosphere for a moment longer.

The French proprietor joined his English friend, with his cigar already lit. He started back in dismay at a sight terrible to his countrymen in general—the sight of an open window. 'You English people are perfectly mad on the subject of fresh air!' he exclaimed. 'We shall catch our deaths of cold.'

Francis turned, and looked at him in astonishment. 'Are you really not aware of the smell there is in the room?' he asked.

'Smell!' repeated his brother manager. 'I smell my own good cigar. Try one yourself. And for Heaven's sake shut the window!'

Francis declined the cigar by a sign. 'Forgive me,' he said. 'I will leave you to close the window. I feel faint and giddy—I had better go out.' He put his handkerchief over his nose and mouth, and crossed the room to the door.

The Frenchman followed the movements of Francis, in such a state of bewilderment that he actually forgot to seize the opportunity of shutting out the fresh air. 'Is it so nasty as that?' he asked, with a broad stare of amazement.

'Horrible!' Francis muttered behind his handkerchief. 'I never smelt anything like it in my life!'

There was a knock at the door. The scene-painter appeared. His employer instantly asked him if he smelt anything.

'I smell your cigar. Delicious! Give me one directly!'

'Wait a minute. Besides my cigar, do you smell anything else—vile, abominable, overpowering, indescribable, never-never-never smelt before!'

The scene painter appeared to be puzzled by the vehement energy of the language addressed to him. 'The room is as fresh and sweet as a room can be,' he answered. As he spoke, he looked back with astonishment at Francis Westwick, standing outside in the corridor, and eyeing the interior of the bed-chamber with an expression of undisguised disgust.

The Parisian director approached his English colleague, and looked at him with grave and anxious scrutiny.

'You see, my friend, here are two of us, with as good noses as yours, who smell nothing. If you want evidence from more noses, look there!' He pointed to two little English girls, at play in the corridor. 'The door of my room is wide open—and you know how fast a smell can travel. Now listen, while I appeal to these innocent noses, in the language of their own dismal island. My little loves, do you sniff a nasty smell here—ha?' The children burst out laughing, and answered emphatically, 'No.' 'My good Westwick,' the Frenchman resumed, in his own language, 'the conclusion is surely plain? There is something wrong, very wrong, with your own nose. I recommend you to see a medical man.'

Having given that advice, he returned to his room, and shut out the horrid fresh air with a loud exclamation of relief. Francis left the hotel, by the lanes that led to the Square of St. Mark. The night-breeze soon revived him. He was able to light a cigar, and to think quietly over what had happened.

CHAPTER XIX.

AVOIDING the crowd under the colonnades, Francis walked slow-

down the noble open space
are, bathed in the light of
moon.
t being aware of it himself,
thorough materialist. The
ect produced on him by the
lowing on the other strange
duced on the other relatives
l brother—exercised no per-
ıfluence over the mind of
le man. 'Perhaps,' he re-
ny temperament is more
e than I supposed it to be—
s a trick played on me by
ancy? Or, perhaps, my
ight; something is physi-
s with me? I don't feel
ıly. But that is no safe
ometimes. I am not going
that abominable room to-
an well wait till to-morrow
whether I shall speak to a
ıot. In the meantime, the
ı't seem likely to supply me
ubject of a piece. A terri-
rom an invisible ghost is a
ıew idea. But it has one
If I realize it on the stage,
ve the audience out of the

trong common sense arrived
tious conclusion, he became
a lady, dressed entirely in
) was observing him with
ttention. 'Am I right in
you to be Mr. Francis West-
: lady asked, at the moment
)oked at her.
; my name, madam. May I
whom I have the honour of
'

ve only met once,' she an-
little evasively, 'when your
er introduced me to the
f his family. I wonder if
uite forgotten my big black
my hideous complexion?'
her veil as she spoke, and
hat the moonlight rested on

recognised at a glance the
all others whom he most
lisliked—the widow of his
dead brother, the first Lord Montbarry. He frowned as he looked at her. His experience on the stage, gathered at innumerable rehearsals with actresses who had sorely tried his temper, had accustomed him to speak roughly to women who were distasteful to him. 'I remember you,' he said. 'I thought you were in America!'

She took no notice of his ungracious tone and manner; she simply stopped him when he lifted his hat, and turned to leave her.

'Let me walk with you for a few minutes,' she quietly replied, 'I have something to say to you.'

He showed her his cigar. 'I am smoking,' he said.

'I don't mind smoking.'

After that, there was nothing to be done (short of downright brutality) but to yield. He did it with the worst possible grace. 'Well?' he resumed. 'What do you want of me?'

'You shall hear directly, Mr. Westwick. Let me first tell you what my position is. I am alone in the world. To the loss of my husband has now been added another bereavement, the loss of my companion in America, my brother—Baron Rivar.'

The reputation of the Baron, and the doubt which scandal had thrown on his assumed relationship to the Countess, were well known to Francis. 'Shot in a gambling-saloon?' he asked brutally.

'The question is a perfectly natural one on your part,' she said with the impenetrably-ironical manner which she could assume on certain occasions. 'As a native of horse-racing England, you belong to a nation of gamblers. My brother died no extraordinary death, Mr. Westwick. He sank, with many other unfortunate people, under a fever prevalent in a Western city which we happened to visit. The calamity of his loss made the United States unendurable to me. I left by the first steamer that sailed from New York—a French vessel which brought me to Havre. I continued my lonely

journey to the South of France. And then I went on to Venice.'

'What does all this matter to me?' Francis thought to himself. She paused, evidently expecting him to say something. 'So you have come to Venice?' he said carelessly. 'Why?'

'Because I couldn't help it,' she answered.

Francis looked at her with excited curiosity. 'That sounds odd,' he remarked. 'Why couldn't you help it?'

'Women are accustomed to act on impulse,' she explained. 'Suppose we say that an impulse has directed my journey? And yet, this is the last place in the world that I wish to find myself in. Associations that I detest are connected with it in my mind. If I had a will of my own, I would never see it again. I hate Venice. As you see, however, I am here. When did you meet with such an unreasonable woman before? Never, I am sure!' She stopped, eyed him for a moment, and suddenly altered her tone. 'When is Miss Agnes Lockwood expected to be in Venice?' she asked.

It was not easy to throw Francis off his balance, but that extraordinary question did it. 'How the devil did you know that Miss Lockwood was coming to Venice?' he exclaimed.

She laughed a bitter mocking laugh. 'Say, I guessed it.'

Something in her tone, or perhaps something in the audacious defiance of her eyes as they rested on him, roused the quick temper that was in Francis Westwick. 'Lady Montbarry ——!' he began.

'Stop there!' she interposed. 'Your brother Stephen's wife calls herself Lady Montbarry now. I share my title with no woman. Call me by my name, before I committed the fatal mistake of marrying your brother. Address me, if you please, as Countess Narona.'

'Countess Narona,' Francis resumed, 'if your object in claiming my acquaintance is to mystify me, you have come to the wrong man. Speak plainly, or permit me to wish you good evening.'

'If your object is to keep Miss Lockwood's arrival in Venice a secret,' she retorted, 'speak plainly Mr. Westwick, on *your* side, and say so.'

Her intention was evidently to irritate him; and she succeeded. 'Nonsense!' he broke out petulantly. 'My brother's travelling arrangements are secrets to nobody. He brings Miss Lockwood here, with Lady Montbarry and the children. As you seem so well informed, perhaps you know why she is coming to Venice?'

The Countess had suddenly become grave and thoughtful. She made no reply. The two strangely-associated companions, having reached one extremity of the square were now standing before the church of St. Mark. The moonlight was bright enough to show the architecture of the grand cathedral in its wonderful variety of detail. Even the pigeons of St. Mark were visible, in dark, closely packed rows, roosting in the archways of the great entrance doors.

'I never saw the old church look so beautiful by moonlight,' the Countess said quietly; speaking, not to Francis, but to herself. 'Goodbye, St. Mark's by moonlight! I shall not see you again.'

She turned away from the church, and saw Francis listening to her with wondering looks. 'No,' she resumed, placidly picking up the lost thread of the conversation, 'I don't know why Miss Lockwood is coming here. I only know that we are to meet in Venice!'

'By previous appointment?'

'By Destiny,' she answered, with her head on her breast, and her eyes on the ground. Francis burst out laughing. 'Or if you like it better,' she instantly resumed, 'by what fools call, Chance.'

Francis answered easily, out of the depths of his strong common sense. 'Chance seems to be taking a queer way of bringing the meeting about,'

he said. 'We have all arranged to meet at the Palace Hotel. How is it that your name is not on the Visitors' List? Destiny ought to have brought you to the Palace Hotel, too.'

She abruptly pulled down her veil. 'Destiny may do that yet!' she said. 'The Palace Hotel?' she repeated, speaking once more to herself. 'The old hell, transformed into the new purgatory. The place itself. Jesus Maria! the place itself!' She paused and laid her hand on her companion's arm. 'Perhaps Miss Lockwood is not going there with the rest of you?' she burst out with sudden eagerness. 'Are you positively sure she will be at the hotel?'

'Positively! Haven't I told you that Miss Lockwood travels with Lord and Lady Montbarry? and don't you know that she is a member of the family? You will have to move, Countess, to our hotel.'

She was perfectly impenetrable to the bantering tone in which he spoke. 'Yes,' she said faintly, 'I shall have to move to your hotel.' Her hand was still on his arm—he could feel her shivering from head to foot while she spoke. Heartily as he disliked and distrusted her, the common instinct of humanity obliged him to ask if she felt cold.

'Yes,' she said. 'Cold and faint.'

'Cold and faint, Countess, on such a night as this?'

'The night has nothing to do with it, Mr. Westwick. How do you suppose the criminal feels on the scaffold, while the hangman is putting the rope round his neck? Cold and faint, too, I should think. Excuse my grim fancy. You see destiny has got the rope round *my* neck—and *I* feel it.'

She looked about her. They were at that moment close to the famous café known as 'Florian's.' 'Take me in there,' she said; 'I must have something to revive me. You had better not hesitate. You are interested in reviving me. I have not said what I wanted to say to you yet. It's business, and it's connected with your theatre.'

Wondering inwardly what she could possibly want with his theatre, Francis reluctantly yielded to the necessities of the situation, and took her into the café. He found a quiet corner in which they could take their places without attracting notice. 'What will you have?' he inquired resignedly. She gave her own orders to the waiter, without troubling him to speak for her.

'Maraschino. And a pot of tea.'

The waiter stared; Francis stared. The tea was a novelty (in connection with maraschino) to both of them. Careless whether she surprised them or not, she instructed the waiter, when her directions had been complied with, to pour a large wine-glass full of the liquor into a tumbler, and to fill it up from the teapot. 'I can't do it for myself,' she remarked, 'my hand trembles so.' She drank the strange mixture eagerly, hot as it was. 'Maraschino punch—will you taste some of it?' she said. 'I inherit the discovery of this drink. When your English Queen Caroline was on the continent, my mother was attached to her court. That much injured Royal Person invented, in her happier hours, Maraschino punch. Fondly attached to her gracious mistress my mother shared her tastes. And I, in my turn, learnt from my mother. Now, Mr. Westwick, suppose I tell you what my business is. You are manager of a theatre. Do you want a new play?'

'I always want a new play—provided it's a good one.'

'And you pay, if it's a good one?'

'I pay liberally—in my own interests.'

'If *I* write the play, will you read it?'

Francis hesitated. 'What has put writing a play into your head?' he asked.

'Mere accident,' she answered. 'I had once occasion to tell my late brother of a visit I paid to Miss Lockwood, when I was last in England. He took no

interest in what happened at the interview, but something struck him in my way of relating it. He said, "You describe what passed between you and the lady with the point and contrast of good stage dialogue. You have the dramatic instinct- try if you can write a play. You might make money." *That* put it into my head.'

These last words seemed to startle Francis. 'Surely you don't want money!' he exclaimed.

'I always want money. My tastes are expensive. I have nothing but my poor little four hundred a year – and the wreck that is left of the other money. About two hundred pounds in circular notes, no more.'

Francis knew that she was referring to the ten thousand pounds paid by the insurance offices. 'All those thousands gone already!' he exclaimed.

She blew a little puff of air over her fingers. 'Gone like that!' she answered coolly.

'Baron Rivar?'

She looked at him with a flash of anger in her hard black eyes.

'My affairs are my own secret, Mr. Westwick. I have made you a proposal—and you have not answered me yet. Don't say No, without thinking first. Remember what a life mine has been. I have seen more of the world than most people, playwrights included. I have had strange adventures; I have heard remarkable stories; I have observed: I have remembered. Are there no materials, here in my head, for writing a play- if the opportunity is granted to me?' She waited a moment, and suddenly repeated her strange question about Agnes. 'When is Miss Lockwood expected to be in Venice?'

'What has that to do with your new play, Countess?'

The Countess appeared to feel some difficulty in giving that question its fit reply. She mixed another tumbler full of the maraschino punch, and drank one good half of it before she spoke again.

'It has everything to do with my new play,' was all she said. 'Answer me.' Francis answered her.

'Miss Lockwood may be here in a week. Or for all I know to the contrary, sooner than that.'

'Very well. If I am a living woman and a free woman, in a week's time -or if I am in possession of my senses in a week's time (don't interrupt me; I know what I am talking about)- I shall go to England, and I shall write a sketch or outline of my play, as a specimen of what I can do. Once again, will you read it?'

'I will certainly read it. But, Countess, I don't understand ——'

She held up her hand for silence, and finished the second tumbler of maraschino punch.

'I am a living enigma—and you want to know the right reading of me,' she said. 'Here is the reading, as your English phrase goes, in a nutshell. There is a foolish idea in the minds of many persons that the natives of the warm climates are imaginative people. There never was a greater mistake. You will find no such unimaginative people anywhere as you find in Italy, Spain, Greece, and the other Southern countries. To anything fanciful, to anything spiritual, their minds are deaf and blind by nature. Now and then, in the course of centuries, a great genius springs up amongst them; and he is the exception which proves the rule. Now see! I, though I am no—genius—I am, in my little way (as I suppose) an exception too. To my sorrow, I have some of that imagination, which is so common among the English and the Germans—so rare among the Italians, the Spaniards, and the rest of them! And what is the result? I think it has become a disease in me. I am filled with presentiments which make this wicked life of mine one long terror to me. It doesn't matter, just now, what they are. Enough that they absolutely govern me—they drive me over land and sea

ir own horrible will; they are , and torturing me, at this mo- ! Why don't I resist them? but I do resist them. I am try- rith the help of the good punch) ist them now. At intervals I ate the difficult virtue of sound

Sometimes sound sense makes eful woman of me. At one time, the hope that what seemed re- to me was only mad delusion, all—I even asked the question English doctor! At other times, sensible doubts of myself beset Never mind dwelling on them -it always ends in the old terrors perstitions taking possession of ain. In a week's time, I shall whether Destiny does indeed my future for me, or whether ide it for myself. In the last my resolution is to absorb this rmenting fancy of mine in the tion that I have told you of y. Do you understand me a etter now? And, our business settled, dear Mr. Westwick, re get out of this hot room into e cool air again?'

y rose to leave the café. Francis ly concluded that the maras- unch offered the only discover- planation of what the Countess id to him.

Chapter XX.

ALL I see you again?' she sked, as she held out her hand leave. 'It is quite understood n us, I suppose, about the

ncis recalled his extraordinary nce of that evening in the re- red room. 'My stay in Venice rtain,' he replied. 'If you have ng more to say about this dra- venture of yours, it may be as say it now. Have you decided ubject already? I know the taste in England better than you do—I might save you some waste of time and trouble, if you have not chosen your subject wisely?'

'I don't care what subject I write about, so long as I write,' she answered carelessly. 'If *you* have got a subject in your head, give it to me. I answer for the characters and the dia logue.'

'You answer for the characters and the dialogue,' Francis repeated. 'That's a bold way of speaking for a beginner! I wonder if I should shake your sublime confidence in yourself, if I suggested the most ticklish subject to handle which is known to the stage? What do you say, Countess, to entering the lists with Shakespeare, and trying a drama with a ghost in it? A true story, mind! founded on events in this very city in which you and I are interested.'

She caught him by the arm, and drew him away from the crowded colonnade into the solitary middle space of the square. 'Now tell me?' she said eagerly. 'Here, where nobody is near us. How am I interested in it? How? how?'

Still holding his arm, she shook him in her impatience to hear the coming disclosure. For a moment he hesitated. Thus far, amused by her ignorant belief in herself, he had merely spoken in jest. Now, for the first time, impressed by her irresistible earnestness, he began to consider what he was about from a more serious point of view. With her knowledge of all that had passed in the old palace, before its transformation into an hotel, it was surely possible that she might suggest some explanation of what had happened to his brother and sister, and himself. Or, failing to do this, she might accidentally reveal some event in her own experience which, acting as a hint to a competent dramatist, might prove to be the making of a play. The prosperity of his theatre was his one serious object in life. 'I may be on the trace of another "Corsican Brothers"' he thought. 'A new piece of that

sort would be ten thousand pounds in my pocket at least.'

With these motives (worthy of the single-hearted devotion to dramatic business which made Francis a successful manager) he related, without further hesitation, what his own experience had been, and what the experience of his relatives had been, in the haunted hotel. He even described the outbreak of superstitious terror which had escaped Mrs. Norbury's ignorant maid. 'Sad stuff, if you look at it reasonably,' he remarked. 'But there is something dramatic in the notion of the ghostly influence making itself felt by the relations in succession, as they one after another enter the fatal room —until the one chosen relative comes who will see the Unearthly Creature, and know the terrible truth. Material for a play, Countess—first-rate material for a play!'

There he paused. She neither moved nor spoke. He stooped and looked closer at her.

What impression had he produced? It was an impression which his utmost ingenuity had failed to anticipate. She stood by his side—just as she had stood before Agnes when her question about Ferrari was plainly answered at last—like a woman turned to stone. Her eyes were vacant and rigid: all the life in her face had faded out of it. Francis took her by the hand. Her hand was as cold as the pavement they were standing on. He asked her if she was ill.

Not a muscle in her moved. He might as well have spoken to the dead.

'Surely,' he said, 'you are not foolish enough to take what I have been telling you seriously?'

Her lips moved slowly. As it seemed, she was making an effort to speak to him.

'Louder,' he said. 'I can't hear you.'

She struggled to recover possession of herself. A faint light began to soften the dull cold stare of her eyes. In a moment more she spoke so that he could hear her.

'I never thought of the other world,' she murmured, in low dull tones like a woman talking in her sleep.

Her mind had gone back to the day of her last memorable interview with Agnes: she was slowly recalling the confession that had escaped her, the warning words which she had spoken at that past time. Necessarily incapable of understanding this, Francis looked at her in perplexity. She went on in the same dull vacant tone, steadily following out her own train of thought, with her heedless eyes on his face, and her wandering mind far away from him.

'I said some trifling event would bring us together the next time. I was wrong. No trifling event will bring us together. I said I might be the person who told her what had become of Ferrari, if she forced me to it. Shall I feel some other influence than hers? Will *he* force me to it? When *she* sees him, shall *I* see him too?'

Her head sank a little; her heavy eyelids dropped slowly; she heaved a long, low, weary sigh. Francis put her arm in his, and made an attempt to rouse her.

'Come, Countess, you are weary and over-wrought. We have had enough talking to-night. Let me see you safe back to your hotel. Is it far from here?'

She started when he moved, and obliged her to move with him, as if he had suddenly awakened her out of a deep sleep.

'Not far,' she said faintly. 'The old hotel on the quay. My mind's in a strange state: I have forgotten the name.'

'Danieli's?'

'Yes!'

He led her on slowly. She accompanied him in silence as far as the end of the Piazzetta. There when the full view of the moonlit Lagoon revealed itself, she stopped him as he turned towards the Riva degli Schia-

voni. 'I have something to ask you. I want to wait and think.'

She recovered her lost idea, after a long pause.

'Are you going to sleep in the room to-night?' she asked.

He told her that another traveller was in possession of the room that night. 'But the manager has reserved it for me to-morrow,' he added, 'if I wish to have it.'

'No,' she said. 'You must give it up.'

'To whom?'

'To me.'

He started. 'After what I have told you, do you really wish to sleep in that room to-morrow night?'

'I *must* sleep in it.'

'Are you not afraid?'

'I am horribly afraid.'

'So I should have thought, after what I have observed in you to-night. Why should you take the room! you are not obliged to occupy it, unless you like.'

'I was not obliged to go to Venice, when I left America,' she answered. 'And yet I came here. I must take the room and keep the room, until—' She broke off at those words. 'Never mind the rest,' she said. 'It doesn't interest you.'

It was useless to dispute with her. Francis changed the subject. 'We can do nothing to-night,' he said. 'I will call on you to-morrow morning, and hear what you think of it then.'

They moved on again to the hotel. As they approached the door, Francis asked if she was staying in Venice, under her own name.

She shook her head. 'As your brother's widow, I am known here. As Countess Narona, I am known here. I want to be unknown, this time, to strangers in Venice; I am travelling under a common English name.' She hesitated, and stood still. 'What has come to me?' she muttered to herself. 'Some things I remember; and some I forget. I forgot Danieli's —and now I forget my English name.'

She drew him hurriedly into the hall of the hotel, on the wall of which hung a list of visitors' names. Running her finger slowly down the list, she pointed to the English name that she had assumed:—'Mrs. James.'

'Remember that when you call to-morrow,' she said. 'My head is heavy. Good night.'

Francis went back to his own hotel, wondering what the events of the next day would bring forth. A new turn in his affairs had taken place in his absence. As he crossed the hall, he was requested by one of the servants to walk into the private office. The manager was waiting there with a gravely pre-occupied manner, as if he had something serious to say. He regretted to hear that Mr. Francis Westwick had, like other members of the family, discovered mysterious sources of discomfort in the new hotel. He had been informed in strict confidence of Mr. Westwick's extraordinary objection to the atmosphere of the bedroom upstairs. Without presuming to discuss the matter, he must beg to be excused from reserving the room for Mr. Westwick after what had happened.

Francis answered sharply, a little ruffled by the tone in which the manager had spoken to him. 'I might, very possibly, have declined to sleep in the room, if you had reserved it,' he said. 'Do you wish me to leave the hotel?'

The manager saw the error that he had committed, and hastened to repair it. 'Certainly not, sir! We will do our best to make you comfortable, while you stay with us. I beg your pardon if I have said anything to offend you. The reputation of an establishment like this is a matter of very serious importance. May I hope that you will do us the great favour to say nothing about what has happened upstairs? The two French gentlemen have kindly promised to keep it a secret.'

This apology left Francis no polite

alternative but to grant the manager's request. 'There is an end to the Countess's wild scheme,' he thought to himself, as he retired for the night. 'So much the better for the Countess!'

He rose late the next morning. Inquiring for his Parisian friends, he was informed that both the French gentlemen had left for Milan. As he crossed the hall, on his way to the restaurant, he noticed the head porter, chalking the numbers of the rooms on some articles of luggage which were waiting to go upstairs. One trunk attracted his attention by the extraordinary number of old travelling labels left on it. The porter was marking it at the moment—and the number was, '13 A.' Francis instantly looked at the card fastened on the lid. It bore the common English name, 'Mrs. James!' He at once inquired about the lady. She had arrived early that morning, and she was then in the Reading Room. Looking into the room, he discovered a lady in it alone. Advancing a little nearer, he found himself face to face with the Countess.

She was seated in a dark corner, with her head down and her arms crossed over her bosom. 'Yes,' she said in a tone of weary impatience, before Francis could speak to her. 'I thought it best not to wait for you—I determined to get here before anybody else could take the room.'

'Have you taken it for long?' Francis asked.

'You told me Miss Lockwood would be here in a week's time. I have taken it for a week.'

'What has Miss Lockwood to do with it?'

'She has everything to do with it—she must sleep in the room. I shall give the room up to her when she comes here.'

Francis began to understand the superstitious purpose that she had in view. 'Are you (an educated woman) really of the same opinion as my sister's maid!' he exclaimed. 'Assuming your absurd superstition to be a serious thing, you are taking the wrong means to prove it true. If I and my brother and sister have seen nothing, how should Agnes Lockwood discover what was not revealed to Us? She is only distantly related to the Montbarrys—she is only our cousin.'

'She was nearer to the heart of the Montbarry who is dead than any of you,' the Countess answered sternly. 'To the last day of his life, my miserable husband repented his desertion of her. She will see what none of you have seen—she shall have the room.'

Francis listened, utterly at a loss to account for the motives that animated her. 'I don't see what interest *you* have in trying this extraordinary experiment,' he said.

'It is my interest not to try it! It is my interest to fly from Venice, and never set eyes on Agnes Lockwood or any of your family again!'

'What prevents you from doing that?'

She started to her feet and looked at him wildly. 'I know no more what prevents me than you do!' she burst out. 'Some will that is stronger than mine drives me on to my destruction, in spite of my own self!' She suddenly sat down again, and waved her hand for him to go. 'Leave me,' she said. 'Leave me to my thoughts.'

Francis left her, firmly persuaded by this time that she was out of her senses. For the rest of the day, he saw nothing of her. The night, so far as he knew, passed quietly. The next morning he breakfasted early, determining to wait in the restaurant for the appearance of the Countess. She came in and ordered her breakfast quietly, looking dull and worn and self-absorbed, as she had looked when he last saw her. He hastened to her table, and asked if anything had happened in the night.

'Nothing,' she answered.

'You have rested as well as usual?'

'Quite as well as usual. Have you

had any letters this morning? Have you heard when she is coming?'

'I have had no letters. Are you really going to stay here? Has your experience of last night not altered the opinion which you expressed to me yesterday?

'Not in the least.'

The momentary gleam of animation which had crossed her face when she questioned him about Agnes, died out of it again when he answered her. She looked, she spoke, she eat her breakfast with a vacant resignation, like a woman who had done with hopes, done with interests, done with everything but the mechanical movements and instincts of life.

Francis went out, on the customary travellers' pilgrimage to the shrines of Titian and Tintoret. After some hours of absence, he found a letter waiting for him when he got back to the hotel. It was written by his brother Henry, and it recommended him to return to Milan immediately. The proprietor of a French theatre, recently arrived from Venice, was trying to induce the famous dancer whom Francis had engaged, to break faith with him and accept a higher salary.

Having made this startling announcement, Henry proceeded to inform his brother that Lord and Lady Montbarry, with Agnes and the children, would arrive in Venice in three days more. 'They know nothing of our adventures at the hotel,' Henry wrote; 'and they have telegraphed to the manager for the accommodation that they want. There would be something absurdly superstitious in our giving them a warning which would frighten the ladies and children out of the best hotel in Venice. We shall be a strong party this time—too strong a party for ghosts! I shall meet the travellers on their arrival of course, and try my luck again at what you call the haunted hotel. Arthur Barville and his wife have already got as far on their way as Trent; and two of the lady's relations have arranged to accompany them on the journey to Venice.'

Naturally indignant at the conduct of his Parisian colleague, Francis made his preparations for returning to Milan by the train of that day.

On his way out, he asked the manager if his brother's telegram had been received. The telegram had arrived, and, to the surprise of Francis, the rooms were already reserved. 'I thought you would refuse to let any more of the family into the house,' he said satirically. The manager answered (with the due dash of respect) in the same tone. 'Number Thirteen A. is safe, sir, in the occupation of a stranger. I am the servant of the Company; and I dare not turn money out of the hotel.'

Hearing this Francis said good-bye—and said nothing more. He was ashamed to acknowledge it to himself, but he felt an irresistible curiosity to know what would happen when Agnes arrived at the hotel. Besides 'Mrs. James' had reposed confidence in him. He got into his gondola, respecting the confidence of 'Mrs. James.'

Towards evening on the third day, Lord Montbarry and his travelling companions arrived, punctual to their appointment.

'Mrs. James,' sitting at the window of her room watching for them, saw the new Lord land from the gondola first. He handed his wife from the steps. The three children were next committed to his care. Last of all, Agnes appeared in the little black doorway of the gondola-cabin; and, taking Lord Montbarry's hand, passed in her turn to the steps. She wore no veil. As she ascended to the door of the hotel, the Countess (eyeing her through an opera-glass) noticed that she paused to look at the outside of the building, and that her face was very pale.

(To be continued.)

THE LEPER KNIGHT.

A Legend of Malta

BY CARROLL RYAN.

ST. Elmo's walls are high and strong,
Brave knights are their defenders,
And, though the siege has lasted long,
Not one in thought surrenders.
The Moslem foe, without the gate,
In fierce, fanatic number,
With furious force, impelled by hate,
Continuously thunder;
Still Christian arms, in battle great,
Have kept them back and under.

Soon crumbling walls were falling down
Around the dead and dying.
They won the Hero-martyr crown,
And where they fell were lying.
Among the few, who held the wall,
And fearlessly awaited
The doom that would to-morrow fall
On brave hearts darkly fated,
One lordly spirit heard the call
Triumphant and elated.

For some unspoken sin, 'twas said,
Or foil 'gainst Eastern charmer,
He bound his helmet to his head
And riveted his armour.
In battle was no braver knight,
In Council none was wiser,
But never he to human sight
Was known with open visor;
His mailed hand was used to fight
And of its blows no miser.

The bodies of his brother knights
Were in the harbour floating,
Whereon, with cruel revelry,
Old Solyman was gloating.
While La Valette sent Turkish heads,
Like bombshells from each mortar,
To show how he could take revenge
For Gozo's ruthless slaughter,

And all the fountains of the isle
  Ran blood instead of water.

At last St. Elmo's guns were hushed,
  Each embrasure was silent,
And, creeping up the gloomy breach,
  The horde of Paynims vile went.
The Castle was as still as death,—
  The ramparts all forsaken
Till eager feet in covered ways
  Unwelcome echoes waken
When, suddenly, the granite walls
  Were, as by earthquake, shaken!

Within the square the Chapel doors
  Flew, clanging loud, asunder:
To gaze upon the scene within
  The Moslems stood in wonder.
The altar was a blaze of light,
  Red flames about it leaping;
Around in dinted armour clad,
  Dead knights lay as if sleeping:
One giant figure only stood
  An awful death-watch keeping.

His right hand held his battle brand,
  His left the cross uplifted,
While, o'er his head, the smoke and flame
  In crimson billows drifted.
Last of the garrison he stood
  Successful foes defying.
When, headlong in a gulf of fire
  St. Elmo's walls were flying:
Then knew Valette the Leper knight
  Had kept his vow in dying.

SHAKESPEARE AND SCOTT.—'MEASURE FOR MEASURE' AND 'THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.'—ISABELLA AND JEANIE DEANS.

BY D. FOWLER.

"'THIEBAULT, sing me no more such lays. I have heard my father say that the readiest mode to corrupt a Christian man is to bestow upon vice the pity and the praise which are due only to virtue. Your Baron of Roussillon is a monster of cruelty; but your unfortunate lovers were not the less guilty. It is by giving fair names to foul actions that those who would start at real vice are led to practise its lessons under the disguise of virtue.'"—SIR WALTER SCOTT—'Anne of Geierstein.'

A recent writer on the ethics and æsthetics of modern poetry considers the great charm of Shakespeare to be, that, while he is always profoundly moral, he never parades his morality; he never 'buttonholes' you. It would seem that he could not very well do that, as it is incompatible with the function of a dramatist, who can never appear for one moment in his own person—can never speak except through the mouths of his characters, when his utterances becomes theirs. Shakespeare, this writer says, never preaches except through such characters as Polonius or Jaques, whose part it is to preach. We have read our Shakespeare to but little purpose if some others of his characters do not preach a bit, now and then, to our great edification. An example is at hand. In Act I., Scene III., of 'Hamlet' there is a speech of Polonius almost immediately preceded by one by Laertes. They are of about equal length, the longest speeches made by either in the course of the play, and both are as near a set sermon as anything uttered by either. The speech of Polonius is composed of advice to his son as to his conduct during his stay in France, whither he is setting out. That of Laertes is composed of advice to his sister as to her conduct when she shall have been left behind. Both are most admirable; that of Polonius perhaps more particularly of the very highest order. It sets forth sentiments in every respect entirely worthy of a father, a gentleman, a man of honour, and a wise man—of Shakespeare, in short. It is a curious proof of his being the poet and philosopher for all time, that, word for word, no better advice could be given by a father sending off his son to-day to the Paris Exhibition. The speech of Laertes is scarcely less admirable, though, no doubt, less applicable to our own time, in point of the freedom and breadth indulged in. A brother would hardly speak to a sister in just such terms nowadays. It must be admitted, however, that both speeches exhibit inconsistency in the characters by whom they are respectively spoken. Laertes is somewhat over-wise and serious for such a young sprig as we may take him to have been; and Polonius is not disfigured by a trace of that tomfoolery by which, though by no means unmixed with wisdom, he is afterward mainly distinguished.

The following are further quotations from the writer referred to:—

'Shakespeare's morality was of a kind which Johnson and his school could hardly understand, because it

ged to an order, not more honest
ps, but infinitely higher and
than their own.'
e most heartily wish that right-
stubborn old Johnson were here
lf to lift that glove).
'ith a moral design as clear as

ıe stronger proof lies in the broad
tendency of his work as a whole,
ıe moral build of his matchless
ınd women, for whom he asks
ır admiration alone but our re-

s is general, but it is followed up
nother dramatic critic, who is
specific. He says :—
abella' (in 'Measure for Mea-
'is one of Shakespeare's finest fe-
creations, an altogether admir-
roman.'
ıt is admirable at all times and
,and under all circumstances; an
ther admirable woman.
s we now to a writer of a very
ınt way of thinking. We stum-
not long since, on a somewhat
ar article in which *this* line was
—as George Borrow makes his
girl say, 'a person may be a
ınd a liar and yet a very honest
n ;' so it may be said of Isabella
he may be a very honest woman,
ɛt a cheat and a liar. Such plain
ing, such audaciously plain speak-
s fortified, we may be sure, by
, or what the writer holds to be
, from the play, or it would
r have been ventured on.
a subject of such universal in-
as the works and character of
speare so strange a contrariety of
ın is not a little curious, and
some examination.
ere can surely be little doubt
sabella is one of the women for
Shakspeare is supposed to have
'not our admiration only but
spect.' An 'altogether admir-
roman,' we are told, and that
rofessional dramatic critic, who
takes to guide the public in their
ns. 'One of Shakespeare's finest female creations.' And this must be taken in connection with Shakespeare's 'morality, which Johnson could hardly understand, because it belonged to an order infinitely higher and wider than his own.' Isabella is placed in the very forefront of the piece. The play without her would be much like 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out. She has a wealth of fine things given her to say. She has great opportunities for making points. She is intended to carry, and she is made to carry, all the sympathies of the audience with her. There is no hint whatever, no suggestion, not a particle, of any backsliding. And she is, in the end, rewarded with the duke's hand, the highest pinnacle of good fortune to which the dramatist could raise her.

This character of Isabella would seem, therefore, to be a fair test of Shakespeare's (dramatic) 'morality.' Let us examine it by its creator's own rule—'nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice.'

Isabella pleads hard with Angelo (filling the reigning duke's place for the time) for her brother's life, forfeited to a severe law. Let her have for that the full credit to which she is entitled. But Shakespeare does not fail himself to put the matter in its only true light :—

'Isab.— "Yet show some pity."
Ang.—'I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another." '

She pleads for a long time in vain. But Angelo, suddenly smitten with her charms, offers to barter her brother's life for her chastity; the same offence, if carried out, for which her brother Claudio is to suffer. Mercy, on such terms, as may be supposed, she indignantly rejects, and goes to the prison to inform her brother of the conditions, impossible of acceptance, by which alone his life could be saved. At first, he acquiesces, but, afterward, a shuddering dread of the

horrible fate impending over him shakes his fortitude. His young blood, coursing rapidly through his veins, burns with a fever of terror. He dares not look upon the headsman and the block. He makes the famous speech beginning—

'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;'

which almost makes our blood run cold. He implores Isabella—

'Sweet sister, let me live.'

He forgets his manhood and her womanhood.

What have we then? The gentle, loving sister—the tearful pitying woman—dissolving in tenderness, and almost tempted to make the last of all great sacrifices that a woman can make? Not much of that. This 'sweet sister' flies out at him, after the following fashion:—

'O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame! What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother played my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'e. issued from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die! perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed;
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.'

And she is leaving the prison without deigning to take any further notice of her brother, or any final farewell of him, when she encounters the duke, in the disguise of a friar.

Now we think we shall be well within bounds when we say that the simple truth, better a brother's death than a sister's shame, might have been spoken without so much cruelty, so much mouthing. A citadel, conscious of its impregnability, would hardly bristle with such a noisy effrontery of defence. Isabella, while so bitterly asserting her own good name, might have spared her mother's.

But what shall be said, if, after all, it is mere sham, moonshine, make-believe? She herself tells us that it is, as plain as she can speak. She says,

'After much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him.'

Which of the two is real? Which is true? Can we possibly suspect this 'finest of Shakespeare's female creations,' this 'altogether admirable woman,' this woman 'who commands not our admiration only but our respect,' of falsehood? Alas! she convicts herself. She says,

'My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died.
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way; thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.'

To make the matter quite plain let us put it into simple narrative for the benefit of those who may happen not to have the play fresh in remembrance.

The supposed friar, who had been present, in concealment, at the interview between Claudio and Isabella, and has listened to and overheard all that has passed between them, suggests to her a stratagem by which she may appear to comply with Angelo's desire, and escape from doing so in reality, and which, we are to understand, is successfully carried out. There is a certain Mariana, the betrothed wife of Angelo, but deserted by him, on a reverse of fortune happening to her. The friar's proposal is that she, under cover of dark night, should take Isabella's place, and says he, with a 'morality' all his own (or Shakespeare's, if you will) 'the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof.' To put it in a pithy form, Isabella makes a bargain; and evades performance of it by substituting a counterfeit for the coin of the realm; she promises a price and pays in bad money.

Angelo behaves infamously ('your Baron of Roussillon is a monster of cruelty'). Having attained his end —as he imagines—he, nevertheless, orders the execution of Claudio, which —as is supposed—takes place accordingly. Isabella, being informed of this, appears before the duke, in his

own proper person, and loudly demands vengeance on Angelo. Her cry is not *now* for *mercy*, but for

'Justice, justice, justice, justice.'

She publicly declares, in set terms, that her chastity is gone, that it has fallen a prey to Angelo, and that he has defrauded her of the promised equivalent. She calls him 'an arch villain, a murderer, an adulterous thief, an hypocrite, a virgin-violator' and

'More
Had I more name for badness.'

In short, she accuses Angelo of a crime which she knows he has not committed, beyond the intent, and for which he must suffer death. And to that death he is, in fact, condemned,

'Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach.'

Then Mariana steps in, and begs Angelo's life. With a somewhat peculiar taste, she says she

'Craves no other nor no better man.'

But she begs in vain. Thereupon, she entreats Isabella to intercede for her, and she complies, on the ground that he was criminal in intent only, as we have already seen. Angelo is ultimately pardoned, but it is not quite clear whether in accordance with Isabella's prayer or because Claudio has not been beheaded. Be that as it may, the duke says to her

'And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine.'

And the play winds up with his saying,

'Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine;
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.'

Thus all ends satisfactorily and happily; and such, denuded of all stage tinsel and trickery of all false and artificial glamour, is Isabella, Shakespeare's 'finest female creation, an altogether admirable woman,' and, therefore, according to that authority, foremost of those 'matchless women for whom he asks not our admiration alone but our respect.'

We are afraid it begins to wear the appearance of our last critic being the truest of the three. To be sure, 'cheat' and 'liar' are very uncourteous names to apply to any lady, but that is his affair, and after all said, when we have to speak of a spade, we must call it a spade, if we would be understood. If Isabella does not toe the mark, she comes perilously near it.

Doubtless, we know very well that all this can be made to square with a certain *dramatic* morality, a morality which Johnson found it a little hard to understand. As thus, Isabella is a fine, beautiful creature; a paragon of chastity (or a Gorgon, considering the fury with which she rates her brother about it it's matter of choice). Angelo makes her an unholy proposal, and we should gather that he is neither young nor handsome, which, if it do not aggravate his crimes, at least deprives him of our sympathies. Isabella is therefore fully entitled to make a bargain with him—a *quid pro quo*—with the deliberate intention of breaking faith with him. And she is therefore, farther, fully justified in exacting from him, nevertheless, the performance of his part of the pact, and, when he becomes a traitor, in his turn, in calling him a choice variety of bad names, and demanding his blood for an offence of which no one can know better than herself, he is innocent in all but intention.

But then, admitting all that, there is this inconvenience about that sort of thing—it is apt to recoil upon our own heads, to come flying back, on an eccentric course, like a boomerang. Let us picture to ourselves Shakespeare retired to Stratford to enjoy the *otium cum dig.* which he has so richly earned. His ease is a little disturbed by Mistress Shakespeare telling tarradiddles, and playing off small acts of 'deceit' upon him. His patience strained, he remonstrates. 'Oho!'

she cries, 'is that your game? You taught me to admire the same thing in Isabella; you got her applauded to the echo, and now you don't like it quite so well, eh?' So, with my friend Jack Nokes. A little irritated and jealous at the exuberance of his plaudits of Miss Lettie Lovely, as Isabella, at the Ne Plus Ultra Theatre, Mrs. Nokes tries to render herself seductive and fascinating, after the same recipe. Jack is an enduring chap, and all for a quiet life, but, somehow, he does not quite 'see it.'

Let us now find how Scott has treated an almost identically similar subject, and what he has made of *his* heroine, for a *true* heroine *she* is.

Jeanie and Effie Deans are half-sisters of the peasant class, both motherless. Effie has given birth to a child and lies in prison under the capital charge of presumptive child-murder. There is one way in which she can be saved. If Jeanie will testify that Effie imparted the fact of her condition to her, that will disprove 'concealment,' and take her from under the statute. But it would be false testimony, and Jeanie cannot be induced to give it. She is tried in every way. She is fiercely threatened by Robertson, the father of the child, under the most trying conditions—the time dark night, the place of evil repute, and purposely solitary, for there is a price on his head. He pulls out a pistol and points it at her. But he cannot extort from her the promise which he demands. 'You will let your sister,' he says, 'innocent, fair and guiltless (and of this Jeanie is well assured), except in trusting a villain, die the death of a murderess, rather than bestow the breath of your mouth and the sound of your voice to save her.' 'I wad ware the best blood in my body to keep her skaithless,' said Jeanie, weeping in bitter agony, 'but I canna change right into wrang, or make that true which is false.' 'Hard-hearted girl,' said he, &c., &c. She is jeered at by Ratcliffe the gaoler as a squeamish fool, who will not speak three words to save her sister from the scaffold. She is petulantly reproached by Effie. 'O, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!' said Jeanie. 'Ay, lass,' said her sister, 'that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and, if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time enough to repent o't.' 'But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offence when it's a sin wilfully and presumptuously committed.' 'Weel, weel, Jeanie,' said Effie, 'I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions—we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch; and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on ony body.' More than all, she is tempted by her father, who gives way in a moment of not unnatural weakness. 'Daughter,' says old Deans, a deeply-religious man, a hard, ascetic Cameronian, 'I did not say that your path was free from stumbling—and, questionless, this act may be in the opinion of some a transgression, since he who beareth witness unlawfully, and against his conscience, doth in some sort bear false witness against his neighbour. Yet, in matters of compliance, the guilt lieth not in the compliance sae muckle as in the mind and conscience of him that doth comply; and therefore,' &c., &c. 'Can this be?' said Jeanie, as the door closed on her father—'Can these be his words that I have heard, or has the Enemy taken his voice and features to give weight unto the counsel which causeth to perish?—A sister's life, and a father pointing out how to save it!—O, God deliver me!—this is a fearfu' temptation.'

'Tossed she was,' says Scott, 'like a vessel in an open roadstead during a storm, and, like that vessel, resting on one only sure cable and anchor—faith in Providence, and a resolution to discharge her duty.'

; comes about that Effie is con-
l to death, with six weeks to
ne between sentence and exe-
Jeanie instantly makes the
to go to London, four hundred
alone and on foot, to beg for
er's pardon at the steps of the
But she is sore pressed for
all sum of money needful. She
n to apply to an old admirer
loan. He offers her what she
s on the implied condition that
l look with favour on his suit.
the odd nature of the man,
d in Scott's inimitable way,
sy would it have been to suffer
pression to exist, without com-
herself, and escape from it
rd. But that would not have
eanie Deans. She not only
says that she cannot marry
ut whom she is engaged to
Dumbiedikes closes his coffers,
or crestfallen Jeanie quits the
penniless, to beg her way to
, if need be. But he, struck
miration at her unerring rec-
(even the impudent, dissolute
Ratcliffe says, 'D——n me, I
you, and I can't help it,') fol-
ter her with the money.
ut up in this way Scott's match-
ry, full of the most charming
humour and the most exquisite
and offer only these few dry
s nothing short of profanation,
inexorable limits of space and
the editor admit of no appeal.
, Jeanie succeeds in her won-
ndertaking and procures Effie's
; an undertaking which re-
resolution, courage, endurance,
rance, and all on an heroic
but sustained and lighted up
nout with the bright hope of
her sister's life.
have here then a curiously feli-
pportunity of comparing Shake-
with Scott; the conditions under
both writers have chosen to
heir heroines being almost pre-
similar. Both are alike too in
hat Scott no more parades his
morality than Shakespeare does, and is
no more didactic. The idea of morality,
as represented in Jeanie Deans is in-
finitely 'higher and wider' than that
shown in Isabella, but the result is
brought about with the most charming
simplicity and a total absence of all
apparent effort or display. Proceed
we now to compare the two women.
In point of fact, however, the case
hardly admits of comparison, for
Jeanie is incomparably superior to
Isabella. Let us do our best to show
why. At the outset it might appear
that they stand on even ground—the
one has the power to save her brother's
life, the other her sister's, by making
certain respective sacrifices, and both
are tempted to make them. But there
all equality ceases. We may safely
say, we think, that ninety-nine women
out of a hundred would consider the
sacrifice asked from Isabella infinitely
greater than that demanded from
Jeanie. It was a foregone conclusion
indeed in Isabella's case that to yield
was impossible, and there was, there-
fore no strength of mind or force of
conscience required to resist tempta-
tion to yield. But for Jeanie to have
yielded would have been comparatively
easy; the temptation, therefore, which was brought to bear on
her with great force, required much
more power of resistance. There was
no question of Claudio's guilt; of the
innocence of Effie Jeanie was well as-
sured, as indeed the sequel proved.
She meets the temptation offered her
with gentleness and forbearance,
while Isabella breaks out into a furi-
ous burst of anger, and makes a cruel
speech, which does her the utmost
discredit. Such appears to have been
Charles Lamb's opinion, as well as
ours, as, while purporting to give the
pith and marrow of the play, he leaves
out (his object being to elevate Isa
bella) about three-fourths of this
speech. He omits the words 'O, you
beast!' the slur she casts upon her
mother, and the fierce denunciation of
her brother with which the speech

closes, and substitutes something of his own invention, placing the whole between inverted commas as the actual speech put into the mouth of Isabella by Shakespeare. If Jeanie is mild and gentle, the hard term virago would be scarcely too harsh to apply to Isabella. We have, as proofs, the speech now alluded to, all the foul names that she calls Angelo in a great public assemblage, and her saying to the friar,

> 'O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes,
> Most damned Angelo.'

Let any one watch the two women in the respective prisons, the one with her brother the other with her sister pleading for dear life, and hard indeed, we think must be the heart, dried up the source of tears, which does not instantly respond to the superiority of Jeanie. Claudio may have been craven, chicken-hearted; he may have offered his sister an affront, but he was a miserable, unfortunate wretch, and her brother, and his very fear of death, one would have thought, would have drawn pity, even though mingled with contempt. To go back for a moment, we may say that if Isabella's pleading for her brother excites our admiration, Jeanie's for her sister touches the heart.

No trial, however hard, can force a falsehood from Jeanie. Isabella, at the instigation of the friar, readily makes a promise with the deliberate intention of breaking it, and does break it. Nay, if we would have downright direct lying, we have her public declaration that she has been violated by Angelo, which she has not, and this with the motive of fixing guilt upon him of which she knows he is innocent.

Afterward, it is true, she turns round, at the entreaty of Mariana, and begs for Angelo's pardon. Charles Lamb calls her a 'noble petitioner for her enemy's life.' He is not her enemy. Each has broken faith with the other (at least Angelo supposes he has, which comes to the same thing), and they are put back into their previous positions. Angelo, in refusing to grant her brother's life, was not her enemy, he was only performing his duty, as Shakespeare tells us, in the person of Angelo—a duty expressly delegated to him by the duke, who was too weak to perform it himself. Farther, he was condemned, on the evidence of Isabella herself, for 'violation of sacred chastity and promise-breach,' of the first of which she knew he was not guilty, and of the second she had actually herself prevented his guilt by failing in the condition by which alone he was promise-bound. So that she was only undoing the work of her own false witness.

We have nothing to do with the character of Angelo. He has no apologist, least of all ourselves. But, when such preposterous claims are set up for Isabella it is time indeed to examine them rigorously. A well-known writer, and supposed dramatic authority may speak of her 'virtuous and noble conduct,' but, unfortunately, if that be true, it is virtuous and noble, in order to spite and traverse a villain, to put yourself on a level with him. It is absolutely certain, from the clear and bright light by which we read Jeanie's character, that her conduct under precisely the same conditions would have been totally different. She would have revolted from the 'deceit' which Isabella practises upon Angelo. She cannot bear that the slightest trace of deceit should rest upon her interview with Dumbiedikes.

It might perhaps be said—we believe it has been said—by the apologists of Isabella, that, being a devout woman, she came wholly under the influence of the friar. But he was a stranger, he was meddling with carnal matters which ill became an ecclesiastic, and he admitted that what he proposed was 'deceit.' She could not possibly have as good reason for venerating the friar as Jeanie had for

ting her father, who could
onvince *her* that wrong was

believe too that it has been
that Isabella, in the final
where she accuses Angelo, was
laying a part pre-arranged for
the friar, and that that makes
nduct *less unlawful*. But it
not only most grievously weaken
scenes, but the play itself cer-
does not afford any authority
She doubtless does say to
ıa (let us not, like Charles
quote just what suits our
e and no more),

> 'To speak so indirectly I am loath;
> I say the truth; but to accuse him so,
> your part, yet I am advised to do it,
> s, to veil full purpose.'

'to speak so indirectly' would
ıve been Jeanie's course, even
she had been 'advised to do
nd, besides, this obviously ap-
o the substitution of Mariana
self ('That is your part') and
that portion of the charge which
to her brother.
ing every possible allowance
bella, there is nothing short of
most distortion of right and
which can explain her being
ı 'noble woman,' an 'altogether
ble woman,' which seems to us
st say, one of the greatest per-
ıs that it has ever been our lot
t with. Those who insist upon
Isabella shall be not only a fine
eroine in a capital play, but all
sides that they shall choose to
r, much resemble those who
see a beautiful bouquet of
, such as Shakespeare offers,
ite in colour, delicious in per-
with admirable arrangement of
and shades, harmonies and
its, but without roses, and
cry, 'O, look at those roses;
eautiful roses; were there ever
ses?'
espeare, it is clear, treated
considerations with an easy
nce and indifference, so as to
produce a theatrical and dramatic effect, which should be up to the standards of his audience and suit their tastes. Whether such rules were sufficiently strict for him as a playwright, to bind himself withal, is and will remain matter of opinion. But it is extremely unjust towards him to call Isabella 'one of his finest female creations.' He has women certainly not open to the same objections and of many high qualities, rather, however, intellectual than moral generally, not always. But it is equally true, at least we think so, that, throughout the whole range of his works, there is not one to be found who is shown to have so high a moral standard as Jeanie Deans. We hold it to have been as impossible for Shakespeare to have created Jeanie as it certainly would have been for Scott to have created Isabella. We think that the quotation prefixed to this article effectually settles that point.

One mode of comparison more, if there be still room for it.

If Isabella had treated her brother with forbearance, kindness, and pity; if she had at once rejected the stratagem of the friar as deceitful and base, and refused to undergo the pollution which even the proposed interview with Angelo—with the promise to be made and the details to be arranged—would inflict upon her; if she had afterwards saved her brother's life by an heroic pilgrimage, and had shown the utmost nicety of conscience in obtaining the means of making it—then Isabella would have been on a par with Jeanie.

But we should not have had 'Measure for Measure.'

If Jeanie had scolded her sister like a fishwife; if she had sworn that Effie had confided to her what she had not; if she had brought about Robertson's capture and his conviction by false witness, and had been afterwards induced by entreaty to undo her work—then Jeanie would have been on a par with Isabella.

But we should not have had 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.'

No woman can be more than 'noble and virtuous,' and 'altogether admirable.' If Isabella is to be 'noble and virtuous' and 'altogether admirable,' by what sort of 'moral' architecture is the yawning gulf between her and Jeanie to be bridged over?

If Scott treated his subject from a moral point of view—in a way wholly different from Shakespeare's way of treating his, and if Scott's way be indisputably by very far the finest, can the 'morality infinitely higher and wider' than Johnson could understand be common to both?

Will it be said that Shakespeare is the truer artist—that Isabella is a more real woman than Jeanie Deans? Not so. A real woman, Helen Walker, sat to Scott for his portrait of Jeanie.

It is next to needless to say that it is not a question of Shakespeare's genius—three centuries have answered that. That it is not a question of Shakespeare being a greater name than Scott. But, as there are spots on the sun, Homer sometimes nods,

'*Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*;'

so must Shakespeare be allowed his deficiencies like lesser men.

NOTE. If the present writer may be permitted to make another and very different use of this opportunity, and if there be a septuagenarian Londoner lingering in some corner of Canada, to whom it may be of interest, he may add that 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian' was, like many other of Scott's novels, dramatized. Miss (he forgets her stage name, possibly not her own) became very popular in the part of Jeanie at one of the London theatres. She married a lawyer and quitted the stage. This writer made her acquaintance. They lived in a pretty *res in urbe* scarcely an arrow's flight from Gray's Inn. Swept away now, we may be sure. Across the road was a large building, then Seddons' furniture factory. It had been built for barracks for the 'City Light Horse,' a crack volunteer corps in the Napoleon war. One condition of admission was that every private (all being gentlemen) should possess two horses and a groom to look after them, do stable-work and so on. (Horses and grooms were then, it must be remembered, more indispensable possessions than they are now; the mention, in the literature of the day, of the servant on horseback, the nearest approach to the centaur in modern times, was continual). It was officered and commanded by 'merchant princes.' The writer's father had been enrolled in it, and he remembers how fearlessly, after his cavalry-drill, he could ride any horse, however unmanageable, and how he was used to carry his stick or whip in the upright position in which he had carried his sword; and how, farther, that sword stood at his bed-head, at a time when such a weapon and a bell-mouthed blunderbuss were considered necessary safeguards in a country house.

One more reminiscence, if it may be allowed. The same road led, at some half mile's distance, to what was then called Battle Bridge, now King's Cross, where stand monster railway termini and hotels. The writer remembers being taken, when a child, to a suburban villa, at Battle Bridge, surrounded by a garden and grounds, in which was a spring walled up into a natural bath, now, we may be sure, swallowed up in some 'main sewer.' Beyond, all was then open country, now town for miles away.

SONNET.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

THE dove returns unto its parent nest,
And love burns bright where once its embers paled;
The breezes whispered where the tempests wailed,
And wintry fields I see with verdure drest!
Mayhap the soul, that here is sore distrest,
Will find surcease of sorrow in the land
That lies beyond the sea! Our brows are fanned
At times by airs that murmur: "There is rest!"
Rest for the weary heart and weary brain—
And life for hope, by fate untoward, slain.
Oh, questioning heart! The fields that stretch away
From the white beaches of the silent sea
Are lit by spring-tide suns from day to day,
And age to age, through all Eternity.

SUPERFICIAL LEARNING.

BY HON. WM. C. HOWELLS.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

NO line has been oftener quoted than this; and none has more readily expressed the sentiment of profound donkeyism. And yet it is flung in the face of everyone who has fallen short of the measure of some taller dolt, with whom he has come in contact. It is a convenient little missile, ready-made and smoothly rounded, and ever suggestive of the ease with which some innocent enterer upon the pursuit of knowledge may be knocked over and silenced. Pope said it in reference to critics, and to characterize pretenders. But why should it be made of universal application, and be hung up in the field of knowledge, to flap and flutter, to the terror of the timid birds that would peck a few grains, which they relish, when the great store is not at their command?—like all scare-crows that scare everything but crows? Why is a little learning dangerous? What harm can it do? And how is much learning to be acquired if a little is not taken first? Are we to gulp all knowledge at a draft? Drink deep or taste not, Pope says. How deep must we drink, if we dare to taste? Conceit, the most offensive of the follies attendant upon ignorance, is mostly attendant upon imperfect learning, and the little learning is made accountable for the presumption of ignorance; hence Pope said shallow drafts intoxicate the brain. But the brain is intoxicated with something else. It is really the shallow brain that suffers intoxication—mostly from the frothy fomentations of the refuse honey of learning, which is not sincere —*without wax*—that the conceited ones gather up.

Whatever is learning or knowledge is good—what's of it—and it is the part of wisdom to take of it what we can get, and get all we can. In the search after knowledge we need direction and guidance, that we may gather it to advantage; but we should not wait till such guidance is obtained before we learn. We should learn aright, and to the best purpose; but *aright* and *to the best purpose*, is to learn *truths* for some *use*. I would not skim over a subject when I can learn it thoroughly; but if I can do nothing but skim; why, let me skim, and be superficial. The acquirement of knowledge, the process that we call education, is very much like the acquirement of wealth. No man confines himself to the acquirement of money only—he takes values wherever he can get them, and in such quantities as he can secure. So I would learn anything where and how I can, and lay up all that I cannot use now, for another time.

It is the misfortune of those we call self-made men, that their education is not according to rules, and is therefore miscellaneous; from which they are often subject to great inconvenience in arranging for use what they have learned. This is remedied only by training. A man of great genius will train himself; but he does so at greater cost to himself, than the man who gets some one else to train him. It is a great and important economy, for any man to have a teacher. He may learn much and be

great by virtue of great ability; but he loses time, as the mechanic does who makes all the tools he uses. It is therefore the duty of those having the care of youth to give them a good education, under competent teachers, who can appreciate the peculiar mental qualities and capabilities of their pupils, with skill to adapt the instruction, the training and the studies to the genius of the pupil. This of those who can discharge this duty. For those who cannot, it remains to do what they can. Then there are those who have not the advantages of education, who must pick up knowledge as best they may. What are they to do? Taste not if they cannot drink deeply? Will it be dangerous for them to have a little learning? Is it not better that they should learn what they can? If they are conceited coxcombs, it will not make them better or worse, for they would be intolerable in any case. If you have a sensible man with a little learning, you will have a modest learner of all information you have to impart, and a delightful listener when you want to talk. So much depends upon the native genius of men, that learning—if we mean learning from books—is not essential to their social value.

In this new world of America, where there is so much of social equality, and where the distinctions of class are so artificial and so flimsy, and where genius is allowed so freely to assert itself, and come to the front, there must be a large class of men, and women too, who are compelled to get along without any regular form or course of education, and who go forward into life, learning as they go, by whatever means they have. These must make shallow drafts at the 'Pierian spring,' and manage to keep sober besides. They will be most likely to keep sober, if they *use* what they learn and do not play with it, or display it merely. It is only the vain man who is intoxicated by the shallow draft.

There is no good reason why a man of sufficient genius may not learn a little of everything. The great thing is to have tact to handle what he learns and to select the things to learn. If I see that I cannot master a study, from want of time or opportunity, I should avoid the details, and take a general view, find out what it is about, what are its purposes, etc. Then I may look into the details afterwards. This is superficial knowledge; this is 'skimming the face of things;' and yet it is a proper thing to do. A man may devote himself to a study, to a science or a pursuit, and master it in all its details; and yet when he has devoted a lifetime to it, he can only present it to a small part of the world. Some one else must take up his work, and group and generalize it for the use of the world at large—presenting *superficial information*. He who is great in the details of a subject is necessarily limited in his knowledge, unless the detail belongs to his speciality. If he is good for anything else, he will know little of the details, and will have a superficial knowledge of many other subjects. Many men acquire great reputations for learning and the like, by an apparent familiarity with details—like Jenkins, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, who talked learnedly on one quotation. Others again pass for ignorant because they fear to use the knowledge they have.

It is respectable success in learing, to acquire a general knowledge of as much as possible, and be familiar with a great many studies, in a general way, and then understand the details of as many of them as possible; and a well learned man will be able to give general instruction of a very wide range, referring for details to those who are versed in a particular study. This is achieved in *Cyclopædias, Gazetteers, Dictionaries, Hand-Books* and the like. He who cannot go to college should read a Cyclopædia; he who cannot learn the details of his language should use a Dictionary; and

an who cannot travel should Geography or a Gazetteer. It be so with a study of languages. a man cannot acquire many ges; if he has a taste for the of them, he can read over the ıars of many, compare their ırities, and the differences be- them—all which will serve for ative purposes. So he may history, and any of the sciences. great matter is for a man to be f what he does know, and to be ; to acknowledge ignorance of he does not know. The pos- ı of knowledge is a kind of ı regarding which our pride ; us to deny our poverty. Here- pride is our folly, as it almost ; is, for if we would only con- ır ignorance, an unlimited num- ɔuld step forward to enlighten There is no other wealth with we are at once so liberal and so atious as knowledge. The de- ɔf imparting information attends all men; and the one poor ı you occasionally meet with, loes not like to tell you some- that he knows, and you don't, of the meanest of all creatures. 'sson of thoroughness is an im- ıt one at all times; but that means after all, that we must e all within our power. If we ırning an art the first thing is ırn it well; so that we may se it well. But if we are study- rt objectively, we should learn can with the means at our com- , about as many arts as we have tunity to study. This is a faith- rformance of our task.

t in all these matters, the variety nan genius is such that we can ibe no rule. The genius, the of talent, will rise and stand his fellows, at any rate. The he learns and the better training eives, the less he will require of aching or self-training. He go forward upon a way ready out for him. But the genius will triumph over all obstacles and rise, yet never so high, if the labour of the pioneer is added to the march. All men can be educated to a certain extent, and the education will always assist; but so much depends upon the pupil that the labour of the tutor can never be measured. The mind is not to be filled with knowledge, as a cask is filled with water, by pouring in. The reception of learning is more like the assimilation of food and consequent growth. We see some animals gathering their own substance and thriving to fatness, while others must be fed or perish. So it is with men. Some grow wise and intelligent, and learned even, upon the waifs of knowledge that float near them on the ocean of life. They gather and retain all that comes within their reach; and such profit by superficial and speculative consideration of subjects. They take a general view; and while they see *over* their subject, studying well the surface, they see *into* it also, and conceive of the details from the general features. To such the superficial knowledge is available for nearly all purposes; and with this faculty for obtaining superficial information we generally find associated the genius to grasp and appropriate it advantageously.

The conclusion we arrive at, in this relation, is that superficial learning is better than none, and should never be discarded. The rule should be to get all the knowledge and all the learning attainable—take it off the surface if we cannot be profound—never forgetting that we skim for the cream; and if there is cream to a study, we shall find it on the surface. But all things are not milk nor jokes; and it does not follow that we must always be skimming for the cream. The gold is in the bed of the stream, and we must wash the sands to find it; but since gold is not essential to life we can do without it, and need not always dive to the bottom or wash the sands. That which is most important to us,

is the easiest of access. All the necessaries of life are near the surface. The timber with which we shelter ourselves is cut from the forest, and the grain of which we make bread is reaped from the fields. That without which we may live, and which is for nicer or more luxurious purposes, is beneath the surface, and is to be found by digging far into the earth. The profound study is to be made after we have well established ourselves upon the surface.

The great lesson is not to despise the day of small things: and never put off learning a truth, or a science, a part of a science, because we do not see how to achieve the whole. There is nothing good that we can learn that is not useful, and that we may not profit by; while we indulge our desire by shallow drafts we shall find our delight in drinking as deeply as we can. It is only the pedant who will forbid; and only the fool will abuse a small degree of learning.

The advice is Learn all you can, as you can, and never wait for a better opportunity to the neglect of that which is at hand.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.'

THE keeper, young Harry Cardew, was spending a warm afternoon in the congenial gloom of his own cottage, where, with his chin in his hand, and his elbow on the arm of his chair, he meditated in great bitterness. The rich man with exceeding many flocks and herds had come and stolen the one thing which was his, the little ewe-lamb. And he did not see how he should be able to get her back out of the hands of the spoiler.

Harry Cardew lives in this cottage alone. It was his father's before him, and his grandfather's before that—for he comes of a race of keepers. There is a floor of brick; the low ceiling, black with smoke and age, is crossed with a square beam of oak; his gun stands beside him as if ready for immediate use—you may notice that the shoulder of his coat shows the rubbing of the gun; the furniture is like the ceiling for blackness, but it is strong and good. There are evidences everywhere of the keeper's trade; skins, dressed and prepared, of cats, foxes, squirrels, and even otters: there are feathers of birds; a box of handy tools; there is a new iron moletrap; and if you look out of the open window you will see nailed against the wall of the kennel rows of slaughtered vermin and carrion—weasel, stoat and polecat, kite and crow. Harry's dog, a sympathetic creature, albeit young and longing to be out in the fields, sits before him, watching his master with anxious eyes.

Presently the love-sick swain looked up as he heard a footstep, and saw Mr. Caledon leaping over the little streamlet which ran twenty yards in front of his door.

Tom looked about, and presently poked his head into the door and peered round in the dark.

'You there, Harry?'

'Yes, Mr. Tom. Come in—I'm here.'

Tom sat down in silence, and pulled out his cigar-case and began to smoke for company.

'You've heard the news, Harry?' he asked presently.

'Yes, Mr. Tom,' the keeper replied with a sigh. 'I've heard as much news as will do me for a long time.'

Then there was silence again.

'We broke the sixpence together; see, Mr. Tom.' He pulled out a black ribbon with the token suspended from it. 'Here's my half, I wonder what she's done with hers.'

'Have you seen her since Mr. Dunlop first spoke to her?'

'Yes; I seen her the very night he done it. She came out and met me. Well, you know, Mr. Tom, as a man will, I bounced; swore Mr. Dunlop should never marry her, nor no man but me should have her. But when I came away it was tairable hard on me. For bounce as I may, I can't see no way out of it.'

Again Tom found the best course to be silence.

'For suppose,' Harry continued—'suppose I was to up and tell the Squire everything. How would that be? Either he'd send Alma away in a rage for deceiving of him—which deceit it is—or he'd maybe half believe, and then it would be bad for her and worse for me ever after, because of that half belief.'

'That seems true enough,' said Tom.

'Besides, there's another thing. Alma, she's kept on with me secret for a year and more. Nobody guessed it; nobody suspected it. Do you think it would be fair on the gal to split upon her, and ruin her beautiful chances?'

'Well, no,' said Tom. 'From your point of view it would not; and that seems a gentleman's point of view. But you don't want the marriage to come off?'

'Of course I don't, sir!'

'And you don't see your way to preventing it by telling the Squire? Certainly some one else ought to tell him. You are not the only one, Harry, who would like to see the thing stopped. Lord Alwyne is one, I am another, the ladies at the Court would all rejoice to see it broken off. We shall do what we can. Keep up a good heart.'

'I know Mr. Dunlop,' said Harry. 'When his word is once passed, there he abides. No, sir, it's no good. He has said he would marry Alma and he will—even if he knew that on the very first night of her engagement she came out to meet and kiss an old lover in the orchard; even if he were to find out her father in his tricks; even if he knew that all the village laughs at him and his carryings on for their good. Nothing would turn Mr. Alan from his word. Lord help you, Mr. Tom, I know him better than you. He's only a year younger than me. Many's the time we've been out in this wood looking for eggs—ah! little did we think then. Listen, Mr. Tom; I'll tell you what happened last night, because I must tell some one. I was down there coming up from the village under the trees, where the path leads from the Park. It was twelve o'clock. I'd got my gun. There was no one about, and I heard footsteps on the gravel. It was pretty dark under the trees, but light enough beyond, and I saw the Squire walking fast over the gravel. Presently he came under the trees, and then he sat down on a log, quite still, thinking. He was within a couple of yards of me, and the devil came into my head. One shot and Alma would be free. No one to see

me, no one to suspect me; because my place last night was on the t'other side in these preserves. One shot. Lord! it looked for a minute as if it was nothing just nothing to put the piece to your shoulder and pull the trigger.'

Harry paused, and wiped his brow.

'Lord forbid I should ever be so near murder again! And while I might have done it while the fit was on me, like Mr. Alan got up and went on his way home.'

Tom laid his hand on his shoulder kindly.

'Don't have any more whisperings with the devil, Harry. They are dangerous things. Thank God no mischief came of that colloquy. Tell me, Harry, do you think she was fond of you?'

'What do we know, Mr. Tom? They say they are fond of us, and we believe them. It is all we have to go upon. If they tell lies, we can't help ourselves. If they carry on with gentlemen, we don't know.'

Tom blushed, thinking guiltily of that little innocent toll we know of.

'If they say one thing to our faces and another behind our backs, what can we do? She said she was fond of me. There! I don't think gals know what a man's fondness means. They like to be made much of; and if one man isn't there, another'll do just as well. I don't blame 'em, poor things. They don't know no better, and they can't understand a man's feelings.'

'Perhaps,' said Tom, bitterly, thinking how, most likely, Nelly at this very moment was accepting the attentions of Mr. Exton. 'I believe you are quite right, Harry—they don't understand. You are not the only man who can't marry the girl he loves.'

'I suppose not,' said Harry. 'Why, there's yourself, Mr. Tom. Lord! I could never say a word about it to you before, but now it seems as if we were both in a boat together.'

'Ay, Harry. I'm too poor, you know.'

'What I shall do,' said Harry, 'is this. I shall wait on here till they're married: then I shall get out of the way. Alma lets me see her now, when it doesn't do much harm. But she's that hold upon me, Mr. Tom, that if she was to lift up her finger to me when she was a married woman I should run after her, whether it was to the orchard of the farm or the garden of the Court. And think what a scandal and a wickedness that would be.'

'Yes,' said Tom, 'that would be throwing more fat in the fire with a vengeance. You *had* better get out of the place, Harry, if you can make up your mind to go. And if Nelly becomes Mrs. Exton I believe I will go to America with you. We can smoke pipes together, and swear at things in company.'

So they sat enjoying the luxury of gloom all the afternoon, till Harry, looking at his watch, said he must go and see after his young birds, and Tom lounged slowly away through the fir plantations that bordered Weyland Park on the east, in which lay the keeper's solitary cottage.

He was gloomy enough about himself, for there could be no doubt now of Exton's intentions concerning Nelly. He haunted her: he followed her about: he seemed to claim some sort of possession of her which made Tom grind his teeth with rage. And he was sorry about his honest friend the keeper. He knew better than poor Harry what a shallow and frivolous young person this girl was on whom such a strength of affection and trust was lavished; he knew, too, what a dead failure her marriage with Alan would be; how incapable she would prove of understanding or trying to understand the nobleness of his plans. So that in any case the outlook was dark. Just then, however, he was ready to view everything with foreboding eyes.

He told Desdemona something of Harry's trouble, and let out accidentally, because this intriguing dame pumped him as cleverly as a cross-examining counsel, that Alma had gone out to meet her lover on the very day of her engagement with Alan.

'The Second Act,' said Desdemona, triumphant, 'I consider to be as good as finished. And it ends well. However there is the Third, which is always the most difficult.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

'Elle aima mieux pour s'en faire conter
Prêter l'oreille aux fleurettes du diable
Que d'être femme et non pas coquetter.'

AND it was then that the awful row occurred between Tom and Nelly which led to that Court of Love, the history of which has never till now been properly narrated.

It was in the morning, after breakfast; in fact, in the morning-room. No one was there but themselves.

'It makes me look ridiculous, Tom,' she said, 'to have you following me round with that doleful face.'

'Whose fault is it if I am doleful?' he asked.

'Nobody's, except your own. You promised when I came that there should be no foolishness, and yet——' She stopped, with a look half of fun, half of vexation: 'and yet, if I so much as go out for a ride with Mr. Exton—and he rides very well——'

'Learned to ride of an acrobat, I believe,' said Tom.

'You think only acrobats can ride better than you. Oh, Tom! what a very conceited thing to say! I believe too,' she added thoughtfully, 'that it is unchristian. But it is not only riding. Whatever I do, if Mr. Exton is with me, you come too, with your gloomy face, and spoil the sport.'

'I dare say. I am not very jolly.'

'The Sisters called you wrongly. They called you Brother Lancelot. It should have been Brother Killjoy. What harm does Mr. Exton do to you?'

'Every harm.'

'Because he does his best to please me?'

'No; not that.'

'Because he is a pleasant and amusing companion?'

'No; nor that.'

'Then what, Tom?'

'As if you did not know, Nelly. Because it all means that he is ready to fall in love with you.'

'Indeed, sir. Pray cannot a man—'

'Don't Nell! What is sport to you is death to me!'

'I knew a Tom Caledon once,' she said, picking a rose to pieces, 'who did not grow sulky whenever I—chose—to—flirt a little with another man.'

'I knew a Nelly Despard once,' he replied, 'who when I asked her not to flirt with that other man, desisted, and kept her hand in by flirting with me. That was a great deal pleasanter, Nelly.'

'So it was, Tom, I confess,' she said, 'much pleasanter for both of us; but then we were boy and girl.'

'Two years ago.'

'Now I am one-and-twenty and you are six-and-twenty, and we must think seriously about things.'

'That means that Exton has got ten thousand a year.'

'Mamma says so,' said Nelly demurely.

'Oh! mamma has been writing about him again, has she?'

'Do you actually suppose,' asked the girl, with big eyes, 'that mamma would let me stay here with no chaperon but Desdemona, without so much as finding out who was here? She knows *everybody*, and she has learned from some one how things are going on. I do not know who that some one is, but she is a true friend, Tom, to you as well as to me.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because, Tom, mamma writes me

as follows.' She took out the letter and read a portion of it—'"braided with point-lace,"—no, that is not it—here it is—"And I am very glad, my dear child, truly glad to find that you have given up your foolish partiality for that penniless boy"—you, Tom—"and are now making good use of time which, though once wickedly thrown away upon an adventurer"—you, Tom—"may now be employed to the very best advantage. Mr. Exton, who is at the Abbey, and who, I rejoice to hear, quite appreciates my dear child is said to have at least ten thousand a year. This may be exaggeration, but it points in the right direction. No doubt the other young man"—you, Tom—"has consoled himself with some other girl." There, Tom; what do you think of that?'

Tom laughed.

'But it is barren comfort, Nelly,' he said. 'You soothe me and stroke me down, and then you go off to carry on with Exton.'

'"Go off to carry on,"' she repeated. 'What very remarkable English! Do you think the old Tom would have said such a thing?'

'Perhaps not, Nelly. The old Tom was a fool. He thought that when a girl said she loved him ——'

'It was on Ryde Pier; it was ten o'clock and a moonlight night, and the band was playing; and the waters were smooth, and there were the lights on the yachts—and—and it was a new thing; and it was an unfair advantage to take.'

'But you meant it then, Nell?'

She could not help it: she had that way with her. She lifted her soft heavy eyes, and met his.

'Yes, Tom, I meant it.'

'And you mean it still?' he caught her hand. 'Oh! Nelly, say you mean it still.'

'I can't say it; not as you mean it, Tom, for oh! I am so much—so very much wiser. Two years ago I was only nineteen. I had been out for four or five months. I believed that mutton and beef grew on trees, I think. I had some lingering notion, though mamma did her best to eradicate it, that every well-dressed, handsome, pleasant man—like you, Tom—had plenty of money. Ah me! what a pleasant dream! Why could it not last?' She paused and collected herself. 'And then came along a pleasant man—you, Tom—and stole away my heart. When it was gone I found out that it was sheer robbery on your part, and not exchange, as it ought to have been——'

'Exchange! Could you not take mine for yours?'

'Ah! Tom, that is the masculine error. The true exchange is—for a girl's heart, or hand, which is generally the same thing—an establishment. And that you could not give me.'

'I've said over and over again that if seven hundred a year ——'

'No, Tom, it won't do. Mamma is quite right. For the first year, while the wedding presents are fresh, and the unpaid-for furniture new, no doubt we might get along. But oh! the misery of being in perpetual debt.'

'And so I am thrown over, and that fellow Exton, with a face crinkled like a savoy cabbage, is chosen instead.'

'Not chosen, Tom. He chooses me, perhaps, I do not choose him. I take him; I say yes to him, when you know I would rather say yes to some one else.'

'Go on, Nelly, he replied sullenly, 'Drive me half mad by confessing one thing and doing another. Tell me plainly, do you love him?'

'Whom?'

'Why, Exton, of course.'

'No—of course.'

'And yet—what are girls made of?'

Sugar and spice, Tom, and all that's nice. *Il faut vivre.* When mamma dies there will be next to nothing for this poor child; while mamma lives there is not too much. This young lady has been brought up in ideas of what is *comme il faut.* She likes riding, she likes amusements, she likes balls and dinners, garden parties and

dances. She would like, if she married, to see a steady prospect of making the most out of life. Now you can't make much, as a general rule, with seven hundred a year.'

Tom groaned. He was bound to admit that you cannot. What thirty years ago would have been considered a fair younger son's portion, is now a miserable pittance, regarded from a matrimonial point of view. Tom was a younger son's only son, and seven hundred a year was considered in the family as a plentiful allowance for such a position.

'Could I have believed two years ago that Nelly would have been so worldly-minded?'

'Could I have believed two years ago that Tom would have been so Quixotic?'

After this double question there was silence—Tom walking backwards and forwards, Nelly sitting on a couch pulling flowers to pieces with an angry flush in her cheek. Woman-like, she was ready to give in and own that she was wrong; and woman-like, she could not forbear from the strife of words, the contest for the last word.

'You take his presents,' said Tom, like an accusing angel.

'I have taken yours,' replied Nelly; as much as to say that the two cases were equal.

'Yes; but you let me tell you that I loved you,' Tom pleaded.

'What has that got to do with it? Perhaps Mr. Exton has told me the same thing.'

'And you have listened? You let him make love to you after all that has passed between us?'

'Two years, ago Tom. And, as I said before, a moonlight evening on Ryde Pier in August is hardly the time for a young maiden of nineteen to make any violent resistance. And, do you know, I think you have hardly any right, have you, to object to what Mr. Exton says to me?'

As a matter of fact, Mr. Exton had not declared love to her at all, and it was a very strange thing, considering the opportunities he had, that he did not. Nelly, more than half afraid, expected some sort of declaration every day.

Right? Tom had no right. Nelly knew that this was her trump card, her dagger which stabbed Tom to the heart. He had no right!

'Poor Tom!' she said, timidly, looking up at him. 'Poor Tom! It is a shame to say such things.'

'Say what you like,' he cried. 'Henceforth there is an end. Flirt, coquette as much as you please. Be all smiles to one man and honey-sweet to another, and mean nothing to either. That is the way of all womankind, I suppose. I have done with you, Miss Despard.'

He hurried away with the step of desperation.

Nelly shook her head with a smile, and as she performed this act of incredulity, a tear dropped from her eye upon her cheek, and glittered in the warm light.

And then the hated rival appeared—no other than Mr. Roger Exton himself.

'They are going to have a meeting of their Madrigal Union in the garden. Will you come? I met Tom Caledon going away in a hurry. Have you quarrelled?'

'I never quarrel with Tom,' said Nelly proudly.

'He looked agitated. Poor Brother Lancelot! I felt for him. What, I thought, if she were to treat me in the same cruel fashion?'

She went with him to the garden, and he spread a cloth on the grass, and laid himself leisurely at her feet, just about a yard from them, in fact. He wore a straw hat and a complete suit of white, and looked absolutely cool.

'They've got iced-cup indoors somewhere,' he said; 'but I remembered that you like the garden in the morning, so I left the cup, and got the madrigal people to come here. What

a perfectly charming old garden it is! Reminds me of a place I once saw in Nepaul. It wants half-an-hour to the meeting. Half-an-hour to ourselves in this delicious atmosphere, with that mignonette bed within easy hail, Tom Caledon gone off in disgrace, and the opportunity of telling you, Nelly, what a perfectly charming girl you are.'

That was all he told her. What an extraordinary thing that he did not propose!

Tom blundered in his flight upon Desdemona, who stopped him and made him give her his arm. He was furious, and she saw it, guessing the cause; but she let him alone, waiting till he should speak.

This was not until he reached her room, when he sat down, and ejaculated reproaches upon womankind in general.

'That means,' said Desdemona, 'that you have quarrelled with Nelly.'

Tom declared that nothing, nothing in the world, would induce him ever to speak to Nelly again: that she was heartless and worldly: that she took presents from two men at the same time; and so on.

Desdemona heard him to the end.

'This seems to me,' she said, 'to come under one of the leading cases and precedents of the Assises d'Amour. I shall refer it to Miranda, and we will have a Court of Love.'

Chapter XXV.

'The Shepherds and the Nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.'

THE Court of Love was summoned by order of the Abbess.

As this, curiously enough, was the first of such Courts which had been held in England since the days of the lamented Queen Eleanour of Provence, Desdemona was extremely anxious that it should be held with as much external splendour as the resources of the Abbey would admit, and that its procedure should show no diminution in the knowledge, practices, and authority of the Golden Code. It might not, she said, become a leading case: there had been other causes tried at which points of more vital interest were at stake: but the case of Lancelot *v.* Rosalind would, she was sure, prove of no small importance. And its externals, she promised, should be in every way worthy of the issue to be decided.

As no one except the plaintiff, the defendant, and Desdemona herself, knew the least in the world what this issue was; as most people, outside the Abbey at least, regarded the impending trial as a sort of amateur breach of promise case, and wondered how Nelly Despard or any other girl *could* —a most meaning phrase, full of all insinuation, accusation, envy, and jealousy: and as it was rapidly spread abroad that the preparations were on a scale of unusual magnificence: as no one was old enough to remember the Courts of Queen Eleanour: as even in the Abbey the performers had very little idea what the show would be like— there was great, even extraordinary excitement over the impending Court.

It was called for five o'clock in the afternoon, and was to be held in the ancient garden of the Abbey, which, as has already been stated, consisted of an oblong lawn, planted with roses and flower-beds, and surrounded on all sides by two terraces. It was also protected from north and east winds by a high and extremely thick hedge, lying open to the more genial influences of south and west. There was no great elm in the garden, beneath which, as was *de rigueur* in the old *gieux sous l'orme*, the *grandes dames de par le monde* might shelter themselves, while they heard the pleadings, from the scorching sun of July; but there was over the northern end a great walnut, as stately as any of those

which adorn the shaven lawns of Cambridge. In front of the walnut stood a fountain, and beyond the fountain was the old sun-dial. The garden itself was kept apart for the Court, but on the terraces a long awning had been rigged up, under which were ranged rows of chairs for the spectators, because in the Abbey of Thelema there was nothing done which was not open to all the world. No hiding of lights behind bushels in that monastery, if you please. So far it is very, very unlike the cages of the Ile Sonnante, the birds in which, as the good *curé* of Meudon tells us, began life by being mourners at funerals. If the doings of Sister Rosalind, or any other Sister, were to be dragged into the open light of a Court of Law, that Sister would like the Court to be as numerously attended as possible. On this ground the fair defendant had no cause for complaint. As regards the ceremonies, they were unreservedly entrusted to the care of Desdemona; the Brethren who were to take part were content with learning each his own *rôle* and place, and to leave the rest to their stage manager. There was not even a dress rehearsal; there was not even a full undress rehearsal; there were only a few interviews between her dictatress and her company. She had the working up of all the details: she had to contrive the costumes, the properties, the tableaux, and the grouping. This, indeed, was her great delight. She drew little pictures of her Court while yet it had no existence outside her brain; she sat in the quaint old garden and peopled it with the puppets of her imagination; when everything and everybody had their proper place on the lawn, and she had drawn her plan of the whole, she began by instructing the servants ushers of the Court; then she took the boys who helped in the choir and acted as pages for the Functions, into the garden, and with the aid of a few chairs taught them exactly where they were to stand, and how they were to pose: then she drew up a plan of the action of her piece, with full stage directions for everybody; and had this copied, recopied, and corrected till she was perfectly satisfied. Then she distributed the parts. And then she sat down, and heaved a great sigh and thanked the fates that an excellent piece was set afoot.

The principal part of a play may seem to an outsider to be the words. Not at all: the actor knows very well that the words are only introduced to set off the situations; and that many most excellent plays, especially those written for the Mediæval stage, consisted of nothing but situations when they left the dramatist's hand, the words being left entirely to the mother-wit of the players. In fact, they were all 'gag;' and, as everybody knows, the situation is the only difficult thing to find.

'You have to plead your cause in person,' Desdemona said to Tom Caledon, concluding her instructions. 'Very well: plead it eloquently. On your pleading as you open the case will greatly depend the success of the piece—of course, I mean the success of your cause.'

'Desdemona, I am too stupid. I *can't* write a speech. You must write it for me,' said Tom. 'And it seems such a shame accusing Nelly.'

Sister Rosalind's advocate was Brother Peregrine. He asked for no help except access to the ancient constitutions and code of Love, which Desdemona readily gave him.

As for the costumes, they were, out of respect to the memory of Queen Eleanour, deceased, those of the twelfth century, and were designed by Desdemona in consultation with certain experienced persons, lent by Mr. Hollinghead, from the Gaiety Theatre. Those of the ladies were made out of what appeared to them the best imitation possible of the favourite materials of the period, which, as everybody knows, were

samite, siglaton, and sandal. A full description of the dresses appeared in the *Queen* the following week. It was written by a lady for ladies, and those who wish for precise details may refer to that paper. Speaking from a masculine, but not, it is hoped, an unobservant point of view, I should say in general terms that the dresses fitted tightly to the figure, after the present graceful fashion: but were not drawn in at the feet, so as to make the wearers appear unable to walk with freedom. The hair was in long and flowing tresses or else gathered up in a net, not the ugly net which we remember to have seen in youth and sometimes yet see on ladies of a certain rank of life, those who dwell around the New Cut, Leather Lane, or the High Street, Whitechapel. On the head was worn a square coronet of gold, and the Sisters were wrapped in crimson mantles, falling over the soft grey dress beneath. Their shoes were long and pointed, looped up with chains, and with low heels: their gloves were gauntlets, with any number of buttons, were grey like the dresses, and covered more than half the arm.

As for the men, the colours of their tunics were more various, because each chose what liked him best: they, too, wore long mantles or cloaks, which had capuchons: they carried daggers in their belts, and their shoes, like those of the Sisters, were long, with points looped up to the knee. They wore no swords, things which six hundred years ago belonged to the heavy armour, and were only put on for outdoor use. Within doors, if you wanted to stick anything into a friend over a bottle, or a game of chess, the dagger was much handier.

As regards both Brothers and Sisters, they were so practised in *bals-masqués*, theatricals, and frivolities of such kinds, that they had arrived at the singular and enviable power of moving about in any costume with the air of belonging to it. It was acting without effort.

An hour before five all the chairs on the terraces were occupied. There was a party from the Vicarage; a few had been brought down from town by Lord Alwyne; a party from the city of Athelston, people from the country houses round, who all came by invitation. And about half-past four the Thelemites began one by one to drop in, till the garden space in the centre was crowded with them, with the ushers, the servants of the Court, and the page-boys.

'I should like,' said Lucy Corrington to Lord Alwyne, 'to have lived in the twelfth century.'

He shook his head.

'Best enjoy the present, Lucy. It would have been all over six hundred years ago, think of that.'

It was, however, a very pretty and novel spectacle. Beneath the umbrageous foliage of the walnut-tree stood the Throne, a canopied seat on a platform, covered with crimson velvet. Chairs, also crimson covered, stood at either side of the Throne on the platform, for the Sisters who were to act as jury or assessors. The Sisters themselves were among the Brothers in what may be called the body of the Court. Below the Throne was the table of the Clerk to the Court, Sister Desdemona, and in front of her table two stools for the Assistant-Clerks. A table covered with parchments, great inkstands, and quill pens, were placed between the fountain and the throne; and, at the right hand and the left stood two small desks or pulpits for the counsel in the case, while the fair defendant was to be placed in a low chair of red velvet beside her advocate. All the Abbey servants were there, dressed for the part—both those who regularly performed in the festivals and others, of whom it was suspected that Desdemona imported them for the occasion, as trained supers. The band was in the lower end of the garden discoursing sweet music, and with

them stood, or lounged, the boys whom Desdemona had attired daintily in tight tunics. They were so well trained that they could look at each other without grinning, and could stand or lie about upon the grass in perfect unconsciousness that they were not assisting, in the heart of the twelfth century, at a serious and solemn trial before the High Court of Love. And the fountain sparkled in the sunshine; and the summer air was heavy with the perfume of flowers; and the Brethren were young; and the Sisters fair.

Not all the members of the Order were there. Brothers Lancelot and Peregrine; Sisters Miranda, Desdemona, and Rosalind were absent; that was natural, as they were the principal actors in the case to be tried. Also, Alan Dunlop was absent. He, poor man, was engaged in the village, giving his usual afternoon lesson in social economy to Alma Bostock. While he talked, she, who would much rather have been milking the cows, or making the butter, or gathering ripe gooseberries, or stealing a surreptitious talk with Harry, or even granting an interview to Tom Caledon, listened with lack-lustre eye and lips that ever and anon drooped with the semblance of a yawn, to a cascade of words which had no meaning, not the shadow of a meaning to her. They had, however, to be endured to gratify this extraordinary lover, who, somehow, seemed to take pleasure in pouring them out. And while the girl's thoughts wandered away from the discourse, it must be owned that her *fiancé* himself was thinking how very, very much pleasanter it would have been to spend the day assisting at the Court of Love.

Another Brother of the Order was absent. It was Mr. Paul Rondelet. He said, on being invited by Desdemona, that he should have liked much to take his part, but that it had already been decided by the great German authority that there never were such things as Courts of Love; that all the contemporary poets and painters were in a league to mystify people, and to make a pretence for posterity about a code of laws which did not exist; and that—here he laid his head plaintively on one side—he *must* consider the Common Room of Lothian and his own reputation. There might be Oxford men present. It is a special mark of the great and illustrious school of Prigs that, in virtue of being so much in advance of other people, they always know exactly how much has been discovered and decided in history, literature and art. For them the *dernier mot* had always been said, and generally by one whom the Prigs have consented to honour. So Mr. Rondelet remained aloof and stayed at home in the Abbey, shaping a new poem, in which a young man—it might have been himself—laments his exceeding great wisdom, which shuts him out from love, friendship, and the ordinary ambitions of life, deprives him of the consolations of religion, and leaves him alone, save perhaps for the Common Room of Lothian. He sent this poem to his friends, and they still carry it about with them, for it is yet unpublished, cuddled up tight to their hearts. The show proceeded in spite of these two absent Brothers.

At a quarter to five the band stopped playing, and shut their books. Then there was a little movement, and a rustle, and an expectant whisper. Only fifteen minutes to wait. And it seemed quite natural and in keeping with the character of the piece when Sister Cecilia, taking a zither, as good a substitute for a lute as can be devised, sang, sitting on the grass-bank, while the long branches of the walnut made a greenery above her head, the 'Ballad of Blinded Love':

'Love goes singing along the way:
"Men have blinded and covered my eyes:
I have no night and I have no day,
Dark is the road and black the skies."
Then Love laughs and fleers as he flies:
"See the maidens who've looked on me,
Sitting in sorrow with tears and sighs:
Better have let Love's eyes go free."

'Still, he has ears: and where the gay
Songs and laughter of girls arise
(Music as sweet as flowers in May)
Straight to their hearts Love's arrow flies

Then the music of laughter dies;
Farewell song and innocent glee
"Not my fault," the archer cries,
"Better have let Love's eyes go free."

'Not Love's fault; and who shall say,
Could we but leave him his pretty eyes,
Whom he would spare of the maiden's gay,
Whom he would leave on the garden grass?
Yet 'twere pity should beauty's sight
Cause her flowers ungathered die;
With silken bandage cover his eyes,
Never let *that* boy's sight go free.

ENVOI.

'Prince, the shaft of his arrow flies
Straight to the heart of her and thee.
Take no pity, although he cries,
"Better have let Love's eyes go free."'

Hardly had she finished the last bars of the ballad, when five struck from the Abbey clock, and, at the moment, the trumpets blared a note of warning, and every one sprang to his feet. 'Oyez, oyez!' cried the usher; 'silence for the Court.'

First came the javelin-men, armed with long pikes and dressed in leathern jerkins, with straw round their legs instead of stockings. Desdemona afterwards prided herself on her fidelity in the detail of the straw, but Miranda thought it looked untidy. After the javelin-men came the clerks and people of the long robe, bearing papers. These wore the square cap of office, and the black gown with full sleeves. After the lawyers, came, similarly attired in black, Tom Cadedon, the Brother who was to act as plaintiff. Two clerks came after him, bearing the *pieces de conviction* on a cushion—gloves, flowers, ribbons, and perfume. And then, leading *la belle accusee* by the hand, came Brother Peregrine, also disguised as an advocate. He had assumed an air of the greatest sympathy, as if so much unmerited misfortune called forth the tenderest pity: he seemed to watch every step of his client, and to be ready at any moment to catch her in his arms if she should faint away. Nelly, who thus came to answer the charge of *lèse-majesté* against Love, was wrapped from head to foot in a long cloak of grey silk, the hood of which fell over her face, so that nothing was visible save when, now and again, she half lifted it to snatch a hasty glance at the Court, and perhaps to see what people thought of the effect. That, indeed, produced by her grey robe, her drooping head, and her slender graceful figure, was entirely one of innocence wrongfully defamed, and conscious of virtue. After the accused came the secretaries of the Court, and these were followed by Desdemona, who wore, for the occasion, such an expression as she had once imparted in her youthful and lovely days to the advocate Portia, and such a robe as the one which had in that representation enwrapped her charms. She was the Clerk of the Court. Lastly, her train borne by two pages, and led by Brother Bayard, the most courtly of the Brethren, came Miranda herself, supreme Judge and President of the Court of Love. She mounted the platform, and then, standing erect and statuesque, her clear and noble features touched with the soft reflection from the crimson canopy, and her tall figure standing out against the setting of greenery behind her, like Diana among her maidens, she looked round for a moment, smiled, and took her seat.

All were now in their places. In the chairs round the Throne sat the Sisters expectant; at their feet lay the page-boys, who were the messengers of the Court; at the tables sat the clerks, secretaries, and the lawyers, turning over the pages of the great volumes bound in vellum, and making industrious notes. Sister Rosalind, the defendant, was in her place, beside her counsel; and Brother Lancelot, who wore, to tell the truth, a shame-faced and even a downcast look, as if he was in a false position and felt it, was at his desk opposite her.

When the Court was seated, there was another blare of trumpets, and the usher cried again, 'Oyez, oyez! silence for the Court.'

Then Desdemona rose solemnly, a parchment in her hand.

'Let the defendant stand,' ordered the Judge.

Brother Peregrine, in a mere ecstasy of sympathy, offered his hand to the victim; at sight of which Tom forgot that he was plaintiff, and rushed from his post, too, to offer assistance. The Court, except Desdemona, who thought this very irregular, and Miranda, who would not lower the dignity of her position by so much as a smile, laughed aloud at this accident. But Sister Rosalind, pulling her hood lower over her face, took the hand of her own counsel without the least recognition of the plaintiff's proffered aid. And Tom retreated to his place in confusion. Desdemona read the charge.

'Sister Rosalind,' she began, in deep and sonorous tones, and with that clear accent which only long practice on the stage seems able to give — 'Sister Rosalind, you stand before the Lady Miranda, President of this most venerable Court of Love, charged by the honourable and worthy Brother Lancelot, Monk of the Order of Thelema, with having wantonly, maliciously, wilfully, and perversely infringed the code of laws which governs the hearts of the young and the courteous, in that you have both openly and secretly, before the eyes of the Brothers and Sisters, or in the retreat of garden or conservatory, accepted and received those presents, tokens of affection, and attentions, both those ordinary—such as every knight, damoiseau, and Brother of Thelema is bound to bestow upon every damoiselle and Sister of the Order—and those extraordinary, such as, with loyal suit, service and devotion, one alone should render unto one. Do you, Sister Rosalind, plead guilty to this charge, or not guilty?'

Sister Rosalind, for answer, threw back her hood, and stood bareheaded before them all. With her soft eyes, which lifted for a moment to look round upon the Court and the audience on the terrace, her fair and delicate cheek and the half-parted lips which seemed as if they could plead more eloquently than any advocate, she carried away the sympathies of all. Phryne obtained a verdict by her beauty, without a word. So Sister Rosalind, by the mere unveiling of her face, would at once, but for the stern exigencies of the law, have been unanimously acquitted. There was a murmur of admiration from the audience on the terrace, and then, Lord Alwyne, leading the way, a rapturous burst of applause, which was instantly checked by the Court, who threatened to hear the case with closed doors, so to speak, on the repetition of such unseemly interruption.

'My client,' said Peregrine, 'my calumniated client,' here his voice broke down as if with a sob, 'pleads not guilty, according to the Code of Love. And she desires also to set up a counter charge against the plaintiff in the case, Brother Lancelot, in that, being attached to her and an aspirant for her favours, he has shown himself of late days of melancholy and morose disposition, and while he was formerly gay, cheerful, and of a light heart so that it was pleasant to accept his suit and service, he has now become sad and desponding, an offence contrary to all known and recognised *devoirs* of a lover. And she begs that the two charges may be tried together.'

This startling charge, accompanied as it was by a reproachful look from the defendant, disconcerted Brother Lancelot exceedingly, insomuch that his eyes remained staring wide open and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. The Court smiled, and Sister Desdemona recognising in this stroke a touch of real genius, nodded approvingly to Brother Peregrine.

Then Miranda spoke.

'It is within my learned brother's right,' she said, 'to set up a counter-charge, and the Court will not fail to insist upon giving the charge full weight. Meantime we will proceed with the original case as it stands set forth upon the roll. Brother Lancelot, you will call your witnesses.'

But the counsel for the defence again sprang to his feet.

'I am instructed by my client - my most deeply injured client - to admit the truth of the facts alleged. She *has* accepted the presents and the service of more than one Brother of this illustrious Order. My Lady and Sisters-assistant we admit, not as a fault, but rather as a virtue, that the facts are such as my learned Brother Lancelot has alleged in his plaint. I myself, my Lady, if for one moment I may be allowed to forget —no, not to forget my most needlessly persecuted client, which would be impossible—but to associate my poor personality with this admission, own before you all that I myself, humble as I stand, have been allowed to offer a faint tribute to this incomparable shrine of beauty and of grace. She has worn flowers in her hair which these unworthy fingers have gathered in this garden of Thelema and in its conservatories; she has honoured me and conferred a new beauty on those flowers by wearing them in her hair; she has accepted gloves of me, gloves —' here the speaker clasped his hands and gazed heavenward, 'gloves—sixes —and honoured the giver by wearing these sixes—small sizes—at our dances. My client has nothing to conceal, nothing that need not be told openly. We may, therefore, my Lady and Sisters-assistant of this honourable Court, enable my learned Brother to do without witnesses and proceed at once with his vain and impotent attempt to substantiate his charge by appeal to ancient and prescriptive law.'

Brother Peregrine sat down after this fling at his opponent.

Sister Rosalind pulled the hood lower over her face and resumed her seat. There was a silence of great expectation when Brother Lancelot rose to his feet, and after fumbling among his papers began, in a voice of great trepidation and hesitancy which gradually disappeared as he warmed to his work, his speech for the prosecution.

'My Lady and worshipful Sisters-assistant of this illustrious Court, it has been the laudable practice among all loyal followers of honourable Love to discuss among themselves whatever points of difficulty may arise in the relations of lovers to one another. Thus we find in the Reports, meagre as those documents are, of the *jeux partis* lines of conduct laid down to meet almost every conceivable case, however knotty. These friendly discussions served to supplement and emphasise the Golden Code much as precedents in English law do grace, garnish, and sometimes obscure the mere letter of the law which lies behind them. Of such a nature was that famous discussion on the question whether if a knight loves a lady he ought rather to see her dead than married to another? Such, again, was the case argued before a noble company of knights, dames, and demoiselles, whether a certain knight was justified in accepting an offer made to him by a lady that she would belong wholly to him provided first she might be allowed a clear twelvemonth flirtation. And such, to quote a third case, was the memorable inquiry into the reason why the old, and therefore the experienced, are generally neglected; while the young, and therefore the inexperienced, are preferred. Had the present case before the Court been of such a nature as to admit of its decision by a *jeu parti* or by formal committee of arbitration, I should have preferred that course. But that is not so, and I am therefore prepared, most unwillingly, to prove that a Sister of our Order, a Sister to whom my own devotion has been offered and freely given, has infringed the miraculous Code which has been, and will ever continue to be, the foundation of constitutional Love.'

He paused, while one of his clerks handed him a prodigious roll of parchment.

'I now, my Lady, proceed to refer to the articles which I maintain to have been infringed by our Sister the

defendant in this suit. I shall be happy to furnish my learned Brother' —Tom was plucking up his courage— ' with a copy of these statutes and ordinances, so that he may correct me if I quote them wrongly, and at the same time lead him to reflect whether even at the last moment he may not feel it his duty to advise his fair client to throw herself upon the mercy of the Court.'

Here Brother Peregrine sprang to his feet and bowed courteously.

' I thank my learned Brother. I need, however, no copy of the Code. It is implanted here.'

He smote the place where he supposed his heart to be and sat down.

' I will then,' continued the counsel for the prosecution. ' I will at once refer the Court and the Ladies-assistant to the very third Law—of such vital importance did this great principle seem to the supernatural framers of the Code. In the very third Law we have it enunciated in the clearest terms "*Nemo duplici amore ligari potest.*" That is to say no one, either knight or dame, damoiseau or damoiselle, can be bound by the chains of a two-fold affection. The object of a lady's preference may perhaps be changed; one can imagine the case of a damoiselle after being attracted by supposed virtues in a new friend—reverting with pleasure to the proved and tried cavalier who has obeyed her behests, it may be, for years'—here there was a murmur of sympathy, every one present being perfectly acquainted with Tom's sad history. Brother Peregrine looked round sharply, as much as to say, ' Let no one be led astray by feelings of sentiment. I will make mince-meat of him directly.' ' This, I say, one can comprehend, and in such a case the devotion of the previously favoured lover would be declined with such courtesy as becomes a gentlewoman. But let this Court picture to themselves a case in which a lady shall look with equal favour on the prayers of one and the sighs of another, shall smile on one with the same kindness as on the other, and ask whether both in letter and in spirit the third article of the Code would not be flagrantly contravened? And such a case it is which my sense of duty now obliges me to bring before your attention. I am aware—that is, I can anticipate—that my learned Brother for the defence will attempt to rely upon the Thirty-first Article—*unam feminam nihil prohibet à duobus amari*—nothing prevents the lady from having two lovers at once. No one, I am sure, would be surprised to hear that the Sister Rosalind had as many lovers as there are men who have seen her.'

Here the defendant lifted up a corner of her veil and bestowed a smile upon the counsel. The audience laughed, and Desdemona was about to call attention to this breach of official etiquette, when Tom proceeded with his speech.

' That clause, I contend, has nothing to do with the charge. The facts, as the Court has been informed, are not denied, but admitted. My learned Brother has confessed——'

Here Brother Peregrine sprang to his feet.

' I cannot allow the word confessed to pass unchallenged. My Lady, I have confessed nothing. Confession implies guilt. Where there has been no sin there can be no confession. We accept statements. but we do not confess.'

' Let us say, then,' continued Tom, ' that he has accepted my statements. He has, in fact, accepted the statement that Sister Rosalind received the service and the presents of two aspirants. He has informed the Court that he has himself offered gloves—small sixes—which were graciously received. I too have offered gloves—also small sixes. It has been my pride as well as his, to see those sixes worn at our dances and in our drives and rides. I too have offered the flowers of Thelema to her who is to me the choicest flower in this our

garden of all delights. My incense has been burnt at that shrine, my vows have been laid before that altar, as well as his. If my learned Brother accepts statements, he must accept them in their fulness; they are not to be glossed over, cleared away, or pared down to a mere nothing at all. The Court must give these facts their full significance. It amounts to this, that the defendant in this action has received with equal favour the pretensions of those who follow her with an equal—no that cannot be—*not* an equal affection. No personal feeling of rancour or jealousy, no unworthy desire for notoriety, fame or revenge, has prompted me in bringing about this important trial. It has been appointed by yourself, my Lady, acting on the counsels of the experienced Clerk of this Court. You will, with your Sisters-assistant, give the case a calm and impartial consideration; you will remember the dangers which lurk behind the infringement of these Laws; you will act so as to preserve intact the Republic of Thelema; you will give no encouragement to conduct which might implant in the midst of this happy retreat the seeds of jealousies, envies, and distractions, such as would make our Abbey no better than the outer world; you will prevent this generation of false hopes, this building up of delusive confidences, with the unhappiness of the final destruction of a faith built upon the sand. These things are not unreal. You will, my Lady, call upon your Sisters-assistant to ask their own hearts as well as the Code of Love. No Code, indeed, ever yet was invented which could meet the exigencies of every case. As regards the counter-charge, I confess I was not prepared for it. I may, perhaps, set an example to my learned Brother, by at once throwing myself upon the mercies of the Court. I confess, and do not deny, that there have been times when disappointment or grief at the conduct of my mistress has prevented the possibility of that cheerful demeanour and gaiety of heart which are the duty of every aspirant to Love. To this charge I plead guilty, and urge in extenuation the grievous provocation which I have received.

'Ladies of this most honourable Court' the advocate raised his head, which he had dropped in shame during the last few sentences, and looked around with a proud and confident bearing—'I leave my case fearlessly in your hands, confident that justice will be done, and, although I am sure that it is unnecessary, I venture beforehand to recommend the defendant to your favourable merciful consideration. She is young, as you all know; she is beautiful as you all know; she is charming, as you will all agree; she is gracious and winning, even among the gracious and winning ladies of this illustrious House of Thelma. On these grounds, ladies, and on these alone, I pray that her offence may be condoned, and that she escape with such an admonition as our Lady Abbess may think fit to bestow upon her.'

Brother Lancelot, who acquitted himself at the end of his speech far better than at the beginning, sat down. There was just that touch of real personal feeling in his peroration which gave the trial, even for those among the spectators who had small sympathy with the Code of Love, a genuine interest. It was clear that poor Tom, who, indeed, never disguised the fact, was in real love with Nelly, whatever might be the feeling of the other man. There was a murmur among the people in the terrace which broke into loud applause.

'Si—lence!' cried the usher. 'Silence in the Court.'

Miranda here remarked that it was the second time this unseemly manifestation of feeling had been repressed; that if it occurred again she should commit the whole of the visitors for contempt of Court, without the power of appeal. She reminded

the offenders that such a sentence entailed their exclusion from the Abbey and their confinement in the large prison of the outer world, among quite disagreeable and even vulgar people, until they should be purged of their contempt. A shudder, visible to the naked eye, ran through the crowded chairs at this dreadful threat.

Miranda then invited the counsel for the defence to say what he had to say.

Brother Peregrine rose immediately, and, after pulling his gown well over his shoulders, adjusting his square cap and clearing his throat, assumed a pose which was rather one of defiance than of appeal, and began his oration without notes of any kind, with a rapid volubility in strong contrast to the hesitation and difficulty with which his opponent began his speech. I am inclined to believe that Tom's speech was written for him by Desdemona, but that he altered and amended the close. On the other hand, Brother Peregrine's address was undoubtedly all his own. There was a cold glitter about it which held the attention, but it was forensic to the last degree, and lacked the personality and feeling which characterized the speech for the prosecution.

'I stand here,' he said, in an easy rapid way which showed how little the responsibility of the position weighed upon him—'I stand here engaged in the most arduous, because the most responsible, of all tasks. I defend a lady from a charge which, in this illustrious Abbey of Thelema, might almost be construed into an imputation—my learned Brother need not rush into denials—I say almost an imputation upon a reputation as deservedly spotless as the white evening dress in which my client wins all hearts. My learned Brother, whose conscience, I rejoiced to observe, overcame the recklessness with which he started, so that from an accuser he became an advocate, rightly mentioned one or two leading cases decided long ago in the Courts of our ancestors. It is interesting and, indeed, instructive, to be reminded of these leading cases, even although they have no bearing upon the case before the Court. Still, it is well to know that those who plead in these Courts are learned in the law. But my learned Brother omitted to mention those cases which actually bear upon the question before us. Ladies and most honourable Sisters, we must not for a moment allow ourselves to lose sight of the fact that the point raised touches every one of you. Nothing can be more important, no cases have been more frequent, than those which concern the conduct of a lady towards her lover or lovers. It has been asked, for instance, whether the lover should prefer that the lady should first kiss him, or that he should first kiss the lady. The question is one on which much discussion could even now be raised, and doubtless there would be difference of opinion. It has been asked—and this is a question which actually touches the present case'—here Brother Peregrine looked at his papers and picked out one from the handful which he held—'It has been asked whether, if a lady has to listen to a tale of love which she is about to refuse, she is justified in hearing her lover to an end, or whether, in justice, she should cut him short in the beginning? I need not remind your Ladyship and the Court that the decision in this case was in favour of hearing the poor man to an end. And I humbly submit that the decision was guided partly out of respect to that instinct of kindness in woman's heart which naturally prompts to the hearing of all that could be urged, and partly, if one may venture to say so in such a presence, from a natural desire to know how this man in particular would put his points.' Here the Court smiled, as if both the President and the Sisters-assistant had large experience in such matters.

'First, then, Ladies and Sisters of the Honourable Order of Thelema, ought a demoiselle to have two lovers? Surely; that is granted by the very first laws in our Code. But, my learned friend may say, she ought to show favour to one only. In the end, I grant. That is the real point at issue between us. In the end. Up to the present, my client, my fair, my beautiful, my much injured client, has only granted the simple favour of receiving such slight attentions, such little presents of flowers or ribbons or gloves as belong to the general usages of society and the broader and less conventional customs of Thelema. In the end, I say. But at present we are only beginning. My learned Brother, like myself, is, as one may say, in the humility of early love. What says the *troubadour*?

'"Humbly that lover ought to speak,
Who favour from his love doth seek."

My contention—

'Do you,' interrupted Miranda—'Do you confine yourself to the Code?'

'I do,' replied the learned counsel. 'But the Code is illustrated, explained and annotated by the *jeux-partis*, as my learned brother has already explained. Still, if one must abandon precedents and fall back upon the letter of the law, I will, if you please, take the Code itself, and prove, clause by clause, if necessary, that my injured client, my deeply injured client, has confined her operations, if I may so use the word, strictly within the limits of the Code—'

Here he received, from one of his clerks, a document in official writing.

'I was about to remark,' he went on, 'when I was interrupted by my clerk, that the Code itself will triumphantly bear out my client, and prove that she has been no traitor to those glorious laws of love which must, to the crack of doom, rule every lover in gentlehood. Let me take the second —*Qui non celat amare non potest.* "He —or she—who cannot keep secret cannot love." Why, here is, in itself, sufficient ground to acquit my client honourably. We will grant, if you please, that my client has a secret preference for one—not necessarily the one whom she has known longest—of the two aspirants. What better justification for accepting the service of both, than the fact that she has a secret preference for one?'

Here the orator paused while one of his clerks poured him out a glass of water, and while he looked round, expectant of applause, there was a murmur, which might have meant applause and might have meant astonishment. Tom, at his desk, looked disgusted. It seemed as if the wind was being taken out of his sails altogether.

'The third clause,' the counsel continued, 'is, "Nemo duplici potest amore ligari"—"No one can be bound by a twofold love." Well, my Lady and Sisters of this Honourable House, although my learned Brother based his whole argument upon this one clause, the force of which I readily concede to him, as a matter of fact, it has no bearing whatever upon the question. For, if you will consider, the charge is that the lady has accepted presents and service from two aspirants at the same time. That is so. We grant it. Does it follow that she is bound by a twofold love—that she has professed to entertain a preference for both? Ladies of Thelema, as one of the two men, I emphatically deny it.'

Here Brother Lancelot arose with flushing cheeks, and asked whether his learned Brother was to be understood as speaking from his own knowledge, and as conveying to the Court the information that he himself, Brother Peregrine, was regarded by Sister Rosalind with no preference whatever?

The defendant was here observed to smile.

The counsel for the defence made reply, softly:

'I speak from information given by the defendant herself. I do not dare

eyond that information. It unhappily for me, that Sister d has a preference for my Brother, or had before this ne on. That may be so, althere is not a tittle of evidence nit before the Court for or that supposition. It is only ie lady has accepted a lover in well as his simple offerings, e can be said at all *amore ligari*, ound in love. But as yet the Rosalind has bestowed that title ne; therefore, I maintain, she no sense be said to be *duplici ligari*, bound by a double

s point established, I pass on ther clause which, as I shall early and distinctly, makes in our. It is written in the fourth : "Semper amorem minui vel onstat"—"Always must love e or be diminished." What ational course for my fair client pt than, before pronouncing in his favour or against him, v his passion to increase, or if not bear the test of patience, to diminish, and meanwhile to him, or both of them or any r of them, not one Brother only, ing the duty and devotion owed most honourable Ladies of the and Sisters of Thelema, not other only, I say, but all the rs together?

t me pass over a few clauses without any ingenuity, could be to be so many fair and just ents for my client, whose cause, er, is so simple that she wants use of the Code except those at once commend themselves to efer you, therefore, at once to elfth Law: "Amor semper conab avaritiæ domiciliis exulari"—is banished from the abodes of e.'"

e Brother Lancelot sprang to t.

rotest,' he cried hotly, 'I proainst this attempt to introduce an unworthy motive. Nothing, I am convinced ——'

The Lady President leaned forward, and interrupted him.

'Nothing of the kind, Brother Lancelot,' she said, 'could be imputed to you, and no one could believe that you had or could impute unworthy motives to the defendant. The Court, indeed, is astonished that the counsel for the defence could think it necessary even to allude to this clause in connection with the case.'

'If my learned Brother,' said Brother Peregrine, gently, 'had heard me to the end, he would have been spared the necessity for his protest. Nothing was farther from my intentions than to connect the vulgar vice of avarice with him or with my client. It was in another sense: the avarice which would grudge the smallest favours bestowed on others, the avarice which is akin to jealousy, the avarice which belongs to a too sensitive organisation, and which would make of love an absolute servitude, the avarice which is a sentiment contrary to the spirit of this illustrious House of Thelema; it is concerning thatavarice that I would have spoken, but I refrain. Better omit some things which might be said than incur the chance of misconception or misrepresentation.'

The advocate shook his head and sighed sadly, as if the stupidity of the other counsel was the subject of grave pity. Then he went on again. All this time the defendant, sitting wrapped in her long robe of grey, wore her hood drawn entirely over her head, so that no part of her face could be seen.

'Let us proceed, and now I shall be brief. It is written again in the thirteenth Article: "Amor raro consuevit durare vulgatus"—"Love seldom lingers when 'tis told." Ladies, what more cogent reason for my client to disguise her preference, to procrastinate, to keep all aspirants in doubt while secretly inclining to one? In this case there are two, both Brothers

of this noble House of Thelema, both ready to devote themselves assiduously to this one damoiselle. Why should she wish her choice to be divulgated, if indeed she has already chosen?'

'I will, however, leave this point, and call your attention to the twenty-fourth clause of the Code, which in a very remarkable manner bears upon the case before the Court. "Verus amans nihil beatum credit nisi quod cogitet amanti placere." "The true lover believes nothing but what he believes will please the lady." The true lover! Mark those words. Has it, I ask, pleased my deeply injured client to be the subject of this important trial, to have it even insinuated that she has infringed the Code of Love? The true lover!'

Here Brother Lancelot sprang to his feet, and was about to protest, when the Court ordered him to have patience.

'I will now only call your attention to two more clauses,' continued the counsel for the defence. 'In the twenty-sixth Article we read: "Amor nihil posset leviter amore denegari"—"Love cannot lightly be denied of love." My Lady Abbess and Sisters of this Honourable House, what are we to think of a Brother who is so lightly turned away from Love ——'

'I AM NOT!' shouted Tom, springing to his feet in a real rage.

This time there was irresistible applause; and even Sister Rosalind half raised her veil as if to give her opponent one look of gratitude.

'Si—lence in the Court!' cried the usher.

Miranda did not reprove this manifestation, and Brother Peregrine, whose myriad crows'-feet seemed to twinkle all over, and whose eyes lightened up at the interruption as if in hope of a good battle of words, threw his gown behind him and stood defiant.

But Tom sat down, and the applause ceased, and the Court awaited the continuation of the speech.

'What shall we say,' he asked, 'of one who, because his mistress accepts the service of others, thinks there is nothing left for him but to go away and weep? Lastly, ladies, I adduce, without a word of comment because my learned Brother has already dwelt too long upon this clause, from his own erroneous point of view—I adduce, and beg you most carefully to remember, the thirty-first Article, in which it is asserted that "Unam feminam nihil prohibet a duobus amari"

"Nothing prevents a damoiselle from being loved by two men." What, indeed! or by fifty? And what is this case before us but an exact and literal illustration of the commandment! In acting, as she has wisely chosen to act, my client, I maintain, has proved herself as learned in the constitutions of Love as she is, by her nature and her loveliness, one of Love's fairest priestesses.

'My Lady Abbess and Sisters of this Honourable House, I have said what seemed to my poor understanding the best to be said. If I have failed, which I cannot believe, in conveying to you, not only the legal aspect of the case, which is clear, but also what may be called the moral aspect—I have failed if I have not convinced you of the innocence of my client, even in thought. My learned Brother has invited you to find against her, and to mitigate the penalty. I, for my part, invite you to find for her, and to allow her all the honours of a triumphant success. To his eulogium I have nothing to add. You, who value the freedom of your sex—you, who estimate rightly the value of the Code by which your conduct is guided, will accord to my client a fair, an honourable, and a complete acquittal.'

Brother Peregrine sat down amid dead silence. There was no applause at all. His speech was brilliant, eloquent, and brilliantly delivered. But it lacked, what characterised Tom's less ambitious effort, reality of feeling.

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talked in whispers.
then there was a general rustle of dresses and movement among the chairs, because the conference of the Sisters was over, and they were returning to their chairs. But the pages who had been lying at their feet were standing now behind them, and the javelin-men were gathered behind the Throne, and the trumpeters were on either side of the President, and the clerks were collecting all the papers.

Miranda rose and all the Court with her. Sister Rosalind advanced a step and stood before the counsel's desk. At the first word of the President she threw back her hood and stood as before, pale, beautiful and resigned.

'Sister Rosalind,' said the Judge, in the clear full tones of her fine contralto. 'Sister Rosalind, the Court has considered the case, with the assistance of the Ladies of Thelema; we are unanimously of opinion that the continuous acceptance of flowers, gloves, or ribbons from more than one aspirant is a thing contrary to the Code of Love. We, therefore, find that you have been guilty of an infringement of the law. At the same time, the Court is equally unanimous in finding that you have been led into its infringement by no unworthy motive, and that your fair reputation remains unsullied. The penalty inflicted by the Court is that you receive an admonition, in such terms as his courtesy will allow, from the prosecutor in the case, Brother Lancelot himself. And it is the pleasure of this Court that the admonition be privately administered in this garden. Before the Court rises, I have to invite our friends' (Miranda looked round the terrace, full of spectators) 'to the Refectory of the Abbey. Hospitality has ever been the duty of monastic orders, and here there is no *jour maigre*.'

She stepped down from the Throne. The trumpets blew: the band struck up a march: the pages lifted her train: Brother Bayard gave her his hand, and similarly escorted the Sisters followed. After them marched Desdemona herself, her brow knitted with

legal problems. Then came clerks, javelin-men, and the usher of the Court.

The spectators left the terrace and crowded after the procession, which made straight for the great hall.

Nobody was left but Brother Lancelot and Sister Rosalind, who was waiting for her admonition. The garden was quite empty: not a servant, not a page, was there to see.

'Oh! Tom,' she cried, throwing off the cloak and clapping her hands. 'It was lovely; it was something to live for. What can I do for you for your beautiful speech! It was ten times as good as Mr. Exton's -and because you meant it all,' she added softly.

'Nelly,' said the admonitor, taking her hands; 'you know what I want you to give me.'

She shook her head. 'It can't be . . . . Poor old Tom. . . . Poor Nelly.'

'Then you do love me—Nell– just a little!'

It wanted but this last touch.

'Ask me no more, for at a breath I yield.'

He had her two hands in his and, as he spoke, he drew her gently, so that, without suspecting, her cheek met his cheek and her lips met his lips.

'Tom! Tom!' she cried.

'Do you love me, then; do you love me, Nell?' he persisted.

'Tom—you know I do.'

'And not that other fellow at all?'

'No, Tom; not at all. Only you.'

This was a pretty kind of admonition to bestow upon a penitent which followed this declaration.

All that need be said, so far as details go, is that the admonition lasted but a moment—fleeting indeed are all the joys of life—and then she forced her hands from his grasp, and drew back with a cry and a start.

'Oh! Tom. And it can never be. Because I have got to marry the other man. No; it is no use. Mamma says so. She writes to me to-day; she says that nothing else would persuade her to let me remain in this place. [illegible] one of the Brothers, a gentleman [illegible] birth, wears a smock-frock, and [illegible] set the irreligious and unchristian [illegible] ample of marrying a dairymaid. "No one," she says, "can tell whose principles may not be subverted by this awful act of wickedness." And I am only to wait until Mr. Exton proposes, and then to go home at once.'

'Oh! And you think, Nell, that he looks like- like proposing?'

'I am sure of it Tom, I am sorry to say.'

'And you think you will marry him?'

'Yes, I must.

'Oh!' He dug his heel in the turf, and said savagely 'You must. We shall see.'

When Tom led Nelly to her place in the Refectory, five minutes later, she had thrown off the grey mantle and hood, as he had discarded the black gown and square cap; and she was dressed, like the other Sisters, in complete twelfth century costume—armour, Brother Peregrine called it. She looked bright and pleased; but some of the guests, including Lord Alwyne, thought there was the trace of a tear upon her cheek. However, the music was playing, and the feast was going on merrily, and the champagne was flowing, and there were so many delightful girls round him, that Lord Alwyne had no time to look more closely.

'This is delightful," he said to Desdemona, next to whom he was sitting. 'This brings back one's youth: this reminds one of the past. It is like a dream to see so many lovely girls all together in the same place. There is no place like this Abbey of yours:

'Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet'

I am like La Fontaine. I bask in their smiles when I can no longer win their hearts. Where are my glasses! Ah! glasses—*bonjour lunettes, adieu fillettes*, as the Frenchman said. A

n's day is done when he wants
sses to see fair eyes.'
And your son?'
Graveairs is teaching political eco-
ny to his dairymaid. I think,
sdemona, that I should have liked
self to administer that admonition
Nelly all alone in the garden. But,
no doubt, Tom did it with more sol-
emnity. And the rogue looks as if it
had not been an unpleasant task. I
shall ask Nelly, presently, to tell me
in what terms he bestowed the admo-
nition. What *would* her mother have
said?'

(To be continued.)

CHLOE'S THEFT.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SONG.

(After Herrick.)

BY WALTER TOWNSEND.

YOUNG Cupid, wayward wilful boy,
Was trying on a summer's day,
A troop of maidens to decoy,
That he might steal their hearts away.

Through many a mead he lured them all,
But ne'er a maiden captive led,
Till, tired out, he chanced to fall
Asleep, his quiver 'neath his head.

The bow drops from his dimpled hand,
Closed are his mischief loving eyes,
And soon by zephyrs lightly fanned,
The little tyrant harmless lies.

My Chloe chancing there to pass
The roguish urchin soon espied,
And tripping lightly o'er the grass,
Took up the bow from Cupid's side.

With dainty fingers next she drew
The quiver from beneath his head,
And then, as if her power she knew,
She roused him from his mossy bed.

Seeing his quiver on her shoulder,
Poor Cupid stared and rubbed his eyes.
The lovely maiden growing bolder,
Laughing ran off and kept her prize.

Viewing her charms since then I vow,
Without a wound I ne'er depart.
Unseen she draws forth Cupid's bow
And plants fresh arrows in my heart.

THE ACADEMY AND THE GROVE IN CANADA.

BY J. ALLEN JACK, B.C.L.

WHEN the Norsemen, after the long voyage which tradition states they made to Canada, followed the coast line of the Gulf of St. Lawrence we wonder what imaginings filled their minds. Did they hear amidst the forests, which pressed so closely to the sea, the voices and the harps of the bards? Had they no conception that there might not be near the source of our great river, among the mountains and the sea-like lakes, the true Valhalla, where gods incessantly caroused with heroes? In later times the ghosts of Hendrick Hudson and his comrades are said to have awakened the silence of the hills back from the stream which claims his name, and surely the Viking had the right to people the new lone land with his immortals.

We Canadians indeed know at least of one means whereby is brought before us at the same time an old world kingdom and a coy sister colony, who still persists in maintaining her independence and her isolation amid the waves. The bottle is uncorked, and scarcely has the grateful pop died upon the ear than the air is redolent with sweet perfume. Surely the gate of a garden in Portugal has been opened, and we smell the roses, and the pomegranates, and the orange blossoms, not the blubber and the fishy mists which surround our modern, not sad but jolly, Andromeda. But did Cabot find among the breakers and the fogs anything suggestive of his distant home, did the tinkling of the brooks, seeking the sea through icicles and rocks, bring to his mind guitars and love songs? The planting of what we well may term the *Labrum* at Stadaconé symbolized one great idea ever present in the minds of the French pioneers in Canada; but where a French gentleman makes his home he must have something besides religion and that is etiquette. For centuries the Malicites and Micmacs had filled their stomachs with the ancestors of the modern Digby chickens, but being purely practical savages they devoured these tempting morsels solely for the sake of satisfying appetite, and, contrary to good manners, their ordinary meals and even their great feasts took place without ceremony, alas without even table-cloths. It was reserved for the genius of Champlain to originate a society which he denominated '*L'ordre de bon temps*,' and for M. Poutrincourt to carry out at his table the stately observances of the brotherhood. A grand steward at Port Royal, with napkin on his shoulder, staff of office in his hand, and collar of the order about his neck. A chapel at Tadousac, with vested priest chaunting the mass, and little bell ringing out the *angelus*. Between the distant points vast forests, lakes, rivers, and solitude.

But no, it was not complete solitude, for at rare intervals there were small communities of dusky human beings, who spoke but little, and who, when they spoke, had not much to tell of their past history or even of their present lives. The traveller journeying with all the speed of steam applied to machinery, from Halifax to Toronto, finds it hard even to attempt to realize the true condition of

the country at the period to which we have referred. It is equally hard to realize the feelings of a French gentleman of education, living as a settler in Canada in the early part of the seventeenth century. His patriotism would ever make him think of his dear native land far away; but standing in his little clearing, surrounded on every side by silent woods, great stretches of rank marsh, or alder swamps, he still might feel this too is France, not *La Grande France*, with its glorious histories and its living grandeur, but *La Nouvelle France*, with its unknown future. The *fleur de luce*, growing among the sedges, would bring before his mental vision the showy standard of his nation, and he well might picture pleasant cottages, springing up from the river terraces, surrounded with gardens of bright old world flowers, and filled with cheerfulness and music.

Then there was that portion of his nature, drawn from his mother's breast, inhaled from his native air, the instincts of a gentleman. In that age, every Frenchman of good standing in society was a stickler for etiquette, and if not fully conversant with the arts and manners of a courtier at least felt constrained to say and to act upon the idea conveyed in the words '*noblesse oblige*.' The western ranger, hunting down the 'red vermin' with bowie knife and rifle, might laugh at the idea, but there is not the slightest doubt that one-half the secret of the friendship which existed between the French and Indians lay in the fact that the former treated and considered the latter as gentlemen. What would Membertou, the Indian sachem and the honoured guest at Port Royal, now say were he alive and informed of the treatment of his brother across the line?

We have already touched upon what may perhaps well be termed the leading idea in the minds of the early colonist from France. We can imagine the pious Recollet, at the close of the day, turning towards the now darkened orient horizon, athwart which he sees the margin of miles and miles of forest. He chaunts softly to himself, '*Posuisti tenebras, et facta est nox: in ipsa pertransibunt omnes bestiæ sylvæ*,'* and he prays, '*Illumine, quæsumus Domine Deus, tenebras nostras: et totius hujus noctis insidias Tu a nobis repelle propitius.*'† Through the whole record of the doings of the Jesuits and Recollets, from which is extracted so much of the material of the early history of Canada, we find the same devout trust in God, the same earnest desire to plant the Church in the New World, the same determination to gather the children of the forests within her fold. And, after all, the requirements of the age and of the place were obvious, and the early settlers could plainly see that their duty was to colonize the country and to christianize the heathen inhabitants. Under all the circumstances there was but little opportunity afforded to these pioneers to indulge in poetic rhapsodies or intellectual musings. Pegasus generally grazes in sight of the temples and the homes of men, and he cares not to be ridden by any one whose larders are not sufficiently provided, or whose mind is largely occupied by purely worldly thoughts. In the infancy of any colony the labours of the colonists are chiefly manual, and in the settled portions of old Canada and Acadia the inhabitants encountered numerous, varied and exceptional difficulties in the prosecution of their work. The constant wars between France and England, and the frequent cession and retrocession of territory between the two nations, resulted in very serious confusion. The isolated position of the colony, and the slowness and difficulties of navigation, were also not insignificant obstacles, and besides all

* Ps. civ., verse 20.

† The Collect for Compline, Roman use, and the Third Collect for Evensong in the Prayer Book of the Church of England.

else we may rest assured that it was not one whit easier to burn and stump and drain wild lands in the seventeenth than in the nineteenth century.

Nevertheless it is somewhat singular that neither during the earlier nor even the later periods of French occupation do we find marked traces of the growth of intellectual sentiments, or expressions of a purely Canadian character. In other words, the culture which we perceive is old world culture, upon which the surrounding circumstances have made no impress, and neither the published prose nor even the ballad literature, as far as we know them, differ in spirit, or even in terms, except those of a purely descriptive nature, from what might have been written in old France, or Normandy, or Picardy. We write subject to correction, for it cannot be asserted that any strenuous effort has ever been made to collect and publish the scattered productions of those among the cultured French Canadians and Acadians of the past who cultivated literature of the lighter character, or such as should not be placed under the head of Biography, History or the Sciences. The subject is highly interesting, and although our remarks so far are to some extent unconnected with the object of this article, they are at least suggestive, and, for that reason if for no other, we would neither revise nor erase them.

We, who are reaping the harvest from seeds which have been planted and cared for by past generations; who see plainly with actual mortal eyes results which they saw but dimly with the eyes of the soul, possess the advantages which they possessed and are not pressed down by their trials and privations. The face of the country is in many respects the same; the same broad rivers glide silently to the sea; the same cascades foam and roar among the rocks; the same wild fowl frequent the lakes and seaboard, and the same bright flowers bloom in the thickets, the mossy dells and the grassy nooks.

The clearing of large tracts and the formation of towns and cities certainly effect striking changes, but these changes are of a local nature and no more produce a really material alteration than does the introduction of a few foreign plants into a suburban garden. In almost any part of Canada, except perhaps in the wheat-growing areas and in the immediate neighbourhood of the great cities, a drive of a few hours will bring you in contact with scenery as picturesque as that which Cartier beheld, and a short voyage in a canoe will carry you into the very depths of the primeval forest. The picturesque features of the Dominion have never received the attention which they deserve, and the future only will prove their influence upon the development of the intellects of her people.

The Earl of Dufferin, we think, has done more than any living man to enable us to grasp the grandeur and the vastness of our great North-West, and to make us feel the value of that distant territory. The noble Earl, we may venture to assert, was partly influenced in what he said upon this subject by the knowledge that the study and appreciation of the natural beauties of a country by its inhabitants do much to kindle and sustain their patriotism.

The contemplation of nature in the earliest ages of human history did more than this, in short it produced the various forms of religion. The sun and moon, the stars, the bright clouds of morning, the flashing lightning and the crashing thunder have each been objects of adoration. But the heavenly objects and phenomena have not monopolized the worship of the heathen. The mountains, the rivers, the streams, or *pegai*, Doric *pagai*, whence the very appellation pagans is derived, even the trees and herbs were all revered to a greater or a less extent by various peoples and at different times.

And pantheism itself could not be

termed unphilosophic, nor was it wholly false in principle. Everything in visible nature is in a proper sense the emanation of the Deity, although it is clearly wrong to assume that every visible natural object forms a medium for receiving and transmitting adoration.

But Pan is dead and the nations are now subject to a higher power, nor need we criticise too keenly the weak points in theories and practices which, we may surely say, were useful for many purposes in the old times and to the ancient races of mankind. We have said that Pan is dead, yet is he truly dead? No! even here in Canada huntsmen and lumberers not very unfrequently hear awful sounds in the forest, caused by something invisible and unknown. Mayhaps the old god is but doing once again what he did in Greece, when he frightened the Gauls with the hero Brennus at their head, and gave the word panic to the dictionaries. No! at least so long as Echo lingers among the Saguenay hills and round the slopes of Massawippi, we cannot think that Pan is dead.

O! glorious days spent among the lotus eaters of Alma Mater, what pleasant thoughts are carried from your store of treasures into the woods of Canada, how they sparkle either in bright sunshine or deepest forest shadow. The laziest, the stupidest, the wildest student takes away with him from college, often unconsciously, noble, sweet and brilliant ideas and phrases. Perhaps they lie unused and undemanded in his mind, but suddenly they come to life and flutter their bright plumage before the eyes of their possessor, or fill his soul with harmonies. There may possibly be danger to the reasoning powers in the study of the ancient Classics, but certainly the study affords a wonderful pleasure to the imagination. Truly the young man fresh from college, who has studied to advantage, but who has not permitted his body to become a slave to his mind, is among the happiest of mortals. He can say within himself, 'I have been among the gods, I have tasted nectar, I have seen the heavenly lightnings.' From his little world of ideas he steps into the great world of realities, but he does not perceive that they are realities or understand their actual nature, and, with Latin spectacles, he gazes through Greek mists.

But it is profitless to consider the fantastic performances of imagination running wild, and it is not our intention to follow her uncontrolled meanderings. Our more immediate purpose is to consider the effect of culture when applied to the contemplation of natural objects, especially those which are exhibited in Canada. The little child who looks upon the cloud, or tree, or flower feels a sense of pleasure, perhaps of intense delight. Ask what pleases him and he points to the object, but if you ask why it pleases him he can only tell you because it is beautiful, and if you press him further his sense of pleasure is lost in bewilderment. In course of time, indeed, nursery legends and old folk lore, and perhaps bits of popular science, aid him in selecting special objects and weaving threads of innocent romance about such objects, and surrounding them with an interest or beauty other than such as is comprehended in colour, form or texture. He rises early on Easter morning to see the sun dancing in the sky, and he thinks that the stars are angels' eyes. He believes most firmly in the man banished to the moon for gathering sticks on the sabbath. So the toadstools to him are fairies' tables, and bluets fairies' eyes, and he loves to discern the forms of the clustering doves in the columbine. The scolding, impudent thrush, *Turdus Migratorius*, finds favour with the Canadian child upon the false pretence that the bird is robin red breast who took such a kindly interest in the babes of the wood.

When Billie Winkie comes in the gloaming he finds a bairnie very tired and very sleepy, and small wonder. All day long he has been travelling, now here, now there, testing with the butter-cup his love for butter, telling the time from the dandelion run to seed, and exercising his little brain in conning over pretty fancies quite as much as his little legs in running after birds, and butterflies and flowers.

We cannot here dwell at any length upon the influence which is exercised in Canada upon the development of the imaginative faculties by immigration from various parts of Europe, but we doubtless are largely indebted to old world countries, perhaps especially to Ireland, Scotland and Germany, for many pleasant and curious fancies.

The obstacle which running water presents to the banshee has prevented that melancholy spirit from making its appearance here, and without a really valid reason the djines, the gnomes, the pixies, and the nixies have preferred to remain in the old lands. But though the special imper sonifications of natural superstition are not alleged to be visible in our fields, or caves or waters, most of the fancies which have emanated from the same or kindred sources as these cre ations, find favour with our people and are not without a fair amount of influence. We have incidentally re ferred to some such fancies as finding supporters among children, but emi nently practical as Canadians are, and sceptical as some of these are disposed to be, we do not believe that even when they have passed the age of legal infancy they ever will cease to recognise the influence of superstitious practices and notions of the kind to which we have adverted. When, from Louisbourg to the Pacific coast, there cannot be found a maiden in clined to try her fate by the old test of the Marguerite, we may rest as sured that love and marriage will be no more, and that tribulations are ahead. But surely those who delight in mysterious surroundings may take heart, at least while Captain Kidd's treasures are unfound, and that bold buccaneer knew well how to hide. One searcher, gifted rather with the punster's instinct than the seer's vision, sought the prize on Goat Island, and there is scarcely a secluded cove on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, or along the shores of the bay of Fundy, where the treasure hunters have not been. We once heard an Irish wo man tell of a donkey which peramb u lated about a store of buried gold, breathing flames of fire. Commander Kidd has never, we believe, been hon oured by so singular a spectre, but if the bearers of mineral rods and the midnight delvers tell the truth, his ill-gotten gold is well guarded by very black and very noisy spirits. Yes, and there are other spirits than these awful sentinels. Ghosts of murder ers and of their victims flit through the forests, and weird lights are seen in deserted houses in Canada as else where. Apart, however, from the in fluence of such subjects as we have been discussing, various writers, es pecially the poets, have impressed upon our minds ideas which seem in separably connected with natural ob jects, phenomena or scenes, ideas which may be legendary or superstit ious, or morbid, or simply fanciful, or sublime and dimly comprehensible. A calm moonlit night almost forces the beholder to quote from the Mer chant of Venice, or at least to talk of the 'daylight sick.' Add but the clouds hurried by the wind, and lo! there is Sintram in the garden with the evil one picking snails. From the sheet of water a hand uprises as in the Morte d'Arthur, to grasp Excalli bur, or as in Undine, to clutch the jewels, or, still more weirdly, as de scribed by Southey.* Bryant has

* 'And he drew off Abdaldar's ring,
And cast it in the gulf.
A skinny hand came up
And caught it as it fell,
And peals of devilish laughter shook the cave.'
Thalaba, Book v., stanza 38.

made the flying wild fowl a living poem, which lifts the soul above the earth and carries it to unknown realms. So Horace Smith translates the sermons which the flowers have ever preached, but which some, at least, had not the power to understand. Again, no lover of Scott with a fair memory can sail among the craggy lakes of the Maritime Provinces without calling to mind numerous lines and verses of that poet, and without feeling inclined to half shut his eyes when he beholds a homespun petticoat in a dug-out, and to try and imagine that the rustic paddler is fair Ellen.

We might multiply illustrations, but it is unnecessary, for they must occur to every reader, although he may be only half conscious of the influence which other men's thoughts exercise upon his perceptive faculties. We have been referring especially to the influence in this regard of modern and chiefly of English writers, yet we have no reason whatever to confine our remarks within a circle so circumscribed.

As most of us are tolerably familiar with the modern pantomime, and the mechanical resources of the stage, it is not unlikely that we would scrutinize the tree into which a flying nymph had leaped in expectation of finding springs and hinges, and would not admit with Ovid a metamorphosis. But scepticism as to the actual accomplishment of seeming impossibilities is one thing, contemplation of the ideas which are produced by or involved in their assumed accomplishment is quite another. It is, therefore, no very difficult task for a classical scholar of the poetic type to treasure the phenomena of heathen mythology as so many didactic instruments of beauty, without feeling that his belief in absolute truth is in any sense shaken. Natural science has been the stumbling block of many a good man, but it is noticeable that the serious study of Greek and Latin, notwithstanding it involves an intimate acquaintance with Jupiter, Apollo, Venus and Diana, the demons of the early church, although it may subvert a man's morality, rarely or never weakens his faith. The members of the Pantheon have indeed done good service for art, Christian as well as profane, and it will certainly be very long before their power becomes extinct. But, turning aside from the mythologies, let us briefly consider the influence which the beautiful ideas and language occurring in Greek and Latin works exercise upon the appreciative or artistic faculties. Every student remembers the two words used by Homer in describing the sea, which may be rendered in English simply 'the much roaring sea,' but which, when pronounced in Greek, convey at the same time the sounds of the incoming wave, of its thunder against the rocks, and of its hissing, seething retreat along the sand and pebbles.

Turn to the Prometheus Vinctus of Æschylus, and to the sea again. But it is not tossing, and booming and seething now. It is the '*anerithmon gleasma*,' the countless smile of the sea begotten waves, of ocean's gentle undulations, which the hapless victim apostrophises. Such are the ideas which possess the mind of the student tourist as he views the great expanse of moving water from Brier Island or Louisbourg, and such the words which he cannot but employ. It is, perhaps, like passing from the sublime to the ridiculous, but we trust the reader will forgive us if we leave the grand old ocean and turn our attention to humbler but more familiar objects.

Daylight is dying, and the shadows are deepening and lengthening beneath the spruces, the crane is taking his slow flight into the thick forest, the cows are listlessly moving homeward, and the swallow is swiftly winging his way for the last time around the lake. Suddenly a chorus is heard from the marshes:—'*Et reterem in*

limo ranæ cecinere querelam,'* the frogs in the slime have sung their old complaint. Lo Virgil is up in the clearing, obtaining statistics for a new edition of the Georgics, and here in the reeds are the Lycian boors who would not let Latona quench her thirst, but muddied and jumped into the water, and were in consequence changed into Canadian nightingales. And Aristophanes, did he not write much about these noisy fellows and give us the very words of one of their choruses, '*Greek ree gree li ax, ki ax!*' Horace also has something to say of them, and not much in their favour '*Mali culices ranæque palustres avertunt somnos*,'* the wicked gnats, we would say mosquitoes, and the marsh frogs drive away our slumbers. Surely the poet was not journeying to Brundisinum, but rather from Grand Falls to Riviere du Loup, and stopped for the night at Timiscouata. To further illustrate the truth of the theory which we have been urging, that the man who slips from the Academy into the Grove carries with him a goodly number of classical notions which he cannot but use, we now propose to do a very desperate thing, and that is to cite the scientists as witnesses. From the lowest depths of the coal-pits we hear the protests of the geologists that they are not sentimentalists, but they do not tell the truth. Perhaps the gentleman who named the ancient deep mawed Canadian lizard '*Bathygnathus Borealis*' gave to his fellow-countrymen a jaw breaker rather than a sentiment, but we defy him to deny that the whole system of geological phrasiology is replete with sentimentality. So too the grave-faced chemist, working among smoke, retorts and crucibles; the astronomer, with his eyes fixed upon the distant stars, and the physiologist, with scalpel in his bloody hand, have each his flirtation with the muses. But of all scientific men the botanist ranks first as the retailer of sentiment. It is he who found '*Arethusa*' and '*Calypso*,' lifting their sweet, pink faces from among the moss. Like the Prince in the fairy tale, he discovered, not indeed the slipper of Cinderella, but the buskin of Venus, and it is he who can point out the fly-trap and the mirror of that goddess. The unlearned reader might well conclude that '*monesis uniflora*' is in part an Indian name, but he would be wrong, for '*monesis*' is purely Greek, and it means the single-desire.* Would it not be advisable for our large array of lovely Canadian spinsters to prevent botanical gentlemen from wandering into the woods and losing their hearts to the flowers!

We have endeavoured to give some idea of the various influences which control the thoughts of those among us who hold communion with nature, and to analyze the incense which is sometimes burned in Canadian forests. Can it be said that the intellectual ichor of Pan is drained quite dry. We think not, we believe that our Canadian lakes and rivers, cliffs and valleys, trees and flowers, have something to give us in return for the pretty borrowed compliments which we continually are offering them.

That natural features and objects are very important factors in the production of literary works is undeniable. Walter Scott most certainly felt their power, and so did Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and everyone must admit that some of the poems of Joaquin Miller are permeated with the sights and sounds and even the very odours of the Sierras. We admit that these writers are to a large extent descriptive, but we contend that, even when they are not pretending to

* Virgil Georgics, Book I., line 378.
* Horace 'Iter Brundisinum,' lines 14 and 15.

* The *Arethusa*, *Calypso* and the Venus's Buskin, Moccasin Flower, Lady's Slipper or Cypripedium, are Orchids; the Venus's Fly Trap is one of the Sundews; the Venus's Looking Glass is a Campanula, and the *Monesis Uniflora* is a very beautiful member of the Heath family. All these flowers grow wild in Canada.

describe, they show that their minds are largely trained by natural surroundings, and we venture to assert that the same thing may be said of the greater number of literary men. Henri Van Laun, in the introduction to his interesting History of French Literature, writes truthfully and succinctly upon this point. 'To read the work of a German as we should read the work of an Italian, ignoring the features in each which are attributable to the sky beneath which they were born, and the scenery amidst which their ideas have taken shape, would be to read with closed eyes, and a mind wilfully insensible to one of the greatest allurements of literature. And this is true, not only of works which confessedly depend for their interest upon descriptions of external nature, or in which the conditions of climate and the impressions of physical surroundings are constantly being drawn upon for the purpose of illustration, but also of those more subtle and less manifest phases of the human intellect and imagination, which reveal themselves in manner and in mannerism, in various degrees of sprightliness and of sobriety, in richness or in poverty of thought, but which are none the less a result of the modifying influence of nature.' The more we learn to appreciate the beauty of the objects which surround us the better able will we be to extract from these ideas not only beautiful but useful. If we have but faith in our own resources there need be no doubt that we can produce a literature which will be at the same time excellent and essentially Canadian.

PROCRASTINATION,

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

Green grew the gracious buds of May,
  Upon the gloomy wall-side willows—
"Ere leaves" I said "be green and grey,
  Upon my breast her head she pillows."

Green glowed the shining summer leaves,
  The waving wall-side willows over—
"Ye shall not fall, my heart believes,
  Ere I shall be a happy lover."

The summer burned itself away,
  And I was still but one half hearted;
I watched my trees one autumn day,
  And leaves and love had all departed.

THE WINNING CARD.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

AMONG the earlier years of his manhood, Osmund Faulkner doubtless merited the name of a man about town. He was of personal attractiveness, if by no means handsome; he enjoyed an ample inherited income, and what we usually term social qualities were among his unquestioned possessions. Naturally people sought him, and naturally he enjoyed being sought. It became, in the course of a few years, a somewhat common thing to say of Faulkner that he was extremely fastidious regarding women. People had no reference, however, to that dainty arrogance which sometimes shows itself among fashionable favourites. Faulkner's fastidiousness was never obtrusive; when in the society of women he perpetually sought to hide it, and often with sad lack of success. Among the feminine flowers he was a kind of well-conducted butterfly: he fluttered politely but rather distantly about the dahlias and hollyhocks, not by any means saying 'I am in quest of a real rose,' but implying it through a sort of involuntary remoteness.

The real rose was rather tardy in appearing; but there is no doubt that when he at last beheld her Faulkner paid devoted tribute to her genuineness. Miss Pauline Delapratte was undoubtedly beautiful; she had starry gray eyes, and chestnut hair, with an occasional golden thread through its flossy luxuriance, and both in face and figure she was of that ethereally delicate type with which the word patrician seems in especial harmony. Faulkner was rather tired of New York society when Miss Delapratte, fresh from Europe, and only nineteen years of age, appeared like a delightful request for him to linger a little longer among ball-room follies. Everything about her was sunnily and musically new to him. She was pure nature, charming piquancy, lovely reality, and at the same time she held all these beneath the restraint of a delicious high-bred elegance that made him think of the polish on snowiest unveined marble.

Faulkner fell very deeply in love. He went home, one night, after having passed hours in Miss Delapratte's society, and lay awake, thrilled by a truly divine enthusiasm. Miss Delapratte was the incarnate ideal, the vague rosy dream that had seemed so unrealizable. The goddess had stepped down from her cloud. At least, to be more prosaic, Faulkner had no hesitation in believing that she would step down whenever he choose to ask her.

When they next met she was surrounded by devotees, and Faulkner got few chances of even exchanging a word with her. She had become what is called a great belle, and the honour of her notice at different entertainments was quite stoutly fought after. Faulkner felt like one who stretches out his hand to pluck some handsome fruit and hears a bevy of wasps buzz their defiance. Several evenings passed, during which society continued its exasperating monopoly. At last Faulkner saw his opportunity and made a kind of emotional grab at it. There is no doubt that he bore Miss Delapratte into a certain conservatory, one evening, with the hope of being able to make her a decent offer of marriage while the present waltz was in pro

gress; for when it stopped she had given somebody else the right of similarly abducting her.

Faulkner, considering temporal limitations, behaved admirably. All the while he spoke there seemed to him a droll parallelism between his own case and that of one who gulps down an exceedingly savory meal in momentary expectation of a tolled bell and a starting train. But his case lost all suggestion of humour when Miss Delapratte, dealing him a blow of astonishment which was also a pang of actual agony, told him that she had, a few hours ago, become engaged to a certain gentleman, a person of wealth and distinction, whom Faulkner well knew.

Miss Delapratte's engagement was an affair of purest worldliness. Her mother, an ambitious woman, desired it, and Mrs. Delapratte was a person whose will could produce an immense cöercive strength, if necessary, upon that of her daughter. Pauline was most certainly in love with Faulkner on the evening he offered himself, but for her suddenly to have flung off the maternal yoke would have been to face conditions of existence almost terrifying in their novelty.

Faulkner never guessed the truth till after she had become Mrs. Hamilton. Pauline went abroad a few months subsequent to her marriage, and returned, three years later, a woman whose faded face and general look of being prematurely aged, still retained, like a sweet persistent fragrance, the old fascination. Pauline's mother was now dead. She had no near relations, though a host of so-called friends on either continent. It was said of her husband and herself that they lived together in great unhappiness. Veritably, this woman had sold herself for a mess of pottage. Her life, when she contemplated its thwarted dreariness, seemed to her like the stairway in 'some ruin, which still leads upward, but leads only to emptiness. Every woman worthy of the name, yearns toward some ideal emotional happiness; but in the case of this one, whose own marriage vows had sounded to herself like an insolent blasphemy, such happiness had long ago assumed a positive colour, a definate shape. The tendrils and fibres of her nature had reached out toward no imagined support; they had rather been rudely torn away from a realized and satisfying one.

It is not strange that after this return from Europe, Faulkner and Mrs. Hamilton saw much of one another. These interviews were sometimes a passionate pain to both; for the love which Faulkner had felt was of that granite strength which time only mosses over with tender memories, not of the clayey sort that absence and change, like the subtle tooth of moisture, can crumble and decay. Far more of discomfort than pleasure came from these interviews, often repeated though they were. It seemed to both that the words of either were often but hollow concealments through which, like streams beneath causeways, flowed some perpetual dark current of regret, of melancholy or of reproach. It may be urged that when a man and woman agree, after this fashion, to play with psychical explosives, for both of them there is always a sense of danger in the atmosphere, like a premature smell of gunpowder. But in the case of Faulkner and Mrs. Hamilton no such feeling existed. Faulkner knew thoroughly the woman with whom he had to deal, and had grown well accustomed to the thought that though the passion of either was still full enough of vital fire, decorum, like some iron trellis-work very open to daylight, lifted between them its blended fragility and strength. A dramatic scene terminated these visits of Faulkner's, but it was one in which he himself played no part. All, in truth, that he ever clearly knew was the fact of Mrs. Hamilton being suddenly taken once more to Europe by her husband. He never saw her again. Two years elapsed, during which he heard no word concerning even her

whereabouts. Finally a letter, which might be said to have reached him from her death-bed in Florence, appalled Faulkner by its unexpectedness. Very soon afterward the news of Mrs. Hamilton's death came to her American friends.

No one ever saw that letter of the dying woman to the man whom she had so mistakenly omitted giving name and wifely trust. But its chief purport doubtless concerned the future of Mrs. Hamilton's infant daughter, named after herself, Pauline; and there can be no question that the thought of this child's future education under the care of a man whom she believed one mass of callous worldliness, was to the poor wife a pang worse than any which either death or disease might inflict.

Whatever she requested Faulkner to do, however, he most absolutely shrank from doing; and this was no doubt because he felt that any interference on his part between father and child would be a role strongly tinged with the ludicrous. Shortly after Mrs. Hamilton's death he went abroad, but made no attempt whatever to fall in with Mr. Hamilton and his little Pauline. Faulkner remained abroad many years. It is even doubtful whether he would even have returned if the death of a rather distant relative, leaving him another fortune which he did not at all desire, had not called him once more to America.

He was now usually spoken of as an elderly man, not being yet supposed to have lost interest in all the vanities, but understood to look upon them untemptedly, like a person set before a palatable supper with his memories of having dined still definitely assertive. Faulkner was in fact but eight-and-forty, though an enemy might have dated his birth ten years back with a fair confidence in gaining believers. His hair was of a very positive grayness, and his mustache and beard were both almost thoroughly white. A closer glance than ordinary told you that these were premature signs, for his complexion, always remarkably clear and healthful, still preserved a beautiful freshness, and there was a soft richness about the blue of his undimmed eyes that made their limpid colour contrast admirably with the whitened beard beneath. 'I think he is the handsomest old man I ever saw,' declared the young daughter of one of Faulkner's old friends, who had been permitted to see the gentleman with whom mamma used to dance at parties, shortly after his return to America. 'For shame, Gertrude,' reproved mamma. 'He is not an old man. I should think any clever barber might sigh for him, as a thrower away of brilliant possibilities.'

But Faulkner felt exceedingly old when he went about among his New York acquaintance. Sometimes it would happen that Maria, whom he had left a tyro at walking, would be having gentlemen callers, full-fledged in her twenties, while he sat with her parents discreetly at a distance, so that some eligible young adherent might receive every possible chance. For some little time he refrained from even asking after the Hamiltons, and at length received a shock on learning that Mr. Hamilton returned from Europe with his daughter a long while ago, that he had died several years since, and that Miss Pauline Hamilton was now living with a certain elderly cousin of hers, a Mrs. Fortescue Jones.

Faulkner had a pronounced recollection of Mrs. Fortescue Jones in New York society previous to that lady's marriage. An actual shiver ran through him as he thought first of a certain letter and next of how completely one of its requests had been neglected. But he excused himself, at least partially, by the reflection that he had been wholly ignorant, for years past, of Mr. Hamilton's death.

Almost immediately after learning these facts, Faulkner called at Mrs. Fortescue Jones'. He asked at the door for both Miss Hamilton and her-

self. It was about nine o'clock in the evening. He found himself, presently, in a brilliantly-lit drawing-room, vacant of all occupants. Gay voices and a certain unmistakable clatter, however, soon broke upon his ears. In an adjacent room, behind closed glass doors, a dinner was in progress. The servant soon returned and told Faulkner that both Mrs. Jones and Miss Hamilton were dining, but that they would very soon be finished dinner and appear. About five minutes later the glass doors were rather noisily opened and a bevy of gorgeous-clad ladies came forth. Mrs. Fortescue Jones, a very thin person with reddish complexion and nearly total lack of eyebrows, could not fail to be recognizable through early remembrances. As the group advanced she separated herself from it, and was soon bestowing upon Faulkner a kind of frosty cordiality. They had never been friends of old; he had always considered her unendurably vulgar as Miss Babblington, and had perhaps on certain occasions been unconsciously slighting toward her.

'It's almost like seeing a ghost, you know,' said Mrs. Fortescue Jones, whose thin red neck was blazing with diamonds and whose dinner-dress was a marvel of vari-coloured silks. Even as a young girl this woman had seemed to Faulkner like a person in whom natural craving for enjoyment was a morbid diseased appetite; but now, when he looked at her face, thinned and faded with late hours and unwholesome living, and wine-reddened at the same time into a kind of purplish pink, the impression of her being goaded by some attendant fury into perpetual excess of enjoyment, forcibly touched him. 'I don't mean that I'd dreamed of forgetting you,' proceeded Mrs. Jones. 'Oh, dear, no; far from that. But then so much is happening all the time, don't you know, that even the events of yesterday actually escape one; and it's years (isn't it?) since we met. Of course you want to see Pauline,' now finished Mrs. Jones, who possibly knew more of a certain past attachment than the world at large. Mrs. Jones noticeably lowered her voice. 'The dear girl is so like her mother.' Then the voice was a great deal heightened again, and the name 'Pauline' was somewhat loudly called.

A girlish figure left a group of ladies and came gracefully forward. Pauline Hamilton's resemblance to her mother had for Faulkner an almost terrible exactitude the moment that his eyes met her face. There was the same indescribably elegant poise of the head; the same starry eyes; the same general delicacy of colouring. If he missed anything keenly it was in the voice with which she presently spoke to him. Mrs. Jones almost at once left them alone together, and they were soon seated side by side.

'I have been a great wanderer in out-of-the-way places,' Faulkner said. 'Perhaps it will seem strange to you that all knowledge of your father's death should have escaped me until very recently.'

'Is it really true?' said Pauline, with a good deal of surprise. 'Poor papa,' she went on, looking down for a moment at some rosebuds that she held in a beautiful disordered bunch; 'he died an age ago. Yes, I'm quite alone, now, Mr. Faulkner, except for cousin Lydia—Mrs. Jones, you know. She is very gay and fashionable, and never will hear of my staying home from anywhere.'

'I can readily understand that,' said Faulkner, with a certain dryness. But a moment later he leaned near Pauline and proceeded, with brightening eyes:

'I hope you have not thought me shamefully neglectful. You see, I know of the letter that you were to open on your eighteenth birthday. I am sure that your mother, in that letter, wrote as though during all those years I must have been near you and watchful of your welfare in so far as

my power permitted. But you must not think hard of me for having so shirked the charge. I felt that your father was your natural protector: I felt that for me to exercise such vigilance might give rise to unpleasant comments . . . . might, in short . . . . well, Pauline, you will understand just what my feelings were, I am sure.'

Faulkner's blue eyes were beaming with a most tender radiance as he hesitatingly ended, and while Pauline's met them the beauty of this man's face, where youth and maturity were so strongly blended, must have impressed her with vividness. She at once answered him, leaning her graceful head a little forward and looking her mother's actual image.

'Oh, I do understand you perfectly, Mr. Faulkner. I think you have behaved quite right, I am sure. Poor dear mamma made a mistake if she supposed that papa would not have minded any such arrangement. And you must believe that I have been very far from blaming you—very far indeed.'

Somehow, without knowing why, Faulkner felt his inner self recoil from these words as from some wounding force. They resembled the true sympathetic stuff that he wanted as some cleverly painted flower-petal might resemble the original balmy texture. What was missing? He scarcely knew. . . . Was it a spontaneous interest in the present subject, a reverent memorial feeling toward her dead mother, and the letter written by that dead mother's hand, which should have shown itself with an instantaneous certainty, like the unmistakable flash of water when we seek it among trees? There are some few things in life so sensitively sacred that hypocrisy cannot handle them without detection, no matter how efficiently it is gloved. But if any thought of real hypocrisy crossed Faulkner's mind he at once dismissed it. There was a hardness and coldness about this Pauline which no amount of worldly training had ever wrought in her predecessor. And yet such hardness and coldness might belong only to the surface. Or was the form alone her mother's and the nature purely paternal?

Faulkner now made an effort and said warmly:

'We shall make up for lost time, shall we not, in becoming fast friends?'

'Yes, indeed, if you want.' Still the same lack of what somehow ought to be: still the same dissonance between the words and tone. It was like striking what we believe silver, and finding a much duller, lead-suggesting sound. A very little later Mrs. Jones came fluttering up, all smiles and abnormal pinkness and jewelry. She asked Faulkner in extremely sweet tones what he thought of her dear girl—the dear girl being, of course, Pauline. She took Pauline's hand in hers, and presently, as though this were not a deep enough proof of affection, encircled her young cousin's neck with one arm. She always had a great deal to say, and after a certain fashion talked well. Her conversation was like a cloth with some tarnished tinsel thread in it that never really glistens, though you constantly expect this: real humour or wit were wholly wanting, but their place was occupied by an odd likeness to both. Faulkner found her keenly wearisome. He wanted to be alone a little longer with Pauline.

The gentlemen at length came from the dining-room, where, after our pretty American custom, they had been smoking to their heart's content. No Mr. Fortescue Jones being in existence, Mrs. Jones was usually 'assisted' in her dinner-parties by a certain red-whiskered Englishman much sought after throughout fashionable circles. His name was Courtenay; and it was generally believed of him that he had been of great account in his own country. He was very large of stature, almost scarlet of visage, slightly foppish in dress and an incessant laugher.

It was quite in order to speak of him as capital company and to eulogise his inexhaustible 'spirits.' To Faulkner, who had some beloved English friends in past years, he was somehow actually brutal. It was a pain to have the man seat himself beside Pauline and very quickly begin a great boisterous laughing-fit. Pauline joined quite heartily, and at once, in the midst of the laugh, made Faulkner and Mr. Courtenay acquainted. The conversation now became something in which Faulkner could not join. Both Pauline and her English friend addressed him. They were telling an anecdote about some people quite unknown to its hearer and a recital which was all one gossipy vulgarity from beginning to end. A little later Faulkner rose to go. He pressed Pauline's hand warmly within his own at parting. 'I shall drop in upon you some afternoon when you are all alone,' he said, in low tones. 'Pray, do,' she said, with a smile that seemed to beam upon him out of the past; but the voice with which she spoke was not the other Pauline's.

It was several weeks before Faulkner came again, however; for a severe attack of illness, which at one time threatened to end in a fatal pneumonia, kept him absent. Not a few of his old friends were most considerately attentive during this illness, but no news of it reached the ears of Mrs. Jones or Pauline. One afternoon he presented himself at Mrs. Jones' house, not asking for this lady, however, but for her younger cousin. Pauline was at home, and presently came down to receive him. His appearance more than startled her. 'You have been ill,' she exclaimed, while they shook hands.

'I have been very ill,' he said, smiling, 'but I am mending now.' And then he told her of his attack, while she listened with a sweet show of interest.

'You must stay and dine with us,' she at length said, and then paused abruptly, with a glance down at the costly dress in which she was attired. 'I had forgotten that I am engaged to dine with cousin Lydia at Mr. Courtenay's sister's this evening.'

There was a silence, and then Faulkner said, in his calm way: 'Pardon me, Pauline, but are you quite sure that this person *is* Mr. Courtenay's sister?'

'Why, Mr. Faulkner, what can you possibly mean?'

'During my sickness I have had certain old friends drop in upon me,' Faulkner's low voice proceeded. 'They are people mostly unknown to the fashionable Mrs. Fortescue Jones, but they watch her from afar, so to speak, and a number of the persons, likewise, who comprise what is called her set. Unpleasant statements are current regarding this Mr. Courtenay and the woman whom he calls his sister. You had better ask Mrs. Jones about the reports. I think she must have heard them, even if she disbelieves them.'

'This is very strange,' murmured Pauline. 'I don't know what to make of it. Cousin Lydia is so particular, usually, that. . . .'

'Ah, there you are wrong,' interrupted Faulkner, with placid decision. 'Your cousin is not particular at all, in a proper sense. She is a very great snob, I cannot help telling you but in a fast and vulgar way. I know a number of people, Pauline—some of them your mother's old friends—who are unwilling to keep up more than a most distant acquaintance with Mrs. Jones.'

Pauline's face glowed indignantly as Faulkner finished, and her gray eyes were sparkling, under knitted brows, with no pleasant light. 'You have not the right,' she exclaimed, 'to say these things of one whom I like very much and who has been very kind to me.'

'I think,' said Faulkner, slowly; 'that the past gives me such right, Pauline. As for your cousin having been kind to you, a little reflection on plain facts might relieve you from any

such impression. With all her fine diamonds and handsome furniture, it is said of Mrs. Jones that she sometimes needs ready money rather wofully. Look me in the face, Pauline, and answer truly. Does not your own private income manage this household almost entirely. Is there not a mere pretext of mutually dividing expenses? Ah, your colour deepens. . . Let me be more severe, Pauline; it is being cruel, you know, for kindness' sake. . Are you not a mere plaything in the hands of this foolish, flippant, extravagant woman, your money ministering to her pleasures while your young life is soiled by an incessant contact with her sordid, almost grimy worldliness?'

Faulkner spoke with tranquillity yet with an immense earnestness, and as these last words left his lips he laid one reached-out hand softly upon Pauline's wrist. But she drew her own hand away most rudely, and rose up with an angry agitation, tears glittering in her eyes.

'It is shameful to say such things,' she cried. 'You know they are not true. And even if they are, is not my money my own, to do with it as I choose? I welcomed you as mamma's old friend—as the dear friend spoken of in her letter—but I did not suppose— '

She broke off, here, and sank back again into her seat. Without knowing the force of his own look, Faulkner had silenced upon her lips all further words of reproach. If Pauline Hamilton had been successfully deadening conscience for some years past, this man's few words had broken upon its torpor with the keenness of an assailing spear. Faulkner now rose in his turn and took a seat very close beside Pauline.

'You must feel that I have only one motive in speaking as I have done,' he said, with soft solemnity. 'The atmosphere surrounding you is morally poisonous.' He now rose again, with abruptness. 'I don't want to preach, however. I have always found that a few words to the point are by far the strongest stimulus toward any needed reflection. In a day or two I will come again;' and he named a certain hour of a certain day. 'Will that be convenient?' he asked.

She did not answer him at first, nor look upon him. But when her eyes were presently turned upon his face, he saw that they swam in tears. She rose again and gave him her hand. 'Yes,' she said, brokenly. 'I—I almost feel as if my mother had spoken to me chidingly from her grave.'

'Not chidingly,' was the tender, full-toned answer; 'warningly and lovingly.' After a little silence he went on: 'You are a clever, clear-brained girl. I want you to sit alone for a while and think it all over.' Then he pressed her hand and at once walked out of the room, soon afterward leaving the house.

On the following day he felt wretchedly ill and weak; certain startling pains, too, made him wonder if there was to be a return of his former sickness. But toward evening his condition improved, and though during the next day he was anything but his old self, the promise of a second recovery looked certain. The next afternoon he called upon Pauline.

Mrs. Jones received him, however. She wore the same odd look of jaded pinkness, but it struck Faulkner that her usually dull eyes had an unwonted sparkle as she gave him her hand. 'I told the servant to say that *I* was waiting to see you instead of Pauline,' she said, crisply. 'It has been necessary for Pauline to go out this afternoon, Mr. Faulkner.'

The man who heard these words fully understood what lay beyond them. A very sad smile lit his lips. 'I suppose that you have been re-converting your cousin,' he said, quietly, still standing, although Mrs. Jones had seated herself.

'Yes, Mr. Faulkner, I have succeeded in making Pauline confess to

the slanderous things you said, her day.'

feared your influence. However, ɛe no slanders, Mrs. Jones. I ware that you hold a most un- power over young Pauline.'

s. Jones turned from her chronic o an angry red. 'You are atro- y insolent,' she said, with much

'But there is no use of wast- ords. Everything you said to ıe has been disbelieved and ɔd at—as it deserves. She re- to know you any longer. I old her what you are—a cast-off of her mother's, who maundered d Pauline Hamilton in such a lous way that for the sake of re- bility her husband had to carry f to Europe.'

ılkner smiled. 'I am to under- ' he said, ignoring this insult ı magnificent unconscious calm- that Pauline refuses to see me ıore.'

iss Hamilton also refuses to you,' said Mrs. Fortescue Jones, ing back her head and rising.

ılkner took several steps toward oor. 'I must at least thank ıe said, 'for the openness with you play your game.'

s. Fortescue laughed with an ex- oudness. 'I hold such strong ' she exclaimed, 'that I don't ow I show them.'

ılkner shook his head. 'Do not) sure of that. It is probable fter all, I may hold the winning

t us see you play it,' the exas- d lady cried, as Faulkner tran- left the room, closing the door l him.

rode home in his *coupé*, as he had reached his house and mounted room with seeming ease, and , just as he had rung the bell servant, gave proof of his weak- odily state by swooning away, swoon was of short duration, left a great feebleness behind it. ner was incapable of leaving his bed during the next day. Using much effort, he arose on the day succeeding, and wrote a very long letter to Pauline Hamilton. It was a letter full of dignity, eloquence and noble appeal. It contained not a single word of cant, but it throbbed with a morality vital as blood. The thoughts and words came easily enough to Faulkner, but the physical effort of writing almost overwhelmed him. He was miserably ill for three days after. And then came a note from Pauline which may possibly have had its effect in bettering his condition. It was a very brief note, and ran thus:

'My Dear Mr. Faulkner,—Every line, every word that you wrote me, I have intently studied. My eyes are quite opened, now. Pray come to me once more. I shall not only be 'at home;' I shall be on my knees to you. Repentantly.

Pauline.'

There was a short postscript, naming four o'clock on the next afternoon at the hour of Faulkner's visit. And at this hour Faulkner went to Pauline's house. He looked terribly ill, and he went in direct disobedience of his physician's orders. His malady had now assumed a kind of intermittent form, and he was the prey of a slow latent fever that might, unless excellent care was taken, assume the most imperilling complications.

He found Pauline already awaiting him. Both voice and face now, were her mother's own. An earnest talk of more than an hour followed. 'I acknowledge,' Pauline told him, 'that Lydia's influence still clings to me. It is like dampness that has crept into the folds of one's garments. I must literally bathe in your sunshine,' she added, with a softly glorious smile, 'before everything will be right again.'

'I wish propriety did not stand in the way of your coming to keep house for an old man like me,' said Faulker. 'Shall you still live with your cousin?'

'I hope not,' Pauline answered, hesitantly. Then there came a silence,

and it was at length broken by Faulkner, who said :

'In that talk between your cousin and myself something was said as to which of us should finally gain you over. I then told her that it was a game in which I might surprise her with the winning card.'

'Well,' whispered Pauline, with another smile, 'you held it. It was your letter, you know.'

Faulkner took her hand and raised it gently to his lips. 'That is not strong enough,' he said, a little brokenly. 'I want you for my wife. Is it asking too much, Pauline?'

The words were quite loudly spoken, for neither dreamed but that they were alone together. In the adjacent room, however, and seen between opened folding-doors, there was a great black screen, covered with golden Japense figures : and from behind this screen, while she appeared shaken with uncontrollable laughter, Mrs. Jones now emerged.

Faulkner and Pauline both started. The latter flushed to her eyes and then grew pale as ashes. Mrs. Jones came forward somewhat staggeringly. She was holding both her sides, as though expectant that her great fit of mirth might produce sad physical consequences. She at once began to struggle with speech, jerking forth several words and then threatening to collapse from an extreme sense of the ludicrous. What she said was somewhat after this fashion :

'Dear Pauline, you must excuse me, but . . . wouldn't Mr. Faulkner like the assistance of a rug or a stool or something . . . . if—if he means actually to get down on his knees? Of course his—his . . . . vigorously youthful state makes such a thing almost needless . . . but then you know . . . even the merest boys are subject, sometimes, to—to *rheumatic troubles*, my dear Pauline. . . . What are you going to answer? . . . . I do hope you'll show a—a proper respect for age . . and—and that beautiful white beard. . . . Oh, dear!' finally gasped Mrs. Fortescue Jones, still holding her sides in a very convulsed attitude, 'it's the funniest thing that I have heard in years. It makes- makes one think of those dreadful old patriarchs who got married, you know, anywhere from . . . from one to two hundred!'

Faulkner had risen on Mrs. Jones' appearance and stood, perfectly tranquil, exceedingly pale, watching not her but Pauline. And Pauline, for her part, seemed literally to writhe under all this frivolous ridicule. The old influence of cousin Lydia was at work : Faulkner clearly saw that : he could not help remembering how the other Pauline had been a mere slave in the hands of her cold-blooded mother ; the immense force of early education is something that the best of us are often baffled by. A kind of sickening fear came over him lest some utter surrender on Pauline's part would show him his own recent good work in shattered ruin. He hurriedly went toward the door as Mrs. Jones dropped lifelessly into an arm-chair. As he opened the door he cast one backward glance at Pauline. Her face was scarlet ; she had clasped both hands nervously together and was staring at her cousin with a strange look, half of shame, half of entreaty. 'I am conquered,' thought Faulkner, while he shut the door. A few moments later he was being driven home. While the drive lasted his mind seemed to him in a very disordered state. Some words from the writings of John Stuart Mill—words which he had never deliberately committed to memory, made an odd iteration through his mind :

'*The power of education is almost boundless : there is not one natural inclination which it is not strong enough to coerce, and, if needful, to destroy by disuse.*'

When Faulkner got home he found his physician waiting for him in the hall. The solemnity on this gentleman's face made Faulkner laugh as he took his hand.

ou're just in time to help me
rs, doctor,' he said; and a mo-
ater he had caught with heavy
the doctor's arm. Feebly enough
ended to his room, but he had
ly reached it when a most dis-
ıg hemorrhage attacked him—a
e that scarcely surprised the
. That night, and all through
xt day Faulkner's life hung by
ad. He was, during this time,
ort of stupor. On the second
ıowever, he awoke from sleep
, clear mind and a perfect under-
ng of his case. On his asking
friends had called, the servant
tendance showed him several

A sweet light seemed to touch
e when he discovered that Paul-
ımilton's was among them. 'She
how sick I am,' he murmured
ıself; 'she will come again to-
And he gave most positive or-
n the face of his physician's ex-
ommand, that Miss Hamilton,
ıe call that day, should be at
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Faulkner gave the brightest of
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ınd while her mouth quivered,
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and so there followed many
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at last Pauline found a very
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wish you had not gone so soon,'
id. 'A little later I was saying
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elieve (and I have been so fear-
t you should not)! that the mo-
ny senses came back, so to speak,
Mrs. Jones' insolent vulgarity
true light. I slept at Aunt
ret's that night, and am living
there still. Aunt Margaret is a prim little maiden-lady, you know, who has long thought Lydia Jones a lost soul and now looks upon me as a reclaimed one. . . . But I must not stay much longer. Your nurse says that the doctor. . . .'

'Never mind the nurse or the doctor,' Faulkner broke in, very weakly. 'I am past their help now, dear Pauline . . . . you can do me more good than they. Look closer into my face and you will see what I mean. And so you're not ashamed, after all, that an old man should fall in love with you? I know it was wrong for me to ask you to be my wife; if it had been only the mere repression of feeling I could have kept silent enough. But I saw that woman's power still threatening to drag you back amid that hollow falsity of life, and I, Pauline, your mother's old friend—her old lover, if you choose—could discover no way of lifting you among loftier aims, nobler chances of action, broader, wiser and better surroundings, than . . . than by. . . .'

'Than by giving me your precious self as a guide—as a redeemer,' Pauline here interrupted, while his feeble voice for the moment utterly failed him. And then the girl, shaken with intense emotion, caught his hand between both her own, and while lifting it to her lips in a strange blending of reverence and passion, sank upon her knees at the bedside.

'You must not leave me now,' she burst forth, 'just as I have grown to love and honour you as I did not dream it was possible for me to love and honour anyone! Let me stay here and nurse you; my infinite care, my surpassing tenderness, will bring you back to life! I will watch you night and day; I will. . . .'

But Pauline falteringly paused, here, for a white unmistakable change had already touched Faulkner's face. Once more the smile re-illumined it, however, as in a voice but faintly audible he said:

'Thanks, thanks. . . It is too late dear Pauline.' . . And then his eyes closed in a tired way; but not long afterward they re-opened and dwelt, exquisitely wistful and deep-blue as a glimpse of morning heaven, upon Pauline's face.

'When you see your cousin,' he said, 'you must tell her that I held the winning card, after all.'

Then, while Pauline gave a great sob and bowed her head over the hand she was so tightly clasping, his eyes closed again. They had closed for the last time. It was not surely known when his painless and easy death came; but some time before evening it was a certainty that he no longer breathed.

A few people, who know the one episode of romance that has thus far briefly marked the life of Pauline Hamilton, hope in years to come that she will sufficiently outlive it to make somebody the fortunate possessor of a most beautiful and charming wife. She is still young, and though she rarely appears in fashionable society, she has made herself somewhat conspicuous in a quieter, highly cultured circle, where, if the least senseless follies are tolerated the worst ones are surely not worshipped, and where gossip and scandal, in their more depraved forms, do not find many conversational openings. Pauline smiles very brilliantly, and sometimes laughs with much musical freshness; but the depth of any consolation can ill be told, as we know, from this sort of surface-sign. Time is believed a skilful physician for all emotional ailments: but most probably, as in the case of other celebrities, we hear more often of his permanent cures than his partial ones.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

BY R. RUTLAND MANNERS.

HEAVEN'S deep blue canopy enstarred with light,
Bending o'er earth, like love o'er slumbering love,
Stillness—a spirit-presence from above—
Murmuring with tremulous utterance to the night,
Æolian-voiced, soft as in hovering flight,
The breath of fairy wings, love-zephyrs stray
Among the sleeping flowers, and steal away
Their hearts' distillments. 'Mid the darkling height
The beetle drones, or falls the night-bird's cry,
While insect bands their minim notes atune
On every side. Anon the orient sky
Dissolves in light as the round, virgin moon
Sails up the blue in queenly majesty—
The crowning glory of a night in June!

A QUARREL WITH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

HAVING, in two preceding articles, dealt briefly, but, mayhap, suggestively with the educational, governmental and economical aspects of the Nineteenth Century as compared with an earlier age, let us now turn to the purely intellectual or literary aspect of the modern period and see if it affords us any greater comfort or gratification. Our discussion, in this paper, as in the others, shall have the merit at least of brevity.

If the Nineteenth Century has any special intellectual note, it is that of Investigation. An age of Investigation is necessarily an age of Doubt and Uncertainty, just as an era of Experiment is an era of many Failures. And so the Nineteenth Century offers us less certitude than any previous age. Let us take, for example, some young man with the conventional 'thirst for knowledge,' and send him to some of the leaders of thought of this age for advice, and what advice will he be likely to get? Take history, for example. Would our young man be advised to take his views of the history of France, say, from Guizot, from Michelet, from Thiers or from the school of De Maistre and Louis Vieullot? He has not the time to read them all; and yet it is necessary to get at the truth *somehow*. Is he to look on Louis the Sixteenth as a saint and martyr, or as a tyrant and fool; on the Revolution as a boon to Europe, or as a rising up of all that was base, —murder, robbery, disloyalty and *vomissement du diable* generally. Shall he hail it with the exultation of Fox, the cooler approval of Mackintosh, or with the lofty indignation and noble scorn of Edmund Burke? 'What *is* Truth?' said jesting Pilate; and he did not wait for an answer!

Shall our young student take his views of English history, the least satisfactory of all written history, from Clarendon, who wrote his volumes 'in order that posterity might not be deceived by the prosperous wickedness of these times;' or from Macaulay, who wrote for the greater glory of the Whig party—the party from which, in his old age, he was fast cutting himself away? Most histories of England are party pamphlets, fragmentary, passionate and incomplete. Hume executes the Whigs; Macaulay executes the Tories; Froude writes as Mr. Whalley talks with an eye asquint at the Pope and the Jesuits. And Mr. Green, the latest and most brilliant adventurer into the historical field, acts in the impartial manner of Henry VIII. by executing a few on both sides for the sake of fair play, as if decimation were a divinely ordained form of criminal procedure! Suppose he wants to get a good, fair idea of Mary Queen of Scots, shall he accept Buchanan's Mary, or the Mary of Walter Scott, or of Blackwood, or Mr. Froude's, or Mr. Hosack's Mary? I put out of sight the fleshly, offensive caricature of Mr, Swinburne in *Chastelard*. Amid all these conflicting dissensions and claims, the student becomes bewildered. The riddle of the painful earth is too much for him.

What is more important to the stu-

dent than to get a good idea of the character of Elizabeth? And how is one to get it? The Cecils are dead and make no sign, and they knew her best. My Lord of Burleigh wrote no history. The great Queen remains an enigma. Macaulay has not revealed her. Motley has not given us the real woman, though he has indicated a possible portrait. Scott did not love her. And Mr. Green's portrait is worse than them all. That flaunting woman with the morals of Athens, the manners of Alsatia, and the language of Billingsgate, cannot be the royal lady who retained the affections of a turbulent people and the services of the noblest figures in English history, in a time of storm and disturbance.

How impossible, almost, to get a fair idea of the controversy over the career and cause of Charles the First and the Commonwealth. In thousands of books and papers, essays and reviews, articles and lectures, we are all asked, with more or less eloquence, to revere the cause for which Hampden died on the field and Sydney on the scaffold, and to find in the struggles of that period the source of all, or nearly all, our modern liberties and institutions. For my own part I believe that the cause for which Hampden died in the field and Sydney on the scaffold, was a cause in which there was no occasion that any man should have died, either on the scaffold or in the field; that English liberties were curtailed and delayed rather than advanced in and by that scoundrel struggle; and that neither Hampden nor Sydney presents as noble a figure as Hyde or as the 'incomparable Falkland,' as Clarendon calls him, 'a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.' But the chorus of literature is mostly of another tone, and it requires some courage to bear up against it and to protest.

Getting one's historical portrait gallery filled with pictures is as difficult as getting a good artistic collection. There are plenty of bad copies, but no or few originals. And the fancy pictures are most plentiful. One is at a loss what to think or do. It is related in the veracious history of immortal Humphrey Clinker, written by that dignified and truthful historian Tobias Smollett, that an Englishman in Rome took off his hat to the statue of *Jupiter*, and said, '*Sir*, if you ever get your head above water again, I hope you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your deepest adversity.' One, then, is driven to do the like with all the good characters of ancient and modern history.

Are we to believe in Homer—not the poems but the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle, the man for whom seven mighty cities strove—*when he was dead*. Are we to believe in Romulus and Remus in spite of the German historians who tell us they are mere myths? Byron says:—

> 'I have stood upon Apollo's tomb
> And heard Troy doubted: time will doubt of Rome.'

And after Mrs. Stowe's revelations have we not begun to doubt of Byron too?

Mr. Freeman has of late been trying to interest humanity in the Servians and Bulgarians, the Sclavic races and the Greek element in the East—the 'Later Greek Nation.' He wants us to unlearn history and learn at once from him. We had an idea, dim and confused perhaps, that Latin Christianity owed very little to the Greeks, and that the influence of the race in modern days had been anything but beneficial. In the Crusading times we could depend on the Saracens as al-

our enemies, but never on the
ts as friends. In the middle ages
ng was so singular an element in
pean diplomacy and warlike con-
as the hundred divergent policies
the heartless viperous treachery
› Italian leaders, according to lib-
vriters; and yet we are now ex-
d to 'go in' for the elevation of
Greek and Sclavic peoples, and for
Unification' of Italy, as if history
ot branded such projects with her
st iron!

t history, because it is, after all,
ed in quantity, presents fewer
ılties to the student than what is
l theology or 'religious' discus-

History may be, nay certainly
ery confusing. You may go on
ng for a lifetime, or for that part
lifetime which even earnest stu-
can spare for reading; and still
e end be at a loss whom and what
lieve. But modern theology, so
l, is absolutely overwhelming.
een the Acta Sanctorum, or St.
ıas, with his hundred volumes,
he latest essay of John Morley;
een the divinely inspired dogma-
aching of the Vatican Council,
the liberal, all-comprehensive in-
ualism of the Broad Schoolman—
is an enormous gulf of study to
idged over, an astounding mass of
and an oppressive quantity of
y to be looked at, investigated,
l, sifted, accepted, abandoned,
ted, or admitted for half truth.
ou remember that most able and
ing scene in 'Pendennis' where
wo young men,—friends of yours,
ine, of what countless thousands
ıltivated people—who admire the
old Thackeray who is gone to
—sit long into the night, even
the dawn, discussing some of the
al problems of the day. I re-
ber it always with a certain plea-
and sadness and even awe:—
'he truth, friend,' said Arthur to
ge Warrington, 'Where *is* the
ı? Show it to me! That is the
:ion between us. I see it on
both sides. I see it on the Conservative side of the house, and amongst the Radicals, and even on the Ministerial benches. I see it in the man who worships by Act of Parliament, and is rewarded with a silk apron and five thousand a-year. In that man who, driven by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything, friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of churchmen, the recognized position of a leader, and passes over, truth impelled, to the enemy in whose ranks he is ready henceforth to serve as a nameless private soldier. I see the truth in that man—(he is talking of Dr. John Henry Newman) as I do in his brother whose logic drives him to quite a different conclusion, and who, after having passed a life in vain endeavours to reconcile an irreconcilable book, flings it at last down in despair, and declares with tearful eyes and hands up to heaven, his revolt and recantation. If the truth is with all these, why should I take sides with any of them?'

How many thousands, millions maybe, of young men, are in some form or other asking that question of themselves, of the world, of their friends, their tutors, their masters? How many are wasting their lives in vain endeavours to find a *truth*, 'wearying,' in the beautiful language of De Quincey, 'the Heavens with their inquest of beseeching looks,' and finding no response and no revelation? This want of mental certitude in things relating to the soul and the hereafter, is one of the most strange and striking signs of our time. Who will give them in the Nineteenth Century a guide to truth —these thousands of blind seekers? Will the Nineteenth Century tell them to worship by Act of Parliament (to use Thackeray's language), and be respectable and perhaps not quite contented in their faith and practice; or will it tell them to join in the chorus of those who preach a wide, *very* wide humanitarianism, trusting

That somehow good
Would be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

Or will it advise them to join with those who smile disdainfully at all the conflicts and doubts of the brethren, who place their faith in Revelation, their fealty in Rome, and declare that the Spirit which animates their system is Divine and cannot fail. The century gives them no answer; it is full of doubt; and is, as Bacon said, more careful to propagate doubts than to abandon or dispel them. There was a time when young men sat at the feet of their teachers, even as they sat at the feet of Gamaliel and took in words of wisdom and a consistent philosophy of life; but now every whipper-snapper who reads a magazine or skins an article by John Morley or Leslie Stephen, or half comprehends Professor Tyndall's views on science and man, or wholly misunderstands the principles of logic and even of the exact sciences, feels himself competent and is clothing with the glorious privilege to flout what he is pleased to call his 'opinion,' on the soul, and the hereafter and God's laws and divine revelation, in the face of people who are expected to be patient under the infliction. And in the face of this condition of things we are asked daily to believe that we are wiser than our sires, and that in this Nineteenth Century, *exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis*, a light more powerful than has shone on the people of any age since the world began!

What is to be the outcrop of all this?

'The youth of a nation,' says Disraeli, 'are the Trustees of Posterity.' What sort of opinion will these trustees transfer to the Twentieth Century? Opinion rules, destroys, builds up according as it is directed. Opinion gave us the crusades in one age; opinion gave us the French revolution; opinion moved the 'Reformation;' opinion almost destroyed faith in the Eighteenth Century in many places; opinion in this age is rising up, with Science for a weapon, against faith and God's laws. What will opinion be doing in the next century? That is the question which comes into one's mind, as one contemplates the condition, mental and physical, of the people of this age. We see the grand old habit—it was a habit before it became a doctrine—of loyalty decaying rapidly, and a great part of civilized humanity pinning its faith in the future to the sounding brass of Liberty, Equality, and—well, Petty Larceny. We see the skill of workmen being ruined and their position and character destroyed by the decay of the system of apprenticeship and the terrible tyranny of machines. We witness with pain the widening of the gulf, which was formerly only a dividing line, between the rich and the poor, with scorn on one side and hatred on the other to be the prolific parents of curses as yet unpronounced. We see countless youths, the Trustees of Posterity, being educated in doubt, and graduating in denial, of all the high beliefs and great hopes by which all the former generations of mankind were moved and guided. We see educated society on this Continent as well as in England, and in certain quarters of the Continent, putting Christ on the defensive and telling Christianity to stand and deliver. We see divine philosophy, pushed, as the poet feared, beyond her mark, becoming indeed 'Procuress to the Lords of Hell.' We watch the illogical progress of Science as it usurps a field in which it has no property and reasons, with arrogant pretension to superiority, on subjects beyond its knowledge and jurisdiction. We contemplate Art, which once was almost divine, lost in sensuality and barren of lofty aims; which for two centuries has not produced a great picture; and which turns from the visions of an opening heaven, to contemplate the carousals of boors, the feeding of beasts, the marching of troops and the toilets of dandies. We see labour in revolt, and capital entrenched behind its closed

factories. We see dissatisfaction among the people of nearly every state with the government under which they live. We see the worship of Mammon carried on with a fierce earnestness which never characterised the children of any faith, since the jaws of the last lion closed on the body of the last Christian martyr in a pagan amphitheatre. We see even social manners getting corrupted from the association of the vulgar and from the vices, the fever, the unrest of the life which now we live. Faith is passed away, they say; but they are still restless and unhappy. What is it the poet sings :—

> 'Ah, if it be passed, take away
> At least the restlessness, the pain,
> Be man no more henceforth a prey
> To these outdated stings again;
> The nobleness of grief is gone,
> Ah, leave us not the fret alone!'

Yet nothing but the fret is left: for the blind struggles of many, the most, against the reign of Law and God, are not the heroic struggles and grand despair of Prometheus, but more like the wrigglings of captured poachers in forbidden fields. The world is out of joint; and what is offered for its comfort. 'Believe in Evolution,' cry one school of Philanthropists; 'and after another million of years, when something has caused something else to move and evolve a better state of things and a nobler race, then we shall all be happy.' 'Believe in believing nothing, and in just enjoying yourself and taking care of your health,' cry another school. 'Believe in just reading the Bible,' cry another school; 'and if it lead you to think that Mormonism is the correct theory, or the Genesis is a mere jumble of nonsense—why, of course, no matter.' And above all these voices there is one that at intervals thunders out, 'I am Peter, and hold the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven;' and again—'He that will not hear the Church, let him be as the heathen and the publican.' And let chaos swell as it will, that is the voice at which it has most occasion to tremble. To hazard a prophecy of the probable results of the workings of this age on the welfare of the next would be to draw too deeply on credulity. That these results will be serious, no serious man will be likely to deny. That they will be beneficial, a very hopeful man may try to believe. That they will be evil and destructive is the melancholy belief of those who may with me quarrel with the Nineteenth Century.

TENNYSON.

A CRITICISM.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

THE poetic instinct must have been strong in Tennyson to allow him, ten years after the unfavourable reception of his first volume, and the all but failure of a second, to venture upon another, which, composed only of selections from the previous two, with a few additions, established his reputation as a poet at once and for ever. Tennyson knew that the poetic *vis* was within him—like Sheridan in the case of his first speech in the House of Commons—and had only to be developed to utter itself in song to which the world would listen. What is this poetic instinct? We take it to be that tendency in the thoughts and emotions to assume a certain modulated character, so that they cannot help uttering themselves in such form

—of the mind to see subjects in an exaggerated and idealised light, so that it is impelled to present the same ideal picture to others, to hold up that picture to the contemplation of a sympathetic and admiring world. Tennyson has, during his whole poetic career, exhibited this quiet possession of power, which abided only its time to display itself in its full strength. It is easy, we think, to recognise the stages of Tennyson's poetry from the very subjects of the poems. The first period comprises such subjects as 'Mariana,' 'Claribel,' 'Lilian,' 'Madeline,' 'Oriana,' 'Adeline,' 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights,' 'The Poet,' 'The Poet's Mind,' 'The Mermaid,' and 'Merman,' &c. A great amount of art is expended on these, so much so that a certain critic has distinguished this as the period in which art predominated in the mind of the poet, and says that Tennyson was then an artist rather than a poet. We do not see how this could well be. It would be difficult, we think, to make the separation, and we are inclined to regard this as one of those arbitrary distinctions of criticism which have no very obvious justification. Tennyson was an artist, but he was also a poet; only there were deeper and richer veins of poetry which had not been yet reached. The shaft had not yet been sunk so deep: these deeper veins had not yet been struck: they were there, and some favourable circumstances had only to disclose them to view, or the poet had only to work them to bring out the rich ore which they concealed. As descriptive poetry, and for that feature of realistic description so characteristic of Tennyson's muse, 'Mariana' has, perhaps, not been surpassed even by him. This poem is founded on the words of Shakespeare in 'Measure for Measure': 'There at the moated grange resides the dejected Mariana.' Tennyson has given an altogether English cast to the subject, and the chief features of the scene are Lincolnshire, although the scene of the play is Vienna, and Mariana is consequently Viennese. Angelo also, her betrothed but faithless lover, we take it, was Vienna in his belongings. The associations, therefore, are foreign, while Tennyson has made them especially English. But the poem, abstracted altogether from the original circumstances and environments, is a fine composition, albeit somewhat artificial in its structure, and savouring of a certain affectation and mannerism in its style. The 'moated grange' and the 'dejected Mariana' are the two connecting links in the associations of the piece. Every one acquainted with English life and landscape, perhaps continental life and landscape as well, knows what the 'moated grange' is. It is generally a synonyme for heavy dullness. It is built with no view to elegance, but with a single regard to security. With its thick walls and deep moat it wears an air of gloom and seclusion, and was the very place for a 'dejected Mariana' to be shut up in, and mourn the absence of her lover. Angelo was not worthy of her love, and the refrain of the composition is more, certainly, than the occasion seemed to demand:

> She only said: 'My life is dreary,
> He cometh not,' she said;
> She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
> I would that I were dead!'

For realistic description, however, what could be finer than the verses:

> With blackest moss the flower plots
> Were thickly crusted one and all:
> The rusted nails fell from the knots
> That held the porch to the garden wall
> The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
> Unlifted was the clinking latch;
> Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
> Upon the lonely moated grange.
> She only said, 'My life is dreary,
> He cometh not,' she said:
> She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
> I would that I were dead!'
>
> Her tears fell with the dews of even:
> Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
> She could not look on the sweet heaven,
> Either at morn or eventide.
> After the flitting of the bats.
> When thickest dark did trance the sky,
> She drew her casement curtain by,
> And glanced athwart the glooming flats.

She only said, 'The night is dreary.
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange!
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon the hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane: the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping towards his western bower.
Then said she, 'I am very dreary,
He will not come,' she said;
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
O God, that I were dead!'

Not a particular is left out of this description which could add loneliness to the picture, or deepen the expression of weariness in the feelings. 'Claribel,' 'Lilian,' 'Madeline,' and 'Adeline' are composed with the same art. There also Tennyson's realism in description is finely exhibited. We could conceive nothing finer than the following to describe a spiritual beauty:—

What hope or fear or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
For sure thou art not all alone:
Do beating hearts of salient springs
Keep measure with thine own?
Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their wings.
Or in stillest evenings
With what voice the violet woos
To his heart the silver dews?
Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou look'd upon the breath
Of the lilies at sun-rise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy dreaming Adeline?

* * * * * * *

Lovest thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies?
Doth the low-tongued Orient
Wander from the side of the morn,
Dripping with Sabæan spice
On thy pillow, lowly bent
With melodious airs lovelorn,
Breathing light against thy face,
While his locks a-dropping twined
Round thy neck in subtle ring
Make a carcanet of rays,
And ye talk together still,
In the language wherewith Spring
Letters cowslips on the hill?
Hence that look and smile of thine
Spiritual Adeline.

Is this fancy, or is it imagination? It is imagination at least as well as fancy. Things and circumstances are brought together which have no real connexion, but which imagination certainly connects in an exquisite subtlety of thought.

The 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights' is a luxuriant description of the features of Oriental scenery, and the circumstances or conditions of Oriental life. They are *recollections*, but it required imagination to conjure up such recollections; although, we dare say, they accord more or less with every one's own reminiscences of the wonderful 'Nights.' The refrain:

For it was in the golden prime
Of the good Haroun Alraschid:

finely closes each stanza, as if not enough could be said of the enlightened and beneficent reign of the Charlemagne of the east.

Our thought, we confess, does not keep pace with 'The Poet.' Great

as he is, he is surely not all that Tennyson would claim for him, or make him. There is something unique and original in his mind, and what is the fine fibre in his brain that gives him his visions we may well wonder. But surely he is not so exalted above his fellows as that it might be sung :

> The Poet in a golden clime was born,
> With golden stars above ;

or that expresses marvellously little meaning. Is it not too much to say :

> He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
> He saw thro' his own soul.

Does 'the marvel of the everlasting will' lie before him 'an open scroll?' We can discern little sense in all the allegorising that follows. We can only recognize the amount of self complacency that is implied in its application to himself and his co-fraternity. 'The Poet's Mind,' in the same way, is not very creditable to the mind of the poet —that is, to Tennyson himself. There is an arrogance and an affectation in it simply ludicrous. Shakespeare had a much more modest way of expressing his conception of the poet's capacity and function :

> The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
> Are of imagination all compact :
> One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
> That is madness : the lover all as frantic,
> Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
> The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ,
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation, and a name.
>
> * * * * * * *

'The Poet's Song,' is conceived in a finer spirit, and is a perfect gem in its way. The versification and rhythm in 'The ballad of Oriana' are finely suited to the subject. Oriana, we take it, comes upon the scene of combat, or from 'The Castle wall' she looks upon the combat in which her lover is engaged in mortal strife. A chance arrow from his bow, glancing aside, pierces her heart. Such is the subject. The incident could not be more affectingly told, and the swaying passion, the vexation, the self-crimination of the unfortunate slayer of his bride could not be better given than in the following verses :

> She stood upon the castle wall,
> Oriana :
> She watch'd my crest among them all,
> Oriana :
> She saw me fight, she heard me call,
> When forth there stept a foeman tall,
> Oriana,
> Atween me and the castle wall
> Oriana.
>
> The bitter arrow went aside,
> Oriana :
> The false, false arrow went aside,
> Oriana :
> The damned arrow glanced aside
> And pierc'd thy heart, my love, my bride,
> Oriana !
> Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
> Oriana !
>
> Oh ! narrow, narrow was the space,
> Oriana.
> Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
> Oriana.
> Oh ! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
> The battle deepen'd in its place,
> Oriana !
> But I was down upon my face,
> Oriana.
>
> They should have stabb'd me where I lay
> Oriana !
> How could I rise and come away,
> Oriana ?
> How could I look upon the day ?
> They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
> Oriana –
> They should have trod me into clay,
> Oriana.
>
> O breaking heart that will not break,
> Oriana !
> O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
> Oriana !
> Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
> And then the tears run down my cheek,
> Oriana :
> What wantest thou ? Whom dost thou seek,
> Oriana ?
>
> I cry aloud : none hear my cries,
> Oriana !
> Thou comest atween me and the skies,
> Oriana.
> I feel the tears of blood arise
> Up from my heart unto my eyes,
> Oriana !
> Within thy heart my arrow lies,
> Oriana !
>
> O cursed hand ! O cursed blow !
> Oriana !
> O happy thou that liest low,
> Oriana !
> All night the silence seems to flow
> Beside me in my utter woe,
> Oriana !
> A weary, weary way I go,
> Oriana !

'The Mermaid' and 'Merman' are the caprices of the imagination, and if the poet has a mind to indulge them,

se no one has a right to inter-
What the 'Syrens' and 'Kra-
ight have been we have no
f judging, for they are not in-
in Tennyson's now published
The fable of the 'Syrens' is
ustified by Virgil's poetry, as
by the fact in life which it
ses; so that apart from the
of fancy, it has its vindication
l principles of our nature. It
ordingly been regretted that
n should have placed 'The
in his 'index expurgatorius,'
hope has been expressed to
beautiful sisterhood again at
nt day standing in their lovely
singing:

hither, come hither, and be our lords,
erry brides are we.

oems published in 1832 open
he Lady of Shalott,' a kind of
n poem, showing the early
y in Tennyson's mind to the
an legends as a subject of the
The dim light of that remote
characters and events like the
portrayed on canvas in dio-
epresentation, or rather pro-
y the slides of the magic lan-
our boyhood's days—seems to
ssessed a peculiar fascination
ind. Milton, we believe, once
ned the idea of treating King
and his knights as the subject
ic. How he would have suc-
emains a matter of conjecture.
the subject was not great
for his muse. His mind de-
perhaps no less a theme than
d in the events of 'Paradise
ith the related incidents of
and Hell, the councils of the
l the plots and machinations
its accomplis' of the other.
would have laid perhaps,
colours on his canvas. The
ould not have been neutral
It required the colourless
Tennyson, to allow the sculp-
forms to come out in bold
relief, while they still moved
hadow and pantomime. That

Tennyson has succeeded all the world has declared. There is but one opinion as to the 'Idyls of the King,' and the other Arthurian lays. 'The Lady of Shalott' is but the faint adumbration of these poems, of the grand subject which was to take such vast proportions in the poet's mind. For us, and for our canons of criticism, the subject is altogether too shadowy, too unreal, for anything like a satisfactory treatment. Milton, perhaps, shrunk from it on that very account. It needs at least a more penetrating imagination than anything we can lay claim to in that way to attach much meaning to the poetry of 'The Lady of Shalott,' even while we admire much of the poetry itself. Did the poet understand his own meaning? Is the allegory at all events a matter of such profound significance as many profess to see in it?

In the same way, 'The Palace of Art' seems to us allegory carried to a fantastic excess. We cannot participate in the extravagant laudations that have been pronounced upon that poem. We understand the thought; and, although not very original, it is an important one. It is especially important, too, that it should find utterance by such a mind as Tennyson's. It seems, however, like 'painting the lily and throwing perfume on the violet' after the 'Ecclesiastes' of Solomon. Nothing, it seems to us, could be added to that composition in the same line of thought. Tennyson's poem is too allegorical: the allegory is laboured: it is often far-fetched: it is difficult at times to see the application, or the application is altogether too arbitrary. The 'Palace' which the soul builds for itself is a sort of Moorish Alhambra. It is built securely. It is 'full of long sounding corridors'—'great rooms and small.' These rooms were tapestried with every varying scene in nature: they were hung with the pictures of great men: Plato and Verulam adorned the royal dais:

O all things fair to sate my various eyes!
O shapes and hues that please me well!
O silent faces of the Great and Wise,
My Gods, with whom I dwell!

Such is the exclamation of the soul:

O God-like isolation which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain,
What time I watch the darkening droves of swine
That range on yonder plain.

It is soon plunged, however, from its high estate: it finds that it is not sufficient for its own happiness. The proud isolation in which it before exulted it cannot any longer endure.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her, from which mood was born
Scorn of herself; again from out that mood
Laughter at her self-scorn.

It is plagued: God plagues it: from its own 'abysmal deeps of personality.' It is visited with haunting thoughts and experiences; 'uncertain shapes,' 'white-eyed phantasms,' and 'hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,' scare it from its propriety: much else is added, till at last:

She threw her royal robes away,
'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
'Where I may mourn and pray.'

It is a lame and impotent conclusion. What better would the soul be 'in a cottage in a vale,' if that was all the change it made, or that passed over the spirit of its dream? We may be wrong in our impressions, but such are the impressions which the poem left upon us. We confess we are not for the most part in favour of allegory. It must be very skilfully managed to be at all tolerable. We think 'The Palace of Art' is overdone.

Three principal poems of Tennyson's, while containing much splendid poetry, are constructed on so false a ground-plot, if we may use the expression, that they fail to command our unexceptionable approbation. We allude to 'Locksley Hall,' 'Maud,' and 'The Princess, a Medley.' 'Locksley Hall' is the raving of a disappointed lover, if indeed he be a disappointed lover. We question if ever disappointed lover raved so philosophically, or so poetically. We cannot be deceived into the idea that it is the utterance of one really bewailing a case of breach of promise. It is not intended, perhaps, to be dramatically true or just. Then it is something got up for the nonce, and if so it fails of its effect. There are some splendid thoughts splendidly embodied—but the question is, how they came there. They have no fitting they have no appropriateness. And what is really germain to the subject the terrible indictment against the faithless Amy—has all the appearance of being ingeniously contrived, or drawn up, not by a lawyer, indeed, conducting a case, but by one who meant to say smart and pungent things, and with all the garniture and point which an original and powerful imagination could employ. The result is a splendid poem, but with no dramatic truth or consistency; something that grates upon the mind even when we admire the grandeur and boldness of many of the conceptions. It is altogether incompatible with the idea of an absorbing passion, to pour out such a tide of invective, whether against the object of the passion itself, or the parties concerned in weaning her affections, or bribing them into compliance with an unworthy alliance—and forthwith launch out into a philosophic rhapsody regarding the future of the world:

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous mother age.

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life.

It is no defence that this rhapsody is a *memory* rather than any thing presently indulged in. Is it consistent with the situation of one so impassioned to indulge even in such a reminiscence? And to all intents and purposes it is the poet's own rhapsody introduced among the wild utterances of the particular hero whom he has chosen thus to bring under our notice. The extravagant ideas in which our

hero allows himself, or purposes to which he gives expression in the latter verses, are justified on no principle even of madness, and may be set down, but for the poetry in which they are embodied, as worthy only of the most unmitigated snob. Thackeray has afforded us the term, but an able critic has not unworthily characterized the subject of the whole piece as 'a grandiose and somewhat bumptious lover, dismissed for his deficiencies in wealth and station, but who does not suffer too much to concern himself even then with the prospect of the race, and "the process of the suns."' So much for 'Locksley-Hall,' which, nevertheless, we regard as a poem of great power and beauty, could we divorce the thoughts and eminently fine imaginative creations from the circumstances in which they are supposed to be uttered.

'Maud' is a sort of reproduction of 'Locksley Hall,' in a somewhat different form. It is a soliloquy like it —and the soliloquy of a disappointed lover. But it was true love in this case, and the disappointment was the result of a most tragical occurrence, brought on by a train of natural enough incidents, such as may be supposed in a thousand instances, and which may have had their fulfilment, or may have their fulfilment at any time in this world's chequered history. The hero of this composition may be somewhat maudlin (we mean no pun), and yet we are inclined to retract our expression. Maud seems worthy of all the love bestowed upon her; and her lover is involved in truly unfortunate circumstances. He has been, as he conceives, unrighteously dispossessed of his heritage, by the father of Maud herself, whom he characterizes in no unmeasured terms from time to time throughout the monologue. The son and heir, now, is unfavourable to his suit for the love, if not for the hand of Maud, and a bumpkin of a lord is preferred to himself. This lord, 'first of his noble line,' and grandson of a great coal owner—'his coal all turned to gold'—is the accepted of Maud's brother, at least, and daily in close proximity with the beloved object, a circumstance too provocative of jealousy not to have this very effect. In spite of all this Maud favours *him* —that is, our hero, and by no unmistakable tokens. Some of these are woven into beautiful verse: nothing, indeed, could be more beautiful than the manner in which this is done. There is every variety of versification—sometimes homely and prosaic enough, but for the most part suitable to the mood, and the varying moods, in which the lover may be conceived to have been at the particular moment. There are some parts of the poem more like the 'Song of Solomon' than anything we know of in English poetry. That is, indeed, the 'song of songs,' and Tennyson has shown himself most able, of all poets, to strike the same chords of the lyre—to express the most delicate of all emotions by the most delicate touches of a sensuous imagination:

> Rivulet crossing my ground,
> And bringing me down from the Hall
> This garden rose that I found,
> Forgetful of Maud and me,
> And lost in trouble and moving round
> Here at the head of a tinkling fall,
> And trying to pass to the sea;
> O Rivulet born at the Hall,
> My Maud has sent it by thee
> (If I read her sweet will right)
> On a blushing mission to me,
> Saying in odour and colour 'Ah, be
> Among the roses to-night.'

Then follows what has been converted into a song of exquisite beauty, and set to the most appropriate music:

> Come into the garden, Maud, &c.

'Maud,' however, is a poem that could only be written in an age of subjective poets like the present. The theme is such as would not have been thought of in any previous age—the age, for example, of Scott and Byron, and Campbell. The poets of any former period would never have made their hero maunder and soliloquise as Tennyson has done with his worthies of 'Locksley Hall' and

'Maud.' It belongs peculiarly to the present time to make so much of one's own experiences, and to think that others care about them as much as we do ourselves. There is something of this in Byron, for he is said to be the hero of his own poetry. Campbell and Scott and Wordsworth were of a healthier tone, and even Byron's egotism was not so offensive as that of our subjective poets, was indeed of a different kind. How do we know that Manfred and Childe Harold were Byron himself, or that the Corsair and Lara, and even Don Juan, were but the reflection of the poet's own feelings! As well might we say that Richardson was the Lovelace of Clarissa Harlowe, or that Thackeray and Dickens were the Pendennis or David Copperfield, respectively, of their celebrated novels. There would be nothing to object to though they were. 'The Sorrows of Werther' is more like what we have to find fault with in our present poetry. Besides 'Locksley Hall,' we see symptoms of the particular tendency we are animadverting upon more or less throughout Tennyson's writings. There is no poet, however, of a more healthy tone, when he chooses, than our Laureate. Witness 'The Gardener's Daughter,' 'The Miller's Daughter,' 'Dora,' 'Audley Court,' 'Edwin Morris,' 'The Brook' —fine English Idyls, all perfect pictures of English life. We know nothing finer than 'The Miller's Daughter.' The way in which the story of love is told, or the incidents of a happy courtship, and fortunate union, are recalled by a husband to a wife, in their waning years, is one of the finest things in English poetry. The Scotch song, 'John Anderson my Jo,' perhaps equals it. The realistic touches in all the poems we have just named are characteristic, at least in the same degree, and with the same delicacy and refinement, only of Tennyson. Every word has a point and finish, with an idiomatic nicety, which nothing could add to or improve, while it has that precise place in the description which realises to you the scene or the character or the incident as nothing else would. They are peculiarly English poems.

Tennyson has a command which few other poets have, not only of idiomatic English, but of the language of common life, the idioms of every day experience: which is a part indeed of his realism, and verifies to you the very scene or character he is portraying or describing. Perhaps there is no poet that is so idiomatic as Tennyson. He has made a peculiar study of English life and manners, and has caught the very language of the common people. Cowper has something of the same faculty, for he is especially an English poet: but he does not use it so artistically as Tennyson. Cowper was too simple and earnest a character to study much art in anything, except in so far as poetry itself is an art. Campbell and Byron, and Coleridge and Shelley have nothing of the faculty, for they do not confine themselves to peculiarly English subjects: they are not idyllic poets. Wordsworth was essentially an idyllic poet; and it was he that set the example of drawing poetry off from the conventionalisms, and more stately style, of the art, and expressing himself in the language of ordinary life: but he is by no means so practised in the particular respect as Tennyson. Perhaps Tennyson has not acquired the art of concealing art. He uses his particular faculty too deftly, so that while you enjoy it, or its products, you say there is too much art here, too plain and palpable an effort in regard to the particular instrument he is wielding.

Tennyson is characterized by a remarkable shrewdness and keenness of observation, which nothing escapes, not even the minutest feature of a face, or turn of an expression, under which some character, or point in a character, may lurk or be observed. Take, as an example, the first stanza

of 'The Miller's Daughter.' How does that poem open?

I see the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow wise smile that, round about
His dusty forehead dryly curl'd,
Seem'd half within and half without,
And full of dealings with the world?

Again, the immediately following stanza:

In yonder chair I see him sit,
Three fingers round the old silver cup—
I see his grey eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest—gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,
His memory scarce can make me sad.

Or take the reference to the curate in 'Edwin Morris:'

O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake
With Edwin Morris and with Edward Bull
The curate; he was fatter than his cure.

To all Edwin Morris's fine sentiment about some old love-passage he was recounting, what does the fat curate make answer?

Then said the fat-faced curate Edward Bull,
I take it, God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world.
A pretty face is well, and this is well,
To have a dame indoors, that trims us up
And keeps us tight; but these unreal ways
Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed
Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.
I say God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world.

Prosaic enough, and about as good as Sydney Smith's characterization of the curate or the Rector's daughter, whom he describes by one happy touch as 'full of butter and bread, and the catechism.'

Again in the 'Talking Oak' we have this happy allusion:

Old Summers, when the monk was fat,
And, issuing shorn and sleek,
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat
The girls upon the cheek.

Ere yet, in scorn of Peter's-pence,
And number'd bead, and shrift,
Bluff Harry broke into the spence
And turn'd the cowls adrift.

Having mentioned that poem, we are free to say that we know no poem in which the play of imagination and fancy is more finely blended. It is a bold impersonation in which an oak is made to do the office of 'articulate speaking mortals' (μεροπων βροτων); and if the ancient myth of Dryads and Oreads and Naiads is defensible, we need not wonder at a talking oak; and its performing the part of a medium between two lovers, a deserving youth and the beautiful daughter of Sumner-Chace. In no poem do Tennyson's inventive genius and his power of language shine more conspicuously. The grace with which the whole is managed is remarkable. The tree, five centuries or more old, becomes young again in the youth of the loving pair. The colloquy reaches an interesting crisis when the young man ventures to say:

O muffle round thy knee with fern,
And shadow Sumner-chace!
Long may thy topmost branch discern
The roofs of Sumner-place!

But tell me, d'd she read the name
I carved with many vows
When last with throbbing heart I came
To rest beneath thy boughs?

'O yes, she wander'd round and round
These knotted knees of mine,
And found, and kiss'd the name she found,
And sweetly murmur'd thine.

'A tear-drop trembled from its source,
And down my surface crept.
My sense of touch is something coarse,
But I believe she wept.

'Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light,
She glanced across the plain;
But not a creature was in sight:
She kiss'd me once again.

'Her kisses were so close and kind,
That trust me, on my word,
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
But yet my sap was stirr'd:

'And even into my inmost ring
A pleasure I discern'd,
Like those blind motions of the Spring,
That show the year is turn'd.

'Thrice happy he that may caress
The ringlet's waving balm—
The cushions of whose touch may press
The maiden's tender palm.

'I, rooted here among the groves,
But languidly adjust
My vapid vegetable loves
With anthers and with dust:

'For ah! my friend the days were brief
Whereof the poets talk,
When that, which breathes within the leaf,
Could slip its bark and walk.

'But could I, as in times foregone,
From spray, and branch, and stem,
Have suck'd and gather'd into one
The life that spreads in them.

'She had not found me so remiss:
But lightly issuing thro',
I would have paid her kiss for kiss
With usury thereto.'

The youth replies, or rather interposes:

O flourish high with leafy towers,
And overlook the lea,
Pursue thy loves among the flowers,
But leave thou mine to me.

O flourish hidden deep in fern,
Old oak, I love thee well;
A thousand thanks for what I learn
And what remains to tell.

We cannot put the stamp of our approbation upon 'The Lotos Eaters,' which has received such warm commendations of so many. It may be our defect, but we cannot see the superior beauty of that poem. That there is an appropriateness in the imagery to the particular idea we are willing to allow—and that there is a cadence in the verse in which it is the echo in some measure of the sense we admit, but not to the extent that has been contended. It is inferior in this respect, we think, to Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence.' We do not see that the words in the Odyssey warrant the paraphrase that Tennyson has put upon them. The effect upon those who ate of the lotos was to forget their home, and not to wish to return; we read nothing of the drowsy influence which Tennyson has made the chief burden of his poem. At all events, we can see no subject for poetry even in the idea as he has interpreted it. Who would make the victims of opium—with their thin voice, their gaunt visage, and their halting gait—the subject of poetic description? It is time, we think, that poetry was redeemed from the inane subjects which modern poets choose to impose upon the world, and would make us believe to be the only appropriate theme of Apollo's lute or lyre. The more far-fetched the subject the greater its appositeness, it would seem, for poetry, and the more accomplished the priest of Apollo.

'The Princess: a Medley:'—a melange indeed!—bred from the brain of a poet responsible to no law but his own caprice: we can only express our astonishment that any rational intelligence could occupy itself with a succession of ideas so preposterous, with no possible vindication, so far as we can see, drawn from any source whatsoever of rhyme or reason, of utility or beauty, of instruction or amusement. There is much fine poetry, admirable description, a nicety of phrase altogether peculiar to Tennyson, which becomes, however, affectation to the extent that he employs it: exquisite thought; while, although without any conceivable link of connection, there are interspersed throughout the poem songs of transcendent beauty, which, dissociated from their place in the poem, have taken their place in the world of song fixed and imperishable. We need only instance the 'Bugle song,' 'Tears—idle tears,' 'Home they brought her warrior dead,' 'Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea, &c., &c. Compare this poem, however, with Milton's Mask of Comus. It has been well said that there is more verisimilitude in Homer's mythology, in the way his Gods talk and act, than in many a fiction, where the characters are ordinary mortals, and talk and act within the limits of ordinary humanity. So there is more 'vraisemblance,' we conceive, in 'The Comus,' with all its supernatural machinery, than in 'The Princess,' where human beings demean themselves as no human beings would, not even the maintainers of the rights of women of the extremest type. Did Tennyson mean a satire, or burlesque of these very claims, so eagerly asserted among our neighbours of the Republic? We do not think this is either the explanation or vindication of the poem. The poem seems to us a blur among the other compositions of our author; for it is too long for a *jeu d'esprit*, and it can never take its place among the serious compositions with which he

would like to link his fame to a distant posterity.

We have now to consider Tennyson under a different phase or aspect from any in which we have hitherto regarded him, viz., the philosophic. Tennyson's mind is subtly philosophic. Subjects turn up to him, more or less, in a philosophic point of view. His figures are philosophic—the very form in which a thought occurs to him: it may be no more than a suggestion or a hint—it is philosophic. In the very poem, which in other respects is so unworthy, we have one of the female students, Melissa, thus described:—

A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,
That clad her like an April daff-dilly
(Her mother's colour) with her lips apart,
And all her thoughts so fair within her eyes,
As bottom agates seen to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas.

Take that other figure in Guinevere describing the terror of the little garrulous maiden when in her free talk she had excited the anger of the Queen:

When that storm of anger brake
From Guinevere, aghast the maiden rose,
White as her veil, and stood before the Queen
As tremulously as foam upon the beach
Stands in a wind, ready to break and fly.

Or again, take the figure referring to the dark forecast of evil in Merlin under the temptation of Vivien:

So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain,
As on a dull day in an ocean cave
The blind wave feeling round his long sea hall
In silence.

These are perfect images and involve a suggestion of analogy truly philosophic. The song 'Tears—idle tears' in the 'Princess' is essentially philosophic, in the train of reflection which it awakens. And what could be truer to nature in the song:

Home they brought her warrior dead:

than the placing the child upon the knee of the bereaved wife and mother, when every other expedient had been ineffectual to unlock the fountain of her tears?

Tennyson, however, is more profoundly philosophic than in the use of such images, or than simply in the delineation of a particular passion. He deals directly with the great problems of life and of moral evil in such poems as the 'Vision of Sin,' 'The Two Voices,' and in many parts of 'In Memoriam.' We do not say that he penetrates mor deeply into these questions than many of our ordinary ethical writers. But he often throws an interesting light over them, derived from the higher instinct or reason which seems to reside in the poetic mind. The priest has not yet appeared who is to lift the veil of Isis. But even the statue of Memnon may emit a sound like a chord of music, when struck by the beams of the morning sun. Of such a character we take to be the verses in 'In Memoriam,' so vague and meaningless, and yet not without a profound suggestiveness, addressed to the Son of God:

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest, manhood thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Again:

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
The pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

I quote the following verses for their poetry as well as their philosophy:

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

In 'The Vision of Sin,' we have an allegorical representation of the seductive power of evil, with the miserable consequences thereupon, and this is followed up with something like an intimation, similar to that contained in the stanzas we have just quoted, of a remedy for all the ills of life, of sin itself, somehow in a future state of being, whether that view can be vindicated or not. There may be some who would question the theology of the view, whatever may be said of its philosophy. We do not enter upon the particular question. We quote the passages simply as illustrating the peculiar tendency of Tennyson's mind.

We know not if much approach is made to the solution of the great problem of evil in the poem, 'The Two Voices.' That problem, we are afraid, is a wall of adamant against which we knock our heads in vain. But the conviction that good predominates over evil, that there is more good than evil in the universe, that it is better to bear the evil that may befall, in view of the good that may await us, that the Stoical principle—that when the house smokes we are at liberty to abandon it, is as false as it is foolish—all this is admirably brought out in the poem, and we could not conceive a finer combination of philosophy and poetry than in the concluding stanzas:

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn,
Then said the Voice, in quiet scorn,
'Behold, it is the Sabbath morn.'

And I arose, and I released
The casement, and the light increased
With freshness in the dawning east.

Like soften'd airs that blowing steal,
When meres begin to uncongeal,
The sweet church-bells began to peal.

On to God's house the people prest;
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each enter'd like a welcome guest.

One walk'd between his wife and child,
With measur'd footfall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood
Leant on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walk'd demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet,
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wander'd on;
I spoke, but answer came there none;
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at my ear,
A little whisper silver clear,
A murmur, 'Be of better cheer.'

As from some blissful neighbourhood,
A notice faint I understood,
'I see the end, and know the good.'

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
'I may not speak of what I know.'

Like Eolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes;

Such seem'd the whisper at my side;
'What is it thou knowest, sweet voice?' I cried.
'A hidden hope,' the voice replied.

So heavenly toned, that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,
And Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers;
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wonder'd, while I paced along;
The woods were filled with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong.

So variously seem'd all things wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought;

And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice,
Than him that said, 'Rejoice! rejoice!'

Tennyson's reign as Laureate is almost commensurate with Victoria's reign as Queen. His Laureateship has been signalised with some fine compositions. His Poems are dedicated to the Queen in felicitous verse. His lines on the opening of the Crystal Palace, at the great Exhibition of 1851, are remarkable for the blending of thought and fancy, graceful allusion, and delicate compliment, all woven together by a thread of most exquisite poesy. His lines of welcome to Alexandra are exceedingly happy and beautiful. All the world rang with 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.' His 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington' is a striking composi-

n, certainly worthy of the great
ın whose achievements it celebrates,
d whose character it delineates. The
mp and variety in the structure of
ɜ verse—its long resounding lines
d briefer stanzas—suit admirably
ɜ varying moods and thoughts of
ɜ contemplative mind, as the body
borne along in procession till it is
d in the proudest Mausoleum which
ɜ world could provide. Only Tenny-
ɑ could write such an ode, with its
ılism, with its sober views, its just
preciation, its nice recognition of all
at was distinguishing in the greatest
ldier of his time: the notice of his
mpanion in death and in sepulture,

The greatest Sailor since the world began—

is peculiarly appropriate; and the poem concludes with a sublime simplicity worthy of the poet and the occasion. The later poems of Tennyson we cannot pretend to overtake. We would have liked to have noticed many others which we have not introduced into our criticism. Our object has been to discriminate some of the peculiarities of a poet who has been the subject, as we conceive, of more undiscriminating laudation than any other poet in our British calendar, but whose name is worthy of the highest eulogium, and will continue gathering reputation with the world's increasing knowledge and advancing refinement.

THE BAR OF ONTARIO EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

SECOND PAPER.

D. B. READ, Q. C.

WITH the thermometer at 84° Fahrenheit in the shade I am sked to write more on the subject hich heads this article. What am I ɔ do? In the first place, the caption f eighty years ago is inappropriate if I efer to incidents occurring less than ighty years ago. In the next place, it is acation time when all feel at liberty ɔ take a holiday or sleep. The reader oubtless remembers what the great)ramatist has to say on this subject —it will be found in 'As you like ;' in the colloquy between Orlando nd Rosalind, in which Orlando asks question and gets his answer thus:

ROSALIND.—I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who time stands still withal. * * * * *
ORLANDO.—Who stays it still withal?
ROSALIND.—With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between Term and Term and they perceive not how time moves!

However there is nothing like making an attempt to surmount difficulties, even if you fail. In order to meet the difficulties of the present case I apply to amend the caption. As all lawyers know under the Administration of Justice Act power is given to the Court to amend by turning Plaintiff into Defendant and Defendant into Plaintiff, in fact to so alter the parties and otherwise amend that a suit may be turned inside out. The slight amendment I ask is to add 'with continuances' to the original caption and that granted I will proceed to refer to matters heretofore alluded to, connected with the old Bar which may interest the professional if not the lay reader. So far as can be ascertained from the records in Osgoode Hall, members were first admitted to the Bar under the new order of things, following the passing

of the Acts of the regulating the practice of the law passed 9th July, 1777, in Trinity Term, 1797, when he following gentlemen were admitted to the Bar:

1. Bartholomew Crannel Beardsley,
2. James Clarke,
3. Robert Isaac Jeffrey,
4. Jacob Farmand,
5. Nicholas Hagerman,
6. Angus Macdonnell,
7. Allen McLean,
8. John McKay,
9. Walter Roe,
10. Alexander Stinant,
11. Samuel Sherwood,
12. Timothy Thomson,
13. John White.

Who was the first admitted to the Roll of Barristers of the gentlemen above-named, or if any others were called to the Bar before them can not be ascertained, as the first Barristers' Roll is not among the parchments in the archives of the Courts. The first Roll there, begins with the names of gentlemen admitted to the Bar in 1808. The information as to those admitted in Trinity Term, 1797, is not obtained from the original Rolls, but from the Journals of the Law Society. As the Roll of 1808 is still preserved, what has become of the Rolls from 1797 to 1808? Were they burned or destroyed by the incendiary hand of the invaders in 1813? Dr. Scadding in his interesting and instructive work, 'Toronto of Old,' in referring to the site of the first House of Parliament thus writes: 'It was nearly on the site of this rather hard-featured building (an old house near the Don) that the first House of Parliament of Upper Canada stood, humble but commodious structures of wood built before the close of the 18th century, and destroyed by the incendiary hand of the invader in 1813. They consisted, as a contemporary document sets forth, of two elegant halls, with convenient offices for the accommodation of the Legislature *and the Courts of Justice.* The library and all the papers and records belonging *to these institutions* were consumed.'

The Parchment Roll of 1808 bears a very mottled appearance, and it is not impossible it was saved while its ancestor perished in the flames.

The Law Society shortly after their organization saw the necessity of having a head, or Treasurer, as he was called (following the English precedent), to their body, and appointed Angus Macdonnell to that office. He was the first appointed Treasurer of the Society, a collateral relative of his now holds a responsible position in Osgoode Hall. Angus Macdonnell was appointed Treasurer in the 41st year of the reign of King George the Third, A.D. 1801. He was an uncle to John Macdonnell, whose name figures prominently and holds high place in both the legal and military history of Canada. John Macdonnell was admitted a student of the law on the 6th April, 1803, and called to the Bar in Easter Term, 1808. He rose rapidly in his profession, and became Attorney-General, which office he filled to the time he was killed in the engagement on Queenston Heights, while in attendance on General Brock as Provincial Aide-de-Camp.

The Battle of Queenston Heights was fought on 13th October, 1812. The Americans had a greatly superior force to the British, and the death of those two brave men, the beloved General Brock and Attorney-General Macdonnell, spurred on the troops, both regular and militia, to increased efforts in the cause of their country. I have now in my possession a history of the war, written by David Thompson, of the Royal Scots. This book was written in the year 1822, shortly after the conclusion of the war, and doubtless contains a truthful account of the Battle of Queenston. After describing the manner in which General Brock and Col. Jno. Macdonnell, his Aide-de-Camp, met their death, he says:—'The British regulars and

a charged in rapid succession st a force far exceeding their until they succeeded in turning ft flank of their column, which l on the summit of the hill—the ; of the day no longer appeared tful.' At the close of the day the e had been fought and won.

e names of Brock and Macdonnell ever live in the memories of Can- a, the one as that of a gallant al, the other as that of a man of Provincial Aide-de-Camp to so guished an officer, who fought is side till death deprived his ry of his military and profes- l services.

the same Trinity Term, 1808, John Macdonnell had been called ie Bar, three other gentlemen, wards distinguished in Canadian is as judges, whose names are iar to the public and the Bar, admitted as students of the law. ter to the name of Archibald ean, who became Chief Justice, o the names of Jones Jones and topher Alexander Hagerman, es of the Court of Queen's Bench. e second Treasurer of the same ty was D'Arcy Boulton, appoint- that office at the Chambers of Attorney-General, on the 5th of h, 1806.

illiam Warren Baldwin was the Treasurer, and appointed in Mich- is Term, 52nd Geo. III., A.D.

There was no Convocation of hers from this date down to aelmas Term, 56th Geo. III., February, 1815. The cause of iiatus of three years was, doubt- occasioned by the war, which g that period raged with the ed States, familiarly known as war of 1812. An incident oc- d at the meeting on the 28th of uary, 1815, which is not likely cur again in the annals of the dian Bar. A member of the So- , who had been admitted as a nt in 48th Geo. III., was on day, 25th of February, 1815, made a Barrister, Solicitor-General, and Bencher. This may be called pretty rapid promotion at the bar. The incident proves in what esteem John Beverly Robinson, afterwards Sir John Beverly Robinson and Chief Justice, must have been held when he was called upon in one day to fill the three important offices.

The record in the Journal of the Law Society stands thus :—

'The next meeting after Michaelmas Term, 52nd Geo. III. (1812), was not held till Hilary Term, 1815, D'Arcy Boulton, Attorney-General, presided, and John Beverly Robinson called to the Bar.

'Present :

'D'Arcy Boulton, Atty.-Gen.
'John Beverly Robinson, Sol.-Gen.
'Timothy Thompson,
'Allan McLean,
'Wm. W. Baldwin,
} Esquires.'

The name of Sir John Beverly Robinson stands prominently forward as one of the most distinguished Judges that ever adorned the Canadian Bench. His urbanity of manners when coming in contact with the bar—his high sense of justice and right—his patience, all combined to make him equally beloved by the public, the bench and the bar. His patience was often sorely tried. I remember a remarkable instance in which a witness so tried this virtue of his that judicial dignity at length compelled him to order the witness to the cells for twenty-four hours. Upwards of twenty years ago in a Crown case at the County of Northumberland Assizes, the case being tried in the court-room on the hill outside of the Town of Cobourg, one Weller had been subpœnaed as a witness for the crown. This Weller was no relation to William Weller, the coach proprietor of that name, so well known to Canadians of that day, and whilome Mayor of Cobourg, nor so far as I am aware was he a relative of the celebrated Samivel Veller, so familiarly known

to readers of the Pickwick papers, though from his manners it might reasonably be supposed he bore some affinity to that renowned individual. Mr. Weller, to whom I refer, was a fisherman of the carrying place at the head of the Bay of Quinte. It was the custom in those days when a person had trespassed on the supposed rights of the fishermen that he should be punished; but not to wait for the law's delay, they generally took the law into their own hands by making the unlucky offenders run the gauntlet, as it was called; that is, a double line of fishermen was formed, the culprit placed at the head and given a chance to run between the lines to the opposite extremity if he could without receiving a sound bastinadoing from the fishermen, each of whom was armed with his oar or other weapon, with which to belabour the gauntlet runner. The prosecutor in the crown case had been served in some such way and the prisoner put on his trial for the offence—it was deemed necessary to make Mr. Weller a crown witness, though it was strongly suspected that he was himself implicated. Mr. Weller was of the true cut of a carrying-place fisherman; he was in fisherman's dress, long black unkempt hair flowing over his shoulders and parted in the middle. Before the trial came on the prisoner's friends had learned that Mr. Weller was to be a crown witness, and they deemed it necessary in the interests of the prisoners that he should be treated to something stronger than raspberry vinegar before taking the stand, and treated him accordingly till his brain became so excited that he would interlard whatever he had to say with protestations, strange oaths and modern instances. The case came on, the court-house full, the Chief Justice, Sir John Robinson, presiding, the witness Weller called to the stand, which was an elevated one just to the right of the presiding judge—then this scene occurred:

Crown Counsel (to Witness).—What is your occupation, witness?

WELLER (Witness).—Well, when I am at home I am a fisherman—down at the carrying-place.

Crown Counsel.—Relate what occurred there on the day in question between the prisoner and the prosecutor.

Witness.—A good deal occurred; the prosecutor was there, I was there, and I guess a good deal more was there.

Crown Counsel.—State what happened?

Witness.—D——n it, can't you wait (hic-cup)? and I'll tell you all about it——

Chief-Justice.—Witness, remember you are in a Court of Justice, and you are not to swear.

Witness.—Well, go on!

Crown Counsel.—State now what occurred?

Witness.—Oh! what occurred. Well, d——n it, you know——!!

Chief-Justice.—I have told you before you were not to swear. I am afraid you have been drinking, witness. I advise you to be cautious, or you will get into trouble. I will commit you if you swear again.

Witness—Judge, you can fine, but you can't commit!!!

Chief-Justice.—Be careful, witness. The ends of justice require that what you know of the matter should be given in evidence, but if you swear again the Court will certainly commit you.

Crown Counsel.—Now, witness, be calm. I just want you to relate what took place.

Witness.—Well, the Pris., that is we, not the Pris., made the prosecutor run the gauntlet, that we did—yes, by —— (a very large oath), we made him run the gauntlet, we did by —— (another great oath).

At this stage the Chief-Justice could not endure it any longer, and so ordered the Sheriff to commit witness Weller to the cells for twenty-four

for contempt of Court, where-
Mr. Weller, looking down upon
udience from his elevated posi-
exclaimed in a loud voice audible
whole Court). 'Well! Ha'nt
ight my fish to a pretty mar-

Chief Justice felt that the wit-
ad been tampered with, and for
time patiently endured his in-
e, till at last the propriety of the
bsolutely required that he should
Mr. Weller to the cells, and so
itness 'stepped down and out.'
it, Mr. Weller!

ore concluding, I wish to say
hing about Osgoode Hall itself,
an the material structure. I
not bind myself to do this,
er, if the thermometer goes
104° as it has shown itself in
parts of the Province this sum-

In the meantime I will touch
a lighter subject, and say some-
concerning the law students.
belong to a class to which all the
ters except those licensed in
have belonged, and we must not
e the day of small things. Down
year 1825 the curriculum for
tudents was not very severe. In
aw Society's Journals under date
ly 1st, 1825, is this entry:—

Whereas no small injury may be
to the education of that portion
youth of the country intended
e profession of the law by con-
the examinations to Cicero's
ons, and it is advisable further
omote the object of the 16th
of this Society, passed and ap-
d of in Hilary Term, 60 Geo. III.
unanimously resolved that in
e the student, on his examina-
will be expected to exhibit a gen-
knowledge of English, Grecian,
Roman history, a becoming ac-
tance with one of the ancient
poets, as Virgil, Horace, or Ju-
, and the like acquaintance with
of the celebrated prose works of
ncients, such as Sallust or Ci-
Officiis as well as his orations, or
any author of equal celebrity which
may be adopted as the standard books
of the several district schools, and it
is also expected that the student will
show the Society that he has had some
reasonable portion of mathematical
instruction.'

Even with this Amended Curricu-
lum, the student of the present day
may well exclaim, '*O, Fortunate
Puer!*'

In this year of grace, the curricu-
lum is based on the University model,
and woe betide the student that loi-
ters by the way!—let him scrutinize
the seal of the Law Society, and he
will there find a column surmounted
by the figure of a little animal, whose
example he must follow if he wish to
succeed.

The seal of the Law Society has
more significance and has given birth
to much more deliberation than it or-
dinarily gets credit for. In the
Journals of the Law Society to which
I have so frequently to refer, under
date of the 13th November, 1823,
there is this record:—

'At a Convocation of the Law So-
ciety at the Chambers of the Treasurer,
the Attorney-General procured at the
request of the Society a seal upon
the shield whereof are engraved the
following arms and motto:—In the
centre of the shield is a Doric column
modestly indicating the state of the
legal erudition of the Society in its
first establishment and at the time of
its incorporation, ready to receive at
a future day its embellishment from
the finished models of the ancient and
learned societies in England, sur-
mounted by a beaver always occupy-
ing a compartment in the armorial
bearings of Canada, and forming an
appropriate emblem in the seal, de-
scriptive of the industry of the profes-
sion. On the dexter side of the shield
is represented the figure of Hercules,
and on the sinister side the figure of
Justice, with the scales in her right
hand and a sword in her left, and are
intended to place in a prominent view

that spirit of justice and fortitude which constituted the character of its members. The words, "Magna Charta Angliæ," inscribed upon the ribbon floating round the column indicate the foundation upon which Canadian liberty is established. Upon the exterior circle is inscribed the words, "Incorporated, 1822," which seal is unanimously adopted and declared to be the seal of the Law Society of Upper Canada.'

The thermometer is down a little, so I think I may venture now to write something about Osgoode Hall. It is a noble structure; its interior architectural beauty is much admired by writers both at home and from abroad; it has none of that ancient grandeur of the old Law Courts at Westminster Hall, but possesses a native freshness appropriate to a new country.

The Law Society in the olden time used to hold their convocation at divers places—if not Justices in Eyre, they were at least Benchers in 'Eyre,' now cropping out in the Parliamentary Library, now at the Attorney-General's office, then at the Court House, or at the Treasurer's private office—they had no abiding place. The necessity of a permanent house came to be felt, but how to obtain it was the question.

At a meeting of Benchers of the Law Society of Upper Canada, held at the Chambers of the Treasurer, on the first day of Michaelmas Term, in 1st year of the reign of Geo. IV., it was 'resolved that the Society do apply a sum not exceeding £500 in the erection of a building for the use of the Society, to be called "Osgoode Hall," on the site opposite the church lately purchased by them.'

I confess, without the aid of Dr. Scadding's 'Toronto of Old,' I could not have known what site was here referred to. It is so contrary to the generally received notion that lawyers would locate their hall directly opposite a church that one would hardly believe it. Besides the resolution in its terms does not make it very clear whether it was the site for a hall or the church which was purchased. I must refer to Dr. Scadding to clear this matter up. He gives us this description:—

'Osgoode Hall.

'The east wing of the existing edifice was the original Osgoode Hall, erected under the eye of Dr. W. W. Baldwin, at the time Treasurer of the Society. It was a plain square matter-of-fact brick building, two stories and a half in height. In 1844-46 a corresponding structure was erected to the west, and the two were united by a building between, surmounted by a low dome. In 1857-60 the whole edifice underwent a renovation, the dome was removed, a very handsome facade of cut stone, reminding one of the interior of a Geneose or Roman palace, was added, with the court rooms, library and other appurtenances, on a scale of dignity and in a style of architectural beauty surpassed only by the new Law Courts in London.' etc., etc.

The edifice, called by Dr. Scadding the *original* 'Osgoode Hall,' must be the east wing of the present Osgoode Hall at the head of York Street; this being so, the original resolution before referred to as passed 1st Geo. IV., A.D., 1820, was not carried out, as the site there spoken of was opposite a church, and was lately purchased by the Society, whereas the present Osgoode Hall is on land purchased of Sir John Robinson in 1828, or about that time, for £1000, as shewn by the resolutions of Easter Term, 2nd May, 1828, which I set forth below as transcribed from the Law Society Journals.

The subject of acquiring a site and erecting a permanent hall seems to have first occupied the attention of Benchers in 1825 and down to 1828, when the present site was purchased. There seems to have been a contest raging in the Benchorial Convocation as to

e site should be near the
ssel Square, or in the west
Government House. The
to have carried the day,
owing series of resolutions
which I think, even at the
being pronounced tedious
a matter of interest to all
f not to the general reader.
ATION,
AY OF NOVEMBER, 1825.
bject of enquiry for a site
and the erection of suitable
aving been taken into con-
he former minutes read and
discussed.
unanimously resolved that
er do draw up a brief state-
e intention of the Society
y to appropriate its funds
e erection of a hall, and its
to accommodate the Court
Bench, with all necessary
, according with the impor-
dignity of its functions, if
of the Society could be
reasonable grant of money
t of the Province, and that
nment and Judges should
such a measure of inviting
der not only to secure more
and ample accommodation,
erect a building worthy of
ce and its seat of Govern-
ld such statement be pre-
he Judges as soon as prac-
d that the treasurer may
n of the willingness of the
pledge themselves to the
£2,000 towards this desir-
.

'W. W. BALDWIN,
'*Treas.*

tement having been accord-
n up by the Treasurer and
he Judges in Court and ap-
them, was presented to the
the Bench.
GEO. IV. On motion of
Gen. it was unanimously
hat the Treasurer do pre-
t of a memorial to His Ex-
r Peregrine Maitland, Lieut.-Governor, and representing on the part of the Society, the great disadvantage they labour under by the want of buildings wherein to transact business, collect and deposit a library and to accommodate the youth studying the profession. That learning from public report that the new buildings for the contemplated Parliament House are to be built on Simcoe Place, they hope His Excellency will not consider them unreasonable in soliciting a grant of a portion of the old site of the Public Buildings now abandoned, and that in the event of his favourable reply to their memorial the Society would lose no time in commencing such a building as would be ornamental to the town as well as convenient to themselves.

'W. W. BALDWIN,
'*Treas.*'

'Mich. T. 7 GEO. IV. The Treasurer submitted a plan of the elevation of a building as a hall for the use of the Society, upon which he was requested to proceed with the plan and procure an estimate of the left wing.

'Hil. T. 7 GEO. IV. Mr. Ridout & Mr. McAuley ex'd. the Treasurer's accounts, by which examination it appeared that the funds of the Society immediately available amount to £1839 10*s.* 1½*d.*

'The Atty.-General Jonas Jones, Esquire Archibald McLean, Esq John Rolph, Esq.	Benchers entered & took their seats.

'Whereupon General Convocation having met pursuant to the resolution of Tuesday, the 2nd instant, and the Treas. having laid before the Society the above general statement of its funds, the Society discussed the subject of the application to the use of the Society. Wherefore, after consideration, upon the motion of the Atty.-Gen. it was unanimously resolved,

'That the Society is very grateful for the grant of six acres of land which they are informed the Honourable the Executive Council have recommended to be made for the purposes

of the Society, but as in their application no definite opinion was expressed as to the quantity which would enable the Society to carry their object into effect, and as they have been given to understand that the most favourable disposition existed to comply with their wishes, it is expedient that the Treasurer should, on behalf of the Society, represent to His Excellency that if the grant could be extended to any convenient tract between fifteen and twenty acres it would be much more suitable to the purposes contemplated.'

The Treasurer then laid before the Society the plan prepared and executed by him: agreeably to the request made of him last Michaelmas Term, but without an estimate, which could not be obtained at present, sufficient time not having been had for that part of said request.

The plan having been inspected and considered, it was unanimously resolved:—

'That William W. Baldwin, Esq., the President and Treasurer, do obtain an estimate of the expense of building the south wing of the plan submitted by him; this estimate to be separate from the portico and vestibule in one amount, and for the hall, library, &c., in the second amount. That he do submit the plan to His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor, and also to the Honourable the Judges of the King's Bench, for their consideration as to the accommodation proposed for the Court and offices appendant in the north wing; and it is further resolved that in case the Honble. the Judges of the King's Bench and the Exec. Govt. give any assurance on their part that the plan, so far as regards the Court of King's Bench, will be pursued with effect on their part, the said Treas. shall lay the estimate to be obtained before the Society in the next Term, for their final approbation, before contract be entered into, It is also further resolved that a further estimate be made and procured of the Expense of building the Court and range of Chambers between the wings, as in the design.

'E. T. 8, Geo. IV. The Treasurer having laid before the Society a diagram of the Surveyor-General of the plot of land wherein his Excellency has been pleased to recommend the grant of this site for the use of the Society, and the Society having inspected the same, and selected that part therein the most suited to their purpose, directed the Treasurer to communicate such their selection to the Honourable the Exec.-Council, and request their acquiescence in the same.

'W. W. Baldwin,
'*Treas.*'

'Mich. T. 8, Geo. IV., Nov. 1827. The Treasurer reported that he had as yet received no definite answer from the Exec. Council relative to the application of the Society, for the selected part of the land described in the diagram alluded to in the proceedings of the Convocation held the 23rd day of April last, upon which, after some deliberation, it was deemed most prudent to suspend that application for the present, and that in the meantime the Aty.-Gen. be requested to enquire how far the application for a site in Russell Square might be acceptable to the Government.'

'Hil. T. 8 Geo. IV., 11 Janv., 1828, Criminal Court House.

'The Society directs the Treas. to request the Atty.-Gen. in their name to renew the application for the portion of ground at the site of the old govt. buildings.

'W. W. Baldwin
'*Treas*'

'T. T. 9 Geo 4.

'A site for erection of a hall was described and enquiry as to value of those offered by Mr. Mercer and *Mr. Attny.* was recommended.

'T. T. 2 May, 1828. It was unanimously resolved that the purchase of 6 acres of land from the Attorney General in front of his Park lot be

carried into effect without delay, the sum agreed for by the Society with him being £1000. Resolved also that the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Arch. Baldwin, Mr. Ridout and Mr. McAuly be a committee of management for approving a plan, making culverts, and superintending the erection of a building

'W. W. BALDWIN
'*Treas.*'

'T. T. 9 Geo 4. At Con. held on 26th day of June, 1828. Present:

'William W. Baldwin, Treas.
John B. Robinson Esq, Aty-Gen..
Henry John Boulton Esq., Sol Gen.
John Rolph, Esq.

'The necessity of building a hall and chambers for the use of the Society was discussed.

'The Att. General proposed that a a hall and buildings sufficient for the present purposes of the Society, not to exceed £3000 in expense, and to form the central edifice of future buildings, to be extended laterally as the increase of the Society may hereafter require, should be undertaken.

'The Solicitor-General proposed a smaller building, which might cost about £700, to be built near to the street, for the present purpose of the Society, and at a future day answering some other subordinate use of the Society.

'The proposal of the Attorney-General was approved, and a plan to that extent for that purpose was desired to be obtained.'

Having thus given some history of students, Barristers, and Benchers, with a little Judicial seasoning, I think I may conclude; and as I began this continued article on the Bar of Ontario eighty years ago by giving the name of the first registered barrister, so far as the journals shew, I may conclude by giving the name of the oldest living barrister of Ontario, so far as proofs are afforded by the same ponderous tomes which seem to contain the arcana of the early legal history of our Province. The oldest living barrister I believe to be Andrew Norton Buell. He was admitted a student in Hilary Term, 57th Geo. III., 15th January, 1817, and called to the Bar in Michaelmas Term, 1823.

MA CHAMBRETTE.

Elle est belle, elle est gentille !
Toute bleue, à mon réveil,
Elle a le feu qui scintille
De chaque brillant soleil !
Elle a la pâle lumière
Des étoiles de la nuit,
Et l'encens de ma prière
Qui s'élève et qui s'enfuit.
Oui, c'est là, dans ma chambrette,
Que je prie et parle à Dieu ;
Oh ! quelle grâce secrète
Se répand en ce doux lieu !
Dans ce petit sanctuaire,
Chaque meuble, chaque objet,
Devient pour moi le sujet
D'un penser qui sait me plaire.
C'est le chant de mon oiseau
Dont la douce mélodie
Charme tant ma rêverie,
Lui donne un essor si beau ;
C'est aussi mon secrétaire
Sachant toujours me distraire
Lorsqu'un nuage léger
Vient en passant m'affliger ;
Il est la sûre cachette
Du plus intime secret
Comme à ma mere discrète,
Je lui dis tout sans regret ;
Mais si je taris la source
De mes heureux souvenirs,
Ou si l'ennui dans sa course
Vient provoquer mes soupirs,
De suite c'est la lecture.
Les livres ne manquent pas,
Si mon cœur veut les appas
De tout ce que la nature
A de grand et d'enchanteur
C'est le 'Récit d'une sœur.'
Oh ! quel admirable ouvrage
Il a bien le pur langage
D'un cœur vrai, de l'idéal,
De la sainte poésie.
Puis vient après, le journal
De la rêveuse Eugénie,
Dont le style original
Révèle un si beau génie.

* Le "Récit d'une sœur,' par Madame de Craven, et le Journal de Mlle Eugénie de Guérin.

Mais c'est assez vous conter
Mon doux trésor littéraire,
Je ne saurais bien chanter
Ces fleurs de mon étagére ;
Et cependant je voudrais,
Je voudrais, ô ma chambrette,
Dire dans ma chansonnette
Tous tes gracieux attraits,
Ainsi que fait l'alouette
Et chaque gentil oiseau,
Pour le petit nid d'herbette
Qui fut hier son berceau.

Québec, 1870.

(*Translation.*)

MY LITTLE ROOM.

Thou hast charms for me alone,
Little chamber, all my own ;
Thou dost wear the hues I prize,
Vying with the azure skies ;
Thou hast just such gentle light
As the stars that deck the night ;
The sweet incense of my prayer
Unto heaven thou dost bear ;
For 'tis here I hold converse
With Him who rules the universe.
Then what sweet, refreshing grace
Is diffused throughout the place,
Changing it into a shrine,
Of God's holy will the sign.

Every object that I see
Brings a pleasant thought to me.
Hark ! my bird, with spirit free,
Utters such sweet melody
That on fancy's wings along
I am wafted with its song.

And if ever 'neath a cloud
Of melancholy I am bowed,
To my desk I can repair
And indict my sorrows there.
'Tis the safest confidant
Of the woes the mind which haunt,
Safe as is a mother's breast
To her daughter's sad unrest.

If of memory the source
Lose its freshness and its force ;
If to weariness a prey—
Shall I sigh my hours away ?
No ! within my little room
There is what can chase the gloom.
Books of memory take the place
And of sadness leave no trace.
All that to the sentient heart
Can quick sympathy impart
With what nature doth contain,
Grand and fair, in her domain,
In the 'Sister's Tale' I find,
Offspring of a noble mind ;
Language pure and purpose high,
A true soul's holy poesie.

Next, delighted I peruse
Eugenie's sweet, dreamy muse,
Whose rapt style is like no other,
Save that of her poet-brother—
Mental twins of wondrous birth,
Lost, alas ! too soon to earth.
Over books like these I pore,
Dearest of my classic store.
Flowers of exquisite perfume
Make thee fragrant, little room.
But I cannot number all
The delights within my call,
Though I fain would sing the rest,
As the lark its dainty nest
Praises with its gladsome notes,
As aloft in air it floats ;
And each other gentle bird,
As it upward soars, is heard
Warbling forth, where'er it roam,
The praises of its humble home.

JOHN READE.

THIS beautiful little poem, so full of freshness and promise, was published in the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique* of the Province of Quebec, in November, 1870, under circumstances peculiarly sad. The authoress, Miss Marie Catherine Henriette Adeline Chauveau, daughter of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, the present Sheriff of Montreal, but then Minister of Education, was married on the 25th of October, 1870, to William Scott Glendonwyn, Esq., of Parton, Kircudbright, Scotland, Lieutenant in the 69th Regiment. She left Quebec with her husband on the 16th of November, for Bermuda, and arrived there on her birthday, the 25th, when she was just nineteen years of age. A few days after her arrival she was taken ill with typhoid fever, and died on the 17th of December. Mr. Glendonwyn started with the remains for Quebec, but fell ill of the same disease at Halifax. On the 6th of January, however, the remains reached Quebec and were temporarily placed in the Bellevue Cemetery. The sad event had a terrible effect on Mrs. Glendonwyn's eldest sister, who died on the 13th of March following. The two sisters, with a younger one, who had died some years before, were interred in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, and a beautiful monument of white Carrara marble, the work of Mr. Marshall Wood, was erected to their memory. It consists of three figures in alto-relievo, representing Faith, Hope and Charity, each of them bearing a resemblance to one of the sisters.

Four years later, Mrs. Chauveau, who had been severely shattered in health by these successive bereavements, was laid beside her daughters. Another sister, who was a nun in the Congregation of Notre Dame, Mont-

real, a lady of marked ability and extraordinary power as a teacher, followed in seven months.

The poem, "Ma Chambrette," was written by Madame Glendonwyn a few months before her marriage. Her father, the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, published it, as already mentioned, in the November number of the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*, of which he was then officially editor-in-chief, without his daughter being aware of it, and thinking to surprise her by showing it to her in print. Providence had ordered otherwise. She never saw it. The next number of the *Journal* contained the announcement of her death. We have presented it to our readers with the initials and the date, as it was first published eight years ago. The aim of the translation has been to preserve, as far as possible, the spirit and girlish freshness of the original.

EUROPEAN PORCELAIN.

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE.

'Take thou this clay, with thrice refined art,
Mix, model, fire it. All the world admires
Your Sèvres or Dresden, fragile, delicate,
Translucent like the linings of a shell,
Or maiden's fingers seen athwart a fire.
'Tis bravely done! and yet forget not thou
The meed of praise due Nature's alchemy,
Which, long before thy potter's wheel was planned,
Wrought from such clay as this such flowr's as these,
Fragile and fair, droopingly delicate,
And tinted with more glorious excellence
In all their sweet profuseness, than your skill
Could lavish, though a life-time were employed,
Upon one saucer for a king.'—F. R.

THE admiration for china, which in later days almost amounted to a passion, took its rise in the year 1497, when the passage to India and China, by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered. It is hardly possible for us now-a-days, when all countries are so easily accessible, to imagine what a change of thought and feeling must have been wrought; what a storehouse of knowledge was opened, and what new ideas of men and things were acquired by the finding out of this passage.

From that time, earthenware, no matter how beautiful, was held in contempt when compared with the porcelains of China and Japan; and though only the very wealthy and noble could procure specimens, yet its very rarity, and the fact of its being till then unknown in Europe, made it the more desirable to be the envied possessor of an article of the new and admired material. The pure white porcelain of Fokien, which when held up to the light disclosed designs of flowers, birds and fishes: the blue and white porcelain of Nankin; and the sea-green and highly glazed porcelain of King-te-tching—each and all of these were the objects of intense desire to the connoisseur and collector. It was not till three centuries after the way to China was opened that porcelain was manufactured in Europe, and great indeed was the excitement when it was first successfully produced.

During the eighteenth century the mania for china was at its height, and almost every author of the period alluded to it in some way. In the following lines we see how it was regarded by fashionable women at that time.

'Then flash'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich china vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!'

In this nineteenth century, the admiration for china has hardly decreased or fallen off from the high pitch to which our ancestors carried it; old pieces of Dresden, Sèvres, or Italian china charm and delight us in much the same manner as the vases and dishes from China, or the delicate egg-shell paste cups and lacquer bottles of Japan attracted the attention of our sires when first imported.

The chief porcelains of Europe are those of Dresden, Sevres, and Chelsea, where the most important manufactories were established, and though many other cities also produce porcelain, yet they cannot claim the same attention as these three.

Dresden.—The first true European porcelain was that manufactured at Meissen, near Dresden, in Saxony, from which last-named town it derives its name. In the year 1700, during the Electorate of Augustus II., two alchemists, Johan Böttcher and Tschirnhaus by name, discovered the way to make porcelain.

At first they only produced a red, hard, ware like jasper, and a brownish red ware, highly glazed and ornamented with gold and silver; but about fifteen years later they found out how to make true white porcelain by the mixture of two clays.

This discovery so much delighted the Elector, and so anxious was he to become a patron of art, and at the same time to prevent any one else from getting acquainted with the secret, that he immediately shut up Böttcher, the real discoverer, in the strong Castle of Meissen, which from that time forward became his workshop, his dwelling-house, and eventually his grave. '*Geheim bis ins Grab*,' secret even to the Grave, was the inscription over the entrance to his prison, but yet, in spite of all the surveillance of Augustus, the precious and carefully guarded method leaked out through a runaway foreman who lost no time in carrying his news to Vienna, from whence the knowledge of the porcelain manufacture spread to Italy, France, and England.

Horoldt, Kandler, and Marcolini are the names of the principal artists who at different times were employed in the manufactory at Dresden in painting and gilding the china, and in modelling its groups and figures.

Dresden china is generally ornamented with designs of birds and flowers, frequently on a white or *gros bleu* ground. Occasionally conversation subjects after Watteau were painted on vases and cups, and single figures with raised flowers are also characteristic of this porcelain. All genuine specimens are marked with the arms of Saxony, the two crossed swords.

In 1718 Vienna had a manufactory of its own, under the patronage of Maria Theresa, and in 1751 porcelain was manufactured at Berlin, where it was patronized by Frederick the Great. Venice, Naples, Florence, and Turin soon set up similar establishments with various marks generally impressed in the paste. Besides these marks, the porcelain of these different manufactories have no particular characteristics, all of them being more or less like that of Dresden, after which they were modelled.

Sèvres.—The most beautiful and costly of porcelain is without doubt that manufactured at Sèvres. It had its origin at St. Cloud, where there was a manufactory in 1695. At first the makers only imitated oriental porcelain, and though many of the ingredients were the same as those employed in the true Sèvres, yet it was many years before the real *pâte tendre* made its appearance. From St. Cloud the manufacture was carried to Chantilly, and from there to Vincennes in 1745, until at last it settled at Sèvres, where the porcelain is still produced.

The exquisite *pâte tendre* was composed of several materials, of which clay is only one ingredient—the whole chemically combined: It is called soft, on account of its being very easily

fused, and also because it can be cut by any sharp instrument. It was only made for fifty years, its manufacture discontinuing for lack of appreciation and want of artistic taste, which was just then at a low ebb.

It was succeeded by the *pâte dure*, called the real porcelain, and made of only two clays, kaslin, which is a silicate of aluminium, and petuntse. It could not be easily fused, and its glaze was sufficiently hard to prevent its being scratched. It is not nearly so beautiful as the *pâte tendre*, in which the colours are deeper and richer and melt as it were into the porcelain. The soft kind is also a great deal rarer and required much greater care and delicacy in the workmanship. The glaze was more brilliant and perfectly smooth and even throughout, and many of the specimens have decorations on them as mellow and rich as the finest oil painting.

The two sorts are most easily distinguished, the hard kind having a less finished look; the surface, even in the finest specimens, being rougher, and the colours being separate from the groundwork, whilst little or none of that deliciously graduated loss of colour into the body of the work, which is seen in the old *pâte tendre*, is perceptible in the later production.

At one time the soft porcelain was sold almost exclusively to Royalty, and enormous prices, nearly as great as those demanded for it at the present time, were asked for it; but at the period of the Revolution, a great deal of it was exported to England by noble families, who were anxious to save their worldly goods from general destruction.

George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, was a great patron and collector of the soft porcelain, and it was he who formed the nucleus of the valuable collection now in the possession of the Queen. A great deal of it was smuggled over into England, and sold to London dealers, by a man named Benoit. Another thing that made this porcelain more easily obtainable by the English was the depraved taste of the French under the Empire. Nothing was fashionable or sought after then in France but weak imitations of classical subjects without the true spirit of the antique. Nature was no longer copied, but stilted nymphs and semi-classical groups were painted instead. The directorship of the manufactory became vacant, and M. Alexandre Brongniart was appointed to the post. Brongniart was a great chemist but nothing of an artist, and he endeavoured only to perfect the substance and paid no attention to decorative beauty.

The description of a specimen of each kind of porcelain, the hard and the soft, may not be uninteresting. For the *pâte tendre* we will take a vase in the possession of the Neville family, of a deep blue colour, ending at the top in leaf-shaped ornaments, which turn over to form the handles, whilst the body of the vase is painted with landscapes. Nothing could be simpler or more chaste than this; the idea of the leaf-formed handles is fine.

For the *pâte dure* we will take a vase and cover belonging to F. Davis, Esq. Mars, Venus, and Cupid, holding a buckler, are painted on a green ground, a warlike trophy forms the background; the borders are gilt acorns and oak leaves, the plinth is ormolu, and round the neck is a double cord with tassels hanging down each side. No comment need be made on this—the sad degradation of taste speaks for itself; the cord and tassels are an awful climax.

The *gros bleu*, the *bleu de roi*, and the famous *rose du Barri*, are the favourite colours in the Sèvres porcelain. The *rose du Barri* was originally called the *rose du Pompadour*, as it was discovered in the time of the first mistress of Louis XV., but when the renowned Countess du Barri became the reigning favourite, the colour changed its name out of compliment to her. Besides Her Majesty, the Duke of

Portland and the Marquis of Bath have good collections of Sèvres china.

English.—The earliest manufactories in England were those established at Bow, Chelsea, Derby, and Worcester. The porcelain made there was more or less copied from that of Dresden and St. Cloud and displayed but little originality. A close observer can of course detect the difference, even without finding it necessary to look for the mark of each manufactory.

Besides these four just mentioned there were manufactories at Plymouth, Bristol, Nantgarw and Swansea in Wales, but they existed but a short while, the works from various causes coming to an end after a few years' duration.

There was greater originality displayed in these last manufactories, but specimens of their work are very rare and difficult to obtain.

The works at Chelsea were established in 1745, and flourished till the year 1765, when they were closed and and all the moulds, models and designs transferred to Derby. At Chelsea, as at Dresden, the process of making the porcelain was kept a profound secret and the artists employed were carefully watched and guarded.

There is a story current that a youth determined to discover the secret, and for that purpose, hung about the factory doing odd jobs and endeavouring as much as possible to attract the notice of the managers. This he soon did, and as he feigned idiotcy and was really a very good actor, the principal thought him a harmless sort of lad enough and allowed him to go in and out whenever he pleased. He took, of course, every advantage of this unwonted liberty and made himself thoroughly master of every detail of the workmanship. After learning in this way all he required for his purpose he decamped and the harmless idiot boy was never more seen in that neighbourhood. It is said that he either himself set up as a manufacturer of porcelain or sold the secret to those who did.

The mark on Chelsea china is an anchor, usually painted in gold or colours. The designs on this porcelain are not very good owing to the general decline of true artistic feeling at this time. The decorations are chiefly in the Watteau and pseudo-classical style. Some very fine examples of old Chelsea were lent to the South Kensington Museum, London, in the year 1862, by well-known collectors. Amongst others were some very beautiful groups. One, lent by the Queen, is specially remarkable, it represents a group on a claret-coloured ground, with golden borders. From an archway formed of scroll-work a shepherd steps out, and discovers a sleeping shepherdess with sheep, lambs and flowers by her side. Cupid is seen above, and surmounting all is a watch set in a frame of raised flowers. *Gros bleu*, claret and pink are colours often employed in this porcelain. In the Foundling Hospital, London, is an enormous Chelsea vase, considered a masterpiece of its kind.

The manufactory at Bow existed at the same time as that at Chelsea. It did not, however, survive the eighteenth century and has no particular characteristics capable of description in a short paper such as this.

A figure in white porcelain of a comedian with a three-cornered hat, a court dress and a sword, in the possession of Lord Arundel, of Wardour, is probably of Bow manufacture, but it is extremely difficult to determine satisfactorily what pieces actually did come from Bow, as no mark can be absolutely attributed to this porcelain.

That made at Derby called 'Crown Derby' was established in 1751, by William Duesbury. After the Chelsea moulds were sent to Derby the mark of the anchor was united to the *D* of the Derby establishment, and later still the mark was a crown and a cross with a dot in each angle, underneath which was the *D*, and sometimes only

the crown and the *D*. Some of the single figures made of this porcelain are very delicate and admirable. Rustic youths and little maidens with lambs or dogs in white china are favourite subjects.

The establishment at Worcester still exists. It was founded in 1751 by Dr. Wall, and purchased from him in 1783 by Mr. Flight, under whose name it flourished till 1839 when it united to another manufactory in the same city, belonging to Mr. Chamberlain.

The early marks were a crescent, sometimes the letter *W* only, and sometimes a fretted square in blue, designed from the Chinese. There were a few specimens of the Worcester china in the loan exhibition of the South Kensington Museum, in most of which dark blue was much used.

The European manufacturers would do well if they copied the Orientals, not only (as they have already done) in the materials employed in making the china, but in carefully studying the depth and richness of colour attained by Japanese and Chinese artists, and to which they have never yet reached. The *pâte tendre* of Sèvres comes the nearest to the Oriental in point of colour, but still it is far behind its model, though I think it must be allowed that a few of the tints used in that porcelain quite come up to the beauty of the Oriental colours.

With regard to design, the artists of China are certainly crude and stiff, but they make up for that in delicacy of detail and beauty of shape. The designs of the Japanese are better, and it is getting now to be seen that they are very thoughtful and well reasoned out.

The outlines, unfortunately, of many of the imported vases and jars are very frequently marred by the bad taste shown in the gold and silver settings, which settings are due to their European possessors. At present much larger prices are given for rare examples of Sèvres, or even Majolica ware, than are given for those of china, though the latter are often more truly artistic. The finest specimens of Chinese porcelain are manufactured at King-te-Ching, but the ordinary large jars so often seen come from Canton,—a modern manufactory. From Canton, also, we have the greater number of cups, plates, vases, &c., which are now so easily obtained, but the workmanship is very inferior, and the decorations more grotesque than beautiful. However, even in the cheapest little things, the Chinese display an adaptability, both as to colours and design, seldom seen amongst Europeans.

The imperial yellow is the finest of all the colours used by Chinese manufacturers, and they esteem it so highly that it is only employed for the Emperor and the guests at the Palace. A most beautiful ruby is also a favourite colour with them, and is seen occasionally on the outer sides of saucers and plates.

No house of any pretensions is now considered to be furnished without its cabinet or shelf of valuable china, and great is the excitement when any especially beautiful is announced for sale. Enormous are the prices asked and eagerly given by collectors, and it becomes yearly more and more difficult for a lady who is a true china lover and assiduous seeker after rare specimens to be

'Mistress of herself, when china falls.'

ROUND THE TABLE.

THE notion that the industrial prosperity of a country rests solely upon the adoption, by its rulers, of a policy of free trade or of protection is a wide-spread and, to some extent, a delusive one. So wide-spread is it that the weal or woe of a country is thought to be bound up in the tariff, irrespective of all other circumstances that affect national prosperity and international trade. Particularly is this the case in Canada, where the Government, whether holding thoughtful and well-reasoned views on the subject or the reverse, is held responsible for, at least, the continuance of 'bad times' when trade depression has unfortunately fallen upon the country. Unfortunately, too, the question itself of Free Trade and Protection has been made so much the pet hobby of politicians who, for selfish ends, take up one side or other of the subject, that, abstractly, its discussion gets little justice, and all sorts of crudities and inconsistencies creep into the public mind with regard to the respective merits of its rival arguments. Amid the haze which this ever self-interested discussion of the subject has thrown up, it may be of moment to the serious student of its problems to dip into Prof. Fawcett's recent lectures, now issued from the press, in which the arguments on both sides are concisely and clearly dealt with, though, of course, with very decidedly expressed conclusions in favour of Free Trade. And, just at present, when there is so much general industrial and commercial stagnation, it may be important to learn—in the case of England, at any rate, where the depression of trade has largely, and now for a length of time, existed, how the argument for Free Trade can be effectively held while the industries of all other countries are supposed to be shooting their over-products into its home markets, as well as into those for which England has hitherto been the sole manufacturer. And, on the other hand, equal interest will naturally be felt in seeing whether in countries that accept Protection as their policy, the Protective system is working out to economic advantage, and to their material prosperity and advancement. The chapter upon Commercial Depression will best help to solve the riddle; and no one can read it, we think, without being very sensibly impressed with the fact that Free Trade principles, however severely they are put to the test by the circumstances of the times, are not, by any means, in danger. In the main, the chapter confines itself to the discussion of contrasts between the countries of Great Britain and the United States; the representatives of the two rival systems; though comparisons are also drawn between the commercial condition of England, under Free Trade, and that of other countries, such as Germany, France and Russia, where restrictive tariffs are maintained. Without endorsing the conclusions Prof. Fawcett comes to, in weighing the respective merits of the fiscal systems of England and the United States, the facts he elicits with regard to their respective industries and trade, and to the danger either country may be considered to run in upholding the policy each has adopted, are both significant and instructive. Of course, the commercial depression being common to both countries at present, it is difficult

y to come to a conclusion with t to the merits of the system country has followed. That eight of argument, however, is vour of England's free-trade , Prof. Fawcett substantially upon, as he considers that the ty of the trade depression is r in the United States than in nd, while there is less reason is considering the great natural ces of the United States and the advantages that country posses- er England. One prevalent and ievous idea the Professor gets , by the conclusive argument of s, viz: that American industries lling off the trade of England; o little handle has been made of roneous notion among the Party- mists in Canada who exultantly to the circumstance as the result protectionist policy. We have so much accustomed to hear of oast on the part of Americans elves—that England's trade is ruined by United States compe- —that even the logic of figures w to convince one.

t the figures Prof. Fawcett quotes, ken, of course, from authentic es, and are not to be belied. over, to those who have read the t lugubrious articles in the *N. Y. d* on the export trade of the d States—a trade that that wise boastful journal speaks of, manufacturing features, as being l in amount—the citations of Fawcett cannot be challenged. testimony is that nine-tenths of olume of the American export is of agricultural produce, and aw material of England's manu- res; and of the tenth but a g proportion is of manufactured . To take the figures, in com- on with the English Export trade anufactures for the year 1876, elative values is thus stated: England, one hundred and twenty- millions sterling; for the Uni- States, four millions sterling! The figures may well allay the vague alarm that unfamiliarity with the facts here stated has occasioned, and the statement may also reassure any sensitive lover of the Mother Country that England's decadence has not yet set in.

Other erroneous notions prevalent with respect to England's danger in exporting vastly more than she imports, Prof. Fawcett satisfactorily replies to, as well as in combatting many heresies which attach to the doctrines of Free Trade and Protection. But I will not discuss these now. A.

—Some recent remarks from a friend at 'the table' on the subject of hammocks, lead me to discourse a little longer on the same subject, having a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the particular hammock to which he refers, and a very high appreciation of the luxury of a hammock as a retreat for holiday hours. One could hardly indeed improve upon such an easy undulating, flexible couch, which, swinging between earth and sky, seems to partake more of the ethereal nature of the air than of the solid hardness and immobility of earth. With the sweet air blowing freely about you, and interlacing boughs of oak and pine making a waving canopy above—far more beautiful than any velvet canopy of state—and the blue river rushing beneath, sparkling with golden sunshine, or with silver moon-beams, or rosy with the crimson flush of evening, you feel for the time being raised out of the earthly sphere of mortals into that of the birds that are twittering about you, or singing even song from boughs high overhead. I only wonder hammocks are not far more commonly seen and do not figure far more largely in our modern light literature. In the United States they have within the last few years, become a 'feature' to a considerable extent. Every one who has not already done so should read that exquisite little romance of a hammock

by Aldrich, the story of the girl in blue in whom we become almost as much interested as did the hero of the story, and who turns out, almost as much to our disgust as to his, to have been no girl at all, but only a phantom creature of his friend's brain—mischievously improvised to try how far he could interest another in an illusion. We sympathise heartily with the youth who wakes from 'love's young dream' to find his affection—wasted on a non-existent ideal—thrown back on himself, and feel that he is at least as much to be pitied as the lovers of Greek fable who were liable to see the lady of their choice suddenly converted into a laurel or some equally unresponsive object. A fable which, perhaps, finds its real counterpart in many a marriage, entered upon with glowing anticipations, all the ideal qualities in the lover's mind being freely discounted to the credit of the particular Dulcinea in question, when lo! the wedding ring breaks the spell, and the lover wakes to find that the girl of his imagination was as non-existent as was the maiden in 'diaphanous blue' of Aldrich's story, and that the wife he has taken 'for better or for worse' is somebody very different indeed. But to return to our hammocks. Few hammocks, in this Canada of ours, could be more charmingly placed. Overhead, interlacing boughs of feathery pine and glossy oak make a hundred fans catching every fugitive breeze that comes their way. To the left almost under the hammock, a cliff, some eighty feet high shelves down to the rushing blue St. Lawrence below. In front, the cliff curves round to the right, fringed here and there with pine and cedar, while beyond it the eye ranges on to one wooded point after another, curving greenly around sheltered bays; and to islet after islet, set like green feathery nests in the blue river. Whichever way you turn your head you can count islands till you have to stop, because your eye grows confused in the misty distance. Every moment, too, the changing light varies the scene, brightens some distant point, brings out some distant island into bold relief, gives a deeper blue to some distant stretch of river, or reproduces with photographic accuracy, every tint and shade of the foliage on the bank in the calm water below. The river currents, too, are a perpetually shifting study. They are to the river what the fleecy clouds floating overhead are to the air. Every changing current makes its mark upon them, the ripples noiselessly travelling over the glassy river keep the record of every shifting breeze, until the breeze rises into a gale and then the snowy crests of the waves here and there show in bold relief against the blue. Animate nature around is interesting as well as inanimate. The rook, cawing his hoarse complaints from the top of some angular weather beaten pine; the robin piping his pathetic little refrain, the whip-poor-will going through his monotonous catch with a perseverance and determination worthy of a devotee telling his beads, are only a few of the many sounds that suggest the wide world of bird and beast life, interests, hopes and fears that lies outside our arrogant self-absorbed humanity, or a sharp *chirr-chirr* salutes your ear and you see a frisky 'chipmunk,' full of important business, scrambling up and down your pine, bustling about from branch to branch like an astute marketer, and finally tossing down a specially fine fir cone, to carry it off and eat it at leisure, or—who knows—store it up for winter use. While you are still watching the chipmunk, you hear a chorus, the plash of oars, and looking down, see far below you, a boat gliding through the azure waves beneath, making a deep green double of itself and its passengers; or you catch through the waving boughs, the gleam of a white sail, and presently a graceful little yacht sails by in quiet dignity—a contrast strong enough to the noisy, puffing steam-yachts and 'propellers' that are ever and anon

ng past, while twice a day the paddles of the 'royal mail line' eard long before the approach of tately steamers, usually crowded now, with tourists. Misguided als! They fondly imagine that teaming past through a single nel, they are seeing the Thousand ds. A good many American llers, however, are better advised, ıave built summer retreats on the ls of the American channel, e they may enjoy the cool river es, and a temporary return to primitive open air life which s so especially grateful to the denizen of nineteenth century ife. Here they can cruise, fish, e and loaf to their heart's con- and go back with braced health spirits, and the care-wrinkles thed out, for a little while at

On our own islands a few es are planted here and there, e these have happened to be pri- property. The Government has wisely and generously in reserv- he mass of our islands for public Long may they remain public pro- , so that the modest tent of the er-out, who cannot buy an island ıild a house, may blossom out g the green foliage, and his boat cruise in and out among the ing island channels. Only let ımper-out, in return, forbear to e the foliage that makes the y of the islands, and see that no ess cinders or reckless match fires that would soon desolate a earthly paradise! F.

ıve you read George Eliot's new ? No? Then don't attempt it the weather grows less enervat- 'or it is harder than German me- sics. I have wrestled with it ıurs, and intend returning to it in nber. My strongest feeling, ex- weariness, is regret that this Col- Breakfast Party's talk should been reported in distractingly ınsed, bewilderingly transposed, and learnedly worded blank verse, instead of in the author's compact and lucid prose. I have read that she believes herself to appear at her best in poetry, and fails to account for the greater popularity of her prose. If we were all George Eliots we would agree with her in this, but, as we are not, most of us prefer the prose. She has thrown away an opportunity of giving the world a discussion on the problems of life that would have quickened the pulses of all reading and thinking people, and given a fresh impetus to philosophic studies. As it is, she has buried the germs of her thought so effectually that few will attempt its discovery, and fewer still will succeed in finding half of what the author intended to express. There were half-a-dozen students in the party, and it is to be feared that their breakfast was not digested. Such table-talk is rare, and, from a hygienic point of view, undesirable. The students are appropriately named after characters in 'Hamlet.' Young Hamlet is like the Prince of Denmark and many moderns,

> 'Questioning all things, and yet half convinced,
> Credulity were better.'

His experience, when he

> 'Resolved to wear no stockings and to fast
> With arms extended, waiting ecstasy,
> But getting cramps instead and needing change,'

may or may not be that of many others. I have no experience to enable me to judge of its probability. Horatio, another of the party, is a man after the author's own heart,—

> 'Quick to detect the fibrous spreading roots
> Of character that feed men's theories,
> Yet cloaking weaknesses with charity,
> And ready in all service save rebuke.'

Then there were 'Osric, spinner of fine sentences,' 'discursive Rosencranz,' 'grave Guildenstern,' 'Laertes, ardent, rash, and radical,' and

> 'The polished Priest, a tolerant listener,
> Disposed to give a hearing to the lost,
> And breakfast with them ere they went below.'

It is possible, on the theory that all things are possible, that some of you will see nothing of a sarcastic character in these descriptive touches of hers. They talked and talked

'None said, "Let Darkness be," but Darkness was.'

How like other metaphysical and theological disputations this one was? Osric's defence of a butterfly, disregard of causes and consequences, and Laertes' argument in favour of a more earnest view of life, are followed by the Priest, from whose easy lesson in theology I quote the following:—

'Who is he of your Lite philosophers
Takes the true name of Being to be Will?
I—nay, the Church objects naught, is content:
Reason has reached its utmost negative,
Physic and metaphysic meet in the inane
And backward shrink to intense prejudice—
Making their absolute and homogene
A loaded relative, a choice to be
Whatever is—supposed, a What is not.'

And then, in reply to Hamlet, he argues that man's 'sense of need,' 'the hunger of the soul,' requires

'that exercise of soul
Which lies in full obedience.'

Obedience to the Church, of course—the one authority which simply says, Obey. How obey what asserts no absolute claim?

'Take inclination, taste—why, that is you,
No rule above you. Science, Reasoning
On nature's order—they exist and move
Solely by disputation.'

His argument, hardly easy reading enough for August, culminates in the claim that

'the body of the Church
Carries a presence, promises, and gifts
Never disproved—whose argument is found
In lasting failure of the search elsewhere
For what it holds to satisfy man's need"

Then the Priest left:—

'Brief parting, brief regret—sincere, but quenched
In fumes of best Havana, which consoles
For lack of other certitude.'

Hamlet, in answer to the sneers of Guildenstern, defends the Church:—

Science, whose soul is explanation, halts
With hostile front at mystery. The Church
'Takes mystery as her empire, brings its wealth,
Of possibility to fill the void
Twixt contradictions—warrants so a faith
Defying sense and all its ruthless train
Of arrogant "Therefores." . . . .
The church explains not, governs—feeds reside
By vision fraught with heart-experience,
And human yearning.'

Guildenstern assails the Priest's system as one by which all superstitions and tyrannies could be justified: Laertes will bow to nothing but the higher good within; and Rosencrantz sneers at Laertes for his warmth, wants to know if he has seen this human good which he would make supreme, and satirizes civilization:—

'The age of healthy Saurians well supplied
With heat and prey will balance well enough
A human age where maladies are strong,
And pleasures feeble; wealth a monster gorged
'Mid hungry populations; intellect
Aproned in laboratories, bent on proof
That *this* is *that*, and both are good for nought
Save feeding error through a weary life;
While Art and Poesy struggle like poor ghosts
To hinder cock crow and the dreadful light,
Lurking in darkness and the charnel-house.'

But I will quote you no more of it. Take a cool day and read it. I advise it, not only for itself, but as a preparation for what is to come, for Hamlet,

'Drowsy with the mingled draughts
Of cider and conflicting sentiments,
. . . dreamed a dream so luminous
He woke (he says) convinced; but what it taught
Withholds as yet.'

The vision that convinced the questioning Hamlet will not fail to interest us all. I am glad to hear that it is 'luminous,' and am sorry I cannot say so much for 'A College Breakfast Party.'

J. L. S.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

General Di Cesnola's great work on Cyprus* has appeared at a very opportune moment. The new British possession has provoked a vast deal of enquiry and has sent many people to the Encyclopædias and Gazetteers and kindred works for information. But none of these sources have yielded a tittle of what the seeker wanted. The island has long been a misknown country. The books about it have been few and generally so high in price that only those possessing large means were in a position

* *Cyprus; its ancient cities, tombs and temples.* A narrative of researches and excavations during ten years' residence in that Island. By General Louis Palma Di Cesnola. New York, Harper & Bros.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

chase them. General Di Ces- who has been ten years in Cy- yielding at length to an often ed request of his friends to pub- s experiences, has come forward very 'nick of time.' His superb —for it is unquestionably one handsomest books ever published plies a want which has long been nd the recent political changes island have combined to make imperative need. At the close e American war General Di la, who took an active part n, was sent by President Lincoln prus as American Consul. He over ten years in the country ıdulging his natural taste for ex- ion and excavation, it was not ɔefore he began to make exten- esearches in the territory. The lity of the Turkish Government, ıpidity of his assistants, the lack husiasm which his subordinates imes exhibited, all did their part row obstacles in the General's

But undeterred by these cir- ances he continued working xploring and excavating. Hav- ɔ other resources but his own im- te means to draw upon, his r was necessarily slow, and as he ɔded he found it extremely costly. as constantly harassed by mis- standings with the Governor- ral, the Custom House authori- nd other officers of the Turkish re. And even after he had paid mense sum for the ground, and ually large figure for the privil- digging, he found to his chagrin ıe could not obtain at any price ıan by means of which he could ıis treasures to England and the ɔd States. Indeed authority came lay absolutely prohibiting him, nerican Consul, from exporting ses, and a Turkish man-of-war, red in front of his residence, d with her guns the mandate of ttoman. But, the General tells th considerable humour, how he ɔded in outwitting his tormentors at last. He followed strictly the very letter of the despatches which had been sent to the Customs people. As *American* Consul he was powerless; but as *Russian* Consul he removed his enormous collection and shipped it off before the very eyes of all the discom- fitted pashas in the Island. The whole book is as fascinating as a romance. At the outset we are prepared to look for faults of style, for the author in- forms us that he has not a very good acquaintance with the English tongue. But this becomes quite a feature in the story as the narrative proceeds. It imparts a zest to the pleasing character of the whole. General Di Cesnola indulges in no idle theories. He forms no estimates and makes no rash spec- ulations. He tells simply the story of his life in Cyprus, the adventures he passed through, the nature of his work, and the scope and character of his 'finds.' Some forty pages of in- troductory matter prepare the reader for what follows. A complete and succinct history of the Island is relat- ed and much valuable information conveyed. The book proper then begins and no time is lost in moraliz- ing.

The discoveries are extremely valu- able and rich, and a list of them is given at the end of the volume. The engravings are very interesting, and form, perhaps, the most attractive feature in the book. They are en- graved in the very highest style of the art. The book on the whole is quite sumptuous looking and occupies a place in literature peculiarly its own. The appendices might have been fuller, and the index should have been larger; but these little faults scarcely detract much from the value of the book as a whole. It is a masterly performance; and Cyprus and her institutions, her people, her products, her natural characteristics, her value as a com- mercial and military port, are all de- tailed at length and in an exceedingly happy and often terse way. We commend Cyprus; its ancient cities,

tombs and temples, for the information which it contains, the scholarly character of the observations which the author from time to time makes, the rich descriptive passages which illumine the letter-press, the gorgeous plates and the general excellence of the volume. The Harpers have excelled themselves in this late issue from their press.

Mr. Benjamin has succeeded in making a very interesting book and imparting a good deal of valuable information in his recent account of the 'Atlantic Islands.'* He discusses these Islands as places of resort for the invalid as well as for the pleasure-seeker, and none are included which are subject to malaria, yellow fever, and zymotic epidemics. The volume is, in fact, a most attractive guide-book, arranged on an entirely new basis, and written in the delightful style of the thorough literary artist. Mr. Benjamin is a true poet, and the bits of descriptive writing which occur at frequent intervals in the work before us reveal his genuine love for nature, and the animal life which one finds in the forest glade. Official documents and other data have been carefully consulted, and the greatest pains have been taken with reference to the healthy character of the regions described. Invalids, sportsmen, pleasure-seekers and tourists generally will be rewarded by a perusal of Mr. Benjamin's book. It is handsomely illustrated, and the appendix is full of valuable matter, and sets forth the advantages which each Island possesses. Our own readers will find much interest, we believe, in the portions which deal directly with Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, about each locality of which a vast amount of information is very pleasantly conveyed. We quote a few lines here to show the tasteful style of the author:

'A lovely bay is the bay of Pictou. As one enters, Prince Edward Island skirts the northern horizon, a low, pale line; nearer rises Pictou Isle, red-cliffed and wood tufted. On the left is the spit lying in front of the port, sustaining a striped light-house. In the distance, gray and dreamy, a mile or two down the bay, are the spires of Pictou topping the slope of a range of hills. From the summit of these hills the traveller who climbs them is rewarded by one of the most beautiful and extensive water views on the continent: the broad bay of Pictou, invading the land with many steel-hued winding arms and creeks, and studded in turn with islets; the flashing surf on the bar; the green rolling land fading in a golden haze illimitably toward the setting sun; the dark-purple Gulf of St. Lawrence spreading as illimitably toward the east, with rose-ate cliffs skirting the offing like phantom islands—all contribute to compose a picture inexhaustible in its variety and the satisfying character of its attractions.'

Cape Breton is very fully described, and with equal power. The book is readable in every part, and it is in no place dull.

Mr. Longfellow's 'Poems of Places' have already reached the twenty-third volume, and in a few weeks this splendid series of the choicest poems in the language, will be completed. Three volumes, taking up the poetry of Asia* have just been published, and Africa and America will appear at an early day. In the three attractive little books now in the hands of the public, the poet-editor has contrived to include almost every piece of good poetry that has been written on the subject. We notice but one or

* *The Atlantic Islands as resorts of Health and Pleasure.* By S. G. W. BENJAMIN. New York, Harper & Brothers; Toronto, Copp, Clark & Co.

* *Poems of Places*, Asia, in three volumes, edited by H. W. LONGFELLOW. Boston, Houghton, Osgood & Co.; Toronto, A. Piddington.

missions and these will hardly ssed inasmuch as poems on the topics appear. A glance at the of this work and the wide field ich so many of our greater poets travelled is a study by itself, alls to mind much that is worthy ought. Mr. Longfellow's sources upply appear to be inexhaus- and as a result we have of the richest treasures in the is of poesy. He has levied on orks of Landor, Thomas Moore, Byron, Milton, Shakespeare, Lord on, Pope, Bayard Taylor, Tasso, nt, Campbell, Willis, Whittier, amin, Barry Cornwall, Mathew ld, Dr. Holmes, Sir William s and others of more or less note, es drawing largely from his own ngs. It was a happy idea from irst, these Poems of Places, and it een well carried out. The books neat and pretty. They are of enient size, and the material of h the letter-press is composed is ys high in character.

r. John Morley, the editor of *Fortnightly Review*, has under- n the editorship of a series of ; books, so admirable in their acter that we have no hesitation ordially recommending them to ybody. The title of the series is glish Men of Letters,' and the sev- gentlemen who have been en- d to furnish the letter-press Goldwin Smith, Leslie Stephen, A. Froude, Wm. Black, Prof. ley, Principal Shairp, Mark Pat- n, R. H. Hutton, the Dean of Paul's, and others of almost equal inence. These books are destined cupy a field all their own. They copious, independent and always llent. The volume before us— first of the series—is Mr. Leslie hen's Life of Samuel Johnson,* and it is in the fullest sense, a delightful book. The very cream of Boswell's biography is given, as well as a number of things we do not find in this chief of biographers. Mr. Stephen is one of our greatest living critics and scholars, and his estimates of Johnson, Goldsmith, Boswell and the other literary celebrities of the last century, invest his pages with peculiar interest and liveliness. The book is full of anecdote and story and good things generally. It is suitable for every class of reader and even the man who has Boswell by heart will find a wealth of new material in Stephen which will surprise and delight him at every turn. Fifteen books are announced for immediate publication and as these discuss many of the great names in English Literature, the reader will do well to take them as they come out. Scott and Gibbon will follow Johnson, and presently Mr. Goldwin Smith's Cowper and Wordsworth will appear.

Lovers of the Ceramic art will find in 'The China Hunters Club'* a little volume much to their taste. A large amount of curious information is given in an attractive way. The youngest member, who relates the experiences of the club, possesses a good deal of natural ability, some skill as a story-teller, and an abundance of knowledge about old China and that kind of pottery which, it seems, delighted our forefathers many years ago. The mania has become very fashionable, and that some of our best poets have not escaped the fever, Mr. Longfellow's 'Keramos' will show. Mr. W. C. Prime, whose large volume, 'Pottery and Porcelain,' is a treasure in its way, assists the youngest member by writing the introduction to her book, and Mr. Prime vouches for the truth of the statements therein recorded. The pictures are carefully executed, and the

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nglish Men of Letters, edited by JOHN MORLEY: *el Johnson*, by LESLIE STEPHEN. New York, er & Bros., Toronto, Copp Clark & Co.

* *The China Hunters' Club*, by the YOUNGEST MEMBER. New York, Harper & Brothers; Toronto, Copp, Clark & Co.

letter-press, while always interesting and amusing, is sometimes invested with a certain dry humour of its own.

One can get an admirable idea of Homer, the man and the poet, from reading Mr. Gladstone's clever *brochure** on the subject. The author of *Juventus Mundi* has managed his material well, and in the compass of a brief booklet of some hundred and fifty pages has contrived to furnish his readers with something pertinent on almost every phase in the great Greek's career. Students and others will find this primer a genuine *vade mecum*.

'Safar-Hadgi'† will afford to the most inveterate novel reader a new delight. It abounds in accounts of the most terrible cruelties, which the author never fails to describe at a length which is positively disgusting. But having said this much, our objection to the story ends. It is most graphic, most interesting and most spirited. Fiction is enriched by the introduction of at least two perfectly original portraitures, and the incident is always striking, and the descriptive portions are bold and fresh. There is a good deal of dramatic force in the book, and the glimpses we get of Arabic life and character will add largely to the world's knowledge of these peoples. The scene of this romance is laid in Samarcand, and the *dramatis personæ* comprise Russians, Arabs, Turks, Turcomans, Persians and other Eastern peoples. A love story is deftly worked into this historical legend, and the adventures through which the leading characters pass are quite exciting and are told with great skill.

The Appletons are doing a particularly good work by publishing at a cheap rate some of the finest things in literature in their series of Handy Volumes.* The stories to be found in this list of books are always of great merit, while the essays and glimpses of travel are from practised and scholarly hands. Among those on our table at this moment are two or three volumes which are worthy of more than a mere passing notice. The first comprises that brilliant bit of theatrical gossip and biography which so recently enriched the pages of *Temple Bar*. It is divided into eleven chapters, and much new light is thrown over the old lights of the British stage. We are told all that one cares to know about the theatrical life of Burdage, the Cibbers, Garrick, Macklin,—'the Jew that Shakespeare drew,' Peg Woffington, the Kembles, the great Siddons, Cooke, the Keans, Charles Young, Mrs. Jordan and their contemporaries. Stage reminiscences are always entertaining, and the present sketches are very delightful reading. Mr. Julian Hawthorne's clever little sketch—for it is only a sketch—of 'Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds' is a very neat piece of writing, and the dramatic element is quite skilfully maintained throughout. The story is rather surprising at the finish and apt to disappoint some readers, who are unprepared for the *denouement* which concludes the adventure at Kohlstein. Mr. Dale's 'Impressions of America' are timely and clever.

"Thos" is a pleasantly written little story of Canadian life and character. The scene is laid in Montreal and vicinity.

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* *Homer*, by the Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone. New York, D. Appleton & Company; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Safar-Hadgi; or, Russ and Turcoman*—Collection of foreign authors—from the French of Prince Lubomirski. New York, D. Appleton & Co., Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

* *New Handy Volume Series*, Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Thos.* a simple Canadian story by George Graham. Montreal, Lovell Printing and Publishing Co.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

THE WOOD TURTLE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

GIRT with the grove's aerial sigh,
In clumsy stupor, deaf as fate,
Near this coiled naked root you lie,
Imperiously inanimate!

Between these woodlands where we met
And your grim languor, void of grace,
My glance, dumb sylvan anchoret,
Mysterious kinsmanship can trace.

For in your chequered shape are shown
The miry black of swamp and bog,
The tawny brown of lichened stone,
The inertness of the tumbled log!

But when you break this lifeless pause
And from your parted shell outspread
A rude array of lumbering claws,
A length of lean dark snaky head;

I watch from sluggish torpor start
These vital signs, uncouth and strange,
And mutely murmur to my heart:
'Ah me! how lovelier were the change

'If yonder tough oak, seamed with scars,
Could give some white wild form release,
With eyes amid whose wistful stars
Burned memories of immortal Greece!'

CHESTER AND THE DEE.

BY BLANCHE MURPHY.

THE DEE ABOVE BALA.

THE history of Chester is that of a key. It was the last city that gave up Harold's unlucky cause and surrendered to William the Conqueror, and the last that fell in the no less unlucky cause of the Stuart king against the Parliamentarians. In much earlier times it was held by the famous Twentieth Legion, the *Valens Victrix*, as the key of the Roman dominion in the north-west of Britain, and at present it has peculiarities of position, as well as of architecture, which make it unique in England and a lodestone to travellers. Curiously planted on the border of the newest and most bustling manufacturing district in England, close to the coalfields of North Wales, the mines of Lancashire, the quays of its sea-rival Liverpool and the mills of grimy, wealthy Manchester, it still exercises, besides its artistic and historic supremacy, a *bona fide* ecclesiastical sway over most of these new places. It is the first ancient city accessible to American travellers, many of whom have given practical tokens of their affectionate remembrance of it by largely subscribing to the fund for the restoration of the cathedral, a work that has already cost some eighty thousand pounds.

The neighbourhood of Chester is as suggestive of antiquity and foreigners

itself. Volumes might be out the quaint, Dutch-like the low rich land reclaimed a; the broad, sandy estuary e, with the square-headed the Wirrall, which divides iver from the noisy Mersey; ke, Parkgate and Neston on the sandy shores, with r lives, monotonous scratch- nussels and cockles, a never- de, their terms of praise— st scrat,' for instance, 'in

CAER-GAI.

and,' being the form of com- for the woman who can ake at the end of a long pole p most shellfish in a given low, fertile green pastures, y cheese and the eight yearly rs. The city itself is the most oking in all England, and the ts have the good taste to be this. The river Dee—Mil- izard stream'— celebrated English and Welsh bards, is o as much advantage under of the Roman 'camp' (*castra*) as elsewhere, but its bridges upply the want of fine sce- cially the Old Bridge, which e river just at its bend, and whose massive pointed arches took the place, when they were first built, of a ferry by which the city was entered at the 'Ship Gate,' whence now you look over 'the Cop' or high bank on the right side of the stream, and view, as from a dike in Holland, the reclaimed land stretching eight miles beyond Chester, though the resemblance ceases at Saltney, where behind the iron-works tower the Welsh hills —Moel-Famman conspicuous above the rest—that bound the Vale of Clwyd.

The Dee is more a Welsh than an English river. It rises in the bleak mountain-region of Merionethshire, the most intensely Welsh of all counties, above Bala Lake, which is commonly but incorrectly called its source. Thence it flows through the Vale of Llangollen, famous in poetry, and waters the meadows of Wynnestay, the splendid home of one of Wales's most national representatives, Sir Watkin William Wynn, and only beyond that does it become English by flowing round and into Cheshire. On a very tiny scale the Dee follows something of the course of the Rhine: three streamlets combine to form it; these unite at the village of Llanwchllyn, and the river flows on, a mere mountain-torrent, past an old farmhouse, Caer-gai, lying on a desolate moor at the head of Bala Lake, and through the lake itself, after which its scenery alternates, like the Rhine's below Constance, between rocky gorges and flat moist meadows dotted with hamlets, churches and towns. Bala—otherwise Lin-Jegid and Pimblemere ('Lake of the Five Parishes')—has some traditional connection with the great British epic, or rather with its accessories—the *Morte d'Arthur*—of which Tennyson has availed himself in *Enid*, mentioning that Enid's gentle ministrations soothed the wounded Geraint

> As the south west that blowing Bala Lake,
> Fills all the sacred Dee.

Arthur's own home, according to Spenser, was at the source of the

Dee. Virtuous ... on the head-waters ... and ... mossy ... Tunnel, where Merlin ... to his care ... who was to ... Hercules of ... mountain which ... Pen Llin, ... shelves overlooks ...

... stone ... was ... Welsh ... Here ... separating Liverpool, Manchester, Rochdale, Birkenhead, etc., with water wherever a fresh demand for it should arise. This would imply the

BALA.

building of a breakwater at the narrow outlet of the lake, the damming up of a few mountain-passes, and the 'impounding' of a tributary of the Dee below the lake—the Tryweryn, which has an extensive drainage-area; but these works are still only projected.

There is scarcely an English brook that has not some historical associations, some poetical reminiscences, some attractions beyond those of scenery. Wherever water, forest and meadow were combined, an abbey was generally planted. Bala Lake, with its fishing-rights, once belonged to the Cistercian abbey of Basingwerk, while the Dee just above Llangollen was the property of the abbey of Valle Crucis, whose beautiful ruins still stand on its banks. Before we reach them we pass by the country of the Welsh hero, Owen Glendower, from whom are descended many of the families of this neighbourhood and others—the Vaughans, for instance; by Glendower's prison at Corwen, and the Parliament House at Dolgelly, where he signed a treaty with France, and where the beautiful oak carving of the roof would alone repay a visitor for his trouble in

getting there. The Dee is for the most part wanting in striking natural features, but here and there steep rocks enclose its foaming waters; deep banks covered with trees break the rugged shore-line; a village, such as Llanderfel with a tumbledown bridge, lies nestled in the valley; and coracles shoot here and there over the stream. These primitive boats, basketwork covered with hides, or, as used now, canvas coated with tar, are propelled by a paddle, and are much used for netting salmon. Near Bangor the fishermen are so skilful that they generally win in the coracle-races got up periodically by enthusiastic revivalists of old national sports.

Llangollen Vale has a beauty of its own, the family likeness of which to that of all valleys in the hearts of mountains makes it none the less welcome. The picturesqueness of thatched houses and a dilapidation of masonry which only age makes beautiful, marks the difference between this valley and the Alpine ones with their trim, clean toy houses, or the Transatlantic ones with their square, solid, black log huts and huge well-sweeps; otherwise the fresh greenery, the purple mountain-shadows, the subdued sounds, no one knows whence, the sense of peace and solitude, are akin to every other beautiful valley-scene of mingled wildness and cultivation. A traveller can hardly help making comparisons, yet much escapes him of the peculiar charm that hangs round every place, and is too subtle to disclose itself to the eye of a mere passer. You must live at least six months in one place before its true character unfolds: the broad beauties you see at once, but it needs the microscope of habit to find out the rarest charms. Therefore it is much easier to descant on the tangible, striking beauty of Valle Crucis Abbey than on the aggregate loveliness of Llangollen Vale; and perhaps it is

REMAINS OF VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY.

this lack of familiarity that leads novelists, poets and others to dwell so much more and with such detail on buildings than on natural scenery. It may not be given them to understand upon how much higher a plane of beauty stands a bed of ferns on a rocky ledge, a clump of trees even on a flat meadow, and especially a tangled forest-scene or a view of distant mountains in a sunset glow, or the surface of water undotted by a sail, than the highest effect of man-made beauty, be it even York Minster or the Parthenon. What man does has value by reason of the meaning in it, and of course man cannot but fall short of the perfection of his own meaning; whereas Nature is of herself perfection, and perfection in which there is no effort. Valle Crucis is hardly a rival of Fountains or Rivaulx. The Cistercians in the beginning of their foundation were reformers, ascetic, and essentially agriculturists. Their great leader, Bernard of Clairvaux, the advocate of silence and work, once said, 'Believe me, I have learnt more from trees than ever I learnt from men.' But decay came even into this community of farmer-monks, and the praise and panegyric of the abbey, as handed down to us by a Welsh poet, betray unconsciously things hardly to the credit of a monastic house, for the abbot, 'the pope of the glen,' he tells us, gave entertainments 'like the leaves in summer,' with 'vocal and instrumental music,' wine, ale and curious dishes of fish and fowl, 'like a carnival feast,' and 'a thousand apples for dessert.'

The river-scenery changes below Llangollen, and gives us first a glimpse of a wooded, narrow valley, then of the unsightly accessories of the great North Wales coalfield, after which it enters upon a typically English phase —low undulating hills and moist, rich meadows divided by luxuriant hedges and dotted with single spreading trees. The hedge-row timber of Cheshire is beautiful, and to a great extent makes up for the want of tracts of wooded land. This country is not, like the Midland counties and the great Fen district, violently or exclusively agricultural, and these hedges and trees, which are gratefully kept up for the sake of the shade they afford to the cattle, show a very different temper among the farmers from that utilitarianism which marks the men of Leicestershire, Lincoln, Nottingham, Norfolk, or Rutland. There even great landowners are often obliged to humour their tenants and keep the unwelcome hedges trimmed so as not to interpose

OWEN GLENDOWER'S PRISON.

two feet of shade between them and the wheat-crop; and as often as possible hedges are replaced by ugly stone walls or wooden fences. It is only in their own grounds that landlords can afford to court picturesqueness, and in this part of the country the American who is said to have objected to hedges because they were unfit for seats whence to admire the landscape, might safely sit down anywhere; only, as matters are seldom perfectly arranged, there is very little to admire but a flat

expanse of wheat, barley and grass. This part of Cheshire has hardly more diversity in its river-scenery, but the mere presence of trees and green arbours makes it a pleasant picture, while here and there, as at Overton (this is Welsh, however, and belongs to Flintshire), a church-tower comes in to complete the

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, DOLGELLY.

scene. Here the Dee winds about a good deal, and receives its beautiful, dashing tributary, the Alyn, which runs through the Vale of Gresford and waters the park of Trevallyn Old Hall, one of the loveliest of old English homes. Its pointed gables and great clustering stacks of chimneys, its mullioned and diamond-paned windows, its finely-wooded park, all realize the stranger's ideal of the antique manor-house. This neighbourhood is studded with country-houses in all styles of architecture, from the characteristic national to the uncomfortable and cold foreign type. Houses that were meant to stand in ilex-groves under a purple sky and a sun of bronze look forlorn and uninviting under the grey sky of England and amid its trees leafless for so many months in the year: home associations seem impossible in a porticoed house suggestive of outdoor living and the relegation of chambers to the use of a mere refuge from the weather. For many of these places are no more than villas enlarged, and might be set down with advantage to themselves in the Regent's Park in London, the very acme of the commonplace. On the other hand, all the traditional associations that go with an English hall presuppose a national style of architecture. Even florid Tudor, even sturdy 'Queen Anne,' can stand in juxtaposition with groups of horses, dogs and huntsmen; Christmas cheer and Christmas weather set them off all the better; leafless trees are no drawback; the house looks warmer, cosier, more home-like, the worse the blast and rush without. A roaring fire is natural to the huge hall fireplace, while in a mosaic-paved 'ante-room' or a frescoed 'saloon' it

looks foreign and out of place. Many an odd Welsh and English house has unfortunately disappeared to make room for a cold, unsuccessful monstrosity that reminds one of a mammoth railway station, or a new hotel; and when Welsh names are tacked on to these absurd dwellings the contrast is as painful as it is forcible. Such, for instance, is Bryn-y-Pys, on the Dee—a house you might guess to belong to a Liverpool merchant who had trusted to a common builder for a comfortable home. Overton cottage, on the other hand, fills in with its walks and plantations an abrupt bend of the river, and the view from the upgoing road at its back is very lovely, though the scene is purely pastoral. Overton Churchyard is one of the 'seven wonders' of North Wales: it has a very trim and stately appearance, not that ragged, free if melancholy, outspreadedness which distinguishes many country cemeteries, that unpremeditated luxuriance of creepers and flowers, blossoming bushes and grasses, that make up at least half of one's pleasant reminiscences of such places. How much more interesting to find an old tomb or quaint brass under the tendrils of a wild rosebush or in the firm clasp of an ivy-root than to walk up to it and read the inscription newly scraped and cleaned by the voluble attendant who volunteers to show you the place! The great elms by Overton Church and the half-timbered and thatched houses crowding up to its gates somewhat make up for the splendour of the coped wall and new monuments in the churchyard. A scene wholly old is the Erbistock Ferry, which one might mistake for a rope-ferry on the Mosel. The cottage looks like the dilapidated lodge of an old monastery, and here, at least, is no trimness. Two walls with a flight of steps in each enclose a grass terrace between them, and trees and bushes straggle to the edge of the river, hardly keeping clear of the swinging rope. Coracles are sometimes used for ferrying—also punts. Bangor is a familiar name to students of church history, and to those who are not, the startling

IN THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.

tale of the massacre of twelve hundred British monks by the Saxon and heathen king of Northumbria, who conquered Chester and invaded Wales in the seventh century, is repeated by the local guides. At present, Bangor is interesting to anglers and lovers of

LLANGOLLEN.

curiosities—to the former as a good salmon-ground, and to the latter for the quaint verses, which, though trivial in themselves, borrow a value from the date of their inscription and the '**laws**' to which they refer. They are on the wall of the lower story of the bell-tower :

If that to ring you would come here,
You must ring well with hand and ear ;
But if you ring in spur or hat,
Fourpence is always due for that ;
But if a bell you overthrow,
Sixpence is due before you go ;
But if you either swear or curse,
Twelvepence is due ; pull out your purse.
Our laws are old, they are not new :
Therefore the clerk must have his due.
If to our laws you do consent,
Then take a bell : we are content.

Farndon Bridge and Wrexham Church (the latter looks like a small cathedral to the unpractised eye) are the last Welsh points of attraction before the Dee becomes quite an English river. Malpas (*mauvais pas*='bad step'), on the English bank, is significantly so-called from its situation as a border town : the rector, too, might consider it not ill-named, as regards the odd partition of the church tithes, which has been in force from time immemorial, and has given rise to an explanatory legend concerning a travelling king whom the resident curate wisely entertained in the absence of the rector, receiving for his guerdon a promise of an equal share in the income, not only for himself, but for all future curates. In the upper rectory (the lower is the curate's house) was born Bishop Heber in 1783, and in the early years of this century, before missionary meetings were as common as they are now, the young clergyman wrote on the spur of the moment, with only one word corrected, the well-known hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains.' A missionary sermon was announced for Sunday at Wrexham, the vicarage of Heber's father-in-law, Shirley, and the want of a suitable hymn was felt. He was asked on Saturday to write one, and did so, seated at a window of the old vicarage-house. It was printed that evening, and sung next day in Wrexham Church. The original manuscript is in a collection at Liverpool, and the printer who set up the type when a boy was still living at Wrexham within the last twenty years.

The river now makes a turn, sweeping along into English ground and making almost a natural moat round Chester, the great Roman camp whose form and intersecting streets still bear the stamp of Roman regularity, and whose history long bore traces of the influence of Roman inflexibility mingled with British dash. The view of the city is fine from the Aldford road (or Old Ford, where a Roman

wishing to send the king notice of his having crossed the Dee at Farndon Bridge and pressing on the Parliamentarians, bade Colonel Shakerley convey the message as speedily as pos-

printer who set up the type when a boy was still living at Wrexham within the last twenty years.

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sible. The latter, to avoid the long circuit by the bridge, galloped to the Dee, took a wooden tub used for slaughtering swine, employed a 'batting-staff, used for the batting of coarse linen,' as an oar, put his servant in the tub, his horse swimming by him, and once across left the tub in charge of the man while he rode to the king, delivered his message and returned to cross over the same way.

Eaton and Wynnestay are the grandest of the Dee country-seats, though not the most interesting as to architecture. The former, like many Italian houses, has its park open to the public, and is an exception to the jealously-guarded places in most parts of England, but its avenues, rather formal though very magnificent, are approached by lodges. The Wrexham avenue leads to a farm-house called Belgrave, and here is the christening-point of the new, fashionable London of society, of novelists and of contractors. Another like avenue leads to Pulford, where there is another lodge: a third leads from Grosvenor Bridge to the deer-park, and a fourth to the village of Aldford. The hall is an immense pile, strikingly like, at first glance, the Houses of Parliament, with the Victoria Tower (this in the hall is one hundred and seventy feet high, and built above the chapel), and the style is sixteenth-century French, florid and costly. The plan is perhaps unique in England, and comfort has been attained, though one would hardly believe it, such size seeming to swamp everything except show. The description of the house, as given by a visitor there, reads like that of a palace: 'The hall is an octagonal room in the centre of the house about seventy-five feet in length and from thirty to forty broad: on each side, at the end farthest from the entrance, are two doors leading into anterooms —one the ante-drawing-room, and the

CORACLES.

other the ante-dining-room; each is lighted by three large windows, and is thirty-three feet in length: they are fine rooms in themselves, and well-proportioned. From these lead the drawing-room and the dining-room respectively, both exceedingly grand rooms, ingenious in design and shape, each with two oriel windows and lighted by three others and a large bay window: this suite completes the east side. The south is occupied by the end of the drawing-room and a vast library—all *en suite*. The library is lighted by four

CHESTER CATHEDRAL AND CITY WALL.

bay windows, three flat ones, and a fine alcove, and the rest of the main building to the west is made up of billiard and smoking rooms, waiting-hall, groom-of-chambers' sitting and bed rooms, and a carpet-room, besides the necessary staircases. This completes the main building, and a corridor leads to the kitchen and cook's offices: this corridor, which passes over the upper part of the kitchen, branches off into two parts—one leading to an excellently-planned mansion for the family and private secretary, and another leading to the stables, which are arranged with great skill. The pony stable, the carriage-horse stable, the riding horses, occupy different sides, and through these are arranged, just in the right places, the rooms for livery and saddle grooms and coachmen. The laundry, wash-house, gun-room and game-larder occupy another building, which, however, is easily approached, and the whole building, though it extends seven hundred feet in length, is a perfect model of compactness. Great facilities are given to any one who desires to see it.' The mention of a 'mansion for the family' shows how the associations of a home are lost in this wilderness of magnificence: indeed, I remember a remark of a person whose husband had three or four country-houses in England and Scotland and a house in London, that 'she never felt at home anywhere.'

The farms in this neighbourhood are mostly small, the average being seventy acres, and some are still smaller, though when one gets down to ten, one is tempted to call them gardens. Grazing and dairy-work are the chief industries. Farther inland, beyond the manufacturing town of Stockport, is a house of the Leghs, an immense building, more imposing than lovely in its exterior, but one of the most individual and pleasant houses in its interior as well as in its human associations. It has been altered at various times, and bears traces, like a corrected map, of each new phase of architecture for several hundred years. The four sides form a huge quadrangle, entered by foreign-looking gateways, and the rooms all open into a wide passage that runs round three sides of the building, and is a museum in itself. Old and new are just enough blended to produce comfort, and the stately old-English look of the drawing-room, with its dark panelling and tapestry, is a reproach to the pink-and-white, plaster-of-Paris style of too many remodelled houses. Outside there is a garden distinguished by a heavy old wall overrun with creepers, dividing two levels and making a striking object in the landscape; and beyond that, where the country grows bleak and begins to remind one of moors, there are the last survivors of a unique breed of wild cattle, which, like the mastiffs at the house, bear the name of the place. The present house must trust entirely to associations for its interest, having been built in 1809, before much taste was applied to restore old places, but the old castle in the park dates from the middle of the thirteenth century. The park is not unlike that of Arundel, but the views from the ruin are finer and more varied. The counties of Carnarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Cheshire and Lancashire are spread out around it, and the ruin itself is beautiful and extensive.

The road from Hawarden to Boughton is exceedingly grand: we come upon one of the widest panoramas of the Dee and one of the most typical of English country scenes. A vast sweep of country unsurpassed in richness spreads along the river on the Cheshire side: sixty square miles of fields and pastures are in sight, with elms, sycamores, and formal rows of Lombardy poplars. Wherever the trees cluster in a grove they usually mark the site of a country-house or a cherished ruin, like this one of old Hawarden, where one enormous oak tree sweeps its branches on the ground on every side, and forms a canopy whence you can peer out, as through

OVERTON CHURCH.

the delicate tracery of a Gothic window, at the landscape beyond. The mouth of the Dee is visible from this road, whence at low water it seems reduced to a huge sandbank, through which the tired river trickles like a brook. The dun sky and yellow sands and gray sea, with the island of Hilbree, a counterpart of Lindisfarne both in its legend of a recluse and its continual alternation twice a day between the state of an island and a peninsula, make a picture pleasant to look back upon. Hence too come the shoals of cockles and mussels that go to delight Londoners. Then the open-sea fishing, the lithe boats that seem all sail, the wide waste of waters, with the point of Air and the Great Orme's Head walling it in on the receding Welsh coasts, the remembrance of the shipwreck a little beyond the mouth of the Dee which led to Milton's poem of *Lycidas* (containing the phrase 'wizard stream' which has become peculiar to the Dee),—all claim our notice, and it seems impossible that we are so few miles from Manchester and so far from the historic, romantic times of old.

The 'city of the legions' still bears traces of the Roman dominion, more proud of them than were the spirited Britons in the days when these walls and other Roman buildings meant subjection to a foreign power. The walls, which are nearly perfect, now provide a pleasant walk for the citizens, a surface five or six feet broad, with a coped parapet or iron railing on either side, and trees almost as old as the walls overshadowing some parts of them. The old gates have been destroyed or removed, and three modern archways now pierce the walls; but the memory of the ancient city defences lingers in the names of some of the principal streets—Northgate, Foregate, Bridgegate, Watergate streets, &c. The Dee was approached by two of these gates, one of which opened at the lower end of Bridge street on the old bridge,

which still remains, while Watergate street was similary connected with the river. Here stands the same old tower —Water Tower— which in mediæval times served to defend the gate. A Roman column and base, like that discovered in Bridge street, stand near it among the formal evergreens, and a strange low building, seemingly entire, which distinguishes this opening, is called by antiquaries a hypocaust or Roman warming apparatus. The walls of the tower still exhibit iron staples, showing that ships were anciently moored at this place, but the river has considerably receded since these were used, for even during the civil wars there was a wide space between the tower and the shore. Another of the old towers, the Phœnix, now called King Charles's Tower, is memorable as the spot whence Charles I. watched the defeat of his troops by Cromwell on Rowton Heath or Moor. It is approached by a small stone staircase with a wooden railing, and is only large enough to hold a dozen men. The ruins of St. John's, the old Norman cathedral—the church to which King Edgar, before it had become a bishop's seat, rowed up the river with six Welsh kings as his oarsmen, himself steering the barque—are very imposing, although here and there improvements of questionable taste have been added. The new park laid out around them sets them off to great advantage, and though the date of the architecture of Harold's chapel disproves the legend attached to it, one is none the less glad to be reminded of the obstinate love and loyalty of Englishmen to the unsuccessful hero o the battle of Hastings. He was said to have fled to Chester, and lived as a hermit in a chapel near this cathedral: as to his widow, her stay in Chester after her husband's defeat and death is an historical fact. Harold shared the same poetical fate as Arthur, Charlemagne and Barbarossa, and for over a century he was believed by the people to be alive and plotting. Higden, the chronicler of St. Werburgh's Abbey (the church which since Henry VIII. has been the cathedral, and itself stood on the site of an older church dedicated in Roman and British times to Saints Peter and Paul), naturally adopted the legend and versified it. In Saxon times, though the city was included in a large diocese, St. Chad, which ruled all the kingdom of Mercia, it was practically independent, and in the possession of various monastic houses. Of these, the greatest was the abbey of St. Werburgh. Its shrine was the goal of pilgrimages, and is said to have been endowed by the daughter of King Alfred. The present building dates from the days of William Rufus, when Hugh d'Avranches—or Lupus, as he was surnamed—earl of Chester, and one of the Conqueror's old companions, became a monk in his newly-endowed abbey, which he peopled with Benedictine monks from Bec in Normandy. Thus, sturdy British Chester is connected ecclesiastically with the first two and perhaps greatest archbishops of Canterbury, Lanfranc and Anselm, both of whom were successively abbots of Bec, and the latter of whom spent some time with Lupus in Chester. In the north transept and along the north wall of the nave are remains of masonry said to belong to that precise period. The restoration, both of the exterior, whose warm red colouring (sandstone of the neighbourhood) is not one of its least attractions, and of the interior, has been thorough and careful: all old things, such as a quaint boss in the Lady Chapel representing the murder of Saint Thomas à Becket, have been carefully handled, and new things, when introduced, are strictly in keeping with the old.

The old episcopal palace, enlarged from the abbott's house after the Reformation and the raising of the abbey into a cathedral church, still presents some of the oldest Norman remains: it is now being altered to suit the needs of the cathedral school, a foun-

dation of Henry VIII. for twenty-four boys, from whom were to be chosen the cathedral choristers. This, like all other old foundations of the kind, has grown and become enriched. Anthony Trollope's *Warden* gives a good picture of the abuses and anomalies resulting from the unforseen increase of the funds of such institutions. One of the chief benefits still retained by Chester cathedral school is a yearly exhibition to either university. The old city schools of English boroughs, as well as the almshouses and hospitals dating from mediæval times, are among the most interesting and characteristic English foundations, and the old guilds or trade companies, with their property, privileges and insignia, no less so. In Chester there are still nominally twenty-four of the latter, though scarcely any have any property or importance except that of the goldsmiths, who have an assay-master and office, and claim the examination of all plate manufactured and for sale in Chester, Cheshire, Lancashire, and North Wales. They also have, or had, the old historic mace of the city corporation. which was first displayed in 1508 at the laying of the foundation-stone of the unfinished south-western tower of the cathedral, was taken with the sword by the Parliamentarians during their occupation of the staunch royalist city, and afterward restored at the end of the war. The sword dates from Richard II.'s reign, when he gave it to the city just before his disgrace at Flint Castle, a little lower down the Dee. In 1506, Henry VII. expressly ordained that the mayor of Chester and his successors 'shall have this sword carried before them with the point upward in the presence of all the nobles and lords of the realm of England.' It seems incredible that such a relic as the mace should have been made over to a goldsmith in exchange for 'new plate,' but such was the fact, and the present one dates only from 1668, and was a gift from Charles, earl of Derby, 'lord of Man and the Isles,' who was mayor of Chester for that year.

The greatest peculiarity of Chester —greater even than its Roman walls —lies in its sunken streets and the famous 'Rows.' These are unique in England, and indeed in Europe. Likenesses to them are seen in Berne, Utrecht and Thun, but nothing just the same, nothing so evidently systematic and prearranged, is to be found anywhere. The principal streets, especially the four great Roman ones that quartered the camp, are sunk and cut into the rock, while the Rows are on the natural level of the ground. The reason for this has been a standing problem to antiquaries. Some have supposed that the excavation of the streets dates from Roman times, and was only due to the necessity of making work for the soldiers during long periods of inaction. The effect is most singular. Hardly any description brings its satisfactorily before the eye of one who has not seen it. The best which I have met with, and a much better one than I should be able to give from my own experience, is that of a German traveller, J. G. Kohl: 'Let the reader imagine the front wall of the first floor of each house to have been taken away, leaving that part of the house completely open toward the street, the upper part being supported by pillars or beams. Let him then imagine the side walls also to have been pierced through, to allow a continuous passage along the first floors of all the houses. . . . It must not be imagined that these Rows form a very regular or uniform gallery. On the contrary, it varies according to the size or circumstances of each house through which it passes. Sometimes, when passing through a small house, the ceiling is so low that one finds it necessary to doff the hat, while in others one passes through a space as lofty as a saloon. In one house the Row lies lower than in the preceding, and one has in consequence to go down a step or two; and perhaps a house or

two farther one or two steps have to be mounted again. In one house a handsome, new-fashioned iron railing fronts the street; in another, only a mean wooden paling. In some stately houses the supporting columns are strong, and adorned with handsome antique ornaments; in others, the wooden piles appear time-worn, and one hurries past them, apprehensive that the whole concern must topple down before long. The ground floors over which the Rows pass are inhabited by a humble class of tradesmen, but it is at the back of the Rows themselves that the principal shops are to be found. . . . The Rows are in reality on a level with the surface of the ground, and the carriages rolling along below are passing through a kind of artificial ravine. The back wall of the ground floor is everywhere formed by the solid rock, and the courtyards of the houses, their kitchens and back buildings, lie generally ten or twelve feet higher than the street.'

The Rows are connected with the streets by staircases, and sometimes, when a lane breaks through the gallery entirely, there are two flights of stairs for the wayfarer to pass over. Many of the houses have latticed windows and strongly clasped doors, such as are seldom seen elsewhere in England except in old churches and towers. The gable ends of most houses facing the lanes are turned outward, and ornamented with strong woodwork curiously painted. The colours are quite traceable yet in many houses. There are also texts of Scripture and good common-sense mottoes carved or painted over some of the doors, especially of shops and inns. The lanes are very intricate and irregular: one of them, St. Werburgh's street, gives a glimpse of the cathedral, to which it leads. The Rows have served for trade, for shelter and for defence: they were considered a point of vantage during the siege, and were also useful as gathering-places for serious consultation. In those days, however, little shops along the outer edges of the footways themselves were more numerous than they are now, and the shops within the shelter of the Rows were not glazed, but closed at night with shutters, which in the day were fastened with hooks above the heads of the people. The siege tried the city sorely, and the streets wert disputed foot by foot; yet the old half-timbered houses in the Foregate street date farther back than the time when Sir William Brereton, the Parliamentarian general, was quartered there and received messages of defiance from the mayor, to whom he had sent proposals of surrender and compromise. The city did not surrender until the king himself, despairing of his cause, sent the corporation word to make terms unless relieved within ten days.

We have already alluded to the Cop, or high bank, on the right side of the Dee, with the distant view of the Welsh mountains.

At Flint, Froissart places an incident which shows the sagacity, if not the personal fidelity, of a dog. A greyhound (notoriously the least affectionate of all dog-kind) belonging to Richard II., and who was known never to notice any one but his master, suddenly began to fawn upon Bolingbroke and make 'to hym the same friendly countenance and chere as he was wonte to do to the kynge. The duke, who knew not the grayhounde, demanded of the kynge what the grayhounde wolde do. "Cosyn," quod the kynge, "it is a greit good token to you and an evyll sygne to me." "Sir, howe knowe you that?" quod the duke. "I knowe it well," quod the kynge. "The grayhounde maketh you chere this daye as kynge of England, as ye shalbe, and I shalbe deposed. The grayhounde hath this knowledge naturallye: therefore take hym to you: he will followe you and forsake me."'

THE HAUNTED HOTEL.

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXI.

LORD and Lady Montbarry were received by the housekeeper; the manager being absent for a day or two on business connected with the affairs of the hotel.

The rooms reserved for the travellers on the first floor were three in number; consisting of two bedrooms opening into each other, and communicating on the left, with a drawing-room. Complete so far, the arrangements proved to be less satisfactory in reference to the third bedroom required for Agnes and for the eldest daughter of Lord Montbarry, who usually slept with her on their travels. The bed-chamber on the right of the drawing-room was already occupied by an English widow lady. Other bed-chambers at the other end of the corridor were also let in every case. There was accordingly no alternative but to place at the disposal of Agnes a comfortable room on the second floor. Lady Montbarry vainly complained of this separation of one of the members of her travelling party from the rest. The housekeeper hinted that it was impossible for her to ask other travellers to give up their rooms. She could only express her regret, and assure Miss Lockwood that her bed-chamber on the second floor was one of the best rooms in that part of the hotel.

On the retirement of the housekeeper, Lady Montbarry noticed that Agnes had seated herself apart, feeling apparently no interest in the question of the bedrooms. Was she ill? No; she felt a little unnerved by the railway journey, and that was all. Hearing this, Lord Montbarry proposed that she should go out with him, and try the experiment of half an hour's walk in the cool evening air. Agnes gladly accepted the suggestion. They directed their steps towards the square of St. Mark, so as to enjoy the breeze blowing over the lagoon. It was the first visit of Agnes to Venice. The fascination of the wonderful city of the waters exerted its full influence over her sensitive nature. The proposed half hour of the walk had passed away, and was fast expanding to half an hour more, before Lord Montbarry could persuade his companion to remember that dinner was waiting for them. As they returned, passing under the colonnade, neither of them noticed a lady in deep mourning, loitering in the open space of the square. She started as she recognised Agnes walking with the new Lord Montbarry—hesitated for a moment—and then followed them, at a discreet distance, back to the hotel.

Lady Montbarry received Agnes in high spirits—with news of an event which had happened in her absence.

She had not left the hotel more than ten minutes, before a little note in pencil was brought to Lady Montbarry by the housekeeper. The writer proved to be no less a person than the widow lady who occupied the room on the other side of the drawing-room, which her ladyship had vainly hoped to secure for Agnes. Writing under the name of Mrs. James, the polite widow explained that she had heard from the housekeeper of the disap-

pointment experienced by Lady Montbarry in the matter of the rooms. Mrs. James was quite alone; and as long as her bed-chamber was airy and comfortable, it mattered nothing to her whether she slept on the first or second floor of the house. She had accordingly much pleasure in proposing to change rooms with Miss Lockwood. Her luggage had already been removed, and Miss Lockwood had only to take possession of the room (Number 13 A), which was now entirely at her disposal.

'I immediately proposed to see Mrs. James,' Lady Montbarry continued, 'and to thank her personally for her extreme kindness. But I was informed that she had gone out, without leaving word at what hour she might be expected to return. I have written a little note of thanks, saying that we hope to have the pleasure of personally expressing our sense of Mrs. James's courtesy to-morrow. In the meantime, Agnes, I have ordered your boxes to be removed downstairs. Go!—and judge for yourself, my dear, if that good lady has not given up to you the prettiest room in the house!'

With these words, Lady Montbarry left Miss Lockwood to make a hasty toilet for dinner.

The new room at once produced a favourable impression on Agnes. The large window, opening into a balcony, commanded an admirable view of the canal. The decorations on the walls and ceiling, were carefully copied from the exquisitely graceful designs of Raphael in the Vatican. The massive wardrobe possessed compartments of unusual size, in which double the number of dresses that Agnes possessed might have been conveniently hung at full length. In the inner corner of the room, near the head of the bedstead, there was a recess which had been turned into a little dressing-room, and which opened by a second door on the inferior staircase of the hotel, commonly used by the servants. Noticing these aspects of the room at a glance, Agnes made the necessary change in her dress, as quickly as possible. On her way back to the drawing-room she was addressed by a chambermaid in the corridor who asked for her key. 'I will put your room tidy for the night, Miss,' the woman said, 'and I will then bring the key back to you in the drawing-room.'

While the chambermaid was at her work, a solitary lady, loitering about the corridor of the second story, was watching her over the bannisters. After awhile, the maid appeared, with her pail in her hand, leaving the room by way of the dressing-room and the back stairs. As she passed out of sight, the lady on the second floor (no other, it is needless to add, than the Countess herself) ran swiftly down the stairs, entered the bed-chamber by the principal door, and hid herself in the empty side compartment of the wardrobe. The chambermaid returned, completed her work, locked the door of the dressing-room on the inner side, locked the principal entrance door on leaving the room, and returned the key to Agnes in the drawing-room.

The travellers were just sitting down to their late dinner, when one of the children noticed that Agnes was not wearing her watch. Had she left it in her bed-chamber in the hurry of changing her dress? She rose from the table at once, in search of her watch; Lady Montbarry advising her, as she went out, to see to the security of her bed-chamber in the event of there being thieves in the house. Agnes found her watch, forgotten on the toilet table, as she had anticipated. Before leaving the room again, she acted on Lady Montbarry's advice, and tried the key in the lock of the dressing-room door. It was properly secured. She left the bed-chamber, locking the main door behind her.

Immediately on her departure, the Countess, oppressed by the confined air in the wardrobe, ventured on step-

ping out of her hiding-place into the empty room.

Entering the dressing-room on tiptoe, she listened at the door, until the silence outside informed her that the corridor was empty. Upon this, she unlocked the door, and passing out, closed it again softly; leaving it to all appearance (when viewed on the inner side) as carefully secured as Agnes had seen it when she tried the key in the lock with her own hand.

While the Montbarrys were still at dinner, Henry Westwick joined them, arriving from Milan.

When he entered the room, and again when he advanced to shake hands with her, Agnes was conscious of a latent feeling which secretly reciprocated Henry's unconcealed pleasure on meeting her again. For a moment only, she returned his look; and in that moment her own observation told her that she had silently encouraged him to hope. She saw it in the sudden glow of happiness which overspread his face; and she confusedly took refuge in the usual conventional enquiries relating to the relatives whom he had left at Milan.

Taking his place at the table, Henry gave a most amusing account of the position of his brother Francis between the mercenary opera-dancer on one side, and the unscrupulous manager of the French theatre on the other. Matters had proceeded to such extremities, that the law had been called on to interfere, and had decided the dispute in favour of Francis. On winning the victory the English manager had at once left Milan, recalled to London by the affairs of his theatre. He was accompanied on the journey back, as he had been accompanied on the journey out, by his sister. Resolved, after passing two nights of terror in the Venetian hotel, never to enter it again, Mrs. Norbury asked to be excused from appearing at the family festival, on the ground of ill-health. At her age, travelling fatigued her, and she was glad to take advantage of her brother's escort to return to England.

While the talk at the dinner-table flowed easily onward, the evening-time advanced to night—and it became necessary to think of sending the children to bed.

As Agnes rose to leave the room, accompanied by the eldest girl, she observed with surprise that Henry's manner suddenly changed. He looked serious and pre-occupied; and when his niece wished him good night, he abruptly said to her, 'Marian, I want to know what part of the hotel you sleep in?' Marian, puzzled by the question, answered that she was going to sleep as usual, with 'Aunt Agnes.' Not satisfied with that reply, Henry next inquired whether the bedroom was near the room occupied by the other members of the travelling party. Answering for the child, and wondering what Henry's object could possibly be, Agnes mentioned the polite sacrifice made to her convenience by Mrs. James. 'Thanks to that lady's kindness,' she said, 'Marian and I are only on the other side of the drawing-room.' Henry made no remark; he looked incomprehensibly discontented as he opened the door for Agnes and her companion to pass out. After wishing them good night, he waited in the corridor until he saw them enter the fatal corner-room—and then he called abruptly to his brother, 'Come out, Stephen, and let us smoke!'

As soon as the two brothers were at liberty to speak together privately, Henry explained the motive which had led to his strange inquiries about the bedrooms. Francis had informed him of the meeting with the Countess at Venice, and of all that had followed it; and Henry now carefully repeated the narrative to his brother in all its details. 'I am not satisfied,' he added, 'about that woman's purpose in giving up her room. Without alarming the ladies by telling them what I have just told you, can you not warn Agnes to be careful in securing her door?'

Lord Montbarry replied, that the warning had been already given by his wife, and that Agnes might be trusted to take good care of herself and her little bedfellow. For the rest, he looked upon the story of the Countess and her superstitions as a piece of theatrical exaggeration, amusing enough in itself, but quite unworthy of a moment's serious attention.

While the gentlemen were absent from the hotel, the room which had been already associated with so many startling circumstances, became the scene of another strange event in which Lady Montbarry's eldest child was concerned.

Little Marian had been got ready for bed as usual, and had (so far) taken hardly any notice of the new room. As she knelt down to say her prayers, she happened to look up at that part of the ceiling above her which was just over the head of the bed. The next instant she alarmed Agnes, by starting to her feet with a cry of terror, and pointing to a small brown spot on one of the white panelled spaces of the carved ceiling. 'It's a spot of blood!' the child exclaimed. 'Take me away! I won't sleep here!'

Seeing plainly that it would be useless to reason with her while she was in the room, Agnes hurriedly wrapped Marian in a dressing gown, and carried her back to her mother in the drawing-room. Here, the ladies did their best to soothe and reassure the trembling girl. The effort proved to be useless; the impression that had been produced on the young and sensitive mind was not to be removed by persuasion. Marian could give no explanation of the panic of terror that had seized her. She was quite unable to say why the spot on the ceiling looked like the colour of a spot of blood. She only knew that she should die of terror if she saw it again. Under these circumstances, but one alternative was left. It was arranged that the child should pass the night in the room occupied by her two younger sisters and the nurse.

In half an hour more, Marian was peacefully asleep with her arm round her sister's neck. Lady Montbarry went back with Agnes to her room, to see the spot on the ceiling which had so strangely frightened the child. It was so small as to be only just perceptible, and had in all probability been caused by the carelessness of a workman, or by a dripping from water accidentally spilt on the floor of the room above.

'I really cannot understand why Marian should place such a terrible interpretation on such a trifling thing,' Lady Montbarry remarked.

'I suspect the nurse is in some way answerable for what has happened,' Agnes suggested. 'She may quite possibly have been telling Marian some tragic nursery story which has left its mischievous impression behind it. Persons in her position are sadly ignorant of the danger of exciting a child's imagination. You had better caution the nurse to-morrow.'

Lady Montbarry looked round the room with admiration. 'Is it not prettily decorated?' she said. 'I suppose, Agnes, you don't mind sleeping here by yourself?'

Agnes laughed. 'I feel so tired,' she replied, 'that I was thinking of bidding you good-night, instead of going back to the drawing-room.'

Lady Montbarry turned towards the door. 'I see your jewel-case on the table,' she resumed. 'Don't forget to lock the other door there, in the dressing-room.'

'I have already seen to it, and tried the key myself,' said Agnes. 'Can I be of any use to you before I go to bed?'

'No, my dear, thank you; I feel sleepy enough to follow your example. Good night, Agnes—and pleasant dreams on your first night in Venice.'

CHAPTER XXII.

HAVING closed and secured the door on Lady Montbarry's departure, Agnes put on her dressing-gown, and, turning to her open boxes, began the business of unpacking. In the hurry of making her toilet for dinner, she had taken the first dress that lay uppermost in the trunk, and had thrown her travelling costume on the bed. She now opened the doors of the wardrobe for the first time, and began to hang her dresses on the hooks in the large compartment on one side.

After a few minutes only of this occupation, she grew weary of it, and decided on leaving the trunks as they were, until the next morning. The oppressive south wind which had blown throughout the day, still prevailed at night. The atmosphere of the room felt close; Agnes threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and, opening the window, stepped into the balcony to look at the view.

The night was heavy and overcast? nothing could be distinctly seen. The canal beneath the window looked like a black gulf, the opposite houses were barely visible as a row of shadows, dimly relieved against the starless and moonless sky. At long intervals, the warning cry of a belated gondolier was just audible, as he turned the corner of a distant canal, and called to invisible boats which might be approaching him in the darkness. Now and then, the nearer dip of an oar in the water told of the viewless passage of other gondolas bringing guests back to the hotel. Excepting these rare sounds, the mysterious night-silence of Venice was literally the silence of the grave.

Leaning on the parapet of the balcony, Agnes looked vacantly into the black void beneath. Her thoughts reverted to the miserable man who had broken his pledged faith to her, and who had died in that house. Some change seemed to have come over her, since her arrival in Venice; some new influence appeared to be at work. For the first time in her experience of herself, compassion and regret were not the only emotions aroused in her by the remembrance of the dead Montbarry. A keen sense of the wrong that she had suffered, never yet felt by that gentle and forgiving nature, was felt by it now. She found herself thinking of the bygone days of her humiliation almost as harshly as Henry Westwick had thought of them—she who had rebuked him the last time he had spoken slightingly of his brother in her presence! A sudden fear and doubt of herself startled her physically as well as morally. She turned from the shadowy abyss of the dark water as if the mystery and the gloom of it had been answerable for the emotions which had taken her by surprise. Abruptly closing the window, she threw aside her shawl, and lit the candles on the mantelpiece, impelled by a sudden craving for light in the solitude of her room.

The cheering brightness round her, contrasting with the black gloom outside, restored her spirits. She felt herself enjoying the light like a child!

Would it be well (she asked herself) to get ready for bed? No! The sense of drowsy fatigue that she had felt half an hour since was gone. She returned to the dull employment of unpacking her boxes. After a few minutes only, the occupation became irksome to her once more. She sat down by the table, and took up a guide-book. 'Suppose I inform myself,' she thought, 'on the subject of Venice?'

Her attention wandered from the book, before she had turned the first page of it.

The image of Henry Westwick, was the present image in her memory now. Recalling the minutest incidents and details of the evening, she could think of nothing which presented him under other than a favourable and interesting aspect. She smiled to herself softly, her colour rose by fine gradations, as she felt the full luxury of dwelling on

the perfect truth and modesty of his devotion to her. Was the depression of spirits from which she had suffered so persistently on her travels attributable, by any chance, to their long separation from each other—embittered perhaps by her own vain regret when she remembered her harsh reception of him in Paris? Suddenly conscious of this bold question, and of the self-abandonment which it implied, she returned mechanically to her book, startled by the unrestrained liberty of her own thoughts. What lurking temptations to forbidden tenderness find their hiding places in a woman's dressing-gown, when she is alone in her room at night! With her heart in the tomb of the dead Montbarry, could Agnes even think of another man, and think of love? How shameful! how unworthy of her! For the second time, she tried to interest herself in the guide-book—and once more she tried in vain. Throwing the book aside, she turned desperately to the one resource that was left, to her luggage—resolved to fatigue herself without mercy, until she was weary enough and sleepy enough to find a safe refuge in bed.

For some little time, she persisted in the monotonous occupation of transferring her clothes from her trunk to the wardrobe. The large clock in the hall, striking midnight, reminded her that it was getting late. She sat down for a moment in an arm-chair by the bedside, to rest.

The silence in the house now caught her attention, and held it—held it disagreeably. Was everybody in bed and asleep but herself? Surely it was time for her to follow the general example? With a certain irritable nervous haste, she rose again and undressed herself. 'I have lost two hours of rest,' she thought, frowning at the reflection of herself in the glass, as she arranged her hair for the night. 'I shall be good for nothing to-morrow!'

She lit the night-light, and extinguished the candles with one exception, which she removed to a little table, placed on the side of the bed opposite the side occupied by the arm-chair. Having put her travelling-box of matches and guide-book near the candle, in case she might be sleepless and might want to read, she blew out the light, and laid her head on the pillow.

The curtains of the bed were looped back to let the air pass freely over her. Lying on her left side, with her face turned away from the table, she could see the arm-chair by the dim night light. It had a chintz covering—representing large bunches of roses scattered over a pale green ground. She tried to weary herself into drowsiness by counting over and over again the bunches of roses that were visible from her point of view. Twice her attention was distracted from the counting, by sounds outside—by the clock chiming the half-past twelve; and then again, by the fall of a pair of boots on the upper floor, thrown out to be cleaned, and with that barbarous disregard of the comforts of others which is observable in humanity when it inhabits an hotel. In the silence that followed these passing disturbances, Agnes went on counting the roses on the arm-chair more and more slowly. Before long she confused herself in the figures—tried to begin counting again—thought she would wait a little first—felt her eyelids drooping, and her head sinking lower and lower on the pillow—sighed faintly—and sank into sleep.

How long that first sleep lasted she never knew. She could only remember, in the after-time, that she awoke instantly.

Every faculty and perception in her passed the boundary line between insensibility and consciousness, so to speak, at a leap. Without knowing why, she sat up suddenly in the bed, listening for she knew not what. Her head was in a whirl; her heart beat furiously, without any assignable cause.

But one trivial event had happened during the interval while she had been asleep. The night-light had gone out; and the room, as a matter of course, was in total darkness.

She felt for the match-box, and paused after finding it. A vague sense of confusion was still in her mind. She was in no hurry to light the match. The pause in the darkness was, strangely enough, agreeable to her.

In the quieter flow of her thoughts during this interval, she could ask herself the natural question:—What cause had awakened her so suddenly, and had so strangely shaken her nerves? Had it been the influence of a dream? She had not dreamed at all—or, to speak more correctly, she had no waking remembrance of having dreamed. The mystery was beyond her fathoming: the darkness began to oppress her. She struck the match on the box, and lit her candle.

As the welcome light diffused itself over the room, she turned from the table and looked towards the other side of the bed.

In the moment when she turned, the chill of a sudden terror gripped her round the heart, as with the clasp of an icy hand.

She was not alone in the room!

There—in the chair at the bedside—there, suddenly revealed under the flow of light from the candle, was the figure of a woman reclining. Her head lay back over the chair. Her face, turned up to the ceiling, had the eyes closed, as if she was wrapped in a deep sleep.

The shock of the discovery held Agnes speechless and helpless. Her first conscious action, when she was in some degree mistress of herself again, was to lean over the bed, and to look closer at the woman who had so incomprehensibly stolen into her room in the dead of night. One glance was enough: she started back with a cry of amazement. The person in the chair was no other than the widow of the dead Montbarry—the woman who had warned her that they were to meet again, and that the place might be Venice?

Her courage returned to her, stung into action by the natural sense of indignation which the presence of the Countess provoked.

'Wake up!' she called out. 'How dare you come here? How did you get in? Leave the room—or I will call for help!'

She raised her voice at the last words. It produced no effect. Leaning farther over the bed, she boldly took the Countess by the shoulder and shook her. Not even this effort succeeded in rousing the sleeping woman. She still lay back in the chair, possessed by a torpor like the torpor of death—insensible to sound, insensible to touch. Was she really sleeping? Or had she fainted?'

Agnes looked closer at her. She had not fainted. Her breathing was audible, rising and falling in deep heavy gasps. At intervals she ground her teeth savagely. Beads of perspiration stood thickly on her forehead. Her clenched hands rose and fell slowly from time to time on her lap. Was she in the agony of a dream or was she spiritually conscious of something hidden in the room?

The doubt involved in that last question was unendurable. Agnes determined to rouse the servants who kept watch in the hotel at night.

The bell-handle was fixed to the wall, on the side of the bed by which the table stood.

She raised herself from the crouching position which she had assumed in looking close at the Countess; and, turning towards the other side of the bed, stretched out her hand to the bell. At the same instant, she stopped and looked upward. Her hand fell helplessly at her side. She shuddered, and sank back on the pillow.

What had she seen?

She had seen another intruder in her room.

Midway between her face and the ceiling, there hovered a human head —severed at the neck, like a head struck from the body by the guillotine.

Nothing visible, nothing audible, had given her warning of its appearance. Silently and suddenly, the head had taken its place above her. No supernatural change had passed over the room, or was perceptible in it now. The dumbly-tortured figure in the chair; the broad window opposite the foot of the bed, with the black night beyond it: the candle burning on the table—these, and all other objects in the room, remain unaltered. One object more, unutterably horrid, had been added to the rest. That was the only change—no more, no less.

By the yellow candle-light she saw the head distinctly, hovering in mid-air above her. She looked at it steadfastly, spell-bound by the terror that held her.

The flesh of the face was gone. The shrivelled skin was darkened in hue, like the skin of an Egyptian mummy—except at the neck. There it was of a lighter colour; there it showed spots and splashes of the hue of that brown spot on the ceiling, which the child's fanciful terror had distorted into the likeness of a spot of blood. Thin remains of a discoloured moustache and whiskers, hanging over the upper lip, and over the hollows where the cheeks had once been, made the head just recognisable as the head of a man. Over all the features death and time had done their obliterating work. The eyelids were closed. The hair on the skull, discoloured like the hair on the face, had been burnt away in places. The bluish lips, parted in a fixed grin, showed the double row of teeth. By slow degrees the hovering head (perfectly still when she first saw it) began to descend towards Agnes as she lay beneath. By slow degrees that strange doubly-blended odour, which the Commissioners had discovered in the vaults of the old palace—which had sickened Francis Westwick in the bed-chamber of the new hotel spread its fetid exhalations over the room. Downward and downward the hideous apparition made its slow progress, until it stopped close over Agnes—stopped, and turned slowly, so that the face of it confronted the upturned face of the woman in the chair.

After that there came a pause. Then a momentary movement disturbed the rigid repose of the dead face.

The closed eyelids opened slowly. The eyes revealed themselves, bright with the glassy film of death—and fixed their dreadful look on the woman in the chair.

Agnes saw that look; saw the reclining woman rise, as if in obedience to some silent command—and saw no more.

. . . . . .

Her next conscious impression was of the sunlight pouring in at the window; of the friendly presence of Lady Montbarry at the bedside; and of the children's wondering faces peeping in at the door.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'YOU have some influence over Agnes. Try what you can do, Henry, to make her take a sensible view of the matter. There is really nothing to make a fuss about. My wife's maid knocked at her door early in the morning, with the customary cup of tea. Getting no answer she went round to the dressing room—found the door on that side unlocked—and discovered Agnes on the bed in a fainting fit. With my wife's help they brought her to herself again: and she told the extraordinary story which I have just repeated to you. You must have seen for yourself that she has been over-fatigued, poor thing,

by our long railway journeys; her nerves are out of order—and she is just the person to be easily terrified by a dream. She obstinately refuses, however, to accept this rational view. Don't suppose that I have been severe with her! All that a man can do to humour her I have done. I have written to the Countess (in her assumed name) offering to restore the room to her. She writes back, positively declining to return to it. I have accordingly arranged (so as not to have the thing known in the hotel) to occupy the room for one or two nights, and to leave Agnes to recover her spirits under my wife's care. Is there anything more that I can do? Whatever questions Agnes has asked of me I have answered to the best of my ability; she knows all that you told me about Francis and the Countess last night. But try as I may I can't quiet her mind. I have given up the attempt in despair, and left her in the drawing-room. Go, like a good fellow, and try what you can do to compose her.'

In those words Lord Montbarry stated the case to his brother from the rational point of view. Henry made no remark, he went straight to the drawing room.

He found Agnes walking rapidly backwards and forwards, flushed and excited. 'If you come here to say what your brother has been saying to me,' she broke out before he could speak, 'spare yourself the trouble. I don't want common sense—I want a true friend who will believe in me.'

'I am that friend, Agnes,' Henry answered quietly, 'and you know it.'

'You really believe that I am not deluded by a dream?'

'I know that you are not deluded—in one particular, at least.

'In what particular?'

'In what you have said of the Countess. It is perfectly true——'

Agnes stopped him there. 'Why do I only hear this morning that the Countess and Mrs. James are one and the same person?' she asked distrustfully. 'Why was I not told of it last night?'

'You forget that you had accepted the exchange of rooms before I reached Venice,' Henry replied. 'I felt strongly tempted to tell you, even then—but your sleeping arrangements for the night were all made; I should only have inconvenienced and alarmed you. I waited till the morning, after hearing from my brother that you had yourself seen to your security from any intrusion. How that intrusion was accomplished it is impossible to say. I can only declare that the Countess's presence by your bedside last night was no dream of yours. On her own authority I can testify that it was a reality.'

'On her own authority?' Agnes repeated eagerly. 'Have you seen her this morning?'

'I have seen her not ten minutes since.'

'What was she doing?'

'She was busily engaged in writing. I could not even get her to look at me until I thought of mentioning your name.'

'She remembered me, of course?'

'She remembered you with some difficulty. Finding that she wouldn't answer me on any other terms, I questioned her as if I had come direct from you. Then she spoke. She not only admitted that she had the same superstitious motive for placing you in that room which she had acknowledged to Francis—she even owned that she had been by your bedside, watching through the night, "to see what you saw," as she expressed it. Hearing this, I tried to persuade her to tell me how she got into the room. Unluckily, her manuscript on the table caught her eye; she returned to her writing. "The Baron wants money," she said, "I must get on with my play." What she saw, or dreamed, while she was in your room last night, it is at present impossible to discover. But judging by my

brother's account of her, as well as by what I remember of her myself, some recent influence has been at work which has produced a marked change in this wretched woman for the worse. Her mind is, in certain respects, unquestionably deranged. One proof of it is that she spoke to me of the Baron as if he were still a living man. When Francis saw her, she declared that the Baron was dead, which is the truth. The United States Consul at Milan showed us the announcement of the death in an American newspaper. So far as I can see, such sense as she still possesses seems to be entirely absorbed in one absurd idea—the idea of writing a play for Francis to bring out at his theatre. He admits that he encouraged her to hope she might get money in this way. I think he did wrong. Don't you agree with me?'

Without heeding the question, Agnes rose abruptly from her chair.

'Do me one more kindness, Henry,' she said. 'Take me to the Countess at once.'

Henry hesitated. 'Are you composed enough to see her, after the shock that you have suffered?' he asked.

She trembled, the flush on her face died away, and left it deadly pale. But she held to her resolution. 'You have heard of what I saw last night?' she said faintly.

'Don't speak of it!' Henry interposed. 'Don't uselessly agitate yourself.'

'I must speak! My mind is full of horrid questions about it. I know I can't identify it—and yet I ask myself over and over again, in whose likeness did it appear? Was it in the likeness of Ferrari? or was it—?' she stopped, shuddering. 'The Countess knows, I must see the Countess!' she resumed vehemently. 'Whether my courage fails me or not, I must make the attempt. Take me to her before I have time to feel afraid of it!'

Henry looked at her anxiously. 'If you are really sure of your own resolution,' he said, 'I agree with you—the sooner you see her the better. You remember how strangely she talked of your influence over her, when she forced her way into your room in London?'

'I remember it perfectly. Why do you ask?'

'For this reason. In the present state of her mind, I doubt if she will be much longer capable of realizing her wild idea of you as the avenging angel who is to bring her to a reckoning for her evil deeds. It may be well to try what your influence can do while she is still capable of feeling it.'

He waited to hear what Agnes would say. She took his arm and led him in silence to the door.

They ascended to the second floor, and, after knocking, entered the Countess's room.

She was still busily engaged in writing. When she looked up from the paper, and saw Agnes, a vacant expression of doubt was the only expression in her wild black eyes. After a few moments, the lost remembrances and associations appeared to return slowly to her mind. The pen dropped from her hand. Haggard and trembling, she looked closer at Agnes, and recognised her at last. 'Has the time come already?' she said in low awe-stricken tones. 'Give me a little longer respite, I haven't done my writing yet!'

She dropped on her knees, and held out her clasped hands entreatingly. Agnes was far from having recovered, after the shock that she had suffered in the night: her nerves were far from being equal to the strain that was now laid on them. She was so startled by the change in the Countess that she was at a loss what to say or to do next. Henry was obliged to speak to her, 'Put your questions while you have the chance,'

he said, lowering his voice. 'See! the vacant look is coming over her face again.'

Agnes tried to rally her courage. 'You were in my room last night ——' she began. Before she could add a word more, the Countess lifted her hands, and wrung them above her head with a low moan of horror. Agnes shrank back, and turned as if to leave the room. Henry stopped her, and whispered to her to try again. She obeyed him after an effort. 'I slept last night in the room that you gave up to me,' she resumed. 'I saw——'

The Countess suddenly rose to her feet. 'No more of that,' she cried. 'Oh, Jesu Maria! do you think I want to be told what you saw? Do you think I don't know what it means for you and for me? Decide for yourself, Miss. Examine your own mind. Are you well assured that the day of reckoning has come at last? Are you ready to follow me back, through the crimes of the past, to the secrets of the dead?'

She turned again to the writing-table, without waiting to be answered. Her eyes flashed: she looked like her old self once more as she spoke. It was only for a moment. The old ardour and impetuosity were nearly worn out. Her head sank; she sighed heavily as she unlocked a desk which stood on the table. Opening a drawer in the desk, she took out a leaf of vellum, covered with faded writing. Some ragged ends of silken thread were still attached to the leaf, as if it had been torn out of a book.

'Can you read Italian?' she asked, handing the leaf to Agnes.

Agnes answered silently by an inclination of her head.

'The leaf,' the Countess proceeded, 'once belonged to a book in the old library of the palace, while this building was still a palace. By whom it was torn out you have no need to know. For what purpose it was torn out you may discover for yourself, if you will. Read it first—at the fifth line from the top of the page.'

Agnes felt the serious necessity of composing herself. 'Give me a chair,' she said to Henry. 'And I will do my best.' He placed himself behind her chair so that he could look over her shoulder and help her to understand the writing on the leaf. Rendered into English, it ran as follows:—

'I have now completed my literary survey of the first floor of the palace. At the desire of my noble and gracious patron, the lord of this glorious edifice, I next ascend to the second floor, and continue my catalogue or description of the pictures, decorations, and other treasures of art therein contained. Let me begin with the corner room at the western extremity of the palace, called the Room of the Caryatides, from the statues which support the mantel-piece. This work is of comparatively recent execution: it dates from the eighteenth century only, and reveals the corrupt taste of the period in every part of it. Still, there is a certain interest which attaches to the mantel-piece: it conceals a cleverly constructed hiding-place between the floor of the room and the ceiling of the room beneath, which was made during the last evil days of the Inquisition in Venice, and which is reported to have saved an ancestor of my gracious lord pursued by that terrible tribunal. The machinery of this curious place of concealment has been kept in good order by the present lord, as a species of curiosity. He condescended to show me the method of working it. Approaching the two Caryatides, rest your hand on the forehead (midway between the eyebrows) of the figure which is on your left as you stand opposite to the fireplace, then press the head inwards as if you were pushing it against the wall behind. By doing this, you set in motion the hidden machinery in the wall which turns the hearthstone on a pivot, and discloses the hollow place

below. There is room enough in it for a man to lie easily at full length. The method of closing the cavity again is equally simple. Place both your hands on the temples of the figure: pull as if you were pulling it towards you and the hearthstone will revolve into its proper position again.'

'You need read no further,' said the Countess. 'Be careful to remember what you have read.'

She put back the page of vellum in her writing-desk, locked it, and led the way to the door.

'Come!' she said; 'and see what the mocking Frenchman called, "The beginning of the end."'

Agnes was barely able to rise from her chair: she trembled from head to foot. Henry gave her his arm to support her. 'Fear nothing,' he whispered: 'I shall be with you.'

The Countess proceeded along the westward corridor, and stopped at the door numbered, Thirty Eight. This was the room which had been inhabited by Baron Rivar in the old days of the palace: the room situated immediately over the bedchamber in which Agnes had passed the night. For the last two days it had been empty. The absence of luggage in it when they opened the door, showed that it had not yet been let.

'You see!' said the Countess, pointing to the carved figure at the fire-place; 'and you know what to do. Have I deserved that you should temper justice with mercy?' she went on in lower tones. 'Give me a few hours more to myself. The Baron wants money—I must get on with my play.'

She smiled vacantly, and imitated the action of writing with her right hand as she pronounced the last words. The effort of concentrating her weakened mind on other and less familiar topics than the constant want of money in the Baron's lifetime, and the vague prospect of gain from the still unfinished play, had evidently exhausted her poor reserves of strength. When her request had been granted, she addressed no expressions of gratitude to Agnes; she only said, 'Feel no fear, Miss, of my attempting to escape you. Where you are, there I must be till the end comes.'

Her eyes wandered round the room with a last weary and stupefied look. She returned to her writing with slow and feeble steps, like the steps of an old woman.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HENRY and Agnes were left alone in the Room of the Caryatides.

The person who had written the description of the palace—probably a poor author or artist—had correctly pointed out the defects of the mantel-piece. Bad taste, exhibiting itself on the most costly and splendid scale, was visible in every part of the work. It was, nevertheless, greatly admired by ignorant travellers of all classes; partly on account of its imposing size, and partly on account of the number of variously-coloured marbles which the sculptor had contrived to introduce into his design. Photographs of the mantel-piece were exhibited in the public rooms, and found a ready sale among English and American visitors to the hotel.

Henry led Agnes to the figure on the left, as they stood facing the empty fire-place. 'Shall I try the experiment,' he asked, 'or will you?' She abruptly drew her arm away from him, and turned back to the door. 'I can't even look at it,' she said. 'That merciless marble face frightens me!'

Henry put his hand on the forehead of the figure. 'What is there to alarm you, my dear, in this conventional classical face?' he asked, jestingly. Before he could press the head inwards, Agnes hurriedly opened the door. 'Wait till I am out of the room!' she cried. 'The bare idea of

what you may find there horrifies me!' She looked back into the room as she crossed the threshold. 'I won't leave you altogether,' she said, 'I will wait outside.'

She closed the door. Left by himself, Henry lifted his hand once more to the marble forehead of the figure.

For the second time, he was checked on the point of setting the machinery of the hiding-place in motion. On this occasion, the interruption came from an outbreak of friendly voices in the corridor. A woman's voice exclaimed, 'Dearest Agnes, how glad I am to see you again!' A man's voice followed, offering to introduce some friend to 'Miss Lockwood.' A third voice (which Henry recognised as the voice of the manager of the hotel) became audible next, directing the housekeeper to show the ladies and gentlemen the vacant apartments at the other end of the corridor. 'If more accommodation is wanted,' the manager went on, 'I have a charming room to let here.' He opened the door as he spoke, and found himself face to face with Henry Westwick.

'This is indeed an agreeable surprise, sir!' said the manager, cheerfully. 'You are admiring our famous chimney-piece, I see. May I ask, Mr. Westwick, how you find yourself in the hotel, this time? Have the supernatural influences affected your appetite again?'

'The supernatural influences have spared me, this time,' Henry answered. 'Perhaps you may yet find that they have affected some other member of the family.' He spoke gravely, resenting the familiar tone in which the manager had referred to his previous visit to the hotel. 'Have you just returned?' he asked, by way of changing the topic.

'Just this minute, sir. I had the honour of travelling in the same train with friends of yours who have arrived at the hotel—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barville, and their travelling companions. Miss Lockwood is with them, looking at the rooms. They will be here before long, if they find it convenient to have an extra room at their disposal.'

This announcement decided Henry on exploring the hiding-place before the interruption occurred. It had crossed his mind, when Agnes left him, that he ought perhaps to have a witness, in the not very probable event of some alarming discovery taking place. The too-familiar manager, suspecting nothing, was there at his disposal. He turned again to the Caryan figure, maliciously resolving to make the manager his witness.

'I am delighted to hear that our friends have arrived at last,' he said. 'Before I shake hands with them, let me ask you a question about this queer work of art here. I see photographs of it downstairs. Are they for sale?

'Certainly, Mr. Westwick.'

'Do you think the chimney-piece is as solid as it looks?' Henry proceeded. 'When you came in, I was just wondering whether this figure here had not accidentally got loosened from the wall behind it.' He laid his hand on the marble forehead, for the third time. 'To my eye, it looks a little out of the perpendicular. I almost fancy I could jog the head just now, when I touched it.' He pressed the head inwards as he said those words.

A sound of jarring iron was instantly audible behind the wall. The solid hearthstone in front of the fire-place turned slowly at the feet of the two men, and disclosed a dark cavity below. At the same moment, the strange and sickening combination of odours, hitherto associated with the vaults of the old palace and with the bedchamber beneath, now floated up from the open recess, and filled the room.

The manager started back. 'Good God, Mr. Westwick!' he exclaimed, 'what does this mean?'

Remembering, not only what his brother Francis had felt in the room beneath, but what the experience of

Agnes had been on the previous night, Henry was determined to be on his guard. 'I am as much surprised as you are,' was his only reply.

'Wait for me one moment, sir,' said the manager. 'I must stop the ladies and gentlemen outside from coming in.'

He hurried away—not forgetting to close the door after him. Henry opened the window, and waited there breathing the purer air. Vague apprehensions of the next discovery to come, filled his mind for the first time. He was doubly resolved, now, not to stir a step in the investigation without a witness.

The manager returned with a wax taper in his hand, which he lighted as soon as he entered the room.

'We need fear no interruption now,' he said. 'Be so kind, Mr. Westwick, as to hold the light. 'It is *my* business to find out what this extraordinary discovery means.'

Henry held the taper. Looking into the cavity, by the dim and flickering light, they both detected a dark object at the bottom of it. 'I think I can reach the thing,' the manager remarked, 'if I lie down, and put my hand into the hole.'

He knelt on the floor and hesitated. 'Might I ask you, sir, to give me my gloves?' he said. 'They are in my hat, on the chair behind you.'

Henry gave him the gloves. 'I don't know what I may be going to take hold of,' the manager explained, smiling rather uneasily as he put on his right glove.

He stretched himself at full length on the floor, and passed his right arm into the cavity. 'I can't say exactly what I have got hold of,' he said. 'But I have got it.'

Half raising himself, he drew his hand out.

The next instant he started to his feet with a shriek of terror. A human head dropped from his nerveless grasp on the floor, and rolled to Henry's feet. It was the hideous head that Agnes had seen hovering above her, in the vision of the night.

The two men looked at each other, both struck speechless by the same emotion of horror. The manager was the first to control himself. 'See to the door, for God's sake!' he said. 'Some of the people outside may have heard me.'

Henry moved mechanically to the door.

Even when he had his hand on the key, ready to turn it in the lock in case of necessity, he still looked back at the appalling object on the floor. There was no possibility of identifying those decayed and distorted features with any living creature whom he had seen—and yet, he was conscious of feeling a vague and awful doubt which shook him to the soul. The questions which tortured the mind of Agnes, were now *his* questions too. *He* asked himself, 'In whose likeness might I have recognised it before the decay set in? The likeness of Ferrari? or the likeness of——?' He paused trembling, as Agnes had paused trembling before him. Agnes! The name, of all women's names the dearest to him, was a terror to him now! What was he to say to her? What might be the consequence if he trusted her with the terrible truth?

No footsteps approached the door: no voices were audible outside. The travellers were still occupied in the rooms at the eastern end of the corridor.

In the brief interval that had passed, the manager had sufficiently recovered himself to be able to think once more of the first and foremost interests of his life—the interest of the hotel. He approached Henry anxiously.

'If this frightful discovery becomes known,' he said, 'the closing of the hotel, and the ruin of the Company will be the inevitable results. I feel sure that I can trust your discretion, sir, so far?'

'You can certainly trust me,' Henry answered. 'But surely discretion has

its limits,' he added, 'after such a discovery as we have made?'

The manager understood that the duty which they owed to the community as honest and law-abiding men, was the duty to which Henry now referred. 'I will at once find the means,' he said, 'of conveying the remains privately out of the house, and I will myself place them in the care of the police-authorities. Will you leave the room with me? or do you not object to keep watch here, and help me when I return?'

While he was speaking, the voices of the travellers made themselves heard again at the end of the corridor. Henry instantly consented to wait in the room. He shrank from facing the inevitable meeting with Agnes if he showed himself in the corridor at that moment.

The manager hastened his departure, in the hope of escaping notice. He was discovered by his guests before he could reach the head of the stairs. Henry heard the voices plainly as he turned the key. While the terrible drama of discovery was in progress on one side of the door, trivial questions about the amusements of Venice and facetious discussions on the relative merits of French and Italian cookery were proceeding on the other. Little by little the sound of the talking grew fainter. The visitors, having arranged their plans of amusement for the day, were on their way out of the hotel. In a minute or two there was silence once more.

Henry turned to the window, thinking to relieve his mind by looking at the bright view over the canal. He soon grew wearied of the familiar scene. The morbid fascination which seems to be exercised by all horrible sights, drew him back again to the ghastly object on the floor.

Dream or reality, how had Agnes survived the sight of it? As the question passed through his mind, he noticed for the first time something lying on the floor near the head. Looking closer, he perceived a thin little plate of gold, with three false teeth attached to it, which had apparently dropped out (loosened by the shock) when the manager let the head fall on the floor.

The importance of this discovery, and the necessity of not too readily communicating it to others, instantly struck Henry. Here surely was a chance—if any chance remained—of identifying the shocking relic of humanity which lay before him, the dumb witness of a crime! Acting on this idea, he took possession of the teeth, purposing to use them as a last means of inquiry when other attempts at investigation had been tried and had failed.

He went back again to the window: the solitude of the room began to weigh on his spirits. As he looked out again at the view, there was a soft knock at the door. He hastened to open it—and checked himself in the act. A doubt occurred to him. Was it the manager who had knocked? He called out, 'Who is there?'

The voice of Agnes answered him. 'Have you anything to tell me, Henry?'

He was hardly able to reply. 'Not just now,' he said, confusedly. 'Forgive me if I don't open the door. I will speak to you a little later.'

The sweet voice made itself heard again, pleading with him piteously. 'Don't leave me alone, Henry! I can't go back to the happy people downstairs.'

How could he resist that appeal? He heard her sigh—he heard the rustling of her dress as she moved away in despair. The very thing that he had shrunk from doing but a few minutes since was the thing that he did now! He joined Agnes in the corridor. She turned as she heard him, and pointed trembling in the direction of the closed room. 'Is it so terrible as that?' she asked faintly.

He put his arm round her to support her. A thought came to him as he

looked at her, waiting in doubt and fear for his reply. 'You shall decide the question for yourself,' he said, 'if you will first put on your hat and cloak, and come out with me.'

She was naturally surprised. 'Can you tell me your object in going out?' she asked.

He owned what his object was unreservedly. 'I want, before all things,' he said, 'to satisfy your mind and mine on the subject of Montbarry's death. I am going to take you to the doctor who attended him in his illness, and to the consul who followed him to the grave.'

Her eyes rested on Henry gratefully. 'Oh, how well you understand me!' she said. The manager joined them at the same moment, on his way up the stairs. Henry gave him the key of the room, and then called to the servants in the hall to have a gondola ready at the steps. 'Are you leaving the hotel?' the manager asked. 'In search of evidence,' Henry whispered, pointing to the key. 'If the authorities want me, I shall be back in an hour.'

Chapter XXV.

THE day had advanced to evening. Lord Montbarry and the bridal party had gone to the opera. Agnes alone, pleading the excuse of fatigue, remained at the hotel. Having kept up appearances by accompanying his friends to the theatre, Henry Westwick slipped away after the first act and joined Agnes in the drawing-room.

'Have you thought of what I said to you earlier in the day?' he asked, taking a chair at her side. 'Do you agree with me that the one dreadful doubt which oppressed us both is at least set at rest?'

Agnes shook her head sadly. 'I wish I could agree with you, Henry—I wish I could honestly say that my mind is at ease.'

The answer would have discouraged most men. Henry's patience (where Agnes was concerned) was equal to any demands on it.

'If you will only look back at the events of the day,' he said, 'you must surely admit that we have not been completely baffled. Remember how Dr. Bruno disposed of our doubts.—"After thirty years of medical practice, do you think I am likely to mistake the symptoms of death by bronchitis?" If ever there was an unanswerable question, there it is! Was the consul's testimony doubtful in any part of it? He called at the palace to offer his services, after hearing of Lord Montbarry's death; he arrived at the time when the coffin was in the house; he himself saw the corpse placed in it, and the lid screwed down. The evidence of the priest was equally beyond dispute. He remained in the room with the coffin, reciting the prayers for the dead, until the funeral left the palace. Bear all these statements in mind, Agnes; and how can you deny that the question of Montbarry's death and burial is a question set at rest? We have really but one doubt left: we have still to ask ourselves whether the remains which I discovered are the remains of the lost courier or not. There is the case as I understand it. Have I stated it fairly?'

Agnes could not deny that he had stated it fairly.

'Then what prevents you from experiencing the same sense of relief that I feel?' Henry asked.

'What I saw last night prevents me,' Agnes answered. 'When we spoke of this subject, after our inquiries were over, you reproached me with taking, what you called, the superstitious view. I don't quite admit that—but I do acknowledge that I should find the superstitious view intelligible if I heard it expressed by some other person. Remembering what your brother and I once were to each other in the bygone time, I can

understand the apparition making itself visible to Me, to claim the mercy of Christian burial, and the vengeance due to a crime. I can even perceive some faint possibility of truth in the explanation which you described as the mesmeric theory—that what I saw might be the result of magnetic influence communicated to me, as I lay between the remains of the murdered husband above me and the guilty wife suffering the tortures of remorse at my bedside. But what I do *not* understand is, that I should have passed through that dreadful ordeal; having no previous knowledge of the murdered man in his lifetime, or only knowing him (if you suppose that I saw the apparition of Ferrari), through the interest which I took in his wife. I can't dispute your reasoning, Henry. But I feel in my heart of hearts that you are deceived. Nothing will shake my belief that we are still as far from having discovered the dreadful truth as ever.'

(*To be continued.*)

IN VAIN.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

IN vain, in vain, in vain,
Comes the Summer suns again,
With the Clover in the meadows and upon the hills the grain,
For the sunlight is a mockery, and the harvesters are slain.

In secluded mountain nooks,
The Mayflowers wake and blow;
And Violets pale, their breath exhale,
Beside their banks of snow.

By the thorny edge the wilding Rose,
Its leaves put forth again;
And the Daisy springs by the brookside,
And in the breezy lane.

And the robin comes and builds and sings
Where of old she built and sung;
And out of my heart I see no change
Since thou, oh heart, wert young.

But in vain, in vain, in vain,
Come the Summer suns again;
With the Clover in the meadows, and upon the hills the grain,
For the sunlight is a mockery, and the harvesters are slain.

ANOTHER VIEW OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POEMS.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

THE place held by Matthew Arnold in modern literature is difficult to determine. It is a high place of course; that is easily accorded. But we cannot do with Mr. Arnold as we can with most literary men, that is place him in any particular 'school.' The high priest of culture declines to sit on any literary 'fifth form' at the feet of any modern teacher. With that school which cries out, 'Art for art's sake,' in order that it may outrage morality with impunity, he has no connection. He is equally removed from that other class, fed on Wordsworth and water, which cries out for 'art only within the limits of morality,' in order to have an excuse for its insufferable dulness. In political affairs he is, one thinks, at heart, a Tory—at least he is strikingly out of accord with the Shrieking Brotherhood led by Mr. Goldwin Smith and brought up in the rear by Mr. Edward Jenkins. In social affairs he is out of tune with the Nineteenth Century civilization in England, and his criticism of English social life is edged with scorn. In historical matters he is opposed to the Puritan Propagandism of many modern writers; and would greatly have preferred that the progress of English nationality should have gone on uninterrupted by that Commonwealth out of which, so many writers wish us to believe, come most of our modern 'liberties.' As a poet he is too much of an incarnate Thought to be popular; but with those who, like himself, worship intellectual culture; and who look with kindly eyes upon him, as the chief preacher of culture; the poems of Matthew Arnold are precious things, beyond compare with any of their kind, produced by any contemporary writer. One is far from admitting that intellectual culture is the one thing necessary in the world, however; and it is the misfortune of Mr. Arnold, and the misfortune of his readers and students, that he pursues, and encourages others to pursue, Culture, at the expense of Faith, which the world wants even worse than culture, and which, if it loses it, will be a loss more dangerous and irreparable than would be the utter annihilation of the culture of all the centuries. But he does not engage in the propagandism of doubt or denial with the fervour and fierceness of Mr. John Morley, who seems to have a personal interest in the destruction of Christianity. Matthew Arnold's doubts are distressing to him; there is an undertone of sadness in all that he sings, at least on the subject of modern scepticism. And the advantage of this state of mind is for orthodox belief, that it leads the disciples of Mr. Arnold to doubt his doubts and be distressed at his distress; while those whose minds are more rigidly tutored in orthodox beliefs recognize in his sadness and his longings the pains of a perverted intellect and a wrong culture. To cultivate the head at the expense of the heart is a too common practice; and the result is a total loss of domestic happiness. To cultivate the intellect at the expense of faith is a characteristic of this age; and the result is a total loss of mental serenity. In some few of his poems, Mr. Matthew Arnold illustrates this want of serenity, and shows how much the possession of it should be prized. I mention

particularly the 'Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse,' a most beautiful, most musical, most thoughtful poem.

On an autumn evening, when the wind is up and the rain is driving, and the mists are whirled above the valley, the Poet appears before the Carthusians' world-famed home. Then he gives a very beautiful picture of the silent courts where the icy fountains play by day and night, and the humid corridors where the 'Cowled forms brush by in gleaming white,' and the chapel, without an organ, where the monks

> 'With white uplifted faces stand
> Passing the Host from hand to hand.'

Everything that can add solemnity to the scene and excite thought in the reader, or the beholder, is hinted by the Poet. For a similarly vivid piece of word-painting you must go to that most perfect, most artistic poem, the 'St. Agnes Eve' of Keats. The pictures of the suffering Christ upon the wall; the floor with its marks of many years of penitential kneeling; the wooden bed that some day will be a coffin; the library of saintly and sober volumes; the garden with its herbs of the Alps; the great hall with its pilgrim memories of old days; the Brotherhood with their austere life and their calm ways—all these things crowd the mind of the Poet, the Sceptic Poet, the Poet of Human Culture, who, for the first time, finds himself within these solemn walls and amid these medieval monks. It is no wonder that he pauses to ask himself

> 'And what am I, that I am here?'

And then comes the confession, which rises to the lips of so many thousands of cultured young men all the world over; that his youth was seized by rigorous teachers who purged its faith and trimmed its fire, and 'showed me the high white star of Truth' according to their idea of it; and, in fine, impressed the youthful mind with dogmatic scepticism more relentless and illiberal than the doctrines of any orthodox school. There is no inhumanity so gross as the inhumanity of science; there is no illiberality so great as the illiberality of scepticism; and no church requires from her votaries such submission, such self-sacrifice, such slavish adherence, and such blind belief, as modern science requires. All do not submit. Occasionally a soul shrieks out its protest in its agony. Occasionally some heart breaks out in passionate song or melancholy lament. A very slight occasion suffices. It may be some-old-time hymn that is borne upon the breeze to passing ears from some 'narrowing nunnery walls;' it may be the sight of some grey, grand spire that, age after age, has pointed its own beauty out to the silent skies, and has been a standing protest against those who scoff and pass by; it may be some such scene as this which Matthew Arnold witnessed so long ago in his life; that touches the springs of feelings that had been hidden by pride or had grown callous with disuse; and then,—well, then, maybe it is only a Song that the world gets; maybe it is a Soul that God gets.

Now let us listen to the Poet's confession. He asks the forgiveness of his old masters of the mind for coming here, and protests that he is not here as their enemy; and not as the friend of these cowled Carthusian forms:

> Not as their friend or child I speak!
> But as, on some far northern strand
> Thinking of his own gods—a Greek
> In pity and mournful awe might stand
> Before some fallen Runic stone—
> For both were faiths, and both are gone.
>
> *Wandering between two worlds, one dead,*
> *The other powerless to be born,*
> With nowhere yet to rest my head
> Like these, on Earth, I walk forlorn
> Their faith—my tears, the world deride—
> I come to shed them at their side.

And this is all! This is the result of nineteen centuries of culture and criticism, of study and scepticism! The High Priest of Culture finds himself

only like some Greek who has lost faith in his country's gods, and gazes with melancholy pity at some Runic stone and finds that *two* faiths have died. Matthew Arnold finds that *three* have departed. And what position does he occupy? He is a 'wanderer between two worlds, one dead: the other powerless to be born:' the dead world being the old world of Faith and God; the new world powerless to be born, being this world of science and scepticism, which brings forth nothing, gives no certitude, fixes nothing but ordinary natural phenomena. It is not a position of which the Poet is proud; he is pained, not proud; he is moved, not hardened. For here before him is a protest against his belief that the old world is dead: and here is an example of living Faith! Here he brings his tears at his own scepticism, to shed them by the side of these austere and silent Believers. He cries out:

> Oh, hide me in your gloom profound,
> Ye solemn seats of holy pain!
> Take me, cowl'd forms and fence me round
> Till I possess my soul again;
> Till free my thoughts before me roll
> Not chafed by hourly false control.

The world cries out that their faith is an exploded dream, a passed mode of thought that should trouble our minds no more. But the Poet's heart is wiser for a moment, and beats in a different way—

> Ah if it *be* passed, take away
> At least the restlessness, the pain!
> Be man henceforth no more a prey
> To these out dated stings again!
> The nobleness of grief is gone
> Ah leave us not the fret alone!
>
> But, if you cannot give us ease—
> Last of the race of them who grieve
> Here leave us to die out with these
> Last of the people who believe!
> Silent, while years engrave the brow;
> Silent—the best are silent now.

And then he goes on to suggest the inability of the age to deal with the questions which agitate the sensitive souls. The same ocean of doubt surrounds the men of this generation that surrounded the men of the last; and the paths are as trackless as ever. The outcries of the 'former men;' the protests of the sixteenth century, the persecutions of the seventeenth century, the denials and scoffings of the eighteenth century, and the scientific unbelief of this age: all have been powerless to mitigate one pain or add one joy for humanity—

> What helps it now that Byron bore,
> With haughty scorn that mocked the smart
> Through Europe to the Ætolian shore
> The pageant of his bleeding heart?
> That thousands counted every groan
> And Europe made his woe her own.
>
> What boots it Shelley! that the breeze
> Carried thy lovely wail away
> Musical through Italian trees,
> Which fringe thy soft blue Spezzian bay?
> *Inheritors of thy distress*
> *Have restless hearts one throb the less?*

The time may come, says the poet, when, more fortunate than this age, men may be gay without frivolity and wise without being hard; but in the mean time, *let us weep*:—

> Sons of the world, oh, speed those years
> But, while we wait, allow our tears!

Is that all that the age can do, to alleviate its distress and atone for its doubts? Are tears the best tribute to Faith, which is rejected? Are aimless tears the sole results of modern civilization? There is something unmanly in the idea. How much more noble is the picture of Campbell's Last Man defying the 'darkling' universe to

> Quench his immortality
> Or shake his trust in God!

than this figure of the nineteenth century man of culture with his finger in his eye!

In the mean time the cowled Carthusians pray and work, work and pray within their convent walls; but the Poet does not, can not, remain. He must go out into the world like the lady of fashion after her yearly retreat. And that reminds him of the glimpses of the world which come to these shy brethren at times. Sometimes it is the sheen of lances and the waving of warlike banners with which the mountain solitudes are disturbed. Sometimes it is a gay hunting party

which comes from the valley to the monastery walls.

> The banners flashing through the trees
> Make their blood dance, and chain their eyes;
> The bugle music on the breeze
> Arrests them with a charmed surprise,
> Banner by turns and bugle woo:
> *Ye shy recluses follow too!*

But it is no use; the world woos in vain these devotees who see in their shining heavens visions of a splendour more brilliant than earth can show; who hear in their solitudes voices of sweeter note and deeper meaning than those of bugle or hunting horn—

> Pass, banners, pass, and bugles, cease,
> And leave our desert to its Peace.

That is it. Leave us to our prayers and peace. Go forth man of culture to your strivings in pain and disquiet. Leave us here, who Believe. Go forth among those who Doubt. Perhaps the song you sung and the scene you have painted may suggest higher thoughts than yours to some loftier soul; and your visit may not have been in vain.

Felicity of expression is proverbially a valuable gift. In poets it is, of course, an essential of their art; and all possess it in some degree. Keats was a master of the art of 'fitting aptest words to things;' and Matthew Arnold has also a most delicate perception of the fitness of words for their places. Indeed, he is so very exact and refined in this matter, that his use of certain forms of expression and certain odd rhymes almost amounts to a mannerism. And this exquisite gift is used with scholarly refinement to produce a most melancholy impression on his readers. I have before described him as being an incarnate Thought; but the thought is a melancholy one; and after reading and re-reading his poems, one rises from the perusal with the idea that the author is a man with an incurable sorrow, and a life-long pain. This is not the true office of poetry; but it is the sceptical melancholy spirit of this age, (when for so many thousands of men, as Keats says,

> But to think is to be full of sorrow,
> And leaden-eyed despair)

that thus impresses a master mind and makes its highest utterances little else than a prolonged and saddening sigh. When a man is doubtful of God, doubtful of the hereafter, doubtful of the meaning of life, doubtful of the mission of man, doubtful of love; and certain only that life is hard and sorrow is sure, and disappointments inevitable, and the grave an end of all, what can we expect in his poetry save a melancholy moan? The more thoughtful he is, the deeper is his pain. When he surveys his kind, their labours, their pains, their sufferings, their disappointments, he is not the poet of culture singing of the great mission of mind; he is a new Timon, not railing indeed, not cursing, not resenting a world's ingratitude, but sorrowing and sighing over the hardness of fate and the unhappiness of man. The very topmost heights of culture are sadly reached at such a cost of serenity and happiness. Some of Mr. Arnold's readers may think he *is* all serene; but it is not serenity, it is resignation. Serenity is the product of confidence. And Mr. Arnold appears to be certain of nothing.

Let me illustrate my meaning by reference to some very beautiful and characteristic poems. One is entitled 'A Farewell,' and has a choice felicity of expression which is inimitable. The poet comes to greet and meet his love in Switzerland, and does meet and greet her after the fashion of all lovers. And for a time—happiness. But the inevitable sigh rises at once—

> Days flew; ah, soon I could discern
> A trouble in thine alter'd air!
> Thy hand lay languidly in mine,
> Thy cheek was grave, thy speech grew rare.
>
> I blame thee not!- this heart I know
> To be long loved was never framed;
> For something in its depths doth glow,
> Too strange, too restless, too untamed.

Perhaps he is right. Scholars do not

make good lovers, nor often succeed in being lastingly loved. We know that wise thing which Aspasia writes to Cleone in Landor's beautiful book —'These scholars who seem so quiet are often the most restless men in the world.' The poet then goes on to moralise in his melancholy way. Women, he says, want in their mates strength of will and promise of control, not kindness or gentle ways. (This is somewhat more cynically put by Thackeray, who says that women love best the fellows who broom-stick them.) And the poet has no such strength of will; for, he says,

> I too have longed for trenchant force,
> And will like a dividing spear;
> Have praised the keen unscrupulous course
> Which knows no doubt, which feels no fear.
>
> But in the world I learnt, what there
> Thou too wilt surely one day prove,
> That will, that energy, though rare,
> Are yet far, far less rare than love.

Let us weep; what else can we do but weep at such a melancholy revelation? Perhaps the hearts of women in all lands will cry out that it is not true. All of the poems which relate to Switzerland are in this same most weary and melancholy strain; and this melancholy is not the product of youth, which, when poetic, is always sad, but it is also the condition of his mature mind when years have passed away and the Poet is calm enough to look back on the past and rhyme about it—

> I knew it when my life was young,
> I feel it still, now youth is o'er.

Another characteristic of Mr. Arnold's mind is scorn. We need hardly in this place go into a dissertation on the unutterable scorn with which he has treated the Philistine class in England, the mercantile middle class with its strong Puritan element. Most intelligent readers are aware of it, and a good many of them, no doubt, relish it. In his address to Urania, cold and lofty muse of the shining stars, he tells us that she smiles not, sighs not, at the passions of her poets, yet she *could* love,

> Were men but nobler than they are.
>
> Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
> Our labour'd puny passion-fits—
> Ah, may she scorn them still till we
> Scorn them as bitterly as she.

But show her some superhuman poet with eyes like starry lights, and then she will love and reach out her heavenly hand—

> Then will she weep; with smiles till then
> Coldly she mocks the sons of men:
> Till then her lovely eyes maintain
> *The ir pure, unwavering, deep disdain.*

Surely this must be the very poet of the higher spheres who thus express his vicarious disdain of the petty sons of men. Surely Urania *has* held out her hand!

Let us turn to the poems which express in various fashions Mr. Arnold's views as to death and the soul and the hereafter. They are even more melancholy than the others. In the beginning I have indicated his views and fears and pains, when he compares himself with the Carthusians of the Grande Chartreuse. In other poems he has given us deeper hints of his state of mind on subjects the most serious that can engage the attention of any man. In a little poem entitled 'The River' he implores his beloved to let him weep (Thaddeus of Warsaw himself does not weep oftener than Mr. Arnold) on her shoulder—

> Before I die—before the soul
> Which now is mine, must re-attain
> Immunity from my control
> And wander round the world again.

It appears to Mr. Arnold that after death he will become a planet! If so, it may be his happy fate to be discovered by some learned German Professor, who will 'send him round' among the Observatories of Europe, with a description of his appearance, and suggestions for a new Latin name. What better fate could a scholar wish for than that? But it would be unfair to represent him as a disbeliever wholly in God. God is ever on his

lips, and in his song; but what God means; what He intends; what laws He has made; what His purposes are with man here and hereafter; what man's duty is—except to be 'calm' and 'quiet' and do 'work'—Mr. Arnold does not know. *His* God is a vague Personage, who created a world that He does not rule except by 'Nature's' laws; who created man, and gave man no creed or system or plan of being and dying; but who will reward us all (for what?) at some time or other, some place or other, in some way or other.

But let us abandon this litany of Mr. Arnold's characteristics, with some references to peculiarities more attractive, characteristics more creditable, more ennobling, and more poetical. His love poems, but for that undercurrent of sadness which runs through them all, are very attractive and most charming specimens of English versification. 'A Memory Picture' is a very pleasant little poem (or would be if the author would keep down the sigh) and contains a picture in every verse:—

> Paint that lilac kerchief, bound
> Her soft face, her hair around;
> Tied under the archest chin
> Mockery ever ambushed in,
> Let the fluttering fringes streak
> All her pale, sweet rounded cheek.
> Ere the parting hour go by
> Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

I have already referred in this essay to the melancholy of 'A Farewell;' but its music is more marked than its melancholy, and when one reads the opening lines—

> My horse's feet beside the lake,
> Where sweet the unbroken moonbeams lay.

one naturally goes on to read the rest, and one rises from the perusal of the poem with the measure dancing discreetly in one's mind, as the air of a piece of music will linger in one's ears for long after the performance of it has ceased.

But in these volumes which I turn over, there are some poems which fascinate one more than most modern poetry. Of some of them we say—they make us see what the author sees, and more; of others—they set us thinking as the author thinks. I shall take two as specimens of each phase of the poet's skill and genius. The first is an elegiac poem called 'A Southern Night.' It recounts the death of the author's brother, in stanzas of such exquisite beauty and with skill so pure and perfect that one would not undertake the task of matching this poem in modern verse. Let me give one extract here:—

> The murmur of this midland deep
> Is heard to-night around thy grave,
> There where Gibraltar's cannon'd steep
> O'erfrowns the wave.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> *Slow to a stop, at morning grey,*
> *I see the smoke-crowned vessel come;*
> *Slow round her paddles dies away*
> *The seething foam.*
>
> A boat is lower'd from her side;
> Ah, gently place him on the bench!
> That spirit—if all have not yet died—
> A breath might quench.

The verse emphasized above seems to me to present as perfect a picture as the literature of our time can produce; it is word-painting of the most exquisite character. And then he goes on with the inevitable reflection, graceful and wonderfully apt in this case, that it is odd that a bustling, jaded Englishman should have so quiet a grave; and he says:—

> In cities should we English lie
> Where cries are rising ever new,
> And men's incessant stream goes by—
> We, who pursue,
>
> Our business with unslacking stride,
> Traverse in troops with care-filled breast
> The soft Mediterranean side.
> The Nile, the East,
>
> And see all sights from pole to pole,
> And glance and nod and bustle by,
> *And never once possess our soul*
> *Before we die.*

And now, having gone through some of the moods of this true Poet—for true Poet he is, though we may not like a verse here and there, or a sigh too much or a doubt too many—we will before closing give an example or two of his power of crystallizing the facts of history and suggesting many

grave thoughts in a few lines of sweet and yet stately verse. The poem from which I will quote is entitled 'Obermann Once More,' and consists of reflections on the author of *Obermann*, Etienne Pirert de Senancour, who, after a chequered life, died in Paris in 1846. The author, the Poet, represents himself as coming to the Alpine hut of Obermann, who addresses to him a poetical dissertation on the course of human thought and history. The old Pagan world with its sated lust and fierce feverish enjoyments is suggested in a few wonderful verses. The overflow of the Roman tempest on the East is then suggested, and we read :—

The East bowed down before the blast,
In patient, deep disdain :
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

This is wonderful in its wide suggestiveness. The passive land, which is the home of all our religion and philosophy, and where all may retire to end in due time, could not be more aptly described. The utter powerlessness of what we are pleased to call Western 'Civilization,' to impress itself on the Eastern mind has never been better suggested. The East then sent out its Man-God to teach the Roman West to seek solace in its soul. And the West heard—

She veiled her eagles, snapped her sword,
And laid her sceptre down,
Her stately purple she abhorred,
And her Imperial Crown.

Christianity had its turn then, after the Roman tempest had broken, and the Eastern lands were at peace—

And centuries came and ran their race,
And unspent all that time ;
Still, still went forth that child's dear face,
And still was at its prime.

But after this there comes the inevitable suggestion which is flung in our teeth from so many quarters, that all this is ended now, and another state of things exists :

Now he is dead ! Far hence he lies
In the lone Syrian town :
And on his grave with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

And, so, henceforth, man must be sufficient for himself, and be his own guide, and philosopher, and teacher, resigning all creeds and beliefs, and thinking out a system for himself—if he have time which is unlikely ; and if he has inclination, which is more unlikely still. It is not a very satisfactory reflection even for those who seem most fond of making it. It is not a very lofty philosophy, even in the eyes of those who seem most bent on propagating it. And Christianity beholding it all, is indignant and cries : 'What a philosophy this is ! It deals only with masses of men as if they were brutes—*I* take thought for even their infants' cries. It stamps out life in its wives, and starves the poor in their garrets—*I* call on my people to distribute their goods to the poor and to have charity. I gave you religion, and you perverted it. I gave you genius, and you have debauched it. I gave you philosophy, and you have not comprehended it. I gave you art and you have degraded it. I gave you music, and you have outraged its every note to base uses. I gave you government, society, laws, institutions, freedom, and you have misused them all. And then you tell me I am dead—because *you* have failed, after centuries of *your* experiments and *my* patience. Give me my world again !'

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"'Away,' she cried, "grave heart and solemn sighs!
Kiss and be merry; preach the sermon after.
Give me the careless dance and twinkling eyes;
Let me be wooed with kisses, songs, and laughter."'

ALMA'S delirium of triumph reached its climax on the Sunday morning when, in self-conscious grandeur, she ambled up the aisle behind her mother. Alan was not in the church, being, as his *fiancée* presently reflected with a jealous pang, most likely with Miss Dalmeny. This circumstance, however, was perhaps fortunate, because even Alan's loyalty might hardly have stood the test of that triumphal march up the aisle, that tossing of the head which made his betrothed an object of envy to a few and of sniggering contempt to many. Those who most envied, longed, and bitterly reproached the partiality of fate, were especially the two young ladies who just missed the golden apple. What had they done that Alma alone should be singled out for this special good fortune? As for those Sisters of the Order who were attending the service, feelings of quite peculiar wonder and pity for their unfortunate Brother passed across their minds and hindered their devotions. Harry was not at church either, a fact which Alma speedily ascertained by looking for him in his usual place. She was sorry for that, too. She felt that she could have enjoyed furtively contemplating his black looks. The girl was dressed in a simple stuff, which Alan asked her mother, whose taste he could trust, to buy for her. She resented the simplicity of the costume, which she would have preferred, I think, made up in red velvet, the splendour of which would have increased the envy of other maidens, and she resented certain enforced restrictions as to ribbons, of which she would have liked an assortment in various colours. But she had the sense to give way, on the hint from her mother that Mr. Dunlop would prefer a quiet dress.

'You've got,' said her mother severely, 'to try and be a lady—to look at, I mean—if you can. I've never interfered with your bits of finery, though many's the time its gone to my heart to see a gell of mine go about for all the world like a gipsy wench round a may-pole. But I know what Mr. Dunlop is used to, and you've got to take my advice now. Lord! Lord! What an unnatural thing it is, to be sure!'

'As if I was the only girl in the world that a gentleman has fallen in love with.'

'Fallen in love!' echoed her mother. 'Fallen in love, indeed! And with you! Why, what's your good looks compared to Miss Miranda or Miss Nelly or any of the young ladies at the Court? And what's your silly saucy ways compared with their beautiful talk? And what sort of manners have you got, I should like to

know, compared with theirs? Fallen in love! It's all a part of the poor young gentleman's craziness.'

She went about her work, this unnatural mother, with lips that moved in silent talk, because she was greatly disturbed in her mind. It seemed to her honest soul like treachery towards the memory of her dead mistress. And, as she told Alma, she knew ladies and she knew the ways that gentlemen are used to.

'Your manners?' she went on, piling it up—this sort of truth-hearing is really very painful. 'Whatever in the world Mr. Dunlop will say when he sees you sit at your dinner, I don't know. You take your victuals—well, you take 'em like your father. And I can't say worse for you.'

'You had better tell father so,' returned Alma. 'But, mother, now,' she put on her coaxing way, 'if you'll tell me, little by little, you know, because I can't learn it all at once, what I'll have to alter, I'll try. I really will. And you should like to see me a real lady, shouldn't you?'

But Mrs. Bostock shook her head.

'I shall never see that,' she said. 'Ladies are born and bred, not made to order. Lord bless you, child, you'll never make more than a tin-kettle lady.'

This was not the opinion of her father, who accepted the position as one due to the singular merit of his daughter and the fact of his own training. The Bailiff, in fact, spent his time, now, chiefly in self-laudation. He assumed the importance which seemed to befit the post of the Squire's father-in-law. He went to market and talked loudly of his son-in-law: he more than hinted at important changes about to be made in the management of the estates: and he patronised those large tenants to whom he had before been servile.

Needless to say that the voice of popular opinion, as expressed by the tenants, was that the Squire, of whose *sanity* there had long been grievous doubt, was now gone stark-staring mad. Some among them wanted to get up a deputation to Lord Alwyne asking for advice and assistance: but this fell through.

Alma's hours of triumph were fewer than those which her father enjoyed. To sit in church and feel that the eyes of Weyland maidenhood were on you, with looks of envy and longing, was grand. But during the long week, the six days of labour, there was no such soul ennobling solace to be got. All day long, the future mistress of Weyland Court went on with her accustomed labour: milked the cows and fed the fowls; made the butter and peeled the potatoes.

'I thought,' she said to her mother, 'that you wanted me to be a lady. Ladies don't scour milk-pans.'

'If ladies don't scour milk-pans, replied the woman of experience, 'they do something else. If you didn't do the housework, you'd sit with your hands in your lap, or you'd go out and get into mischief. That's not the way to be a lady. Talk o' you gells! You think that a lady's got nothing to do but lazy away her idle time. I haven't patience with you. And you to marry a gentleman!'

Before this unlucky engagement Mrs. Bostock had got on fairly well with her daughter. There were skirmishes, dexterous exchanges of rapier-thrusts between tongues as sharp as steel, in which one gave and the other took, or the reverse, with equal readiness. And neither bore malice. Also, both stood side by side against the common enemy. Stephen Bostock, as parent and husband, was alternately morose and ferocious. In the former mood he had to be met with silence or short answers; in the latter, he had to be stood up to. When he was meditating schemes of plunder he was morose: when his schemes failed, which generally happened, because success in roguery requires as much acuteness as success in honest undertakings, he became ferocious. And on those oc-

casions it would have been delightful for the bystander, were there any, to witness how, by full facers from his wife and half-aside 'cheek' from his daughter, the unhappy man would be goaded into rages which left nothing to be desired except a victim. 'Very handy,' as Hardy Cardew observed—'Very handy he was, 'cept when there was a man about.' But of late years he had abstained, probably from fear of the consequences, from actually carrying his threats into execution, and beating his offspring into a mash.

Things had gone badly with the Bostocks until the head of the house was appointed Bailiff. Then, things went better. As it was easy to cheat the Squire, and operations of quite an extensive character began with the very commencement, gloomy moroseness became the silence of thoughtful reflection, and habitual ferocity was softened into the occasional damn. But, in this sudden and unexpected access of good fortune, the chances of Harry Cardew sank lower and lower. The honest gamekeeper found himself more and more unwelcome at the farmhouse, until one day, a few months before Alma's engagement, he was informed in no measured terms by the Bailiff, that a young man of like calling and social position with himself could by no means be accepted as a candidate for his daughter's hand. The Bailiff put his point in coarse but vigorous English. It made a short sentence, and it left no possible room for doubt or mistake. He weakened it by a threat of personal violence, which, addressed to the young giant before him from one so puffy and out of condition as himself, was ludicrous; but the rule, as lawyers say, was absolute. Harry must cease his visits.

And presently came this rosy, this sapphire-and-amaranth-tinted position of things; when the Bailiff's daughter, not of Islington, but of Weyland, was actually engaged to be married to the Squire and the son of the Squire. Then it was that Stephen Bostock assumed the airs of superiority which so riled and offended the farmers. Then it was that he became all at once the loving, even the doating, father. Then it was that he walked the fields in the evening revolving great dreams of agricultural rule. Then it was that he looked through the veil which generally hides the misty ways of futurity, and saw himself, Stephen Bostock, living in great splendour, held in much honour of all men, drinking quantities of brandy and water among a circle of worshippers and smoking a pipe among other pipes, all of which were myrrh and frankincense offered to himself, the wise, the crafty, the successful Bostock. Then it was that he began to fondle, to caress, and to cuddle his only child, until his endearments became painful, even insufferable, to the young lady; and she would run away and hide herself to get out of his way. And then it was that he discovered that his wife, whom he had hitherto reverenced as a person intimately acquainted, through her experience as lady's-maid, with the habits, customs, and predilections of the aristocracy, was really nothing better than a shallow pretender to this kind of knowledge, becauses he objected, from the very beginning, to her daughter's engagement with the Squire.

'You may swear, Stephen,' she would say, what time Alma was in bed and her husband was contemplating things through the rosy light which comes of the third or fourth tumbler of grog—'You may swear, Stephen, as much as you like. And what a man would do without swearing, smoking, and drinking, the Lord only knows. Swearing can't make things different; and it's unnatural. It's unnatural, I say.'

When Stephen first found his appropriate adjective for the situation, he slapped his leg in rejoicing. When Mrs. Bostock found hers, she cut the thread with which she was working—being a woman who was perpetually sewing—with a sharper snap than usual.

Stephen swore again, but with a murmurous tone of satisfaction, because the light upon the future was growing more roseate, more beautiful.

'A son-in-law,' he said, 'as is the Squire of this great estate; a son-in-law worth—ah!—his twenty thousand a year; a son-in-law as is between you and me, wife, a little loose in the upper story; that kind o' son-in-law doesn't grow on every bush, and is to be encouraged when he does come. Encouraged he shall be. Fooled he shall be, if I can fool him. And hen-pecked he will be, for sure and certain, when our Alma once gets her tongue free, and her tail well up, and her claws out. And as regards wild cats, I will say that, for a wild cat, once you wake her up, there's no gell in all Weyland like my gell.'

'Yes,' said her mother, 'she's the Bostock temper. As for my family, we're that meek——'

'You are,' replied the husband, finishing his tumbler: 'you're as meek as the Irish pig——' He did not explain this allusion, which remains obscure.

It will be seen that these influences were not the highest or the most promising which could be brought to bear on the mind of a young woman about to marry a young man oppressed with great possessions. But Alma had been brought up under them, and knew no other. It will also be seen that the out-look to Alan in search of a help-meet, would have seemed to him, had he known as much as we know, sufficiently dark.

All day long spent in household and dairy labour: and then, alas! all the evening to be got through with her unintelligible lover. Poor Alma! Poor bride-elect! They talked and walked, these fine July evenings, chiefly in the garden of the farm, that long strip of ground planted with raspberry-canes and gooseberry-bushes, and walled on either hand by an apple-orchard. In the dusk and sweet summer twilight they walked up and down the narrow walk, arm in arm, while Alan discoursed and Alma tried to listen, failed to understand, and let her thoughts run off on Harry. More than once she saw the unlucky gamekeeper at the garden-gate, looking wistfully into the garden like the Peri into Paradise, and her heart leaped up, and it wanted but a word, a beckoning, a gesture from her humble lover to make her dare all, throw down the ring of King Cophetua, and rush to the place where she would fain be, the arms of the man who knew her for what she was, and did not believe her to be a saint.

For really, poor Mr. Dunlop was too unbearable.

Does any girl, *could* any girl, like being improved after her engagement or her marriage? I once knew a man who was very, very intellectual. He was quite familar with everything that is lofty, abstruse and unintelligible; he read his *Fortnightly* with more regularity than he read his Bible; he lived, so to speak, and found his nourishment entirely in the Higher Criticism; Mill, Bain, and Herbert Spencer were far, far behind him; and yet he used to clasp his two hands across his massive brow, and say that what we want—meaning mankind at large, including himself—is More Brain Power. This man married a wife, and resolved, as he told all his friends, upon moulding her. Many men have resolved upon moulding their wives, and have not discovered until too late that their wives have moulded *them*. My friend began very much as Alan Dunlop began, only *mutatis mutandis*. He did not lecture her, or teach her. He got her a ticket for the British Museum Library, took her there, and looked out useful books for her to read—Mill, Bain, and Spencer, the elementary prophets. No one, of course, will be surprised to hear the end of this mournful reminiscence. The young wife made the acquaintance of a young man who sat next to her, and was engaged at a low wage in the Translation Department of the eminent publishers,

s. Roguepogue, Gulchit, and Co.
ve he was weak in French, and
o ask his fair neighbour for help
ficult passages. One day they
out at luncheon-time together.
er of them returned their books,
either of them ever came back

And there was great unpleas-
ss afterwards.

ilarly, there is the well-known
f the æsthetic man—one is al-
ashamed to quote it—who want-
train his wife in true principles
t, and used to carry her about to
re Galleries and make her sit for
in front of Martyrs and Saints
to be tortured, till she grew at
) take a savage and unchristian
ire in thinking that those heads
:he golden halos held on one side
iose figures stuck out ecclesias-
' stiff, would shortly be roasting
e stake. She revenged herself
essing one night when they were
ç with quite awfully æsthetic
e in a costume of red, green, and
v. Her husband caught sight of
:he middle of dinner. They car-
iim away, and his wife went with

Just as he rallied and came
., he saw it again. In his weak
tion it was too much. She is a
v now, with no taste at all for

in Dunlop, rapidly discovering
his future wife was not as yet
the young person he had dreamed
solved, like our friends, the In-
tual and the Artistic Prigs, to
ld' his wife.

moulded her in two ways.
st, he lent her books to read.
e books he chose were those to
i he owed, he thought, the ideas
i most governed his own life.
ig these were Ruskin's *Two*
, the *Sesame and Lilies*, and a
ion from the *Fors Clavigera*. He
t that what a man takes away
a book is precisely what he brings
only that much developed, that
nind is like the soil already
ed, digged about for air and light,
and weeded of false notions. Alma, poor girl, brought nothing to the study of the *Fors* but a blank mind. She understood no single word. First, she did try to read the books: read on, page after page, although the words had no meaning, and, when she put the volumes down, left nothing behind them but a sort of blurr, haze, and bad dream of meaningless sentences which seemed to follow her, to whisper their gibberish in her ear, and to haunt her dreams at night like devils and ghosts. That plan would clearly never do. Then she hit upon another. She would learn a bit and try to repeat it, to show that she really had read the whole. This succeeded tolerably the first evening, but on the second she broke down suddenly and horribly, collapsed, went off into nonsense, and finally foundered altogether.

The second method adopted by Alan was to lecture his *fiancée*. He spent hours every day in expounding the elementary principles of his philosophy, and he hoped that she would readily grasp the science in which women are supposed to have done so much—social and political economy. He hoped that she would become a second Harriet Martineau. As a matter of fact, I believe that the success of women in Political Economy is due to their acceptance of unproved theories as if they were truths demonstrated beyond all doubt. By this method they have built up a structure which spiteful people say will go to pieces in the first gale of wind. However, Alma listened, and understood nothing. The lecturer went on, but his words poured into her ears while her thoughts were far away.

And then there followed a very curious state of things.

While Alan talked, Alma allowed her thoughts to wander away. She listened mechanically, prepared to smile and murmur when his voice ceased for a moment. Now, after the first preamble with which Alan opened up the subject of his engagement and

exposed his reasons, he took it for granted that Alma understood exactly why he wanted to marry her and how they were to live. Alma, who had forgotten all about the preamble, which she never understood, looked on her marriage as elevation to the rank of a lady, dreamed continually of Weyland Court, and let Alan go on talking of their future in his obscure manner without interruption. That she was to go on living in the village would have seemed too absurd. Far better brave all and marry Harry Cardew.

But what a lover! And what an engagement! And never a kiss, never a hand-squeeze, never the least sigh; only a grave 'How do you do, Alma?' or 'Good night, Alma,' with a cold shake of the hand and a look of those deep, grave, blue eyes which always, when they met her own, made the country girl tremble and shake to think of long days and nights to be spent always beneath their solemn, almost reproachful gaze.

What a lover! What an engagement! And, oh!—bliss to run out for five minutes only, when Mr. Dunlop was gone, to meet Harry in the orchard, and he with his arm round her waist like a man, and ready with his honest old lips upon her cheek. And, ah! Heaven! if her father, or her mother, or Mr. Dunlop himself should ever know!

After the political economy Alan proceeded to the difficulties which more immediately occupied him, connected with the reform of the lower classes. He gave her a lecture on temperance, which was not needed because her father, no doubt from the highest of motives, had frequently enacted the Helot before her; and like all women of her class, she regarded drink with the loathing that comes of experience. Then he spoke of woman's influence over other women. Alma regarded this as a question of authority. Had she been placed over half a hundred maids she would have ruled them all, or known the reason why; and she failed to comprehend what Alan meant when he talked beautifully about the common bond of womanhood, and the sweetness of woman's sympathy with other women. Alma thought of Black Bess and regretted that she was not strong enough to shake her, because she knew that young person to be harbouring thoughts of malice and revenge against herself. Alan went on to talk of the sympathies of class with class, of the natural tendency of human nature to form itself into strata, of the difficulties of passing from one to the other. Alma thought that she herself would pass with the greatest ease from the lower to the higher—and the helpful nature of alliances formed between members of one another. 'He is really quite mad,' thought the girl. And he tried to draw a picture of a pair living together, devoted like any Comtist to the enthusiasm of Humanity; working out problems in civilization, leading upwards to the Higher Culture whole droves of smock-frocks, navvies, roughs, whose principal delights theretofore had been beer-drinking, pipe-smoking, leaning against posts, and kicking their wives.

'Harry,' cried Alma one evening after nearly a week of this. 'He most drives me mad, he does. Either he talks like a schoolmaster, or else he talks like a passon in a pulpit. He's not like a man. Preach? Every day and all day. And goodness gracious only knows what he says. What does he take me for?'

'Heart up, pretty,' said Harry. 'Heart up. He shan't have you. Never you fear.'

'Ah!' she sighed sentimentally. 'I should like to be mistress of Weyland Court. That would be grand, if he wasn't there too. And yet, to have him always looking at me with those solemn eyes of his as if—well—as if he was going to begin another sermon; it's hardly worth it, Harry. And after all, everybody must like a man

better than a preaching doll. And true love—oh! Harry—what a thing that is to read about in the story-books!'

'Ay—Alma—it is. True Love will wash, as the song says.'

'And then—' she burst into a low laugh—'only think, Harry, what a rage father would be in. He'd go round—how he would go round! And he couldn't beat me to a mash, as he used to say he would, because—'

'Because,' said Harry huskily, 'I'd beat any man to a hundred mashes as offered to raise his hand again my little girl.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

We may live so happy there
That the spirits of the air,
Envying us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude.

MIRANDA allowed a fortnight to pass after Alan's engagement before she drove over to make a closer acquaintance with the young lady, her future sister-in-law, as she began to say to herself. Mrs. Bostock was a friend of many years' standing, but with her daughter, Miranda had but little intercourse, and with the great Stephen Bostock, her husband, none at all. It was therefore lucky that when she drove over to the farm, the Bailiff, whose approaching connection with the Great caused him to assume overwhelming airs, graces, and ease of familiarity, was out on the farm, bullying the labourers. Alma, too, was down in the village on some quest of her own, and Mrs. Bostock alone was in the place to receive her visitor.

She was ashamed and confused, this ex-lady's maid. It seemed a dreadful thing to her that Miss Miranda, of all people in the world, should come to her house under the circumstances. For, like anybody else, she regarded her daughter as one about to step into the place long reserved for Miss Dalmeny.

'Oh! dear, Miss Miranda,' she cried. 'Is it you? Come in, do. And I more than half ashamed to look you in the face. Let him walk the pony into the shade. And where will you sit? In the porch? Well, it is fresh and airy here, with the flowers and all. And how well you are looking, and what a lovely frock you've got on! But you always were as beautiful as flowers in May.'

'Perhaps the fine feathers make a fine bird, Mrs. Bostock.'

But Mrs. Bostock shook her head.

'No,' she said. 'That's what they say, but it's nonsense. 'Tis but a jay in peacock's plumes, all done and ended. That's what I say to Alma: "Trick yourself out," I say, "just as you like." It's what I say to Bostock, and it makes him mad. "Put what you like on the gell," I say, "and she's Alma Bostock still." Lady? Not a bit of a lady. You might—' her eyes wandered from the flower to the vegetable garden. 'You might as well plant a onion in the flower-bed and think you'll get a tulip.'

'I came to see you on purpose about Alma.'

Mrs. Bostock, a little relieved by the declaration of sentiments which, she felt, did her credit in Miranda's eyes, sat down in the porch opposite her visitor with folded hands. It was a pretty little rustic porch, with roses and honeysuckle climbing about the sides, like a cottage-porch on the stage.

'Yes,' Miranda repeated; 'I came to see you about Alma, now that she is going to be a kind of sister-in-law.'

'No, Miss Miranda, I won't have that said. There's shame and foolishness already in letting her marry Master Alan to gratify a whim. Don't let her never say that she's your sister-in-law. Sister, indeed. I'd sister her. And nothing but misery before him.'

This way of looking at things dis-

concerted Miranda, who had expected a sort of apologetic triumph.

'Why misery?' she asked.

'For every reason, Miss Miranda, said Mrs. Bostock. 'First, Mr. Dunlop don't care for the gell, not as a gell should be cared for; and second, the gell don't care for him. And if that wasn't enough, I ask you what pleasure in life can he have with a gell who isn't a lady? And nothing will make her a lady neither.'

Mrs. Bostock spoke from her experience of gentlefolks, and what she said was true enough, as Miranda very well knew.

'But the case is unusual,' she pleaded. 'Alan wants to marry a girl who will help him in his plans of life. Surely, Mrs. Bostock, you must own that he is the most disinterested and the noblest of men.'

'Stuff an' nonsense!' replied the Bailiff's wife. 'Let poor people alone to worry through in their own way. And as for Alma helping him, if ever she is his wife, which I can't believe will ever be, so unnatural it is, she won't stir her little finger for anybody but herself. And as for joining in this, that and the other, all she thinks about now, day and night, is to be mistress of Weyland Court. And if it wasn't for that, I don't believe even her father would make her marry him.'

'Oh? but, Mrs. Bostock. Your own daughter!'

'If a mother don't know her own child, no one knows her. Alma's growed up at my apron-strings, and I know her ways. There's only one thing for her, and that's a strong man whom she will be afraid of. She's afraid of Mr. Dunlop, in a way: but not the way I mean; and when she's got over her shyness with him, she'll begin her tricks. Why, already, she's deceived him at every turn.'

'How?'

'He gives her books to read. She pretends to read them. She learns little bits and says them by heart, so as to make him think that she has read them all. Deep? There's no telling how deep the gell is. After all, we were all gells once, and many's the time I've told a fib to my lady when I ran out for a minute, to meet my Stephen in the stable-yard. But then I was not going to stick myself up for a lady.'

There was a certain amount of personal jealousy in Mrs. Bostock's feelings. She had hitherto prided herself in her lady's-maid's position and the knowledge it gave her of gentlefolks' ways. Now, this superiority, as soon as her daughter was promoted to the actual position of a lady, would be reft from her. Also, she had a genuine feeling that the honour of the Dunlop family was impugned by this *mésalliance*. Needless to repeat that her husband sympathised with neither of these feelings, but on the contrary, used violent language on what he was pleased to consider the unnatural attitude of a mother.

It was not pleasant for Miranda to hear that the girl on whom Alan built such hopes was beginning with little deceptions.

'But, Mrs. Bostock,' she said, trying to make an excuse, 'Alma is very young, and we must make allowances. She does not understand that it would be better to tell him clearly that the books are at present too hard for her. She will find out, presently, that it is best to have no concealment from him.'

Mrs. Bostock sniffed, and tossed her head.

'You young ladies,' she said, 'little know. What with shifts and straits, and bad temper, and violent ways, most gells go on for ever with some deception or another. Sometimes I wonder if I was ever so sly. And they think that no one sees through them.'

'It is because they do not know,' said Miranda, 'how much better it always is to be perfectly and entirely open with everybody.'

'It's their nature to,' said Mrs. Bostock.

'But you must let me do what I can,' Miranda continued. 'If Alma will let me be her friend, one may do a great deal more by talking, and—and by example than by finding fault. I want to help her for the sake of Alan, you know, entirely.'

'Yes, Miss Miranda, I do know. And after being with him for so many years like—like——'

'Like brother and sister.'

'Like brother and sister together, it must be nothing short of dreadful to see him take up with our Alma.'

'Not quite dreadful,' said Miranda kindly. 'Of course we should all have preferred to see him marry in his own rank.'

'And Lord Alwyne, too! Poor dear gentleman!' sighed Mrs. Bostock with real sympathy. 'But there—here's Alma coming home with the fal-lals she went out to buy.

Alma pushed open the garden-gate and tripped up the walk with her light elastic step.

'She *is* a pretty girl,' Miranda said, watching her from the porch.

Pretty she certainly was. And this afternoon she looked animated, happy, and bright, with a flush in her cheek and a light in her eye. She had, indeed, succeeded in squeezing a sovereign out of her mother—part of certain money entrusted to Mrs. Bostock by Alan for her behalf—and had gone to the village shop to get the fal-lals imported especially for her from Athelston. On the way she had met Black Bess and interchanged a few compliments in which she felt herself to have the superiority. Had Alan heard these remarks he would not have felt happier. She wore the grey stuff dress with blue ribbons which her mother had made for her; she had a light straw hat upon her head, and her long bright hair lay in curls and waves over her shoulders.

I regret to say that at sight of Miranda the light went out of Alma's eyes, the smiles from her lips, the brightness from her forehead. She turned quite pale, save for an angry red spot in either cheek. This was the real lady, the lady whom she could ape but never imitate, the lady whom her mother held up to her as the impossible standard, and Mr. Dunlop as the standard to which he would have her attain. She was sick of Miss Dalmeny's name. 'Miranda,' said Mr. Dunlop, 'thinks so and so;' or, 'Miranda would, I believe, advise you in such a way;' or, 'Miranda would like you to act in this or the other way.' Always at school, always engaged upon a hopeless copy, of which Miss Dalmeny was the model.

And only five minutes before Black Bess had taunted her with the accusation that though engaged to marry Mr. Dunlop, everybody knew that Miss Dalmeny was the only woman he truly loved, as she, poor Alma, would surely find out to her cost when it was too late. And she added, this kind and friendly maiden, that she sincerely pitied her, and had done ever since she persuaded Mr. Exton, by promising she only knew what, to give her the golden apple.

Therefore it is quite comprehensible that Alma was not delighted to see Miranda, or desirous of forming a close alliance with her.

'How do you do, Alma?' said Miranda, keeping her hand for a little. 'I would not come for a few days after I heard of your engagement, because I wanted you to feel a little settled first. I hope we shall be very good friends.'

'Alma should be proud and grateful," said her mother.

Alma said nothing. Miranda saw by the gleam of her eyes that she was neither proud nor grateful, only for some reason of her own, resentful. But Miranda was not to be beaten. What reason had the girl to be resentful?

'I am going into the village to the library, Alma,' she said. 'Will you turn back and come with me. Unless you are tired. We shall find Alan there, very likely.'

'I am not at all tired,' said Alma reluctantly, because she neither wanted to see Alan herself, nor did she want Miranda to see him alone. 'I will go back with you.'

She tossed her paper package on the bench and turned to walk down the garden path, leading the way in a sullen and defiant manner, not pretty at all, nor significant of the Higher Culture.

Mrs. Bostock shook her head.

'Jealousy, that is,' she said. Alma's jealous of you, Miss Miranda. Well —to think that I should live to see my daughter jealous of Miss Dalmeny :"

It was not pride, but in sorrow that she spoke.

Alma volunteered no remark on the way to the library, but she was glad to see in the distance Black Bess herself at an open window, watching her as she walked side by side with Miss Dalmeny. There were, then, compensations. It was something to walk side by side with the only woman—and she a lady—whom Mr. Dunlop truly loved, and to feel that she would not let him. Miranda tried to set the girl at her ease, but in vain. Alma was sulky and awkward.

'Will you come to Dalmeny Hall, and stay with me, Alma?' she asked.

'Stay with you, Miss Miranda? Alma opened her eyes wide.

'Yes: we are very quiet at the Hall, if you do not mind that. I must make your acquaintance now, and we must be very good friends for the future.'

Alma murmured something in reply, she hardly knew what. She was walking with Miss Dalmeny. Black Bess was watching her with envy and all uncharitableness, which was like blackberry jam to her heart, and Miss Dalmeny was inviting her to stay at the Hall.

To stay at the Hall! To be sure, there would be something truly awful in the way of perpetual good manners to put up with, and how ladies and gentlemen can endure to be always on tiptoe was beyond poor Alma's comprehension. But then the grandeur: to think how her father would go round like a turkeycock in the farmyard, with swelling breast and head erect, proclaiming that his girl was at Dalmeny Hall! Perhaps she had been wrong to be so full of jealousy and sulkiness. Perhaps Miss Dalmeny meant well after all: very likely, she thought that, as she could not have Alan for herself, it would be well to make friends with those who could.

Perhaps, too, she had not grasped the whole possibilities of the situation. As she walked demurely by the side of the young lady she became conscious of the extraordinary difference between her own frock and Miss Dalmeny's costume. And without realising that to wear such a costume required an education, she at once began to build dreams in her own mind of how such a dress, with such a hat and such gloves, should be her own. No doubt at sight of them Black Bess would fairly burst with spite.

In the midst of this pleasing dream they arrived at the Library.

Of course it was not to be expected that anybody would be there on this hot July afternoon, when the boys and girls were sleepily droning to the master in the school, the schoolmaster was sleepily droning to the boys and girls, the cobbler was falling asleep over his work and the latest work on Atheism, the very labourers in the fields—it was just before the harvest—were sleepily contemplating the golden grain about to fall beneath their sickles, and even the Bailiff was sleepily musing on the greatness of the future. All the world was sleepy, all the world was at rest, and the white walls of the Library — the ex-Dissenting Chapel—looked thirsty, hot and uninviting. Two *habitués*, however, were within it, the usual two—Alan Dunlop, reading and making notes at the table, which, by constant use, he had made his own; and Prudence Driver, the

librarian. She, poor thing, was engaged in a statistical return—Alan Dunlop was as *exigeant* in the matter of statistical returns as the Education Department. She was carefully extracting from her book the solid crumbs of comfort : such as that an inquirer had taken Euclid from the shelves once during the year—she omitted to mention that he brought the philosopher back in five minutes with an apology; she noted down the gratifying fact that Mill's Works had been twice taken from the shelves, once knocked down by accident, and once asked for by mistake. She found, to her joy, that inquiries had been made (by the Squire, but she did not say so) after Darwin, Carlyle, Tennyson, Froude, Huxley, Freeman, Swinburne, Morris, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, and Alexander Bain ; that Robert Browning's latest poems had been taken down—by the Vicarage girls; though this did not appear; and that works not in the library, such as Volney, Toland, Voltaire's *Dictionnaire, Philosophique*, Clarke's *Critical Review*, and such had been asked after more than once. In fact, it was the cobbler, who, whenever he was a little drunk, used to drop in and terrify the girl by demanding these and other atheistical productions. As for the remaining books in request, they were vain and frivolous things, novels, story books, travel books, anything but such as inform the intellect and advance knowledge. And yet, when Prudence Driver's sheet of returns was complete, it was such as a statistical Member of Parliament would have contemplated with the keenest satisfaction. 'Can we,' he might have asked, 'can we any longer speak of the backward state of our village education when in a small place of five hundred inhabitants such a return is possible? What do we see? Euclid, Mill, Bain, Spencer, Carlyle, Huxley, Darwin, Arnold, and Tennyson in eager request? Volney, Toland, and Voltaire asked for—what would honourable members wish for more, even in the Bodleian or the University Library of Cambridge?

The quiet, pale-faced girl, who alone, with Miranda, believed in the young Reformer, looked up eagerly as the visitors entered the library. Perhaps it might be some new convert to the glories of self-culture, somebody really wanting to read Mill. No. It was Miss Miranda, and with her—Alma. At sight of her Prudence Driver resumed her task, a set gloom suddenly developing on her face. Alma Bostock represented the one false, the fatally false, move taken by Mr. Dunlop. Her instinct told her that there would be nothing in common between her Prophet and a girl whose character and conduct were of the most frivolous. And here was Miss Miranda actually walking about with her! Did they not know, then?

'You, Miranda, and Alma! And together! This is very kind, Miranda,' cried Alan, starting from his chair. 'What brings you here?'

'I was calling on Alma, and we thought we would come down here and find you out,' Miranda replied, speaking for Alma as well as herself. 'We wanted to know how you are getting on?'

'I am getting on badly,' said Alan. 'There is no possible doubt on that point. But we shall do better presently, shall we not, Alma?'

Alma looked up and smiled, but not with her eyes. Prudence Driver noticed, with a pang of wrath, that there was no sympathy in her look. How *could* a man be fooled by such a girl! She dug her pen into the ink, and went on with her statistics. '"Swiss Family Robinson," six times taken out; "Robinson Crusoe," eight times; "Pilgrim's Progress" twenty times;' and so on.

'I have quite decided on giving up the field-work,' said Alan. 'After nearly a year of it, I think I may claim to have tried by actual experience all that a farm labourer has to do.'

'And about the eighteen shillings a week, Alan?' asked Miranda, smiling.

'Well'—he smiled too: it was the one of his failures of which he was least ashamed 'there is a great deficit in the accounts. Look, I have actually spent five and twenty shillings a week.' He drew a paper from his pocket-book, which he handed to Miranda, who looked at it and passed it on to Alma.

'And yet, you see, the item of beer does not enter into the account at all.'

'They have cheated you,' said Alma, rather grimly. Prudence Driver started. How could Alma know what she had long suspected? She forgot that she was a little stay-at-home, while Alma went about and heard the truth.

'Who has cheated me?' asked Alan.

'Everybody has cheated you. The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the milkman, the boys at the store. They all charge you double what they charge us, and they give you bad weight. Why, we have all known that ever since you came here. What did you expect, Mr. Dunlop?'

'Is it possible? I have always trusted what they say.' He spoke in a helpless way. 'Do you mean, Alma, that everybody in the village is dishonest?'

'Everybody,' she replied, calmly. She would have added, 'And my father worst of all;' but she dreaded the paternal wrath. 'Everybody,' said Alma.

'This, Miranda,' observed the Reformer, 'only shows one practical and very useful side of our engagement. Alma can begin her career of usefulness by putting a stop to these wretched little rogueries. She will make them feel how utterly degrading are their cheating ways. What can be done with people who steal? The Higher Culture necessitates, as a mere foundation, the possession, not only of simple honesty, but also that of Honour—the Principle which in the Modern school replaces or supplements Religion.'

'But, Alan,' said Miranda, 'it is dreadful to think that you have been cheated all these months and have been starving yourself to keep within an impossible allowance.'

He shook his head. 'I have not been starving, because I have exceeded my allowance by something like six and twenty pounds, which means ten shillings a week.'

'What is the Village Parliament doing all the time, Alan?' asked Miranda.

We have closed it. Nobody came after the supper was suppressed, and so we were obliged to dissolve *sine die*. Do not ask me about anything, Miranda. All has been one great failure, even the Co-operative Store and the Good Liquor Bar. Would you believe that the people prefer to buy their groceries at the village shop where they are dearer and adulterated, and their beer at the Spotted Lion where it is mixed with sugar and treacle and all sorts of stuff, instead of the pure Allsopp we sell at the Good Liquor Bar?'

'It seems stupid beyond all belief,' said Miranda.

'No it isn't,' interposed Alma, in her half-sullen way. 'It isn't stupid at all.'

'What do you mean, Alma?' asked Alan.

'I mean that just as you are cheated by the butcher and the baker, so you are cheated by your shopmen.'

'How do you know that, Alma?'

'I know it—because I know it.' It was not her business to tell Mr. Dunlop that she had heard the character of the two young men in Athelston, that she knew how they carried on between Saturday and Monday, and that her father made an open scoff, every day, of the shameless way in which those noble twin institutions were conducted.

'But in what way—how can they cheat you?' asked Alan. 'They have

orders to put every order down in a book. The profits are to be divided among those who purchase in proportion to their purchases.'

'Profits!' Alma laughed derisively.

'Please explain, Alma.'

'One of them sands the sugar, mixes the tea with sloe-leaves, and waters the tobacco. The other waters the beer, and makes a sort of mess —I don't know how—with the porter. And then they don't put down what is bought. Bless you, do you think our people are going to be so particular as to see their orders entered in a book? So it isn't a bit cheaper, and nothing is a bit better than at the shop over the way. There, Miss Miranda!'

She hurled her shot as it was a matter of deep personal concern with Miss Dalmeny that the shop should go well.

'And every Saturday,' she continued, 'both those precious boys go off to Athelston together.'

'To see their relations?' said Alan; 'I know,'

'No, to get drunk and smoke at a harmonic meeting. Bless you, every body knows it. They've been seen there, times and times.'

This was pleasant intelligence. Prudence Driver, meantime, had left her work, and creeping round in her noiseless way, stood behind Alan's chair.

'No, Alma Bostock,' she said, everybody does not know it. *I* do not. None of my own people know it. If it is true, how do you know it?'

'That doesn't signify,' she replied. 'Let Mr. Dunlop look into the books and he will see.'

The fact was, of course, that Bailiff Bostock, having to deal officially with the store, very early discovered the wrong-doing, set a trap, caught the offenders, used them for his own purpose, and made no secret of what he had done at home.

'It feels,' said Alan, stretching out his hands helplessly, 'as if one was surrounded by inextricable meshes. Ignorance and habit is expected, Miranda. But I hadn't, I confess, bargained for dishonesty.'

'Then,' said Alma, 'you bought a pig in a poke.'

It is, to be sure, a homely proverb, but perhaps there was no absolute necessity for Alan to shudder, or for Miranda to contemplate steadily the point of her parasol. Worse things might be—have been—said by young ladies of country education. Yet it did seem, even to Prudence Driver, as if there was a certain incongruity in Mr. Dunlop's bride talking of pigs in a poke.

Then Alma, feeling really as if there was no longer any reason to be afraid either of her betrothed, or of Miss Dalmeny, so long as she could communicate these startling items of intelligence, sat boldly on the table, with her feet dangling, and her hands on either side clasping the table-edge, and, all unconscious that she was even to Prudence Driver, a very personification of ungracefulness—to be sure Prudence read books and had opinions—went on with those startling revelations, which gave her so great a superiority to Miss Dalmeny, who knew nothing.

'What did you expect?' she said. 'Lord? what could you expect? You get a lot of farm labourers—these common farm labourers—and you give them supper and beer, as much supper and beer as they liked, and you told them to discuss and become a Parliament. What did they do? What could you expect them to do? They drank all the beer, and when there was no more, they went away home. You went to work among them in a smock-frock, which is a thing no gentleman ever dreamed of doing before. They only laughed at you. I've stood in a corner of the field a dozen times and watched them laughing at you. Here's your Library. Who comes to it? Nobody. There's your Bath-room and Laundry. Who uses it? Nobody. Catch *them* washing themselves.

They never did such a thing in all their lives. There's your Art Gallery. Does anybody ever go to see the pictures? Ask Prudence Driver.'

The curator held down her head. The charge was too true.

'You had a theatre here and a circus. They went to them, so long as you paid. When they had to pay for themselves, they went to the Spotted Lion. And as for your village festivals, they went to get the drink.'

All this was hard to bear. And yet Alan felt that it was all literal fact, and he tried to find comfort in the thought that his future wife knew exactly what had happened.

'Is it all true, Prudence?' asked Miranda. 'Do you, also, know all these things?'

'All, except about the cheating,' the librarian replied. 'And how Alma Bostock knows that, if it is true, I can't say.'

'And it doesn't signify, if you could say,' retorted Alma in her least amiable tone.

'One thing I can do at once,' said Alan, rising. 'I can go and get the accounts of the store and the bar, and have them investigated. Good-bye, Miranda. Go home, Alma, and don't tell any one else what you have told me. Does not this, too, Miranda, show that I was justified? You see, at the very beginning, Alma puts her finger on the weak places of my system.'

What he meant was, that the fact of Alma being up to all the wickedness which had been flourishing at his expense, showed his own prudence in choosing a wife from her class, and her fitness in thus being able to read the ways of the people. He left the Library and strode off quickly to the store, which, with the bar, were quite at the other end of the village.

Observe how custom makes people careless. It was a very hot afternoon; there seemed not the least chance that any one would want to buy anything, and the young men in charge of the two departments, after their one o'clock meal, fell both fast asleep one on each side of the table in the back office. But the safe, in which the account-books were kept, was wide open. Alan, seeing the boys asleep, and the safe open, hesitated a little. Then, reflecting that the account-books were his own, he seized them all, four in number, and carried them back with him to the Library.

There was no one there at all, now, except the librarian.

'Prudence,' he said, 'do you know book-keeping?'

'A little,' she replied.

'Then let us shut up the Library for the day and go into the books, as well as we can together.'

It was five o'clock when the two young men awoke, yawned, stretched themselves, and complained of being athirst. One of them proceeded to take such steps as might result in tea; the other strolled lazily into the shop.

The next minute he rushed back with a pallid face and shaking hands.

'Good Lord, 'Arry! the safe's open and the books are gone.'

That was the dreadful fact.

They looked at each other in mute horror for a brief space. Tea, sleepiness, and thirst, were all alike forgotten in that supreme moment, when they suddenly realised that they were found out.

'What shall we do, Jeremiah!' asked Harry. He was pot-boy, and the gentleman with the Scriptural name, who was, as we have before explained, a Particular Baptist, was clerk to the store.

'Step it,' said Jeremiah curtly. 'It don't matter who's got the books. Whoever it is, we're done for. Step it.'

'Where?' asked Harry.

'Anywheres,' said Jeremiah. 'Except Athelston way.'

He went to the till and extracted such small sums as were in it. These he put in his own pocket, leaving nothing for his friend.

'Now,' he said, 'I'm a-going for a few minutes' walk, I am. Good-bye.'

He went out of the door, stood a moment in the brilliant sunshine, and then, turning to the left, disappeared.

Harry, remaining alone, was seized with so great a trembling that he was fain to draw himself a pint and a half of beer and take that straight down. Then he felt in his pockets. Eighteenpence. Then he realised the selfishness of Jeremiah in taking all the contents of the till. Truly they were not much. And then putting on his hat, he too went out into the sunshine and took a turn across the fields.

It is sufficient here to say of these two young men that neither has yet returned to Weyland; that one of them, Harry, who really was not such a bad sort to begin with, has repented, and now wears the Queen's scarlet with credit. Of Jeremiah, I only learned the other day by accident that he has recently been seen at certain suburban meetings, laying the odds with freedom. I hope he will succeed. As for Prudence, it was not very long before she was enabled to point out that there were two sets of books kept; that the purchases set down in one varied from one-half to one-fifth of those set down in the other; and that, latterly, save in the case of the Squire himself, or Miss Dalmeny, nothing at all was set down in either book. The conclusion was obvious.

Alan went into Athelston and saw the police inspector.

But when the civil power arrived, the birds were flown, and it only remained to put up the shutters. This, alas! was the end of the Weyland Co-operation Store, and the Weyland Good Liquor League.

Chapter XXVIII.

> You speak of the people,
> As if you were a god to punish, not
> A man of their infirmity.

MR. Paul Rondelet, Fellow of Lothian, was growing daily more and more ill at ease. It was borne in upon him with an ever-increasing persistency, as the voice of a warning which would not be silenced, that, in a brief three months, unless he took orders in the interval, he would be—it cost him agonies to put the situation into words—ACTUALLY without an income! He would be absolutely penniless. He would have to work for the daily bread which had, hitherto, always come to him without his even asking for it, unless, as an undergraduate, at perfunctory College Chapel, he, to whom the light bondage of a College Lectureship was too great a burden, whose haughty soul disdained the fetters of stipulated work, however slight, would positively have to descend into the arena and do his utmost, like quite common mortals, to earn his dinner.

'Earn'—horrid word! As if he were a labourer, or an artisan, or an apprentice, or a tradesman. Earn!

And he the leader, the acknowledged leader of a Party: almost the youngest, quite the most promising, the most hopeful of all the Oxford Parties. The old High Church people had had their innings, and were long ago played out; the Broad Church never had any real charm at logical Oxford; the Low fell out of the running long, long ago; there remained for his day the Ritualists, the Scoffers, the Sneerers, the Know-nothings, the Comtists, and the New Pagans.

The Ritualists began well, but somehow—I think it was that some of the older men belonged to the party, and so the younger men could not pride themselves on the superior intellect of rising genius—they have not succeeded in attracting the more thoughtful part of young Oxford. Mr. Paul Rondelet speedily found out that it was one sign of superiority to speak of them with a contemptuous pity: not the lofty scorn with which the remnant of the Evangelical party, which have no Art and care little about Culture, are spoken of, but still with a pity which has in it a strong

element of contempt. He therefore passed through the stages of scoffer, in which stage none but coarse-minded persons remain; of sneerer—to shine as a sneerer very peculiar and most disagreeable gifts are specially required; of Comtist, with whom some find rest and solace for the soul; of Know-nothing—these are a most attractive set of despairing young men; and of New Pagans.

Everybody knows that Mr. Paul Rondelet was one of the leaders in New Paganism. He called himself, sadly, an Agnostic, but he was in reality a New Pagan. Agnosticism is a cloak which may wrap all kinds of disciples. Go ask the *Nineteenth Century*, or the *Contemporary*, or even the poor old laggard the *Fortnightly*, to define an Agnostic.

He was an Agnostic by profession, and he spoke sadly of Infinite Silences, as if he was their original discoverer. But, in reality, he was a New Pagan. It was, indeed, a delightful thing to sit with the select few, the profane vulgar not being admitted, to feel that one possessed the real secret of the Dionysiac myth; to bring to one's bosom the whole truth about Demeter; to know, in a manner only understood by priests and the initiated of old, the divine Aphrodite and the many-breasted Diana; to recognise, almost in secret conclave, that all these, with Isis and Horus, Samson and many others, meant nothing but the worship of the Sun and the Year in its seasons: so that, to those who rightly read the myths, all religion means nothing but the worship of summer and winter, the awaking and the sleep of life, so that there is really no reason at all, according to the New Pagan, why we should not return to the kindly, genial, and beneficent old Gods.

The Modern Prig, if he is of the advanced order, belongs, as a matter of course, to some such school. He gets, that is, as far to the front as he can. He adopts the newest vague Gospel, and holds it, for the time, with the tenacity of a martyr clinging to his creed. And he poses, having pride in the situation, as I fear many an early martyr did. For the essential and leading characteristic of the Prig is that he believes himself in advance of his age, and very, very far in advance of his father and grandfathers. But nothing certain, nothing dogmatic. Therefore Mr. Paul Rondelet had trained himself not only to look with a tolerant contempt, because some form of religion is good for common people, on the reverent crowds pouring in and out of the sanctuaries, but also to regard with scorn the blatant prophets of Atheism who bawl their intolerance on Sundays across the wilds of Hampstead Heath and Clapham Common. This naturally led among all the members of his set to their looking upon one who, being actually an Oxford man—had he been of Cambridge it would have been more possible, but equally degrading—had taken upon him Holy Orders with a bitterness of loathing and wonder which surpassed everything. It was, therefore, a situation full of irony that he should find himself compelled to become that hated thing, a clerical Fellow, or to lose, at one fell swoop, the whole of his income.

In three months his fellowship would come to an end. He felt like Dr. Faustus when he was approaching the last few days of his last year. Worse than any devil to Mr. Paul Rondelet was the Red Spectre of Poverty.

And to his school some kind of magnificence in living is absolutely essential.

That was easily obtained at Oxford, where, as a Fellow, he had rooms and other allowances. But out of it, away from those monastic groves, where was he to find the necessary belongings of the Higher Life?

There was an ignominy, too, about pecuniary difficulties. He had always talked of money as if he had no neces-

of thinking about it, ignoring the
uity of the paternal income; he
set a tone of contempt for money
ro generations at least of under-
uates; he had steadily maintained
Art, of all kinds, was to be pur-
for the sake of Art alone, and for
dvantages of lucre which might
w the successful practice of Art;
ıd taught his disciples to contem-
serenely, like the disembodied
o, the struggles and rivalries of
ower classes. And after this, it
d be his lot—ah! hard and thank-
ot!—to go down into the labour
et with the rest, like a rustic at a
te fair, and wait to be asked what
ould do and for what wage he
d be hired.

hat, indeed, could he do?

reality the class of young men to
ı Mr. Paul Rondelet belonged
sses a marketable value quite out
proportion to their own opinion.
read, as I have said, all the re-
s, particularly those written in
newest jargon. They criticise
fully, from the loftiest platform,
ıctions of the day written by men
toil and give their best, mindful
uch of their audience as of their

Fortunately these lofty criti-
s do not often get into print, for
lass of Editors who love Prigs is
small. And when they essay to
, those friends of their set receive
amazement and disappointment
rst fruits, which ought to be the
test and best, of a genius which
have revered. Alas! the looked-
esult turns out to be common
ght wrapped in pretentious jargon,
amid the boastful trappings of
nce, they discern with difficulty
n so slender that hardly it can be
to glitter in the brightest sun-
. Vast, indeed, is the difference
een performance and promise.

hat had Paul Rondelet to offer?
ere was in his desk a little port-
full of manuscript poems—they
d very pretty, written in his small,
and carefully eccentric handwrit-
ing on the thick cream note-paper which he affected. He and his friends believed that they had in them the true ring of original genius. Would they sell, if they were bound up? He was fain to reply that they would not. It required an education to admire them, and the world was not yet ripe for such superior work. Among these was one, in especial, very dear to himself and his friends, called *Aspasia's Apology*. It was a sort of sequel or companion to a certain well-known and charming London lyric by Mr. Rossetti, and was even more realistic than the work of that master. Then there were a few sonnets which, though he loved to read them and his friends cuddled them, would, he felt, require so much toning down that their distinctive excellencies would be lost: and there were some odes whose severe classicalism limited their popularity to a very small set. On the whole, the probable value of his copyright in these poems was small.

But he might write articles in the more advanced of the magazines. He had once—he remembered with what pains and labour—written an article for the *Contemporary*, which the editor had declined with thanks, and yet it was clothed in the very finest new English, quite equal to Mr. Pater in his highest flights, and expressed the innermost convictions of his school. He swore then that he would never write again, unless for an audience who should invite him in terms of abject request. He would wait till the whole world should thrill and yearn for his coming.

He might teach, take pupils, give lectures. But that meant self-assertion, bawling in the market-place, joining in the struggle of competition. How *could* he, Paul Rondelet, stoop to assert what everybody ought to know, that he was the greatest of modern teachers, the noblest and best of philosophic lecturers?

Would they give him something in the Government service? A Poor

Law Commissionership, a Permanent Under Secretaryship, a Commissioner in Lunacy, any little thing of that sort would do, just to provide the necessaries of life, which include, of course, a modicum of fair claret. But how to get such a post! We are not yet arrived at that consummation of sound political economy when our rulers shall all be philosophers, and anxious only to appoint philosophers; we are as yet still in the gloomy stage of interest, influence, favouritism. It is still possible for men like Mr. Paul Rondelet to stay out in the cold. And Mr. Paul Rondelet possessed absolutely no interest at all.

He who works for pay is a servant. He who has no money must work for pay. Therefore Mr. Paul Rondelet was condemned to be a servant. And he had aspired in his foolish dream to independence.

And again, he was in debt. The burden of debt is generally borne by Oxford men with great composure. Some there are who, like Panurge, argue in favour of debt as a healthy condition of life: I will not repeat their arguments, which are indeed somewhat threadbare by this time. The only argument worth quoting is that which asserts that without the stimulus of debt, the lazy man remaineth lazy. In Mr. Rondelet's case, debt was no stimulus at all, but only an irritant. This morning he had received, for instance, two or three most disagreeable letters from ungrateful people, whom he had long honoured with his custom, asking for money. Money indeed! And his fellowship to expire in three months.

These sad thoughts occurred to him after luncheon. The rest of the Monks and Sisters having gone about their monkish devices, he retired to the library with these missives, to think. He thought the thing over from every possible point of view.

And at last an inspiration came to him. The method of the House of Hapsburg, *Tu, felix Austria, nube.*

He could no longer remain in the dark library; he must think this over in the open. He sought the solitude of the mediæval garden, and sat down to see what he might make of this new thought.

It was better than writing for papers and magazines; better than painfully elaborating books—better than lecturing; better than anything. In the home of some woman—wealthy, young, beautiful, not insensible to the charms of the Higher Culture, open to ideas, willing to be led rather than wishing to lead, with a proper respect for one who had taken a First in History Schools—could such a woman be found, he might find shelter from the strife of humanity; might even forget that he was allied with that struggling and eager band at all.

Could such a woman be found! She was found: she was here; she was in his presence; she was walking in the garden; she was coming to meet him. Her name was Miranda Dalmeny. He sprang to his feet and felt as if he could hold out his arms to meet her, even as Adam met his blushing Eve. Ever since the news of Alan Dunlop's engagement, this idea had been floating vaguely through the mind of Mr. Rondelet. Now it assumed, all at once, the character of a resolution. He *would* marry the owner of Dalmeny Hall. Alan was out of the way; there was no other rival; he would secure this heiress for himself.

Now Miranda was not an admirer of this Fellow of Lothian. On the contrary, she thought him conceited, and did not like his airs.

'He will not join in our amusements,' she said to Desdemona, with a little bitterness. 'It must be a great misfortune to be superior to the ordinary pleasures of mankind. He certainly neither sings nor dances, nor acts, nor talks well. All is sadness with him, as if with sorrow over one painful deficiency in Culture.'

'It is the new manner, my dear,'

said Desdemona. 'Just as some men about town affect to be *blasé* and worn out—fancy Lord Alwyne pretending to be worn out!—so the highly superior school affect to be governed by so lofty a standard of criticism as to be incapable of finding amusement or pleasure in any of the ordinary things. I do not like Mr. Rondelet. Rightly did we call him Brother Parolles—words, words, words.'

'They must spoil the world a good deal for themselves,' said Miranda. 'On that account they are very greatly to be pitied.'

'Yes,' replied the lady of experience, 'They want men made for themselves: they want women made for themselves; they want to be appreciated at their own estimate of themselves, and they do *not* want to be asked to do anything to justify that estimate.'

But Mr. Rondelet did not know of this conversation.

Miranda greeted him with her quiet smile, and sat beside him on the garden bench, which was by this time of the afternoon well within the shade of the great walnut-tree.

'I have been to-day to see Alan Dunlop's *fiancée*,' she said. 'Have you seen her?'

'Once.' Mr. Rondelet shuddered. 'She was shelling green peas in the porch, and I saw her deliberately eating a raw pod. Could one marry a person who is capable of eating raw pods?'

Miranda laughed. 'Your delicacy,' she said, 'springs from ignorance. I believe the shells of green peas are sweet. Surely you used to think so when you were a boy.'

'Ah!' sighed Mr. Rondelet; 'I have made it my constant endeavour, since I went up to Oxford to forget *all* that one used to do or think as a boy. It would be terrible, indeed, to be forced to remember the dreadful things that one did in that stage of existence.'

'Really! Was your boyhood, do you think, more—more repulsive than most?'

'No; not that.' Mr. Rondelet shook his head. 'Not that. Less so, I should think, because even at the tenderest age one had gleams and glimpses of better things. And one remembers despising other boys for their rough savage ways and clinging to the lower forms of life.'

'Do you mean that when you sucked sweeties you dreamed of fine claret?'

This was a question by way of metaphor which Mr. Rondelet hardly expected.

'Scarcely,' he murmured. 'The imaginings of a boy take no concrete forms. Only one yearns from the very first after the Golden Age, which seems then so possible, and now so far off. What I mean is—Miss Dalmeny, I am sure *you* will understand me. I have watched for a long time the fine genius of appreciative sympathy latent in your brain—what I mean is, that children of finer clay than their compeers are touched very early in life with that divine discontent which marks the soul of the Higher Culture.'

'Really!' said Miranda. 'You interest me, Mr. Rondelet. Do you say—a divine discontent?'

'Yes. All discontent is divine. Even that which leads to ambitious aims and elevates the grocer's son, by means of the Church, to the Episcopal Bench. That, too, which fires the blood of the rustic and impels him—it is a reminiscence of the great Aryan wave of emigration—to move westward; that which prompts the student to an examination of the things that are, and that which leads the scholar to despair of the things that are to be.'

I believe he was quoting something he had read and remembered, but he said it slowly, as if it was his own.

'And you, Mr. Rondelet, despair of the—the things that are to be?'

'Not openly. Pray do not quote me. The Common Room of Lothian has not yet pronounced all its views,

We have resolved in silence upon many important topics. I should be doing, perhaps, incalculable mischief if I were prematurely to disclose to the world the views of the Lothian Common Room.'

Miranda was staggered by so much modesty. Did he really believe that the world cared one farthing for the views of the Common Room of Lothian? He did; he really did.

'When one lives,' he went on to say, his long fingers playing sadly over his smooth cheek, 'in the centre of the Higher Thought, one is apt to forget how misapprehension may be wrought by a premature statement. The world waits for Oxford to speak. Oxford waits for Lothian.'

He stopped short, as if for Miranda herself to complete the speech, by saying: 'And Lothian waits for Rondelet.'

Again Miranda was staggered. It was almost too much to think that she was actually conversing with one on whose utterances the world waited.

'You used to be a friend of Alan Dunlop's,' she went on, after a pause, 'when he was an undergraduate?'

'Yes.' His finger went back to his cheek, while with the other hand he stuck into his eye the glass which *would* not remain there. 'Yes, we were friends. Dunlop was a man of considerable insight, up to a certain point. Then he would go off in the direction of practical sociology. I, with a few others, remained faithful followers of our theory, and continued to work it out to its logical conclusions, so that we have now advanced to a point where as yet, I believe, we have —there are only two or three of us— no disciples at all. We stand on a level by ourselves. Alan is left far, very far behind us: we only may speak boldly to each other what from others we would fain hide.'

Again the measured sentence seemed a quotation.

'That must be a very great thing,' said Miranda, wondering what their new levels were like, with just a suspicion that they had something heretical to do with marriage, religion, philanthropy, and other good things.

'I can hardly,' the Philosopher continued, 'explain to you the conclusions—not theories, but irrefragable conclusions—of the newest school of Modern Philosophy. Suffice it to say, that as the religions of the world have all been proved to have been based on false historical foundations, so its social economy, resting on the family as the basis, is fatally unsound, and must, as a preliminary step, be entirely remodelled.'

'Oh!' said Miranda, wondering whether this sort of talk was quite proper, 'and Alan does not agree with you?'

'He did not follow us so far. He has probably never considered our present position. We—the more advanced set—chanced, after he left us, to discover that our previous maxims, many of them similar to those of the well-known philanthropic school, had to be reconsidered and finally abandoned. Alan, poor fellow, remains in the mire of philanthropy. We, on the higher levels, have arrived at the grand Law that the more desirable life is the life *per se*, the life of example to those who know how to read it, but of unconscious example: the life in which Art and Culture have the chief—nay, the sole place; and in which the herd, the vulgar, low-bred and offensive herd, are left to swill as swine, tended by each other, just as they please. If they choose to raise their eyes, they may see walking before them in sweetness and light the great examples of the age——'

'Yourselves?'

'Ourselves; always, you see, before their eyes. As for the ignorant and the vulgar, we let them alone. That is best for them. We neither help them, nor look at them, nor care about them. Those among them who are worthy will rise; those who are not will remain where they are, grov-

elling and wallowing in their sties like pigs. Do you not pity poor Alan Dunlop, Miss Dalmeny?'

'I think I do, indeed,' she replied, but her thoughts were not his

Then she lifted her head quickly.

'That is a strange view of life. Mr. Rondelet. I think I hardly follow you quite. Is it not selfish—rather selfish?'

'Quite selfish,' he replied, delighted, and with a little flourish of the long fingers about either side of his face. 'Quite, quite selfish. That is the secret of the new Morals. That is what we desire to teach—the new virtue of Pure Selfishness. Every man must find out the Higher Life and live it, regardless of others, all to himself.'

'All to himself,' she murmured.

'Nay, not quite all,' Mr. Rondelet interposed, with a little blush which became him mightily and made him for a moment look like one of the vulgar herd. 'Not quite all. The perfect man lives with and for the perfect woman.'

'Oh!' said Miranda. 'I began to think you were more than human.'

At this point Miranda, detecting a tendency on the part of Mr. Rondelet's left hand to leave his cheek, over the smooth surface of which his long white fingers had been delicately wandering, and move downwards in the direction of her own hand, got up from the garden-bench and began to walk across the grass. He rose and followed her,

'Indeed,' he said, 'that is not so. We aim at being more perfectly human than the rest. Our lives should be two-fold—it is, of course, an absurdity to speak of married people being one. The only difficulty with us'—here he sighed and became plaintive—'is that of finding the fittest mate.'

'That, indeed,' said Miranda, 'would be difficult. For, suppose you found the fittest mate, how would you persuade her that you really belonged—for, I suppose, she would have to be as selfish as yourselves—that you really belonged to your high levels. Of course you would not expect in a purely selfish person anything like faith or imagination. I am afraid you would have to descend a little from your height.'

'By conversation——' he began.

'Talk is deceptive. I think you must first do something. You would have to demonstrate your superiority by writing, preaching, or teaching. Till then, Mr. Rondelet,'—she sprang quickly up the steps which led to the terrace—'till then I fear your life will be one of lonely and unappreciated Selfishness.'

She left him alone in the garden.

He was only half-satisfied with the conversation. To be sure he had unfolded something of the new philosophy and allowed Miranda to guess at something of his purpose, but her manner of using the word Selfish lacked reverence. She spoke of Selfishness after the manner of the common herd. That was disheartening. On the other hand, she did give him advice, which always means taking a certain amount of interest. She advised him to do something.

Why not? He would write a paper which should at one stroke make him famous: he would write on the wretchedness of living at all under the conditions by which life is surrounded: he would show that life, with special reservations for men of his own school, is not worth having at all.

His imagination seized hold of the topic, he fancied Miranda reading it aloud, he fancied all the papers quoting it, he fancied the undergraduates looking at him as he walked down the High, he fancied the paper crammed with the deepest thought, wrapped in the most scholarly language, and flashing with epigram. Then he went hastily, his brain afire, to look at the magazines, and choose the one most suited for his article. Cruel mockery of Fate! It was already done, in the *Nineteenth Century!*

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT WAR GALLEYS.

BY L. C. ALLISON, M. B.

ROUGHLY speaking, we may say that there have been three epochs or eras in the naval history of the world. First, that of the ancient warships or galleys, served by ordinary soldiers, the naval service being but slightly separated from the ordinary military service upon land. It is concerning this epoch that a few words are to be offered in the present paper. It lasted from the days of the earliest recorded naval operations down to the end of the sixteenth century, after which time we find the old-fashioned galley everywhere supplanted by the symbol of the second naval era, to wit, the modern wooden *sailing* vessel, the instrument with which all the English naval worthies from Drake and Howard down to Nelson and Lord Cochrane achieved their triumphs. This second era lasted some three centuries and a half, and may be said to have terminated with the Crimean War, some twenty-four years ago. The application of steam to marine locomotion, and the tremendous additions that modern science has made to the destructive power of artillery have within the last quarter of a century brought about the third or present era of ironclad vessels, huge guns and torpedoes. On the present occasion we mean to speak only of the first of these periods—that of the ancient warships or galleys.

Our readers scarcely require to be informed that naval affairs in ancient times were conducted after a fashion very different from that which prevails now. A maritime force was then simply a body of landsmen, armed with the same weapons, led by the same officers, and manœuvred according to very much the same tactics as an army upon land, and the engagements in which it took part bore a close resemblance to battles upon shore. Certain States, from their geographical position and other accidental circumstances, were always acknowledged to possess special aptitude for fighting at sea, but very little time and training seemed to be required to enable a nation entirely unversed in maritime affairs to place itself in that respect upon a level with the best of its neighbours. The Athenians, living close to the sea and always entering extensively into commercial pursuits, were from an early period superior in their navy and in all matters appertaining to it. The Lacedæmonians, dwelling inland and forbidden by their national constitution to have anything to do with commerce, made but a sorry appearance when, by the circumstances of the Peloponnesian War, they found themselves for the first time compelled to conduct their chief campaigns upon a new element. In their earlier seafights with the Athenians they were generally badly beaten, and their standing orders (no doubt wise ones at that time) were to avoid fighting unless they found themselves greatly superior in force. But as the war went on they gained skill by experience, managed to keep the sea in presence of their enemies, and finally overwhelmed them upon it. The Peloponnesian War was at last terminated by a naval engagement in the Hellespont.

The case of the Roman navy illustrates the same thing. For nearly five hundred years they had continued to grow great and powerful by land,

gradually absorbing the whole peninsula of Italy into their territory, and in all that time they had had no occasion to fight anywhere at sea. But their continued extension at last brought them into contact with a maritime enemy. In the first of their great wars with the Carthaginians they are said to have been so unversed in naval matters that they not only possessed none of the larger kind of war galleys, but did not even know how to build or to manœuvre one. Every schoolboy has read how they managed to supply the deficiency. A single Carthaginian quinquereme stranded upon the coast furnished all that was necessary to lay the foundation of the Roman navy, and in sixty days from the time that the trees were felled they had completed and launched a fleet of a hundred quinqueremes and thirty triremes, training the rowers while the vessels were being built, by the odd contrivance of exercising them upon scaffolds arranged in the same manner as the rowers' benches in a ship. With this hastily created navy they at once put to sea, and in a very short space of time proved themselves to be in every point of marine warfare the betters of their more experienced rivals. When the whole art of fighting at sea could be acquired in so short a time and by such new beginners, we may safely conclude that it could not have been very complicated.

The tactical manœuvres of these ancient seamen were, in fact, very simple. When two hostile fleets caught sight of one another they immediately proceeded to charge each other like a couple of troops of cavalry. Each ship's prow was armed with a beak, the prototype of the ram of the modern ironclad, which we have known to do such speedy and fatal execution in our own time. This beak consisted of a huge spike of wood covered with brass and pointed and edged after such a fashion as to be capable of tearing an irremediable hole at or near the water line in the comparatively flimsy side of such a vessel as was then to be met with. This beak or ram was a most important and material item in the construction of the ancient warship. From the likenesses which have come down to us upon old coins and monuments, we can see that the patterns in use varied greatly, and although, unlike our modern Scott Russell and Cowper Coles, they had no *Times* to call in public support for their individual views, we can very well believe that the ancient naval architects must have held many a *viva voce* controversy as to the precise size shape and angle of cutting edge which would produce the worst kind of injury to a ship's hull with the greatest degree of certainty. The first object in attacking was to strike the hostile ship upon the broadside or quarter, with the view of sinking her. Failing in that, the next best thing was to sweep along her broadside in such a manner as to carry away her oars and render her unmanageable, and consequently powerless to avoid a second side attack. Arrows, stones and javelins were freely exchanged between the crews as soon as the ships had closed sufficiently upon each other to allow it, but all this was mere by-play and prelude to the main objects, which were, first, if possible, to stave in the enemy's ship, so as to sink or waterlog her; and secondly, to grapple and board her, reducing the contest to the simple conditions of a hand-to-hand fight. When one party had captured or sunk a certain proportion of the enemy's fleet, all the remainder of it who were in a condition to do so sought safety in flight, while the victors proceeded to the last part of the performance, which consisted in sailing up and down over the waters that had been the scene of the conflict, and massacreing all the unfortunate survivors that they could find swimming. The vessels engaged in these fights were small and crowded with men, the concussions and sinkings were numerous, and (as the giv-

ing of quarter was not very much in fashion) when a ship was taken the most promising course for all the survivors of her crew who could swim was to jump overboard and take the chance of making their way to some friendly vessel. Hence, after a sea-fight, the floating enemies were generally numerous, and the cruising about amongst them and putting them to death seems to have been for the old Greeks and Romans a pleasing and recreative part of the regular business that was never omitted after a naval victory. Thucydides tells us how upon one occasion the Corinthians lost what might otherwise have been a decisive triumph, and possibly prevented the subsequence of the Peloponnesian War, by commencing to indulge in this luxury a little too soon, and thereby giving the hostile fleet a chance to rally and reinforce itself. It is but fair, however, to remember that these inhumanities have not been confined to pre-Christian ages or half-civilized nations. Nearly two thousand years after the battle just alluded to, we find the Turks and Christians conducting their naval affairs in the same waters after precisely the same fashion.

It may not, perhaps, be amiss to draw attention to a few points in the construction and working of these old-fashioned galley-ships. The ancients, in working their warships, relied very little upon the sail as a motor power, and depended chiefly upon their oars. None of their war vessels had more than one mast, a remark which, as some of our readers may possibly be surprised to hear, was also true of the ships of the British navy down to the time of Richard III., and in the old Greek and Roman galleys this mast was always lowered and stowed away when the vessel either came into port or went into action. Their powers of locomotion were thus very limited as compared with those of more modern vessels, but the distances that had to be traversed were also comparatively short, and the vessel was never expected to be very long out of sight of land. Fortified harbours were few and far between, and it was a great advantage for the captain, when under duress from the enemy or the weather, to be able to run his ship ashore and beach her high and dry, or, at least, tolerably well out of the reach of either. All these considerations had their influence in limiting the size of the average Greek or Roman ship, but at the same time some bulk was required in the hull, that room and stability might be allowed for the rowers, that she might stow a sufficiently numerous crew of armed men, and have a certain amount of momentum in attacking with the beak. These various requirements were found in practice to be on the whole most efficiently answered by an open or deckless ship of from fifty to a hundred feet long, and from one to two hundred tons burden. To propel such a vessel there might be employed from twenty or thirty to a hundred oars, and these were placed in the centre, or what modern seamen would call the 'waist' of the ship, and arranged in a peculiar fashion, which, although easy enough to understand, has in some unaccountable way perplexed many modern commentators. Lining the waists of these ancient ships upon each side the rowers' benches ran fore and aft in tiers numbering from two to five, and at such a height from the kelson as would allow the portholes for the oars in the lowest tier to be about three or four feet from the surface of a tolerably smooth sea. Seen from the outside, these oar-portholes would present themselves arranged in slanting lines upon the ship's side, as in the margin where A represents the

A

arrangement of a trireme, and B that

B

of a bireme, each having three verti-

cal tiers of rowers' benches inside. The student who tries to form an idea of an ancient war galley will avoid much confusion by remembering that the number which determines the class of the vessel (as *quinque*reme, *tri*reme, etc.) is counted horizontally or in the length of the ship's side, and not vertically upwards from the water as in t e *two*-decker and *three*-decker of modern nomenclature. A want of knowledge of this fact has led to more than one absurd mistake and still more ridiculous controversy among modern scholars and commentators, some of whom have endeavoured to make themselves and their readers believe that the ancients not only *built* ships of seven, twelve and even a greater number of vertical tiers of oars placed one above the other, but also managed to *row them* ; all of which is a manifest impossibility. In fact, the number of rowers' decks was usually either two or three, and never exceeded five. Very often, however, in war galleys of large size, the number of rowing decks was five, and the slanting or quincuncial arrangement of the oar-portholes enabled them all to work within the space of about ten feet, reckoned perpendicularly from the lowest streak of portholes towards the rail. Each of these slanting lines of oar-ports, whether containing two, three, four, or five oars, was reckoned by the ancient authors as a bank of oars, and by adding, not to the height, but to the length of the vessel, the number of these banks could be increased from a bireme to a trireme, a quinquereme and so on till we come to the celebrated galley of Ptolemy Philopater, the largest vessel which ancient authors have recorded and which they say had as many as forty banks of oars.

The usual numbers of oar-banks, however, were from two to seven until after the battle of Actium when the old fashion of having numerous rowing decks fell into disuse, as we shall soon see. Besides the men employed in working the oars we may calculate that an average ancient line-of-battle-ship would carry from one to two hundred fighting men. These were chiefly concentrated at the bow and stern, which, as being par excellence the fighting parts of the ship, were furnished with bulwarks of extra height and stoutness, and came in the course of time to be developed into miniature castles—the progenitors of more modern forecastles and quarter-galleries. Traces of these old arrangements subsisted down to the seventeenth and even to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in the high forecastles and quarterdecks of English, Dutch, and Spanish men-of-war, and long after the introduction of heavy firearms into naval warfare fighting ships continued to carry in these parts the heaviest portion of their armament. The high quarterdecks and forecastles which give such picturesque effect to the engravings of the English vessels engaging the galleons of the Spanish Armada are directly and lineally descended from the 'turritæ puppes' of ancient Rome. The low waists of the same ships, though now portholed for cannon instead of oars, represent the old rowers' benches taking up from a third to a half of the vessel's length amidships. This, the rowers' portion of the ancient ship, always constituted her most vulnerable part. Against it, the beak of the hostile vessel was always, if possible, directed with the view of sinking her, and here, as being the lowest and most easily accessible spot, the enemy always attempted to board.

The heavy vessels which we have lately been describing, may be regarded as corresponding with the wooden line-of-battle ship of more modern days. The principal objects aimed at in the construction of both, were solidity to stand plenty of battering, and size enough to carry a heavy armament. But the ancients had another class of war vessels designed not so much with a view towards these elements of fighting power, as for swiftness and handiness in manœuv-

ring. These were not much inferior in length to the heavier ships, but narrower and shallower in the hold and sat much lower in the water. They were driven by a single bench of oars from ten to twenty in number upon each side; in some rare cases they had two tiers of benches or rowing decks, but never more. They carried almost as many men as the larger galleys, and at the same time they were much swifter and turned or—as a sailor would say 'worked' with much more quickness and precision. All these qualities gave them great advantages in action. The ancients, although perhaps they were not *quite* so particular upon this point as some of our modern prize oarsmen, still never willingly entered upon a contest when the wind was high, or the water at all rough. Such being the case, the lighter galley could always row round and round the large and unwieldy quinquereme, attacking when and where she pleased, while the big ship found it difficult either to stave her opponent or grapple with her, and impossible either to chase her with any prospect of success, or to escape from her pursuit if circumstances should render the latter proceeding desirable. The superiority of the single and double tiered ships in action was strikingly displayed at the battle of Actium. From the commencement of the naval campaign Augustus was greatly inferior to Antony, both in the number and in the size of his vessels, but their superior lightness and activity had made him completely the master at sea, enabling him to command the whole Adriatic and its islands, and even to secure a footing upon the mainland of Greece, while the huge and unwieldy vessels of Antony's fleet lay inactive and apparently incapable of action in the Ambracian Gulf. The instruments by which Augustus secured all these advantages were the Liburnian galleys which constituted the greater portion of his fleet. They were light vessels such as those which have just been described, and were manned by hardy and well-practised seamen from the Illyrian and Dalmatian Coasts. At last Antony put to sea, the decisive engagement came on, and the light galleys soon shewed that they possessed advantages in close action as well as in general operations. Antony's big ships lay like huge floating castles in the sea and just about as capable of executing any effective manœuvres. The light vessels of Augustus attacked when, how, and as much as they pleased. Before the advantage of the battle had begun to incline towards either side, Cleopatra took to flight accompanied by as many of her ships as were able to imitate her example, while Antony getting into a light vessel followed in her wake. This disgraceful act has always been spoken of as the turning point of the engagement, and it must be admitted that the desertion of the chief commanding officers, accompanied by so many vessels, would probably have rendered success hopeless under any circumstances. Still there is nothing to make one believe that the event would have been at all different had they remained, for ships that are only able to defend themselves and cannot attack the enemy without his own consent can hardly be expected to gain much advantage from fighting at all, and this was the case with the majority of Antony's vessels. Their defeat, which would in any case have been certain, was hastened and converted into an annihilation by the introduction of a species of warfare hitherto unknown at sea. In addition to the usual missiles, firebrands, pots of burning sulphur, and flaming balls of tow were showered freely on board of them, and before long, most of them were in flames. Of the larger and heavier vessels of the fleet, scarcely one escaped destruction.*

* Horace Od. 13-37 B.

After the battle of Actium, the Liburnian galley became the standard pattern for men-of-war, and thenceforward we hear no more of the old-fashioned three and five-decked ships. Triremes and quinqueremes may be said to disappear from history together with the so-called Roman republic. From this date and long afterwards, we find the man-of-war model essentially unaltered. It may be described as a low-waisted vessel with a high quarterdeck and forecastle, having her oars (if any) placed amidships either in one tier or two, and fighting chiefly from the bow and stern. About sixteen hundred years after the battle of Actium, and in almost precisely the same waters, there was fought another great naval battle, the greatest, indeed, in the world's history, if greatness is to be measured by the accompanying uproar and bloodshed. Some changes to be sure had taken place during the interval. Most of the ships that fought at Lepanto had permanent masts and sails, and many of them had discarded oars altogether, while the use of firearms of both great and small calibre, had rendered naval actions louder and more deadly than of old, but the pattern of the hulls continued to be essentially the same, and the orthodox tactics were still to engage at short range, to grapple in as advantageous a position as possible, and to settle the affair by boarding, and a hand-to-hand contest. Another surviving feature of old times was that the galleys of the Christian fleet were furnished with beaks. But on the eve of going into battle, it was discovered that these beaks were rather a hindrance than a help in action. They were not strong enough to do the enemy much mischief, and they greatly interfered with the working of the guns in the forecastle. 'Don John had the beak of his vessel cut away. The example was followed throughout the fleet, and, as it is said, with eminently good effect. It may seem strange that this discovery should have been reserved for the crisis of a battle.'*

It was said a moment ago that the use of firearms had made the encounters of fleets more deadly. This of course only continued to be the case as long as the battles were fought by the same kind of vessels and the same kind of tactics were followed in action. In the naval combats of the last two hundred years, the number of men and ships brought into action on each side has been greatly lessened, most of the fighting has been done by artillery and at a distance, and the amount of hand-to-hand massacring has been reduced to a minimum. Hence the losses in killed and wounded upon each side have been very greatly decreased in proportion to the importance of the results obtained. At the battle of the Nile, the total loss of the victors in killed and wounded fell a trifle short of nine hundred men, and at Trafalgar it amounted to sixteen hundred and ninety. On the former of these occasions, twenty-six ships engaged each other, and upon the latter, sixty. The number of men present in each battle is not so easy to come at, but perhaps we shall not be very far out of the way if we estimate it at sixteen thousand in the former battle, and from forty to fifty thousand in the latter. But these figures represented the utmost naval power that the two great maritime nations of the day were able to draw together in single fleets, and each battle annihilated for a time the naval force of a great nation, rendering it for several years afterwards unable to place another large fleet in line of battle.

With the old-fashioned machinery, and under the old-fashioned tactics, the sovereignty of the seas was not to be disputed with so small a number of vessels or gained at such a cheap rate of bloodshed. At Salamis, the Greeks had 310, or, according to some ac-

* Prescott, '*Philip II.*'

counts, 360 war ships in action. The Persians had of all sorts fully 1,000, two hundred of which, along with forty belonging to the victors, were taken or sunk in the course of the battle. Of this thrice-famous engagement, there is an account still extant written by a celebrated Greek who was alive at the time when it took place, and whom we may conjecture without any violent stretch of imagination, to have taken part in it himself. As there are probably many of our readers who have never seen this account, we make no apology for reproducing it, although it may be said without affectation that the grandeur and spirit of the original are greatly sacrificed in a bare literal translation into English prose.

'O name of Salamis!' begins the Persian messenger, 'most hateful to our ears! Alas! how I sigh when I remember Athens. Hateful is Athens to us miserable; we have to remember in sooth how many of the Persian matrons it has made widows and bereft of their husbands to no gain of ours. Artembares, leader of a myriad of horse, is dashed against the rugged shores of Salamis. And Dadaces, the chiliarch, beneath the stroke of the spear, has bounded a light leap out of his vessel. Tenagon, too, the true-born, chieftain of the Bactrians, haunts the sea-beaten isle of Ajax. Lilæus, too, Arsames and Argestes, overcome by death, keep butting against the hard shore around the dove-breeding isle.' Then after enumerating several other distinguished Persian commanders who lost their lives in the battle, he continues :—

'Night withdrew, and the forces of the Greeks had by no means made an escape in any direction. But when Day, drawn by white steeds, had occupied the whole earth, of radiance beautiful to behold, first of all a shout from the Greeks greeted Echo like a song, and Echo from the island rocks at the same instant shouted forth an inspiring cry, and terror fell upon all the barbarians balked of their purpose, for not as in flight were the Greeks then chaunting forth the solemn paean, but speeding on to the fight with gallant daring of soul. And the trumpet with its clangour infuriated their whole line, and forthwith, with the collision of the dashing oar, they smote the roaring brine. And quickly were they conspicuous to view. The right wing, well marshalled, led on foremost in good order, and behind it their whole force were coming on against us, and we could at the same time hear a mighty shout: "SONS OF THE GREEKS! ON! FREE YOUR COUNTRY AND FREE YOUR CHILDREN, YOUR WIVES, THE ABODES TOO OF THE GODS OF YOUR FATHERS, AND THE TOMBS OF YOUR ANCESTORS. NOW IS THE CONFLICT FOR THEM ALL!" And, sooth to say, a roar of the Persian tongue met them from our line, and no longer was it the moment to delay, but forthwith ship dashed her brazen prow against ship. And a Grecian vessel commences the engagement and crashes off the the whole of the stem of a Phœnician ship; and each commander severally directs his bark against another of the enemy's. At first, indeed, the bulk of the Persian armament bore up against them, but soon the multitudes of our ships were crowded together in the strait, and no assistance could be given by one to another; but they were struck by their own brazen beaks and were smashing their entire equipment of oars. And the Grecian vessels, not without science, were *smiting them in a circle upon all sides*,* and the hulls of our vessels were captured, and the sea could no longer be seen, filled as it was with wrecks and the slaughter of men. The shores, too, and the rugged rocks were filled with the dead, and every ship, as many as there were, of the barbarians was rowed in flight without order. But the Greeks kept striking, hacking us as it were tunnies or any draught of fishes, with fragments of oars and

* Three hundred ships 'surrounding' a thousand.

splinters of wreck, and wailing filled the ocean brine with shrieks until the depth of murky night removed it. But for the multitude of our woes—no, not if I should recite them in order for ten days, could I complete the tale for thee. For, be thou well assured of this, that there never fell in a single day a multitude of men of such a number. . . . No longer is the tongue of mortals held in check, for the people have been set at liberty to speak their minds freely. And the sea-washed isle of Ajax, with its shores stained with gore, holds the bodies of the Persians.'

When we consider the numbers of the forces engaged, and of the vessels taken or sunk in the action, the closeness of the combat, which lasted from dawn till dark, and the circumstance that no quarter was given or obtained by either party, it will probably not appear to be an immoderate calculation that there must have been at least fifteen or sixteen thousand men to whom that day proved their last. A number sufficient to man the whole British fleet that fought at Trafalgar, and more than twice as many as were to be found on board of the thirteen ships that won the battle of the Nile. In some respects, this sea-fight of Salamis resembles the famous land battle of Cannæ, in which, some two centuries later, Hannibal, with a force of about forty thousand, managed, not only to defeat, but also to almost utterly annihilate two Roman Consular armies, numbering upwards of eighty thousand men. In both instances the larger force was crowded together into a heap, of which the outermost portions, or those nearest to the enemy, could not fight so as to do themselves justice, while those inside the circumference were rendered helpless by being pressed upon by each other, and could not fight at all.

But by far the most sanguinary sea-battle that has as has yet been recorded in history was that of Lepanto, fought between the Turks and the Christians in 1571, and upon the same waters that had witnessed the triumph of Augustus over Antony. In the course of sixteen hundred years there had been few changes in the fashions of maritime warfare, save that the ships were now larger, the fleets more numerous, and the weapons used were more effective and deadly. The Turks (who were then thought invincible at sea) had just been making a formidable offensive movement towards the West. Among other matters, they had wrested from Venice the island of Cyprus, of which our newspapers have lately had so much to tell us, and which then for the first time became part of the Turkish empire. The power of Turkey was then what those of Russia and Prussia are now—a great bugbear to all the civilized nations of Western Europe, and extraordinary efforts were made by its nearest neighbours to meet the danger. A Holy League was formed against the infidel, and all the forces which combined Spain and Italy could send to sea, were despatched against him in the shape of an armament of nearly three hundred vessels and eighty thousand men. It encountered at Lepanto a Turkish fleet, fully as large and as numerously and bravely manned as itself. In the splendid historical fragment upon the *Reign of Philip II.*, which Prescott's untimely death prevented from being finished, as it had promised, into one of the most valuable and interesting histories in the English language, there is an animated account of the tremendous action that followed. Upwards of six hundred vessels engaged each other with little or no manœuvring, in a murderous grapple, which lasted until ten thousand Christians and twenty-five thousand Turks had fallen.

'The fight,' says Prescott, 'raged along the whole extent of the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto.* The volumes of vapour rolling heavily over the

* Some nine or ten miles.

waters effectually shut out from sight whatever was passing at any considerable distance, unless when a fresher breeze dispelled the smoke for a moment, or the flashes from the heavy guns threw a transient gleam upon the dark canopy of battle. If the eye of the spectator could have penetrated the cloud of smoke that envelope the combatants, and have embraced the whole scene at a glance, he would have perceived them broken up into small detachments, separately engaged with each other, independently of the rest, and, indeed, ignorant of all that was doing in other quarters. The contest exhibited few of those large combinations and skilful manœuvres to be expected in a great naval encounter. It was rather an assemblage of petty actions resembling those upon land. The galleys grappling together presented a level arena, upon which soldier and galley-slave fought hand to hand, and the fate of the engagement was generally decided by boarding. As in most hand to hand contests, there was an enormous waste of life. The decks were loaded with corpses, Christian and Moslem lying promiscuously together in the embrace of death. Instances are recorded in which every man on board was slain or wounded. It was a ghastly spectacle where blood flowed in rivulets down the sides of the vessels, staining the waters of the gulf for miles around.

'It seemed as if a hurricane had swept over the sea and covered it with the wreck of the noble armaments which a few moments before were so proudly riding upon its bosom. Little had they now to remind one of their late magnificent array with their hulls battered, their masts and spars gone or splintered by the shot, their canvas cut into shreds and floating wildly on the breeze, while thousands of wounded and drowning men were clinging to the floating fragments and calling piteously for help. Such was the wild uproar which succeeded to the Sabbath-like stillness that two hours before had reigned over these beautiful solitudes.'

This we may call the last great sea-fight of the old-fashioned kind, and by far the bloodiest of them all. It made a great figure in the history of the times in which it was fought. All the maritime forces of Spain and Italy upon the one hand, and the Ottoman Empire upon the other, were drawn together to fight it, and the uproar, the bloodshed, the *Te Deums*, and the acclamations of contemporary tongues were all upon the very largest of scales. But one may paint with a very big brush and yet not be a very great painter. Few people now trouble themselves much about the great sea-fight of Lepanto, and to most of those who at the present time remember that there ever was such a battle, its central figure of interest is neither the Pope nor the Grand Turk, nor the King of Spain, nor Don John of Austria, nor any other of the great dignitaries of the day. History which has allowed all these worthies to retreat pretty far into the background still preserves the record that a humble Spanish foot-soldier who was then of as little personal importance as any of his sixty or eighty thousand fellow-fighters, lost his left hand in the action and has casually alluded to it in a work which will last as long as literature itself. He calls it 'the noblest occasion that past or present times have witnessed or that the future can ever hope to see,' and yet his own book is read every day by thousands who would not know, without a foot note, to what occasion this high language is applied. Cervantes also alludes to his own naval experiences in another passage which with the alteration of a single expression, reads like a translation from something that might have been written by Æschylus or Sophocles and inspired by the recollections of Salamis or Arginusæ. 'And if this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded by the en-

counter of two galleys prow to prow in the midst of the wide sea, locked and grappled together so that there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the beak-head, and though he sees as many threatening ministers of death before him as there are pieces of artillery (read "gavelins" and "arrows") levelled against him from the opposite side not the length of a lance from his body, though he knows that the first slip of his foot sends him to the bottom of the ocean, yet with an undaunted heart inspired by honour he exposes himself to all their fire, and endeavours by that narrow pass to force his way into the enemy's vessel.'

The old-fashioned galley, although well enough suited for the comparatively calm waters and short voyages of the Mediterranean, did not long satisfy the requirements of the western and northern nations of Europe, who had to navigate the German and Atlantic oceans. It was in these waters that it received by degrees the modifications which, in course of time, developed it into the modern man-of-war. The war ships of the ancient Vikings and Norsemen did not differ in the general plan of their models from those of the Greeks and Romans, but working in higher latitudes and contending with rougher seas, they had to be larger and more substantially built, and their masts and sails being much more important items of their outfit as compared with the oars, were stouter and heavier. Passing nearly all the active portion of their lives at sea and facing a rougher element, these northern nations also became far better sailors than their classic ancestors. There seems to be no reason to doubt the old Norwegian and Icelandic records that their mariners, as far back as the twelfth century had made their way across the North Atlantic and landed upon Newfoundland and the Continent of North America. These men were not rowers so much as sailors. Yet, between the high bow and stern of their ship they still retained the long single bank of oars along which, if we may believe the old sagas, some warriors were dexterous enough to run fore and aft at full speed while the rowers were stretching their stoutest. Longfellow says of the famous King Olaf—

> When at sea with all his rowers
> He along the bending oars
> Outside of his ship could run.

A feat which we might allow to be notable, even though it were only done inside the ship's rail. In most pictures of these western galleys, we see disposed along the rail on each side a long row of shields, in appearance oddly resembling the hammock nettings of a modern English frigate.

From about the close of the fifteenth century the English and the Flemings appear to have discarded galleys from their deep sea service altogether, and taken to the use of heavier vessels, with permanent masts and sails. The demand for skilled seamanship and the use of heavier vessels steadily increased, so that by the middle of the sixteenth century, the employment of galleys was confined to the navies of southern nations bordering upon the Mediterranean, where they continued to be used long after they had disappeared from the Atlantic. Henry VII. of England owned only one ship of war. Down to his time the vessels of the English navy were generally merchant ships hired from private individuals, or contributed in certain quotas by the Cinque Ports and converted into men of war for the occasion. This was not a very difficult alteration to make. All merchantmen in those days carried some armament, and the addition of a few guns and a hundred or two of archers or musketeers made all the difference between a trading vessel and a fighting ship. From the fine old ballad of 'Sir Andrew Barton'* (which we hereby take occasion to recommend most heartily to all our readers who are not

* In the Percy '*Reliques*.'

already acquainted with it) we learn amongst other things, that an ordinary merchantman of that day could be turned at short notice into a formidable man-of-war.

Sir Andrew was a famous Scottish admiral in his day—a brave and skilful seaman, but something leaning to the freebooter of quick hand—a description which we are sorry to say would also apply to more than one of the other worthies who first made the British name famous at sea. For three years, according to the ballad, he had been the autocrat of the English channel, enforcing both submission and tribute from everything that sailed in it, and earning for himself amongst other distinctions, some special, although far from complimentary, notices from the Kings of England and Portugal. On his last cruise he fell in with a Newcastle merchant named Henry Hunt, who was returning from a voyage to Bordeaux, and whom he plundered pretty thoroughly. Henry went off 'with a heavy heart and a careful mind,' but next day was fortunate enough to fall in with Lord Howard, who had sailed from the Thames only three days before in search of this very Sir Andrew. After telling his story, Henry volunteered his services as a consort, and obtained the loan of fourteen guns for his ship. It was not long before they fell in with the gallant Scot, and after a few preliminaries of naval strategy, a furious action commenced, in which the metamorphosed merchantman bore an active part—

Then Henry Hunt, with vigour hot,
Came boldly up on the other side;
Soon he drave down his foremast tree
And killed him fourscore (*probably an exaggeration*) men beside.
'Now out, alas!' said Sir Andrew then,
'What may a man now think or say,
Yon merchant thief that pierceth me
He was my prisoner yesterday.'

For the remainder of the fight and its sequence we must again refer our readers to the ballad itself, which, to our mind, is one of the best in the whole Percy collection. It not only draws a lively picture, from which we can learn and infer many curious details concerning the sea-service of the period, but also presents us with a most touching and attractive sketch of a fine old sea king, who has good right to a proud place in the naval history of his country.

In the third year of Henry VII's reign, there was built for his Majesty the 'Great Harry,' which has the honour of being the first recorded ship of the Royal Navy. She had three masts, and as late as the year 1545 was the only vessel of that description in the English fleet. She is said to have been accidentally burnt at Woolwich in 1553, and if this be true, she must have lasted sixty-five years, which, according to the average of modern ships' ages is a very long period.* Henry VIII., by his own prerogative, and at his own expense, settled the constitution of the English Navy upon the same footing which subsists to the present day. He instituted an Admiralty and a Navy Office, appointed Commissioners, and fixed regular salaries for them, as well as for his admirals, officers and sailors. Properly speaking this marks the commencement of a new era in naval affairs—that of wooden sailing-ships, with the army and navy divided into two distinct professions. It is true that vestiges of the ancient usages continued to linger for some time in connection both with the English and with other navies. The bow and the stern of the man-of-war still continued to be built up into miniature forts, and for a long time they were the only parts of the ship that were armed with heavy guns. The crews still continued to be occasionally supplemented by soldiers drawn from the land forces. Even down to the days of the Commonwealth and Restoration, the army and navy continued to interchange their officers, and perhaps their men also. We now and again find an

* James' '*Naval History*,' vol. vii.

admiral commanding a division of the army upon land, while, on the other hand, Blake, Dean and Monk had all acquired distinction in military operations on shore before they tried their hands as naval officers. The old-fashioned galley, although banished from the English navy, still kept a place in those of France and Spain. The Spanish Armada contained ten or twelve of very large size, only two of which ever returned home again. A few years later, Frederic Spinola attempted to use these vessels against the Dutch navy, with what disastrous results may be read in the spirited pages of Motley. And even as late as 1690, Admiral Tourville used his galleys in the descent which he attempted to make upon the southern coast of England. But the old-fashioned system of galleys and soldiers had served its purpose, and within thirty years after the Battle of Lepanto it may be said to have passed away and given place to the second system—that of a separate naval service, and wooden sailing ships. On some future occasion we may perhaps make a remark or two upon this second naval period.

THE WANDERER.

(A favourite German Song.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY FIDELIS.

O'ER the wide world all lonely I roam,
Far, far away from my own cherished home;
O'er the wild mountains my footstep is fleet,
Fearful abysses yawn wide at my feet;—
Still, my beloved, where'er I may be,
Thy gentle presence is ever with me.

High in the cloud-land winds my wild course,
Whence the stream dashes with dizzying force,
From the white glacier's cold bosom of snow
I gaze on the world in the sunshine below;—
Here, even here, my beloved, I see
Thy gentle spirit still present with me.

Far in the depths of the solemn ravine,
Where the lake gleams in its silvery sheen,—
Over the desert's hot glittering sand,—
Hasting my steps o'er a strange distant land;—
Still, while I tarried, I ever could see
Thy gentle spirit still present with me.

So must I wander, the wide world o'er,
On many an ocean, on many a shore;
Still, while I tarry, wherever I roam,—
Faithful I am to my love and my home;—
Still, my beloved, where'er I may be,
Thy gentle presence is ever with me.

WILKIE COLLINS AS A NOVELIST.

BY J. T. STEWART.

THERE is a wide difference between the story-teller, with no object in view but that of interesting his readers in the unfolding of a plot on which depends the happiness or misery of his hero or heroine, and the moralist who merely employs fictitious characters because they are necessary for the teaching of his lessons,—just as lay figures are used by dress-makers for the display of their work. The mere story-teller often teaches more effectively than the moralist, and the moralist frequently writes a more absorbing tale than the story-teller. The story may be stupid and the homily entertaining. Genius breaks through all restraints, shines through all the mists of inconvenient method, and enlivens the dullest themes,—as latent humour will crop out in the pulpit, and set the congregation on the broad grin.

And yet very much depends on the form of the work and the aim of the writer. Only the gifted few can afford to neglect the architectural details, and even they do so at the expense of their reputation.

If mere popularity, as measured by the number of immediate readers gained, were the object of novel writing, the gushingly sentimental, thrilling and florid fictions, which create so great a demand for the 'literary' weeklies, would be chosen as the model of the aspiring author; but every writer worthy of being taken into serious consideration has a higher aim than that: he seeks to gain the approbation of the cultivated classes, and have his books placed on the list of those worth preserving.

By the careful cultivation of their art many writers have corrected defects which would, if allowed to grow, have proved fatal to their reputation. Some, finding themselves depending too much on an absorbing plot, have studied human nature and taken extra care in the delineation of character; while others have laboriously constructed, or boldly borrowed, plots which give unity of interest to the incidents attending the development of their wonderfully natural creations. Natural defects are thus overcome, and artistic harmony given to work whose strength would otherwise be counterbalanced by its weakness. It is often the case that the part of a book which displays the least strength has cost the author the most effort.

Wilkie Collins has one of those well-balanced minds in which the constructive and didactic faculties exist in pretty equal proportions. He is an earnest moralist, with story-telling and plot-constructing capacities of a high order, and his productions appeal to the minds of the idle and the earnest alike.

With perfect appreciation of the necessity for concealing the lesson he wishes to teach, and full faith in his ability to make the incidents impart the instruction he seeks to give, he sets himself to the task, primarily, of simply telling a story. 'I have always,' he says, in his preface to 'The Woman in White,' 'held the old-fashioned opinion that the primary object of a work of fiction should be to tell a story. It may be impossible, in novel writing, to present characters successfully without telling a

story; but it is not possible to tell a story successfully without presenting characters.'

In this method of working he differs widely from many of his distinguished contemporaries, whose character drawing is evidently first in their thoughts, and must thank his dramatic genius rather than his theory for the permanent value attached to his works.

Many stories have been successfully told without presenting characters which the world desired to keep up an acquaintance with.

Books are read once for the story, and then, if the characters they present are not interesting, they are cast aside and forgotten.

Mr. Collins, notwithstanding the secondary place he theoretically assigns to character drawing, selects his types with care and elaborates them with skill. Instead of being content to allow them to make their peculiarities known by their acts, in accordance with his theory, he often introduces them so minutely as to leave little to be revealed by themselves, thus showing that they were carefully thought out before being allowed to take a place in the story.

'The Woman in White,' which is esteemed the ablest of his works, is one of the best examples we have in modern fiction of the union of a plot of absorbing interest with characters at once original, strong and pleasing. The presentation of the characters is merely incidental to the telling of the story, I admit, but their conception was a primary instead of a secondary part of the author's work. Laura Fairlie, that lovely and lovable piece of inanity, gets almost as strong a hold on us as she does on Walter Hartright. She is a fine example of the strength of feminine weakness. Hartright and Marian Halcombe, the 'magnificent Marian' of the 'grand grey eyes' (not the only one of Collins's women with this particular description of eyes), devote their lives to her service, and it seems right that they should do so. She clings to them and trusts them, and that is all the reward they ask or expect. If it were not for her great misfortunes she would hardly keep her place in the reader's affections, and even as it is we can hardly repress a sigh of regret when her marriage with Walter deprives Marian of the possibility of ever seeing her unspoken affection returned. It does not seem right, although it is supremely natural, that the helpless Laura should win all the strong man's devotion, while the glorious creature who united her efforts with his, in their almost hopeless struggle against the conspiracy of which Laura was the victim, should inspire nothing but a sisterly affection. Such women as she are able to stand alone in this world, and a merciful Providence provides that the men shall fall in love chiefly with the less gifted and self-reliant—with those who are not able to take care of themselves.

[This accounts for the large proportion of splendid women among the old maids.]

Anne Catherick excites a curiosity which is not gratified by results, but the interest awakened in her is not at all out of proportion to her importance in the plot. The manner in which the attention is kept fixed upon her, in the expectation that she will make an important revelation respecting Sir Percival Glyde, when it is a purely passive part which she is destined to play in the great crisis of the story, is very skilful.

Walter Hartright, that fine specimen of constancy, devotion, fearlessness and uprightness; Mr. Fairlie, a unique study of refined selfishness; Pesca, the excitable Italian; Mrs. Vesey, the amiable old lady who 'sat through life'; Sir Percival Glyde, that combination of strong passion and pliant yielding to his evil genius; Mr. Gilmore, the solicitor, who reassuringly informs his clients that they have entrusted their affairs to 'good

hands;' Mrs. Michelson, with her charming faith in the angelic character of Count Fosco; and Madame Fosco, with her dog-like devotion to her husband, and her inability to distinguish good from evil when he is an interested party, are all faithfully drawn characters.

The great personage of the book, however, is Fosco himself. He is a wonderfully clear-cut type of a somewhat mythical class. With great skill in music, chemistry, and diplomacy; with a magnetic power over men and women; with vast capacities for work; with the faculty of combination well developed; with great executive ability; and with a title and some fortune, he is nothing but a spy in his public capacity and a rascal in private life. Nothing but principle is wanting to make him a leader of men, a statesman, a great diplomatist, or an honoured member of a learned profession. His breezy brusqueness, oily affability, consummate impudence, infectious good spirits, and unwearying activity, make him the life of every scene in which he appears. His management of the brutal Sir Percival, his mastery over his wife, his sublime effrontery, his irrepressible vehemence when he quarrels with the physician's treatment of Marian, his intimate relations with his birds and white mice, his charming manifestations of personal vanity, his hearty and unhesitating yielding to circumstances which he sees to be too much for even his genius to contend with, and, most of all, the one weakness he manifests—his overpowering admiration of Marian Halcombe—keep his corpulent form fresh in the mind of the reader. His charming frankness, when he does not consider it worth while to wear the mask of virtue, is enough to make him friends. It is in perfect good faith, and not at all as a satirist seeking to be smart, that he argues that crime is a good friend as often as it is an enemy, and points for proof to the Howards passing virtuous misery in hovels to minister to misery in prisons. He is sincere, also, when he claims to be virtuous because he carefully avoided unnecessary crime in the perpetration of the great outrage that robbed an unoffending lady of reason, liberty and identity. The reader who can not forget his cold-blooded cruelty, and forgive his offences far enough to look pityingly on the mangled remains which his widow weeps over in the morgue, lacks the charity which all should feel for erring and fallen humanity.

The life at Blackwater, when the helpless Laura is struggling in the toils, and the crazy Anne is hovering around with her supposed secret, is painted with graphic realism; the several steps in the unwinding of the coil of conspiracy which bring Walter slowly but surely to the end, enchain the reader's unwearying attention; and the double retribution is brought about in a dramatic and by no means improbable manner.

Most of the writers who find fault with the institutions of their country—with its legal, medical and theological doctrines and practices—have remedies to propose for all the ills they discover; but Wilkie Collins contents himself generally with pointing out the evils that exist, leaving to others the work of devising the cure. In this respect he presents a marked contrast to Charles Reade, who prescribes minutely for everything from tight lacing to the treatment of the insane, teaches the doctors how to deal with sprains, and defines the changes that should be made in the statutes.

In 'The Woman in White' the author indicates, rather than presents and denounces, the evil effects which may result from the law of inheritance, and in 'The Law and the Lady' the Scotch verdict of 'not proven' is the objective point at which the reformer aims. Eustace Macallan's wife, in a fit of despairing jealousy, poisons herself, and the letter in which she

confesses the deed and bids farewell to her husband, is stolen by a false friend of the family who gains access to her room before the tragedy is discovered. Eustace is charged with having murdered her, the fact of his having purchased poison is proved, his want of affection for his wife is established by entries in his diary and letters written by her to lady friends, and various other bits of circumstantial evidence are brought forward. The jury, not willing to convict him without more explicit testimony, and yet feeling morally certain of his guilt, take refuge in the convenient verdict which the Scotch law allows, and compromise by giving him the moral without the physical punishment of murder.

Eustace Macallan is crushed by the blow. He looks upon the verdict of the jury as the voice of mankind in general, and refuses to believe that any one can think him innocent. He shuns the woman to whom he had given the love for which his dead wife craved. He changes his name, and keeps scrupulously apart from all who have known him, seeing only his mother and one or two friends occasionally.

While in a retired rural village, nursing this morbid horror of being known to mankind as the man who has failed to be acquitted by a jury of the murder of his wife, he meets and falls in love with the heroine of the tale, and marries her under his assumed name. She tells us, for the story is supposed to be written by her, how she loves and trusts her husband, how she is startled on the first day of their wedding tour by discovering that he is wrapped up in the dark mantle of some secret sorrow, how she learns her husband's real name, and how she acts under the stimulus of the uncontrollable passion that takes possession of her to penetrate the secret. It is in vain that she is assured that their love will not endure the strain of the discovery, that their happiness, their union itself, depends upon her remaining ignorant of the mystery in her husband's life. She is only the more eager to discover the secret, persuading herself that she wants to know it chiefly for the purpose of showing that she can love and trust her husband notwithstanding anything of a reprehensible nature in his past life. She does not rest until she discovers the truth.

Eustace finds her in a fainting fit, with a pamphlet report of the trial in her hand, and sorrowfully turns his back upon her. She asks for him, and is told that he has gone. She seeks him, and learns that he has left the country after making ample provision for her maintenance. He stubbornly refuses to believe that she can love and trust him, with the shadow of the Scotch verdict resting on him. The first cold look, the first harsh word, would cause the dead wife to rise up between them, and there would be no real happiness in their home.

And then she resolves to reopen the inquiry into the death of her husband's first wife, and prove her husband's innocence by discovering the real murderer. That is the only method of curing his morbid state, and winning him back to her. And so the long struggle between the Lady and the Law, the story of which is told in this novel, is entered upon. It seems hopeless at first, light breaks upon the way only to be extinguished and leave deeper gloom, and promising paths of research lead up to nothing but convincing proofs of the falsity of the scent. And still the search grows more fascinating to the lady and the reader. We know that success must reward her efforts, because she has won a place in our hearts, and we see no other chance for her happiness, and yet we follow every step she takes towards the end with as much anxious interest as though it were among the probabilities that she could fail.

The strain of this absorbing inquiry is lightened, without the action being

retarded, by the antics of Miserrimus Dexter, the devotion of Ariel to her master, and the love affairs of Major Fitz David. Dexter belongs to the traditional dwarf family, possessing the cunning, cruelty, and fickleness which are associated so generally with human deformity, and is even more unreal and unnatural than Dickens's Quilp. His vagaries create pity and dislike rather than amusement, the workings of his mind are too subtle or too much tainted with madness to give a true indication of his knowledge respecting the death of Mrs. Macallan, and the whole picture of the creature is inconsistent with the previous part which he is credited with having played. This type of physical, mental and moral deformity is exhausted, and should be banished from fiction. It has had its day, like a great many other stock models, and novelty is no longer a cloak for its unreality.

Ariel is a more original and interesting study, although but slightly sketched. The author does not hint at having evolved her from the mazes of a Darwinian research into the origin of species, but she is highly suggestive of 'the missing link.' She is deaf, dumb, and unimpassive as a stone, except to her master. Pygmalion's power over the marble statue seems no more remarkable than Dexter's influence over this woman. That human affection, devotion and intelligence should be awakened in such a creature, seems as strange as the theory that such qualities could have been evolved in the human breast from the mere instincts of animalism.

But we turn away from the morbid contemplation of such unhealthy creations, and grow natural and cheerful again in the delightful society of Major Fitz David, 'the friend of the women.' What a charming old beau he is! Is it any wonder that the men and women who know him personally should like him so well, when we can not read about him without compassionate tenderness? The aged juvenile, entrusted with the keeping of Eustace's secret, is besieged by Valeria, whom he can not resist seeing because the servant reports that she is pretty, and, after resisting her importunity for a few minutes, throws himself on her mercy. 'That homestead,' he feelingly says to her, pointing to a painting on the wall, 'once belonged to me. It was sold years and years since. And who had the money? The women. God bless them all! the women. I don't regret it. If I had another estate, I have no doubt it would go the same way. Your adorable sex has made its pretty playthings of my life, my time, and my money—and welcome! The one thing I have kept to myself is my honour, and now that is in danger.' Valeria, intent as she is on discovering the secret, does not have the heart to take advantage of his helplessness, but, with a casuistry worthy of a skilled polemic, persuades him that his honour will not be tarnished by permitting her to search the room which contains the key to the mystery, and the search results in the discovery of the report of the trial. The Major's relations with the fair sex, past and present, are described in the spirit of his appeal to Valeria, and he is altogether so very amusing and good-hearted a personage that we regret the catastrophe of his marriage with the rude and mercenary young woman whose musical education he undertook to superintend. It is to be feared that, after marriage, he could no longer be the friend of the women without encountering domestic broils, that every act of gallantry was performed at the risk of having his wig damaged and his face scratched, and that the gallant old gentleman was compelled to wear a face of unconcern for the woes of women whom he burned to succour from the evils which beset them. The consoling reflection is that he needed a protector, and that, as he was bound to be the

ıe woman, it was best for
be his wife. And yet it
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to womankind in general,
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is a brute, not because his
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gentle and studious Julius
and cultivates music, ac-
cording to the underlying philosophy of this story, simply because his muscles never attracted his fostering care. If Julius had ever toyed with dumb-bells, or taken lessons of a boxing-master, or learned to row, his nature would have been brutal like his brother's! Muscular development, in the person of Geoffrey, is placed in the pillory, and pelted without mercy by all who pass that way. Athletic sports, as personified by Geoffrey, are made as ridiculous, health-destroying and brutalizing as possible. Even that pert beauty, Blanche Lundie, becomes a satirist in the presence of muscle, and says to Geoffrey, when he wants to be excused from croquet, 'If you had a mind, you would want to relax it. You have got muscles, why not relax them?' And then Geoffrey, a University man, is made to dispute the authorship of a quotation from Dryden:—'I rowed three races with Tom Dryden, and we trained together. He never said that.' When he is called upon to exert his thinking faculties at all he resorts to rowing, dumb-bells, boxing-gloves and running, for the purpose of clearing his mind. His favourite exclamation is 'Thunder and lightning! explosion and blood!' He betrays Anne Silvester, abandons her in the most heartless manner, subjects his best friend to a false charge of bigamy, and finally meets his death while attempting the murder of his wife, after having ceased to be the idol of the people on account of breaking down in a great race in which he, as the champion of the south, ran against the fleeter champion of the north. This is the man who is held up as the kind of animal the muscular maniacs worship. Whatever may be said of Geoffrey as a type of muscular mankind, he is the personification, the natural product, of athletic culture, as described by the author, in the words of Sir Patrick Lundie:—'If my happiness stands in his way—and he can do it with impunity to himself—he will trample down my happiness. If

my life happens to be the next obstacle he encounters—and if he can do it with impunity to himself he will trample down my life.'

The author, who divides with Sir Patrick the duty of satirizing the athletes, gives us the following portrait of Julius Delamayn:

'It is melancholy to acknowledge it of the blood relation of a "stroke-oar," but it must be owned, in the interests of truth, that Julius cultivated his intelligence. This degenerate Briton could digest books, and could not digest beer. He could learn languages, and could not learn to row. He got through life (Heaven knows how!) without either a biceps or a betting-book. He had openly acknowledged, in English society, that he didn't think the barking of a pack of hounds the finest music in the world. He could go to foreign parts, and see a mountain which nobody had ever got to the top of yet, and didn't instantly feel his honour as an Englishman involved in getting to the top of it himself.'

He supplements this piece of satire with descriptive passages of equally keen edge. He pictures the inn, where servants and guests, equally absorbed in the newspapers, reply to all inquiries: 'Tinkler's gone stale,' and describes the sensation which this important news creates,—when 'even the London blackguard stood awed and quiet in the presence of the national calamity.' The playful pranks of the athletes, in their joy over Geoffrey's consenting to run, are not so well drawn:—'Hercules I. cleared a space with his elbows, and lay down, and Hercules II. took him up in his teeth. Hercules III. seized the poker from the fire-place, and broke it on his arm. Hercules IV. followed with the tongs, and shattered them on his neck.' This is broadly grotesque, without being at all humorous, and palpable exaggeration in which there is no humour only serves to weaken the assault.

An intelligent foreigner is supposed to be present at the sports, and is informed that 'the solemnity takes its rise in an indomitable national passion for hardening the arms and legs, by throwing hammers and cricket-balls with the first, and running and jumping with the second.' This foreigner goes to the theatre after witnessing the enthusiasm of the populace at the sports, and notes their behaviour there. 'If the play,' says our satirist, 'made any appeal to their sympathy with any of the higher and nobler emotions of humanity, they received it as something wearisome, or sneered at it as something absurd. The public feeling of the countrymen of Shakspere, so far as they represented it, recognized but two duties in the dramatist—the duty of making them laugh, and the duty of getting it over soon.' The lavish display of scenery, legs and bosoms, he intimates, is the only attraction at the theatre. The people exhibit a stolid languor when effects are exacted from their brains, and a stupid contempt at appeals to their hearts. No wonder Englishmen, he adds, are chiefly remarkable for enjoying jokes and scandal, and respecting rank and money.

Sir Patrick Lundie is much happier in his satire, because more witty and less abusive. He is 'distinguished by a pliant grace and courtesy, unknown to the present generation,' and a cane with a snuff-box head. He is a bright, cheerful, wise and satirical old fellow, with a decided preference for the manners and customs of his boyish period. He has forgotten that fashion had as many follies then as now. Not having leisure for fault-finding in his youth, or because the prevailing freaks of fashion at that time seemed the correct thing, because there was nothing in his experience to contrast them with, he regards every present folly as proof of modern degeneracy. His observant eyes note everything. 'Can that charming person straighten her knees?' he asks Arnold Brinkworth, pointing the while at Blanche's high-heeled boots, and Arthur feels

that he is desperately in love with her whether or not. He applies his theory of degeneracy, in a playful way, to himself:—'A wise person once said, "The older a man gets the worse he gets." That wise person, my dear, had me in his eye, and was perfectly right.' 'What *does* the new generation know!' he exclaims. 'It knows how to row, how to shoot, how to play at cricket, and how to bet. When it has lost its muscle and its money—that is to say, when it has grown old—what a generation it will be!' And again: 'You will find a lessening regard for the gentler graces of civilized life, and a growing admiration for the virtues of the aboriginal Britons.' His intercourse with Arthur and Blanche, so free from reserve or claims to authority; his management of his sister-in-law, Lady Lundie, whose freaks of temper make him sigh at the thought of what his poor brother must have endured; his interview with Anne at the inn; his bearing at the inquiry into the legality of his niece's marriage; and his final appearance with a bride on his arm, combine to make him a favourite with the reader. He is ever sharp of tongue, and kind at heart, railing at frivolity, and ready to forgive human transgressions; fond of having his own way, and gaining it by tact where he might have it by an exercise of authority. Sir Patrick is a valuable contribution to the portrait gallery of fiction.

Almost all the characters in this book are sharply defined specimens of interesting types, and all are more or less familiar to the students of human nature as depicted in novels. Hester Dethridge is a saddening example of man's inhumanity to woman. There is something revolting in her, and yet one can not help pitying her misfortunes. But as we get a glimpse of the homicidal mania that seizes her at times, and think of the blessing it would be to others if the tempting demon should get the better of her when Geoffrey is within reach, it is difficult to join in the woman's prayer to be delivered from temptation. Her confession is an affecting recital of woman's wrongs, and her fate a sad warning to those who seek to escape from misery by committing crime.

Bishopriggs is an ambitious attempt, and only fairly successful. His familiarity with the guests of the inn is past all endurance. Fancy a servant, who is called to set the table for a gentleman and lady whom he supposes to be a newly wedded pair, saying, 'Take her on your knee as soon as ye like! Feed him at the fork's end whenever ye please.' It is not possible, even at Craig Fernie Inn, that a waiter could have found it profitable to take such liberties with the guests, and Bishopriggs is a man who esteems the profits as next in importance to the tipple. The author is happier in his description of this fellow than he is when he allows him to speak for himself, telling us, for instance, that he 'looked at the running water with the eye of a man who thoroughly distrusted it, viewed as a beverage;' and he makes him act usually in a humorously shrewd manner.

Most readers will retain a lively impression of Mr. and Mrs. Karnegie, of the Sheep's Head Hotel; Capt. Newenden, who would dance; Blanche Lundie, the pert, pretty and headstrong young lady of the story; Mrs. Glenarm, who wanted a master, and found one in Geoffrey after a curious courtship—who conducted a very unconventional correspondence with him after his marriage, and retired to a convent in a very conventional style after his death; Lady Lundie, who is, in many respects, the strongest and most artistically developed character in the book, and about the only one who is allowed to reveal herself gradually by her acts instead of being drawn at full length when first introduced; and Mrs. Inchbare, 'a savagely respectable woman who pleased herself in presiding over a

savagely respectable inn.' They will also remember, and smile at the recollection, Arnold Brinkworth's proposal to Blanche, when he stopped in a blundering attempt at the confession of his love, sheepishly saying he 'wanted a little encouragement,' and was archly told by the young lady to 'consider himself encouraged.'

'Poor Miss Finch,' the next most notable production of Wilkie Collins's pen, is about the only one of his more important works without an undisguised attack on some popular institution, practice or doctrine. As a work of art, it approaches perfection. The materials are handled with consummate skill, but they lack the elements of wide popularity. Probabilities are weighed carefully, the springs of action are studied thoughtfully, and the characters are true to themselves in all their sayings and doings. There are no vicious dwarfs, with supernatural cunning; no madmen, with conflicting and unfathomable impulses, at large in society; no supernaturally gifted persons who favour us at the beginning with a prophetic view of the end. These people are men and women all the time, and submit to the limitations which a wise Providence imposes on human powers. The story's greatest strength is its pathos. The blind lady who is the central figure of the tale, moves our tenderest compassion at the first, and retains her place in our affections and her claim on our pity to the last. Life ebbs and flows around her, the conflict of human passions threatens to wreck her happiness, intrigues are in progress in her own household, physicians are disputing as to the practicability of restoring her sight, and she is subjected to cruel deceptions. Her artlessness, her fearless trampling on sacred conventionalities, her horror of being deceived, and her pride in the delicacy of touch and ear which make up in part for her want of sight, are in ideal harmony with the fact of her blindness. With all a child's fearlessness, with the passions and not the prudence of maturity, and with the attractiveness of beauty and grace, she is in danger, deprived as she is, in a great measure, of home protection, of meeting with some irreparable misfortune. The divinity within makes us reach out our arms for her support, and raise our voices in warning, as she moves along the edge of the unfathomable gulf of lifelong sorrow without seeing the danger, and we discover, as we often do when we burn to rescue some imperilled being in real life, how inadequate are the powers with which we are gifted to execute the promptings of our nobler nature. When the dear innocent nurses Oscar Dubourg, of whom the reader is not by any means an admirer, holds his head, whispers him to get well for her sake, and kisses him, one can not help trembling for her future. Her cheerful confidence in herself is one of the saddest and most dangerous features of the case. If she really felt her helplessness, and leaned obediently on some trusty friend for guidance and support, there would be little or no danger; but she is a woman, and will have her way at times. How beautiful are her mental visions of the earth and sky, the fields and flowers! How we pause, even at the critical moment when her sight is to be restored, and think of what she will lose! There is no affliction, not even blindness, which does not have some compensating advantages, no happy change, not even the translation from darkness to light, which does not involve loss as well as gain. Lucilla Finch felt this when her eyes had been opened to the sights around her, and vainly shut them with the hope of bringing back the bright visions in which she once delighted. This brief period of her life was so unhappy that we are reconciled to the final loss of her sight, and, hearing her say, 'My life lives in my love, and my love lives in my blindness,' and seeing her safe

at last in the arms of the only man who can make her happy, we say farewell with wistful eyes, whose tears are those of tender compassion instead of vain regret.

Madame Pratolungo, the voluble, energetic and revolutionary, tells the tale, and makes herself exceedingly agreeable. The hardihood with which she beards the human lion in his den, when the interests of her blind pupil require it; the loyalty to her dead husband, that breaks out in vivas for the republic; the frankness she manifests in describing her father, for whose sake she sacrifices much valuable time, as 'an elder in the Temple of Venus, burning incense inexhaustibly on the altar of love,' and whom she cures of a matrimonial passion for a worthless woman by taking him to Rome and stupifying him with picture-gazing until he falls asleep before the Venus of the Capitol; her unselfish devotion to Lucilla, a devotion that triumphs even over her woman's sense of injury at being unjustly suspected of improper motives and disloyal acts; her breezy, vivacious, rattling commentary on men, manners and events; and her genuine goodness of heart and singleness of purpose, make her a delightful acquaintance and a valuable friend. At her first appearance she is happily accompanied only by a boy who never speaks except when he is spoken to, and manages invariably to convey his answer in three monosyllables. This gives her ample opportunity to introduce herself with her characteristic frankness, give her impressions of the scenery, and let everybody into the secret of her journey, thus putting herself on familiar terms with her readers at the start; and the more they see of her the better they like her fresh foreign contempt for forms, and her fearless warfare on conventional social shams.

Mrs. Finch, with a novel in one hand and a baby in the other, slouches across the stage, looking for her handkerchief and lamenting her inability to pick up a lost half hour; the Rev. Finch struts around with his little body and thunderous voice, his nose for money, his exalted idea of his own importance, and his habit of 'putting his foot down in his paternal capacity'; Oscar Dubourg, that helpless product of a purposeless education, with his foolish shrinking from the notoriety he accidentally gained, his womanish worship of his hare-brained brother, and his utter lack of will to act for himself when his happiness depends on a moment's courage, grows out of the reader's contempt towards the close by manifesting unexpected decision of character; Nugent Dubourg, who is favourably known at first for having saved his brother's life by the restless energy with which he rushed blindly around in search of testimony in rebuttal of the perjury of the clock, is very amusing when introduced to the acquaintance of the Finches—when he gives the Rector a lesson in reading aloud, and instructs Mrs. Finch on the subject of babies' frocks—grows puzzling later on, develops into a villain through want of strength to resist temptation, and is finally dismissed with a mixture of contempt that is softened by pity; and Herr Grosse, good, greedy and gastronomic, full of kindness for his patient, gentle in his very roughness, with the manners of a bear and the tact of a diplomat, from the moment he arrives at Dimchurch until our parting view of him, imprisoned by the gout, and frantically urging Madame Pratolungo to make haste with his wash for the eyes of his 'poor Feench,' grows in our regard so much, both as a man and an oculist, that we would not hesitate to call him to our aid in preference to his estimable and dignified professional associate in the consultation on the case of Miss Finch.

All readers of Wilkie Collins must have been impressed with the importance of the supernatural element in his writings. He appeals skilfully to the public taste for the marvellous, and

gains readers by doing so. He shrewdly suspects that all men have an element of what is scornfully called superstition in their veins, and does not hesitate to cater for it.

It is to the impulsive, aboriginal and poetical side of the race, and not to its reason or conscience, that the successful novelist addresses himself. The aboriginal man was filled with superstition, and culture has not yet fully counteracted its hereditary influence. The leaf, stirred by the breeze, is a startling miracle to him who knows nothing about wind and never witnessed its effects on inanimate objects. When the shadow of the moon passes over the sun the frightened savage resorts to rites which he considers most likely to appease an angry Deity. In civilized countries the breaking out of a new and fatal disease, whose origin and nature are not understood, has about the same effect on the majority of the population. The appearance of a comet in the sky, even after great progress had been made in the science of astronomy, was almost universally hailed as a supernatural sign — a warning from Heaven of wrath at hand. The tipping of a table, around which people are gathered for the purpose of witnessing the power of a 'medium,' is attributed to the spirits of the departed. The restoration to health of one out of ten thousand of the sick pilgrims who pray at sacred shrines, is ascribed to the direct interposition of the Virgin Mary, who is reverently thanked for having laid her healing hand on the afflicted and made them well. The train of thought started by a dream, or a foreboding of evil produced by indigestion, causes a person to abandon his purpose of sailing in a ship which is subsequently wrecked, and his whole soul glows with the proud and happy consciousness that his life has been preserved by the interposition of an all-wise Providence for some great purpose. A beloved child, after the physicians have despaired of its life, rallies and recovers, and the devout mother feels that it has been restored to her in answer to her agonizing prayers. The profane Pike County father, after a long search on the prairie, while

> 'The snow came down like a blanket,

finds Little Breeches safe in a sheepfold with the lambs

> So calm and sleepy and white

and, though he

> 'don't put much on the prophets
> And free will, and that sort of thing,

he is as ready as the most devout man in the world to explain the manner of his boy's rescue: —

> 'How did you git thar? Angels.
> He could never have walked in that storm.
> They jest scooped down and toted him
> To what was safe and warm.'

Every force, the nature of which is still unknown, is supernatural.

Every event, the cause of which is not understood, is a miracle.

Science has reduced the number of supernatural forces by discovering the law of gravitation, determining the orbits of the comets, harnessing the lightning to the car of commerce, and unmasking many of the processes of physical and spiritual development. But there are forces at work which are too subtle for the scientist of this generation; things happen which are not to be explained, except on hypotheses which people are not bound to accept, by natural laws: therefore, we still have a field for the supernatural, we are still able to say, 'It is a miracle,' and defy disproof. And have we not a right to say this? We have cheerfully given up, one after the other, the beliefs which science has unquestionably shown to be wrong, and we are ready to give up our beloved superstitions when science satisfactorily explodes them. Because we were wrong in some things is no proof of our being wrong now. We are bound, as superior creatures, to have an explanation ready for every phenomenon, and if our own experiences, or the investigations of science, fail

to furnish it, no one has a right to object when we exclaim, 'Behold the supernatural!'

Wilkie Collins, well knowing the world's tendency in this direction, and desiring also not to outrage the opposing sentiment, gives many striking examples of occult phenomena, and leaves his readers to place their own interpretation on them. 'The Two Destinies' is nothing if not ghostly. The leading characters see visions, believe in them, obey their behests, and are never deceived by them. Their faith is whole, and the author's appears to be whole also. There is no pretence at a commonplace explanation—no suggestion of natural agencies by which the strange results might have been produced. Our grandmothers, as they sat knitting by the flickering light of a dying fire, and told us tales of haunted chests of gold sinking into the bowels of the earth when one of the diggers was unfortunately prompted by the click of the crow-bar on the iron box to utter an exclamation, looked no more seriously through their spectacles than the author of this tale.

The story opens with an attractive picture of child lovers, as devoted to each other as Paul and Virginia when they played under the palm-trees of their island home, and, like them, destined to be parted. The girl's grandmother, a student of Swedenborg, warns the father of the boy that he can not separate the young lovers:—

'The spirits of these children are kindred spirits. For time and for eternity, they are united one to the other. Put land and sea between them—they will still be together; they will communicate in visions, they will be revealed to each other in dreams. Bind them by wordly ties; wed your son, in the time to come, to another woman, and my granddaughter to another man. In vain! I tell you, in vain! You may doom them to misery, you may drive them to sin—the day of their union on earth is still a day predestined in Heaven.'

This prediction is fulfilled to the letter. Long years after they are parted, when he has returned from a foreign land and can find no traces of her, he meets her accidentally, and saves her life without knowing who she is. She is married, and in trouble. She visits him soon in a vision,—not as the maiden he loved in childhood, but as the unknown woman he saved from suicide,—writes in his portfolio the place and time she will meet him, and begs him to come to her. He keeps the appointment, and meets her at night by St. Anthony's Well, when she confesses that she dreamed she did just what he had seen her do in his vision. Another vision summons him to the shadow of St. Paul's, and there he meets a messenger she has sent to the druggist for medicine, who guides him to her lodgings. Again the cruel fate which forces them to live apart places the sea between their resting places, and the spirit messenger comes over sea and land, in the semblance of the woman's little child, and, floating high in air, guides him, as the pillar of fire guided the children of Israel, to the deserted and unhappy object of his love, whom he now, for the first time, discovers to be his childish playmate. Now they are united indeed, as the sibyl predicted, and are introduced in the very prosaic character of a newly married couple giving a dinner party to which the gentlemen come without their wives, the ladies having sent excuses on learning something of the bride's antecedents. This is the whole story. George Germaine, Mary Dermody, Van Brandt and the rest are merely the shuttles with which the supernatural warp and woof of the tale are woven together. The sad situation of Miss Dunross, and the curious episode of Germaine's residence at her father's, are all that distract the attention from the characters and events I have sketched.

In 'The Frozen Deep' we have, in-

stead of this commingling of disembodied spirits for the purpose of making appointments for the future, an example of the second sight. The possessor of the gift is a lady, Clara Burnham, and it does not prove so useful to her as Mary Dermody's gift did to its possessor. She sees her affianced husband, Frank Aldersley, and the man who has sworn to be avenged on the one who has gained her affections, depart for the North Pole in the same exploring expedition, and is naturally anxious for her lover's safety. The ships get frozen in, an expedition is sent out overland for help, and Richard Wardour and his intended victim are of the party. Frank lags behind, and his enemy volunteers to remain with him. Away in sunny England, standing in the garden of Mrs. Crayford's villa, Clara sees the two men, sees Frank helpless in a cave of ice, sees Wardour launching the boat to leave him to perish. She is remonstrated with in vain. Has she not seen her beloved left to die? News comes of the explorers. The men left in the ships have been rescued, and part of those who started to traverse the icefields have been heard from. Frank Aldersley and Richard Wardour are among the missing. 'Did I not tell you so?' says Clara, in calm despair. Mrs. Crayford gets permission to go in the ship that is sent to bring home the rescued explorers, among whom is her husband, and takes Clara with her. And then, when ashore on the rugged coast of Newfoundland, the ladies are startled by the appearance of an apparently insane savage, who has but one instinct, except that of hunger, and this bids him save half the food and drink he gets and stow it carefully away for some one else. He is recognized as Richard Wardour, and the man for whom he saves half the food so carefully proves to be Frank Aldersley. Clara's vision was true, but it passed away before Wardour's better nature came to his rescue, and bade him forgive and save the poor boy who had injured him unwittingly.

'The Dream-Woman,' as its name implies, deals with the supernatural on its somnolent side. Francis Raven, whose mother predicts evil for him on his birthday, dreams on the night of that day that a woman attempts to stab him in bed, and he afterwards meets and loves a lady whom he recognizes as the murderous disturber of his slumbers. She bewitches him, and he marries her in spite of the dream-warning. She drinks and keeps low company, they quarrel, he strikes her, she swears to have revenge, and he wakes up on the night of his next birthday and finds her standing over him in the very attitude and with the very knife of the woman of his dream. He springs upon her, and she hides the knife up her sleeve, exactly as her visionary predecessor did. She swears to kill him yet, and with that particular knife. They separate, and the knife is taken from him by roughs of her acquaintance and restored to her. From that time forth he lives a hunted life—ever looking for his fate at the hands of that terrible woman. On the night of every birthday he dare not close his eyes, nor remain alone; and at last, notwithstanding all his precautions, fate, and not her own seeking, brings the woman to his sick-room on the night of his birthday, the sleeping passion for revenge awakes, and she stabs him fatally with the knife he saw in the hand of the dream-woman, the knife he took from his wife when she first attempted his life.

'The Haunted Hotel,' the opening chapters of which promise a tale of absorbing interest, and a psychical study of much power and depth, will, I suppose, introduce the old-fashioned ghost in as respectful a fashion as his supernatural brethren have been presented to us.

The supernatural element of these stories is about the only one which is not treated with a touch of satire

The author's spectacles magnify the weak points of the men and manners around him, and he never misses an opportunity of having a hit at them. What is 'The New Magdalen,' which the stage has made so familiar to the public, but an elaborate satire on the society treatment of erring women? Mercy Merrick, wandering around in search of work, and refused employment because she has no 'character' to show, is suggestive of the different treatment men receive. A man, who has committed the same offence, would have no trouble, on the score of character, in securing a situation, and yet she is shut out of every respectable house, and forced to steal another woman's identity in order to secure herself a home. Her noble nature, in comparison with the harsh, tyrannical, and vindictive Grace Roseberry, and with what Horace Holmcroft says of his mother and sisters, is a satire on the world's way of estimating woman's worth. And then Lady Janet's willingness to keep her, on condition that she would refrain from confessing the fraud which had been already discovered, and the conduct of people after the marriage between Mercy and Julian Gray, are refined sarcasms on a polite society which cares only for superficial purity.

It is easy to imagine the grim smile which the author's face wore when he was treating of Anne Silvester's irregular Scotch marriage. She had been persuaded, by Geoffrey's protestations and promises, to disgrace her womanhood, and the question is whether a written promise of marriage which she received subsequently is or is not a legal marriage in Scotland. Should it prove to be legal, Anne can go back to Blanche's arms, a pure and respectable woman, but should it not be binding, she is an outcast from society, an unfit associate for good people! He could not have gravely taught such a doctrine as this, without protesting against its absurdity from a moral point of view, unless he intended it as a satire on social shams.

The portrait of Mr. Fairlie, in 'The Woman in White,' is a very severe caricature of the fruits of the gospel of culture. He has studied art in many of its forms, and is a connoisseur of acknowledged merit. His collection of paintings, coins, medals, etc., was large and choice. He has wealth to collect, taste to appreciate, and leisure to enjoy the productions of art. And he shuts himself up in his room, with velvet carpets which give back no sound of footsteps, silken curtains which admit the light only after it has been toned down to a more artistic and refined colour than the garish hues of its natural state, toys with his curious coins, supervises the making of photographs of them for presentation to a public institution, and, when approached by any one on business, pleads 'the wretched state of my nerves' as an excuse for not attending to it. His look is 'frail, languidly fretful and over-refined.' His talk is full of the popular jargon about equality in art, and the brotherhood of artists, and when a drawing-master is introduced to him he illustrates the theory by asking him to adjust the curtains and hand him a book. Insolence (refined, of course), selfishness (disguised by the plea of being an invalid), and affectation (cultivated so long as to seem natural to himself), are the chief characteristics which accompany his culture. He even refuses to acknowledge his niece, after she has been rescued from the insane asylum, because it is less exciting to his 'poor nerves' to believe the false story of her death than to undertake to do his duty by her. This product of the exclusive culture of artistic tastes, like Geoffrey Delamayn, the product of exclusive muscular development, ends with paralysis. They are extreme types of two widely different classes, and they meet on the edge of the grave. They were not lovely in their

lives, but in death they serve as warnings against the cultivation of one physical or mental gift to the neglect of others. The athlete who cares only for his muscles, to the utter neglect of his mind, and the artist who seeks only for refinement, forgetful of his duties to his neighbour, become equally brutal in their manner of dealing with mankind.

How well the British demand for propriety is set off by the stern remark of the merchant to Pesca:—

'We don't want genius in this country unless it is accompanied by respectability.'

House furnishing comes in for a share of satirical criticism, as this description of Craig Fernie Inn shows:—

'There was the usual slippery black sofa—constructed to let you slide when you wanted to rest. There was the usual highly varnished arm-chair—expressly manufactured to test the endurance of the human spine. There was the usual paper on the walls, of the pattern designed to make your eyes ache and your head giddy. There were the usual engravings, which humanity never tires of contemplating.'

And here are a few more extracts, which need no comment:—

'The prurient delicacy which forbids the bridegroom, before marriage, to sleep in the same house with the bride.'

'But two of the occupations in which people may indulge on week days are regarded as harmless on Sunday by the obstinately anti-Christian tone of feeling which prevails in this matter among the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not sinful to wrangle in religious controversy, and it is not sinful to slumber over a religious book.'

'Mrs. Glenarm had lived all her life in good society, and was a perfect mistress of the subtleties of refined insolence.'

'Among the long list of human weaknesses, a passion for poultry seems to have its practical advantages (in the shape of eggs) as compared with the more occult frenzies for collecting snuff-boxes and fiddles, and amassing autographs and old postage stamps.'

He makes his characters unconsciously satirize themselves, at times, and also makes their conversation a sarcasm on the fashionable system of education, by allowing them to talk ungrammatically. I take it for granted that this is his purpose, as I cannot think of accusing so distinguished an author of not having mastered the subtleties of grammar. For example, he allows Blanche Lundie, a marriageable young lady who has been educated by a governess, to ask—'Who shall I choose?' Mrs. Glenarm, a fashionable lady, says—'Who can I ask?' Geo. Germaine, who is represented as a fairly educated gentleman, speaks of 'the time you laid down on the bed.' Lucilla Finch, whose blindness is not supposed to have affected her acquisition of grammar, is not reproved by her governess when she asks—'Who is he talking to?' And Julian Gray, the learned and eloquent preacher, wants to know—'Who do you think I met?'

There is a strong undercurrent of sympathy with the legal and social disabilities of women in these stories. Mr. Collins is, like his own Fitz David, a friend of the gentle sex. Hester Dethridge would not have been driven to commit the crime of murder if she could have shaken off her drunken husband without resorting to legal machinery which was too costly for her purse. She no sooner makes herself a home than the man whom the law makes lord of her and her possessions discovers her retreat, spends her savings, and finally sells her furniture for drink. Anne Silvester's mother becomes the victim of a legal wrong; Laura Fairlie's helpless situation is largely due to the law of settlement and inheritance; and others have reason to sigh under the operation of laws which men have made for women.

Our author draws largely on legal materials for his plots and incidents.

Besides the examples of this which I have already given, there is the story of 'The Dead Alive,' which he claims to be merely a re-writing of the report of a criminal trial. Its picture of life at Morwick Farm, where angry passions rage in the bosom of the farmer's family, is fresh, realistic and natural, and the plot is developed in an artistic style that stimulates the reader without allowing him to be certain of the result. The circumstantial evidence is so strong against the prisoner, who is to be tried for a murder which was never committed, that he is actually persuaded to confess his guilt in the hope of being saved from the gallows. Then, when this act of moral cowardice has broken the tie that bound the interesting young lady (I forget her name) to a man in no way worthy of her, the missing man turns up, the self-condemned prisoner is set free, and the heroine leaves the unhappy family circle at the farm and goes to England as the bride of the visiting barrister.

No writer understands better than Wilkie Collins the peculiar charm of autobiographical literature, and he employs this style almost always. It is made still more interesting, in 'The Woman in White,' by allowing each of the characters to tell the portion of the story in which he was the prominent actor. There is one element in these autobiographies, which I have already hinted at, that amuses us at first, then seems unnatural, and is finally accepted as real. I refer to the charming naïveté with which the writers proudly relate things which make them ridiculous, themselves wholly unconscious of the laughter they are exciting. It must be conceded by every one with an eye to the ludicrous that this is common enough in real life, and a slight exercise of the memory will recall sufficient incidents to justify the author. Count Fosco's cold-blooded confession of criminal motives, and his proud mention of his own 'impenetrable calm,' are perfectly in keeping with the rest of his character. Mr. Fairlie's chapter completes his character as no description or dialogue would have done, and his interruption of the serious narrative to complain that Fanny's shoes would creak is not out of keeping with his ideas on the relative importance of events. One could not stand a very long look at the world, from Fairlie's point of view, but a chapter or so is very entertaining. Other artists might have thought, but no one but Nugent Dubourg would have seriously written, when hearing of Lucilla's blindness—'Sad! sad! my sister-in-law will never see my works.' Another remark of his is equally ingenuous, and one can fancy the puzzled air of introspection and the look of disapprobation on the scenery, with which it must have been uttered:—'In certain moods of mine (speaking as an artist) nature puts me out.' Madame Pratolungo is another very amusing illustration of this peculiarity. The relation of her experience as the wife of a patriot, her pledges to adhere to the political philosophy of her late husband, and the prophesies of the downfall of kings, seem so broadly ironical that it is hard to believe her perfectly sincere, and we take off our hats mockingly and cheer at her fervent farewell prediction:—'The world is getting converted to my way of thinking; the Pratolungo programme, my friends, is coming to the front with giant steps. Long live the Republic!'

THE TESTIMONY OF NAMES OF PLACES.*

BY JOHN READE.

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* Some years ago I wrote the first of what I intended to be a series of papers on the history and poetry, &c., in the names of places. It dealt entirely with Canadian names. It was published in the *New Dominion Monthly*, and subsequently Mr. J. M. LeMoine, the historian of Quebec, did it the honour of embodying it in the series of his "Maple Leaves," published in 1873. J.R.

IF by some strange series or coincidence of disasters, all written records of Canada's past were swept out of existence, the person who would set himself the task of collecting fresh material for its history, might find no inconsiderable evidence of the processes by which it reached its present condition in its topographical names. He would have little trouble in discovering that it had once been in the possession of nomadic tribes whose languages, differing essentially from those of the Indo-European or Semitic groups, bore little trace of acquaintance with the aims or needs of civilized life. If he succeeded in finding a key for these languages, he would learn that the wanderers had been gifted with a certain rude eloquence, often abounding in poetic imagery; that they had quick senses and were keen observers of the workings of nature; that they were indisposed to steady industry and lived chiefly by the chase; that their knowledge of the useful arts was very limited and rudimentary; that their notions of religion were just adapted to their wild and unsettled habits, and that they were frequently at war with each other. Our historian, encouraged by the success of his first researches, would find the ground which he traversed to become more interesting as he proceeded. Even during his enforced sojourn with the barbarians he would hear the hopeful voices of an energetic and dauntless civilization. As he stood in fancy amid the 'forest primeval,' watching its dusky lords with their sad and burdened help-meets fulfilling their obscure destinies, he would see a new light in their dark eyes and discern a new meaning in their shrill tones. He would be aware of other figures in the scene, stately warriors and gentle priests and lovely and pious ladies; and by easily recognized tokens he would know that he was in the presence of the beauty and the chivalry and the Christian zeal of the fair land of France. For more than two centuries he would see the wilderness gradually bursting into bloom and fruit, often at fearful cost, but with no murmur from the brave and faithful labourers, till foes had become friends, and over hundreds of peaceful hamlets, thankfully named after saints and martyrs, the soothing music of the *Angelus* floated at eventide. But the harmony is soon to be disturbed. There is a fresh arrival from the west, there is a sharp struggle and a decisive victory, and a new order of things begins. The flag of England flutters above the citadel of Quebec.

The evidence of these three stages in the history of Canada, may be read in any Gazetteer or Post Office Directory. For the first we have such eu-

phonious names as Hochelaga, Stadacona, Manitoba (in which I think it a pity that the accent was not kept on the penultimate), in Ontario, Ottawa, Iroquois, Oneida, Caughnawaga, Chippewa, Manitoulin, and a host of others. The first of these names lets us into the secret of one characteristic of some of the Indian tribes—their love of what is pleasing in natural scenery. It means 'the beautiful,' an epithet well merited by the expanse of water which bears it. The last gives us an insight into their religious tendencies. It signifies 'The Great Spirit,' by whose creative power the island thus designated and all its fair surroundings were formed. 'Baccalaos' (codfish) is said to have been once the appropriate name of the island of Newfoundland. A slightly changed form of it, Baccalieu, is still applied to an islet off the extremity of the peninsula between Conception and Trinity Bays. 'Restigouche,' which forms in part the boundary between the provinces of New Brunswick and Quebec, is said to mean 'a finger and thumb,' a name given from the supposed resemblance of the river with its tributaries to an open hand.

Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, Richelieu, Iberville, Joliette, Montmorency, Laval, Montcalm, Levis, and scores of other names of counties, towns, villages, streets, parishes, rivers and lakes, form an almost complete index of the history of the French *regime* in Canada. And, if we are at any loss as to the character and aims of those who took a leading part in the direction of its affairs during the first two centuries of its colonial life, full light is thrown upon them by the parochial nomenclature of the Province of Quebec. It is, indeed, a summarized *Acta Sanctorum*.

As to our third stage, have we not Carleton, Prescott, Haldimand, Drummond, Sherbrooke, Richmond, Wolfe, Dalhousie, Lambton, Kemptville, Aylmer, Gosford, Durham, Sydenham, Cramahe, Simcoe, Elgin, Bruce, Bagot, Bond Head, Kincardine, Dufferin, and other local reminders of the great names to which our predecessors or ourselves have paid allegiance? As to the significance of other classes of Canadian names of places, some of which are curiously suggestive, I have already, as above intimated, attempted to throw some light on them in a previous article.

Geographical names in the United States have owed their origin, for the most part, to circumstances akin to those which gave us ours. Not a few of them date back to purely 'Indian' times, as Massachusetts, Alabama, Mississippi, Alleghany, Susquehanna, and others more or less musical. The first of these is said to mean 'Blue Mountains;' Alabama, which is as soft as Italian, signifies, 'Here we rest,' and was no doubt, often uttered by weary chief to his submissive followers after a long day's march in pursuit of foes or food. Mississippi is most appropriate, being 'The great water' or 'Father of waters.' Other Indian names of places in the United States are less poetical. 'Kansas,' for instance, is 'Good potato,' which makes up in use for what it wants in beauty. I would be glad to give more illustrations of this kind, but my stay on this continent is limited. The origin of Pennsylvania is obvious—the forest-land of Penn. That of Vermont is equally so. New Hampshire was so named in compliment to Governor Masson, who was a Hampshire man. Maine was settled soon after Charles I. of England came to the throne and so called after the French Province of his Queen, Henriette Marie. Rhode Island was perhaps thus designated from some fancied resemblance in its shape or relative position to that of Rhodes off Asia Minor. By the way, the latter is traced by some to the Greek word for 'rose,' in which species of flower it was said to abound. Others derive it from another Greek word, signifying the 'dashing of the waves,' while a

third class of philologists would people it with the Dodanim or Rodanim, the descendants of Javan, the supposed great ancestor of the Greeks. 'Maryland, my Maryland,' recalls Marie de Medicis, the mother-in-law of Charles the First and second wife of Henry the Fourth of France. Virginia, fruitful mother of Presidents, celebrates that illustrious spinster, Queen Elizabeth. 'Florida,' given by Juan Ponce de Leon, to the flowery land which he discovered on the glad spring-feast of the Resurrection, is one of the most poetical of the non-aboriginal American names. The local names in some of the States, as in our own Provinces, tell the history of their early settlement. Raleigh will always have sad associations from its connection with the fate of the brave knight who bore the name. Baltimore is a chapter in itself. Providence tells of the triumph of faith and freedom over stupid bigotry and 'justifies the ways of God to man.' Philadelphia, with placid face beneath its broad-brimmed hat, teaches practically the lesson of 'brotherly love.' Washington is a living monument to victorious patriotism. Pittsburg, Jefferson, Albany, Montgomery, Jackson, and hundreds of other places point back to days of exultant recognition of personal merit, or warn the aspiring of the fickleness of popular favour.

Mexico and Central America offer a rich mine to the searcher amidst the ruins of language for what may throw light on ethnology. But into such a mine with such purpose I dare not enter. Suffice it to say, that what was stated as to the vestiges of different races discoverable in our own local names is with equal force applicable to these countries. The native races in the latter instance are, however, of an altogether different stamp from our aborigines. We meet at the first glance over Mexico with names which are evidently akin to that of the great voyager Quetzalcohatl, side by side with others conferred by the Spanish conquerors. Towering still above city and lake and champaign is the volcano Popocatapetl, still proud in the name which it received from the Aztec potentates. The lofty table-land of Anahuac, so glorified by Captain Mayne Reid, has a like proud distinction. Palenque still invites the scrutiny of those who are eager to know what that ancient civilization, so cruelly and stupidly brought to naught by thoughtless avarice, really was. Not far from it, as if uttering in its very name a cry of mockery, is Villa Hermosa (beautiful city)! Mexico itself is said to be derived from Mexitli, a god of war. He was less trustworthy than even Homer's Ares when, wounded, he had to make a speedy retreat to Olympus. Spain's three centuries and a half of influence in these lands is abundantly indicated in the names. The name of God (Nombre de Dios) is invoked and thanks are returned (Gracios a Dios), as was the custom, by all accounts, with the pirates of the Spanish Main, before and after the accomplishment of some especially nefarious deed. And of saints, angels, and all the symbols of piety, we have no lack. We have even peace (La Paz), where there is no peace. What was said above applies, to a great extent, to the whole of South America. All through it the names (with rare exceptions) are aboriginal or Spanish, chiefly of the class just mentioned. Some of these have interesting histories, but it would take too long to relate them.

The British Islands furnish a fine field for this kind of research. Celtic, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, or First English, Danish and Norman Britain can each be clearly distinguished. The changes which some of the names have undergone is remarkable. It is known, for instance, that the Archbishop of York signs himself 'Ebor.' This is a contraction for the Latin Eboracum. If we drop the termination, we will probably have something like the ori-

ginal British name. Let Eborac become Evorac, then Euorac, and we have the form to which it was reduced by the conquering Saxons. But as many English towns ended and still end in 'wick,' or 'wich,' (the Latin 'vicus,' which is also almost Greek), Euorac became in process of time Euorwick or Yorwick, which was ultimately by rapid pronunciation shortened into York. I will not weary my readers by giving them any more details of this kind. Hereafter they can go through the process mentally themselves. It will be seen, however, that York is a very ancient city. It was the capital of the Brigantes, a people who seem to have had kindred on the continent. It was the station of a crack Roman legion and had the honour of entertaining the Emperors Severus and Constantius Chlorus, who both died there. Camulodunum which is introduced into Tennyson's poem 'Boadicea,' is said to have been Maldon. It was the first colony which the Romans established in the island, and contained a theatre and a temple. Colchester was also a Roman colony, of which indeed, its first syllable supplies evidence. The termination, 'chester,' is the most common trace of Roman residence in Britain, while it is also a proof that its tenure was military. It is simply a corruption of the Latin 'castra,' a camp, of which 'castellum,' anglicised 'castle,' and softened into 'château' in French, is a diminutive. The city of Chester preserves it without any prefix. If it had any, it should be Dee, from the river on which it is situated. The Romans, therefore, called it *Deva*, but as it was an important station, it became generally known as Castra—*the* Camp. Verulamium was another Roman town, whose name has survived and become famous from having given his second title to Lord Bacon. It was changed to St. Alban's in honour of Alban, a convert from paganism to Christianity, who fell a martyr to the persecution which raged throughout the provinces of the Empire under Diocletian. The Venerable Bede has given an interesting, though somewhat legendary account of his life and death. Lincoln was the Roman Lindum with *colonia* added. In like manner Gloucester was the Roman Glevum, Cirencester, the Roman Corinium and Brancaster, Brannodunum. This termination *dunum*, again, was only a Latinized form of the Celtic *don* or *dun*, which occurs in many places, not only in the British Islands, but on the continent. For instance, Dunkirk, in France, that is, a fort, which is also a church; Dunkeld, in Scotland, the fort of the Caledonians; Dumbarton, the fort of the Britons; Autun (the Latin *Augustodunum*), the fort of Augustus; Donegal, the fort of the Gael. Many others will be easily found. Inver and Aber, meaning the mouth of a river, are also Celtic terms. We find them in Abergavenny, Aberdeen, Inverness, Aberystith, Inverary, Abernethy. *Kirk* or *Kil*, a church, is frequently found in local names throughout the United Kingdom. Thus Enniskillen is a church on an island; Kirkcudbright is the church of St. Cuthbert; Falkirk is beautiful church; Kilmore is large church; Kirkby, a village near a church—the 'by' being Danish. Other instances will at once suggest themselves.

The origins of Britain, Scotland and Ireland, are still in uncertainty. Some have derived the first from Brutus, a Trojan, after the manner in which the Greeks invented a Hellen, a Dorus, an Ion, an Achæus, and the Romans their Romulus. It is, indeed, very remarkable, how careful all ancient races seem to have been, to assign a cause for the names of their countries and cities. No one can have failed to remark how many instances of this carefulness occur in the sacred Scriptures. Beer-Sheba (the well of the oath) was so called from the sworn covenant between Abraham and Abimelech. The poetic name, Mizpah, had its origin in a like circumstance. Peniel, the face

of God, and Bethel, the House of God, are named in remembrance of extraordinary divine manifestations to Jacob. Even the place where Rachel's aged nurse, Rebecca, met her death, is consecrated by a name, bearing witness to the sorrow which the event aroused in the survivors —Allon-bachuth, or Oak of Weeping. To return to Britain, others derive the word from *brit*, signifying "spotted" or "stained," because the Britons stained their bodies to make them look fiercer to their enemies. This, of course, is mere surmise. So is also the tracing of Scot to "Scyth," or to the celtic "scuite," a wanderer. Ireland has been the subject of just as unwarranted conjectures. Some have gone as far as Persia for its origin, tracing it to "Iran," as that country is called by its own people. Others say it is from the Greek *Hiera nesos*, meaning Holy Island. Perhaps I had better leave it there, lest I should get into trouble.

With a hasty ramble, therefore, over the Continent of Europe, I will bring my lucubrations (and I use the word advisedly) to a close. What appears to be a most surprising result of an investigation of this kind is the durability of the Latin language. The names which the Romans, either *proprio motu*, or by modifying old ones, fixed on the countries, rivers, mountains, lakes, districts, cities and villages with which they had relations, in most cases adhere to them still. Whatever barbarous or mediæval disguises they may assume, the Roman imprint is still recognizable. Utrecht looks Teutonic enough, yet it is simply the old *Trajectus Rheni*. Saragossa has certainly had some violence done to its features, nevertheless it is Cæsarea Augusta. Orleans has still the marrow of Aurelianum. Whether in French Frejus or Italian Friuli, we can discern the signs of the stately Roman Forum Julii. Aix has been made nearly as short as possible, yet it is our old classical acquaintance, Aquæ Sextiæ, just as surely as Mayence or Mentz is Moguntum, which the early printers abundantly testify. We can see Curia in both Coire and Chur. We can ferret out Constantina in the Turkish Kustendje. Spanish Merida is Augusta Emerita, and Braga is Augusta Bracarum. What is Aosta but another Augusta? And we have already seen the same proud name minimized in Autun, the ancient Augustodunum. Then Soissons, is it not Augusta Suessionum? And Turin, it also is Augusta Taurinorum. Augusta Trevirorum has long lost its proud distinction. It has for slow, dull centuries been simple Triers. Augusta Vindelicorum has, however, retained its title in Augsburg. London can afford to forget Augusta Trinobantum.

There is abundance of Saracen reminiscences in Spain. Hercules has been superseded by Tarifa, but, by way of compensation the Pyrenees, constant as the hardy Basques who inhabit them, have still the name which they bore in the days of Herodotus. It has been claimed, by the way, by some recent ethnologists that the Basques (who through their common cousin, Vasco, are akin to the Gascons) are the same people as the Esquimaux. They were the great wide-spreading race of Western Europe, it is said, who preceded the Celts, by whom they were driven to the mountains and the sea and the remote corners of the earth. The Esquimaux portion of them were so persecuted and so frightened that they never ceased till they went in advance of Sir John Franklin north-polewards. I see it also announced that a French Abbé has written a most entertaining book about the Phœnician Colonies in France. The Phœnicians were certainly a wonderful people. Carthagena, in Spain, tells its own tale. It was not the custom in those early times to give fancy names to places, as we do on this continent. In the interest of philology and ethnology, it is to be regretted that any of the

aboriginal names were changed. It may be said in excuse, however, that some of them were difficult for civilized tongues to pronounce.

As has already been briefly illustrated, the origin of some names is strangely hidden by barbarous modifications. The claim is well known of Stamboul to be a corruption and contraction of the Greek 'Eis tén polin,' which, rapidly pronounced, gives the sound of *staimpolin*. In like manner Athens became 'Setines' for the Turks, from 'Eis tas Athenas.' Few would recognize in Latakia, whose excellent tobacco they smoke, the Laodicea, to whose people St. John wrote a letter of reproof and warning. The threatened rejection has certainly overtaken them. It is not impossible that some Italians, ignorant of history, may think Brindisi so called from its merry-makings, instead of being the old city to which Horace journeyed. 'Far brindisi' in Italian is 'to drink one's health.' Hungarians and other invaders metamorphosed the names of the Roman cities in which they settled, as already indicated, but they seldom destroyed them. In Sziszeh, with its queer spelling, we can recognize the Roman Colony, Siscia. Spalatro on the Dalmatic coast, has been little changed nominally since Diocletian resided there. In some cases, however, the change is complete. Mætling, for instance, is the Romula, where Octavius Cæsar was wounded.

The names of many of the Greek islands, cities, mountains, &c., whatever the present inhabitants may call them, have undergone slight, if any, change for us. We still find on our modern maps, Argos, Smyrna, Lemnos, Ithaca, Olympus, although we occasionally meet with such strange alterations as Lepanto for Naupactus.

Teutonic and Scandinavian names of places are full of a spirit of wild and often gloomy poetry, utterly different from that which influenced the Greeks in giving their names. Teufelsmauer (Devil's wall), for instance, gives a key to German mythology.* Others have a pleasanter significance. Ehrenbreitstein tells us of the better side of chivalry, when honour was more than a name. Such names as Marienburg and Heligoland (holy land) tell of the rise of Christian influence. Bavaria bears with it, as does Bohemia, its own pedigree. It is merely euphonized from Boiaria, as Bohemia is Boier-heim. Thorshavn, Odensee and Odenwald take us back, as do the names of our weekdays, to the time when Thor and Woden, or Odin were cruelly propitiated. Such names as Oberammergau, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Innsbrueck (the Roman Pons Aeni), partly describe the places which they represent.

I had intended to say something about Eastern names, of some of which it would be very interesting to trace the origin. This, however, neither the time nor the space at my disposal will now permit. The local names of Palestine alone would require an essay to

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* This difference in the genius of the Teutonic and Hellenic races is beautifully illustrated by Father Faber in a poem, suggested by 'Therapia,' the Bay of Healing, of which I cannot refrain, hurried though I am, from quoting some verses;

'The sunny wisdom of the Greeks
All o'er the earth is strewed;
On every dark and awful place,
Rude hill and haunted wood,
The beautiful, bright people left
A name of omen good.

'They would not have an evil word
Weigh heavy on the breeze;
They would not darken mountain side,
Nor stain the shining seas,
With names of some disastrous past
The unwise witnesses.

* * * * *

'Unlike the children of romance,
From out whose spirit deep
The touch of gloom hath passed on glen,
And mountain lake and steep;
On Devil's Bridge and Raven's Tower,
And love-lorn Maiden's Leap.

'Who sought in cavern, wood and dell,
Where'er they could lay bare
The path of ill, and localized
Terrific legends there;
Leaving a hoarse and ponderous name
To haunt the very air.'

Celtic local names are also well worthy of study, as characteristic of the people. The 'Fairy Bridges,' and Holy Wells and many other such legendary names in Ireland are instances in point. Wales, the Highlands of Scotland, and Cornwall are also full of names which contain the relics of an early creed.

themselves. Much might also be said of the vestiges of antiquity in Africa, some of which point, as with ghostly hands, to long perished civilizations. Beginning a little below the Strait of Babelmandeb (and what a wail from the past does it suggest—'Gate of Death!') and going along the coast northwards and westwards to the Pillars, and then southward in the track of Hanno, keeping the interior for some hundreds of miles in view, as we journey, what rich stores of knowledge might we not gain? If, coasting from the same strait in the track of many ancient voyagers, with a free pass for digressions, we continued our course to the mouth of the Indus, we might be able to congratulate ourselves on still more treasure-trove. But I ought really to apologize to the reader for supposing that what was pleasing to me was also pleasing to him, or for hinting that I had earned his confidence in such an expedition. If, however, my guidance so far has been acceptable to any of the readers of this magazine, I shall, indeed, consider myself a very happy pilot.

THE RECENT CRICKET MATCH, AND SOME OF ITS LESSONS.

BY T. C.

CANADIANS were treated last month to an exhibition game of cricket, which has been somewhat unjustifiably dignified with the name and title of an international contest. The celebrated Australian team, fresh from their victories in England and the United States, played against a twenty-two of Ontario, and, as might have been expected, scored an easy victory. The Toronto men commenced well, making the respectable score of 100 against what may, without any fear of exaggeration, be called as good bowling as any in the world. Fine steady play was shown by Messrs. Adams, Ray, Hall and Sproule, and no perceptible symptoms of 'funk' were displayed by any of the Canadian team. The Australians only headed the Canadians by 23 runs on the first innings, the bowling of the home team being so good as to excite the genuine surprise of the visitors. The writer was told by more than one of the Australians, that they were absolutely astonished at the excellence of the bowling, which far surpassed anything they had as yet encountered on this continent. But the second day proved the Waterloo of Canadian cricket: misfortune in the inception led to panic in the sequel, and of the whole twenty-two, only Messrs. Lucas and Sproule showed anything like a bold front; so that the Australians were left with only 32 runs to obtain to win the match, a task which they easily accomplished without losing a wicket. It is interesting to compare our own game with one played by the Australians against odds in England. Eighteen of Sussex, comprising such men as Lord Harris, the Hon. John Bligh, Absolom Cunliffe, Penn and J. Phillips were defeated in one innings by the Colonists. As to the composition of the remainder of the eighteen, the Australians state that there were in it nine regular county players, and that the remaining nine had all at one time or another played for their coun-

ties. Against such players as these the Australians scored 260 runs, more than double what they obtained in Toronto, a fact which of itself shows that the bowling and fielding of the Canadians were by no means despicable. The two contests afford a parallel in this respect also, viz: that in their first innings the eighteen of Hastings, like the twenty-two of Toronto, made a fair score, whilst in their second innings they went down like chaff before the 'demon bowler' Spofforth, thus showing that helpless panic in cricket is by no means confined to Canada. The defeat of the Canadians has, however, been called humiliating and disgraceful, and one prominent journal at least has pronounced its fiat that either cricket must be given up altogether in Canada, or something done in the future to avoid such a lamentable exhibition as that of the 8th and 9th of October. This is a hard saying, and a somewhat unjust one, but still it cannot be denied that it contains a broad element of truth. As it is certain that so long as there remain eleven men of English blood in Canada, cricket will *not* be given up altogether, it may be well for cricketers to take advice however harshly and discourteously given, and endeavour to create for cricket a firmer foundation in Canada than it rests upon at present. And in promoting this end there can be no use in criticising the recent game, except in so far as it reveals the weakness of cricket as a national sport in Canada. Much might be said to shew why a match arranged purely in the gate-money spirit should result in failure; much might be said to shew why the selection of the players in such a match should not be left to irresponsible persons; but the discussion of these, and similar vexed questions, would have a merely local interest and could do no possible good to cricket. Whether the twenty-two chosen to play against the Australians were absolutely the best possible twenty-two or not, is beyond the scope of the present paper; such as they were, they played their best, and it is useless to flout them after their defeat. Our purpose is a wider one than the settlement of any such points; the lessons to be learned by the late match are applicable to the whole Dominion, to Quebec as much as to Ontario, and to the Maritime Provinces as much as to either.

There are probably few Canadians in any part of the Dominion, whether cricketers themselves or no, who would not think it a serious misfortune for the noble game to fall into entire disuse in Canada. It is self-evident that a game requiring strength, nerve, skill, prompt decision, and, above all, discipline and endurance, should not be lightly thrown aside as an element in the training of the youth of a country. The oft-quoted saying of the Duke of Wellington, that Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton, has, with what truth we know not, always been appropriated by cricketers as referring exclusively to their own game. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that many noble qualities, many heroic deeds, have been fostered or inspired by the training received on a village cricket ground. Emulation without envy, obedience without subservience, modesty under victory, and courage under defeat, are among the lessons learnt by a genuine cricketer. The mere strengthening of the muscles gained by the practice of cricket, as of any other out-door sport, is as nothing compared with the habits of *self-reliant obedience* which a man who plays it worthily will acquire; and history shows that the greatest nations of the earth have gained their pride of place largely by the possession of this very quality. Moreover, apart from these practical considerations, a feeling of sentiment, almost of poetry, clings around the game. The names of Box, Ward, Mynne and their comrades of bygone days, heroes of many a tale told to wondering school-boys of prow-

ess in the cricket-field more than a generation ago; the cricketers of a later time—Lockyer, Lockhart, Lillywhite, Jackson, Grundy, George Parr, Carpenter; the modern heroes—the Walkers, the Graces, the Lytteltons, the Lucases, Yardley, Hornby, *cum multis aliis quos nunc proscribere longum est*—all these appeal irresistibly, by the mere force of the memories they evoke, to the heart of many an Englishman. The village green, that absolute republic, whereon, in the great match of the year, the village blacksmith bowls with a swift 'grub' the fourteen-year-old young Squire, who, cheeky from his brief experience of Eton professional bowling, retires with disgust at falling a victim to such old-world stuff'; cricket at school and at the university; glorious summer afternoons spent at practice at the net with a modest pint of beer afterwards; matches in which one made a triumph, matches in which one failed, matches lost or won by a fluke, or a single brilliant piece of play; all these are things which, when the cricketer looks back upon, he pities from the bottom of his heart those who have no such pleasant recollections. Nor do the literary associations of the game fail to arouse pleasant reminiscences in the mind of cricketers. Who can forget Leech's inimitable drawing of the member of a twenty-two, who had been playing against Jackson's bowling, and who, bandaged in every limb, thus recounts his experience: 'The first 'it me on the 'ead, the second 'ad me on the 'and, the third took me on the leg, and the fourth bowled me!' Who has not laughed over the immortal match in Pickwick, with Mr. Jingle's description of cricket in the West Indies? and what English schoolboy has not 'conned and learned by rote' that admirable account of the match which closed Tom Brown's career as a Rugby schoolboy? With such associations as these surrounding the game, surely we may say that in appealing to Canadians, who are English in birth, English in sentiment, and more than English in loyalty, it would be superfluous to point out the advantage of sustaining cricket as the national game of Canada. This being granted, it may be of some use to enquire into the reasons for the broad result of the late contest, and, further, to seek some means by which, in the future, it might be at least possible to change defeat into victory. What are the facts of the case? One English-speaking colony sends out an eleven equal to any in the world, and another English-speaking colony can only put in the field, in either of its chief cities, a very mediocre twenty-two. The perfection which has been attained in Australia certainly shows by contrast, the neglect under which the game languishes in Canada.

It cannot be denied, that, in drawing a parallel between Australia and Canada as regards cricket, the former colony has certain natural advantages, the possession of which will always seriously handicap Canada in any contest for supremacy. First and foremost among these must be reckoned the climatic differences between the two countries. Cricket can be played for eight months in the year in Australia, and only for four, or at the most five, in Canada. Again, the wealth of Australia is more concentrated, and there are more men of leisure there who can afford, like the great English gentlemen-players, to make cricket the business of their life. Nor must the latter point be deemed a light one; it is a serious obstacle to cricket in Canada that many of the best players have neither time nor money to play many matches in the season; they are all, or nearly all of them engaged in business, and cannot pledge themselves long beforehand to a series of matches, so that every club in Canada has to arrange and play its matches from hand to mouth, so to speak, instead of settling a programme at the beginning of the sea-

son. But, in addition to these natural superiorities, which we cannot combat, and must therefore resign ourselves to, the Australians have this great advantage, viz., that cricket with them is a recognized national institution, and receives help from all classes of the community, from the Governor-General to the shop keeper. The Governments, one and all, make free grants of suitable plots of land in all the chief towns for the formation of cricket-grounds, to be held for ever, free of all taxes whatsoever; all the leading men of every town, whether cricketers themselves or not, belong to the cricket club and support it with their means. In and around Melbourne there are no less than twelve cricket clubs, each with a fine enclosed ground, with pavilion, grand stand, etc., capable of seating many thousand people. The great Melbourne Cricket Club numbers 1,500 members, with a subscription of four guineas each, and is, moreover, helped liberally by donations, notably a yearly one of £25 from the Governor-General. At the commencement of each season representatives from each of these clubs meet and arrange matches between themselves, and also with outside clubs, and by this means a feeling of harmony is promoted, and a complete knowledge gained of the merits of all the chief players of the various clubs. Mr. Conway, the manager of the Australian team, said during his visit here, that it was no uncommon thing to witness 12,000 spectators at an ordinary Saturday afternoon match upon the Melbourne Cricket Ground. What a contrast this presents with the status of the game in Canada! In one of the newspaper wrangles, which have done so much to disgrace and discredit the game here, cricket in Toronto was characterised as 'playing to empty benches.' The truth of the sneer cannot be controverted; some two or three lovers of the game, and some half-dozen loafers at the Cricket Ground bar, form the average attendance at a match between any two leading clubs of Toronto or district, and for aught we know it may be the same in many other towns in Canada. It may be said that all this merely betokens that cricket is the fashion in Australia and is not the fashion in Canada, and the remark would be true enough; but, although we cannot arbitrarily force fashion into the particular channel we desire, much might be done to direct public attention to the game and to educate the taste of the rising generation for the noblest of outdoor sports.

Protection against English and foreign productions is at present the popular cry; surely there is, at any rate, one old country product, in the form of cricket, which, instead of being prohibited, might, without damage to any interest, receive a little of that judicious fostering, without which, we are told, nothing can flourish in Canada. Are there not in this, our fairly prosperous Dominion, many merchants, lawyers, and other leading citizens, who retain, from association, a sufficient love of the game to wish their lads to learn it and play it well? Cannot they be induced to come forward in their respective towns, and form the backbone of really prosperous and well managed clubs, which would make Canada as distinguished on the cricket field, as she is on the lacrosse ground or on the water? A little time, a little trouble and a little money, are all that are needed, and it can hardly be doubted that if the appeal be made in a proper spirit and in a proper manner, it will be liberally responded to. We fear we cannot, with any chance of success, ask for pecuniary help for cricket either from governments or from municipalities; taxation is heavy enough already, and many a horny-fisted son of toil would ask with amazement, and with complete justice, why he should be still more heavily burdened to support a mere pastime, indulged in chiefly by the sons of gentlemen. But from our

rich mercantile and professional classes throughout the Dominion, we have something like a prescriptive right to look for aid. *There is no country in the world where cricket is supported by the players alone.* Nor is the reason far to seek: as a rule, the playing members of a club are young men beginning life, either dependent on others, or at most just earning their own bread and cheese. In England, as in Australia and America, it is the non-playing members who supply the sinews of war. In the leading clubs of England, numbering their three and four hundred members, perhaps fifty to seventy are playing members, the rest are 'old boys,' who are glad to support the game by their purse and their presence on all and every occasion. This may be regarded as pretty strong proof that the game cannot possibly flourish unless it receive extraneous aid from others than actual cricketers, and as we commenced with the assumption that, if not a majority, at any rate a great number of Canadians would not willingly let cricket die, we think this aid has only to be solicited to be granted.

And now let us turn to the more particular consideration of what is immediately necessary to be done, in order to promote cricket in Canada. In the first place, strong clubs, comprising all the best players of their various districts as playing members, and as many non-playing members as possible, should be organized, each with a good ground *of its own*, available at all times for practice or matches. Better play on a ploughed field and be free, than play on the best ground in the world to any extent on sufferance. This must be made a *sine quâ non* in any sincere attempt to revive cricket here. Without a ground exclusively its own, a club can be nothing more than a heterogeneous mass of units, thrown together by chance; it can possess no cohesion, no discipline, no *esprit de corps*, and without the possession of these it is not worthy the name of a club. These general remarks apply to cricket throughout the whole of Canada; we believe that they apply to the Province of Quebec, and we are informed, on undoubted authority, that they comprise, in the opinion of cricketers, the two chief points necessary to revive cricket in the Maritime Provinces, where the American game of baseball has been allowed, solely through want of organization on the part of cricketers, to usurp the place held of hereditary right by cricket as the national game of Canada. The real difficulty in the way of such a programme as the above, is probably the same in Ontario, Quebec, or the Maritime Provinces, viz.: the want of money. As a proof of this, it may not be out of place to apply our remarks more particularly to the present position of the game in our own city, surmising that a somewhat similar state of affairs may exist in many parts of Canada. The present Toronto Cricket Ground is an admirable one. It is held on lease, practically renewable for ever, at a rental of $400 for the next two years, and $600 for the following ten, and after that period the rent is to be fixed by fresh valuation at the renewal of the lease every twenty-one years. The taxes at present amount to over $400, and it will thus be seen that a considerable sum in yearly subscriptions must be actually guaranteed, in order to enable any club to rent this ground. To purchase the lease outright would cost, perhaps (this is of course a mere guess), some ten to twelve thousand dollars, but as it would manifestly be impossible to raise anything like such a sum for such a purpose, it is of little use to discuss this point. It is obvious to a cricketer that, if obtainable, this is the most desirable ground in the city, but if it is out of the reach of the Toronto Cricket Club to hold as their own, free from all outside interference, it should be at once resigned, and steps taken to secure some other ground,

however inferior, upon which the Club would be *at home*. The discussion of the question whether sufficient support should be sought for in Toronto to enable the Club to retain this ground, does not come within the province of the writer; it is a question which must be left to the practical decision of the influential supporters of the game. Nor would it be proper to formulate any scheme alternative to remaining on the present ground; the only points I wish to insist upon are these:

1st. That without some outside support cricket can never flourish in this country; 2nd, that there must be in every district of Canada one really strong club recognised as the head and fount of cricket in that district; 3rd, that such a club cannot exist without possessing a ground absolutely its own. If the recent match should have aroused sufficient interest in the game to induce those who love it, to attempt to regenerate it, the above are some of the difficulties with which they will have to contend, and it would be superfluous to do more than indicate them here, leaving their solution to influential and experienced hands.

The foregoing remarks point out some of the lessons taught by the recent match, more particularly as regards the different degree of outside support which the game receives in Australia and Canada. But the visit of the Australians should teach another important lesson. If Canadian cricketers need help from without, they also need help from within,—help from themselves to elevate and purify the tone of the game, and bind all cricketers in the bond of cricket brotherhood. The most admirable and noticeable feature in the play of the Australian team was its absolute unanimity. They played as one man, or rather each man seemed to be a component part in a machine, which worked with the most beautiful precision and regularity. A word, a sign, a slight wave of the hand was sufficient to indicate to any one of them what was expected of him. Nor is this a result which can be obtained by dint of mere practice and playing together. Thorough love of the game, perfect harmony, amenity to discipline, and a cultivation of the 'give and take' spirit, without which bodies of men can accomplish nothing, are among the factors necessary to the successful working out of such a problem. How different is all this from the present state of cricket in Canada! Here every town is jealous of its neighbour, every club in every town is jealous of its brother club, every player in every club is jealous of his co-players, and sulks if he be not asked to take part in every match; quarrels between towns, quarrels between clubs, quarrels between individuals abound, doing more to degrade and discredit the game than those who take part in them are aware of. In the present condition of affairs it is hardly too much to say, that if eleven Canadian cricketers, chosen from various Provinces and strangers to one another, started on a twelvemonth's tour, such as that which the Australians are now bringing to a close; before the end of three months every man would be at daggers drawn with every other man, and by the end of six months, like the Kilkenny cats, nothing would be left of them but their tails. These unfortunate dissensions have no doubt largely arisen from the dwindling of public interest in the game, and the consequent withdrawal of all matters connected therewith from the arena of public discussion. Publicity and the force of public opinion exercise a wholesome check upon the tone and temper of disputants, and at least force upon them that outward courtesy, which does so much to prevent an argument degenerating into a feud. But whatever may be its cause the remedy for the evil lies in the hands of cricketers themselves. Let them in this respect learn a lessson from the recent match, and take a leaf out of the Antipodean book. Earlier

in this paper mention was made of the complete harmony with which the clubs of Melbourne worked together, and we believe the same might be said of all the clubs of Australia. Let the cricketers of Canada try to emulate the Australians, if not in skill upon the cricket ground, at least in that harmony and brotherly feeling which do so much to produce the highest form of skill. Let each town, each club, and each individual player say of any with whom they have had differences: 'Perhaps we were right, perhaps they were right, most probably both of us were wrong, so let us silently agree to sink all causes of quarrel, and inscribe the record of next season's cricket on a new and unsullied page.' Tis 'a consummation devoutly to be wished,' and that it may speedily arrive, should be the prayer of every true cricketer, and of every Canadian who cares to uphold the old English ideal of manliness.

There is another lesson to be learned by our cricketers from last month's contest, which might have been included in the foregoing remarks were it not of sufficient importance to merit a few separate words; and that is the supreme value of perfect discipline in the field. It is the misfortune of absolutely self-governing countries that the very virtues of sturdiness and self-dependence, which are the mainsprings of their well-being, incline them to despise discipline, until the fire of suffering teaches them how indispensable it is to true unity. It is probable that something like this is answerable for the want of discipline so noticeable in Canadian cricket. Every man believes so thoroughly in himself, and in the infallibility of his own judgment, that he is impatient of control or restraint, even from a properly constituted authority. It would be well if cricketers would remember, that true dignity and self-respect are never more conspicuously displayed than in submission to an appointed head. Each member of an eleven should endeavour to sink his own personality for the nonce, and be content to form a unit in an obedient and harmonious whole. If this were done we should not then hear of lasting offence being taken at a harsh or a hasty word from the captain, and we should be spared the spectacle of men absolutely refusing to field balls in important matches, because, for some reason or another, they feel dissatisfied with the way in which it is managed by their self-appointed leader. We feel confident that the example of the Australians in this respect cannot but have borne good fruit; the absolute obedience of each man, not only to the captain, but also, as to his conduct in the field, to the bowler; the manner in which each man was ever on the look-out for fresh instructions, and the silent alacrity with which the instructions, when given, were carried out, thus rendering the batsman the last to discover them, are among the marvels of the perfect manner in which the game is played by our brother colonists. It may be said that the failure of Canadian captains to preserve absolute discipline must be the result of their own want of firmness; perhaps to some extent this may be so, but it must be remembered that a captain in a cricket match, in any part of the Dominion, is too often in the position of a man who stands on a smouldering volcano. In this connection it is encouraging to note that the discipline of the twenty-two in the recent match was, on the whole, admirable; their captain was excellently chosen, and the men worked well and cheerfully under discouraging circumstances. This in itself shows that Canadian cricketers can rise to a really important occasion, and gives ground for the hope that, in the not far distant future, we may rival our late visitors in the quality of perfect discipline.

Of the practical lessons in absolute play taught by the recent match we do not propose to say anything. Every

member of the twenty-two is true cricketer enough to appreciate, and endeavour to imitate, the peculiar excellencies of the Australians, and in this respect the match, badly beaten as the Canadians were, cannot fail to do good as a means of education in the game. There is one detail, however, far from unimportant, in which the Australians set us a praiseworthy example, and that is in being on the ground and ready to begin play, punctually at the appointed hour. Unpunctuality ruins many a Canadian cricket match; the hours of play are already short enough without being further curtailed by the indifference or carelessness of players; and yet it may be safely asserted that no single match has been played this year on the Toronto Cricket Ground in which all the players on both sides were on the field ready to play at the hour fixed, and we have little doubt the same might be said with regard to most places in Canada. This is, however, most unaccountably, a common failing among cricketers in most countries, and the magnitude of the evil here would probably be mitigated were the public interest in the game to revive.

We have in the foregoing remarks attempted to point out, not the lessons in batting, bowling and fielding taught by the recent match, but some of the broader and more important lessons taught by the different conditions under which the game is played in Australia and Canada. We have endeavoured to show that, without some support from without and some reform from within, the game can never really flourish here. But of these two the first is the more important, because if it be granted, the second would inevitably follow. All who know the cricketers of Canada will acknowledge that they are as manly a set of men as any in the world, and if they were accorded the measure of encouragement to which they are entitled, we are firmly convinced that no effort, no self-sacrifice, would be too great for them to make in the interest of their beloved game.

Should the recent match have attracted sufficient public attention to induce those who have it in their power to do so, to help the noble game, the Canadian twenty-two will feel that they have not been beaten in vain, and the consciousness which they will thus gain, that the lessons of disaster have been more genuinely useful than the pæans of victory, will to them

'Best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.'

THE COMING OF THE PRINCESS.

BY R. RUTLAND MANNERS.

L'ENVOI.

FORTH from the home of gracious Majesty;
Forth from the splendour of ancestral halls;
From England's love; from England's firm rock-walls;
Forth o'er the troublous, all uncertain sea,
Lo! to our shores—high pledge to loyalty,
Our Princess, with her noble consort, comes
To be of us, and 'mong Canadian homes

To make *her* home. To them thrice royal be
Canadia's welcome—all unworthy less :
Herself thrice royal in the proud trinity
Of birth, high thought and peerless loveliness,
Borne with a grace full noble, womanly,--
An Empress-Mother's fit embassadress.

Her Prince, descendant of a noble line,
(In him with England's Royal lineage met),
On whose proud 'scutcheon ancient honours shine
Valour's reward. Its ducal coronet
In him shall rest on brows where laurels twine
From Virtue's hand, looped with the bay there set, -
Thus there conjoined, compeering Sovereignty,
The ducal leaf and honoured bay shall be.

Right royal be their welcome : let the land,
Each hill and vale ; broad fields and forests deep,
—E'en from the surges of Newfoundland's strand
Westward to where Pacific's waters sweep.—
With gladness ring, from the first hour appears
Upon our coast the stately ship that bears
Th' Imperial choice, first welcomed to our shore
By volleying thunders of the cannons' roar :
—So shall they feel e'en ere the night be come
That in our hearts they have indeed a home.

Thus it shall be ; lo ! from New-Scotia's shore
To our Columbia in the distant west,
In cot and hall ; in the far wilderness,
Loyal hearts that love, and lovingly adore
Goodness and worth—a Queen's true queenliness,
Impatient wait their fealty to attest ;
Prepared in them, with joyous welcomes meet,
Worth nobly shrined ; a Sovereign loved to greet.

II.

THE WELCOME.

Welcome them cannon—your thunders
  Sending forth far out to sea,
As the proud convoy that bears them
  Comes to the land where ye be.

Wake the great hills from their slumbers
  Till with reverberate voice,
Loud they re-echo with welcomes,
  Calling to Ocean, 'rejoice.'

Welcome them bells—ring out bravely,
  Pealing and chiming for joy,
Silver-tongued, deep-toned, accordant,
  Your gladdest voices employ.

Welcome them—shouts of the people,
  Blending with 'welcome' *rejoice:*
Welcome them Loyalty, cheering
  With multitudinous voice.

Bid richest music attend them;
  Place where they pass verdured bowers,
Fill all the air with rejoicings;
  Scatter their pathway with flowers.

In the full concord of welcomes
  Children's sweet voices employ:
Glad are the voices of children,
  Meet for such service of joy.

Build to them arches of welcome,
  With emblems bright interwove,—
Roses, nasturtia* and myrtle,
  Twined with the colours ye love.

Build to them arches: there blazon
  Welcomes in letters of light;
Letters of fire, flashing *welcome!*
  When falls the curtain of night.

Then, from the height of the darkness,
  Like winged heralds of flame
Star-crowned, red rockets your welcomes,
  Heavenward sweeping, proclaim.

Build high on hill-top and mountain
  Beacons to redden the night,
Signalling, eastward and westward,
  A loyal people's delight.

Cannon and cheers of the people,
  Music and loud-pealing chime,
Combine in thunders of welcome
  That shall resound through all Time.

Thus in the greeting ye offer
  All that is joyous convene,
So be your homage—your welcomes
  Worthy a Nation—a Queen.

* 'Nasturtia,' emblematical of patriotism.

MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENTS: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

BY GEO. V. LE VAUX.

THE Mythology of the ancients recognized two separate and distinct principles as the Dual Cause and primary elements of the universe. These principles were supposed to be male and female in form, but similar in divine essence. When joined together in mystic union they constituted the eternal ONE, who was believed to be the Creator, Producer, and Preserver, beginning and end of all things. The male principle—'the Soul of the world,' the sublime creative Energy diffused through Nature—was symbolized under the form of the Sun, and the female principle, the passive and productive power, was deified under the name of Isis (the Earth or Moon). All the deities of the pagan world may be ultimately, if not immediately, referred to one or other of these primeval principles. In every age and clime the primary religion of mankind was a sort of dualism representing and combining, more or less, the various active and passive powers of Nature. Every living creature was represented as proceeding from the divine essence of the dual deity by mystical generation or creation. Plutarch says that men from observing the harmonious phenomena of the heavens, as well as the generation of animals and plants upon the earth, came to regard Heaven as the universal Father, and Earth as the universal Mother. Varro informs us that 'the Heaven and Earth were worshipped in the Grecian Isles as a male and female divinity, being the parents of all things.' The poet Euripides gives the same ideas in the following lines:

'O spacious earth! and thou celestial air
Who art the sire of gods and mortal men
While she, the ambrosial mother, doth receive
The genial showers on her expanded breast
Teeming with human offspring and brings forth
The aliment of life, and all the tribes
That roam the forest; justly thence proclaimed
Universal Mother.'

The poet Hesiod, in alluding to the origin of all things, speaks of the mystic marriage of the creative and productive principles of nature under the names of Ouranus and Gaia—Heaven and Earth. He affirms that 'they were the parents of all things, and that the gods were the eldest of their progeny.' Macrobius calls the Sun 'the father of sea and land, the genial parent of Nature,' whilst Eusebius speaks of him as 'the god who renders nature prolific.' Macrobius further informs us that the Assyrians, and kindred nations, gave the name of *Adad*, which signifies ONE, to the god on whom they bestowed the highest adoration. 'They worship him,' says he, 'as the most powerful divinity, but join with him a goddess named *Adargatis*; and to these two deities, which are in fact, the Sun and Moon, they ascribe supreme dominion over all nature. The attributes of this dual divinity are not described in so many words, but in symbols which are used to denote that power that distributes itself through all the species of beings that exist. These symbols are emblematic of the Sun; for the image of Adad is distinguished by rays inclining *downwards*, which indicate that the influence of Heaven descends by the solar rays upon the earth. The image of Adargatis has the rays turned *upwards*, to show that all the progeny of

the earth is called into being by the influence of emanations from above.'

Virgil alludes to these physical allegories or mystic marriage, &c., of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in the following lines:

'Vere tument terræ, et genitalia semina poscunt:
Tum pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus æther
Conjugis gremium lætæ descendit, et omnes
Magnus alit, magno commistus corpore, fœtus.'

The Sun and Moon were the celestial, and Fire and Earth the terrestrial symbols of the deified Reciprocal Principles. Hence their frequent designation under the titles of the great Father and universal Mother, &c. It must not be forgotten, however, that both principles and all their collateral physical agencies were sometimes addressed as one deity—individual, universal, omnipotent, and omnipresent—and in this character the united principles were represented by the sun alone. Hence the origin of the old Greek dogma:—

'. . . . All things are produced of Jove (Jehovah). Jupiter is a male; Jupiter is an immortal nymph.'

Hence also the origin of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, who sprang *directly*—full grown and armed—from the head of Jove. It will be observed that though the ancients recognized the individuality and separate existence of the Reciprocal Principles, still, in the work of creation, generation, or preservation they are always represented as working together in divine harmony under the influence of that mystic marriage which united, merged or blended their individual will without affecting their individuality, identity or independent sexual existence. All the pagan cosmogonies, theogonies, and poetical rhapsodies on the origin of gods and men, when rightly understood, point to the Supreme Being as a self-existent Omnipotent, Omnipresent and Omniscient UNITY—One in will, in design, in action—His many qualities or attributes being expressed under a plurality of names and forms.

'On close investigation,' says Sir William Jones, 'the pagan deities melt into each other, and the whole army of gods and goddesses mean only the powers of nature (chiefly those of the sun), expressed in a variety of ways and by a multitude of fanciful names.' 'The nations of the east,' says Bryant, 'acknowledged originally but *one Deity*—the Sun; and the gods of the various Pantheons are plainly resolvable into this Deity, who was the ruler of the world.' Schelling, after due investigation of the ceremonial characteristics and origin of the Samothracean mysteries, affirms that 'the doctrine of the Cabiri was a system which rose from the inferior deities, representing the powers of Nature, up to a super-mundane god who ruled them all.' Mons. Pictet, a French archæologist of no mean authority, informs us that 'the worship of the Primeval Powers formed the basis of the primitive religion of the Celts in Ireland, France, Britain, &c.' Who, in travelling through Ireland, at the present day, can fail to identify its people as the children of those who worshipped Bel, Belus, or Baal, Ashtaroth and Moloch? Their mounds, hills, round towers, and the frequent use of the word Bal or Baal in the names of their villages, with their May Eve Festivals and 'Mid-summer bon-fires,' clearly connect them with the race of Iran (Persia), Chaldea and Phœnicia. What intelligent traveller can fail to recognize the blood of the Ghebers in a race whose love for friends, relatives, faith and fatherland, is as pure and devoted as that of Hafed, and as warm as the beams of that Fire-God whom their fathers worshipped! The same might be said of the French, Highland Scotch and other branches of the race. The primitive Celtic settlers in the west of Europe, like their more remote ancestors in the distant orient, were undoubtedly worshippers of the Reciprocal Principles. The ancient festival of the vernal equinox, now represented by *May-day* rejoicings, connects

them with the sun worshippers. The 'Maypole' crowned with flowers, was clearly a Phallic emblem, indicating and welcoming the resurrection or return of the vivifying or active powers of Nature. The bon-fires at mid-summer still show that their forefathers were fire-worshippers. We are not surprised, therefore, to read the following interesting summary of ancient Celtic faith, from the able pen of M. Pictet:—'From *a primitive duality* constituting the fundamental force of the universe there arises a double progression of cosmical powers which, after having crossed each other by a mutual transition, at last proceed to blend in one supreme unity, as in their essential principles. Such, in a few words, is the distinctive character of the Mythological doctrines of the ancient Irish; such, in fact, is the sum of all my labours.'

The mythological systems of America duly recognized the doctrine of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature. Indeed it seems to have formed the germ or nucleus of every Indian creed from Baffin's Bay to Cape Horn. The Hurons and Algonquins worshipped the Sun, as well as the Cherokees, Peruvians and Mexicans, regarding it as an emblem of Divine Power and intelligence, and the celestial abode of the Great Spirit if not actually a portion of his body. Some tribes paid divine honours to fire, believing it to be the earthly representative of the Sun, and the most potent of the guardian agents appointed to take care of mankind. They regarded it as indicative of the sacred and mysterious presence of the Great Father; and whenever they required any special favour from the Divinity it was made known to Fire, accompanied by an offering. Smoke they regarded as the messenger of Fire and believed it carried petitions from earth to Heaven. In token of this homage to the Sun and his minister, Fire, and with a view of securing the favour of the Great Spirit, they always, when making treaties, puffed the smoke from the calumet (or pipe) towards that part of the skies where the sun was at the time. For all national or religious purposes they obtained fire from flint. When so obtained, it was regarded as the symbol of purity; hence their desire to light their pipes with it. The Hurons, like the races of the South, not only worshipped the sun but actually claimed descent from that luminary. In Mexico and Peru the Reciprocal Principles were symbolized, the first by the Sun or Fire, the second by the Moon or Earth. The Peruvians celebrated an annual festival called '*Raimi*, in honour of the Sun—the great father of all visible things (as they said), and by whom all are generated and sustained.' The universal acceptance of the doctrine of the Reciprocal Principles in the Old and New Worlds proves that it must have had its foundation in some natural law, common to all creatures, and of general application in every department of reproductive nature. These principles were first personified, then deified, and finally, as in India, converted from imaginary forms into realities—the symbols of the deities being succeeded by typical representations of the procreative powers. The first object of idolatry in the Old World would seem to have been a stone pillar placed in the ground in an upright position as an emblem of the active or generative power of Nature. The Hindoos called this symbol the *Lingham*. The female or reproductive energy was called the *Yoni* and symbolized under various forms. In the course of ages both emblems, by a species of refinement, came to be symbolized by a cross—the upright bar representing the male energy and the horizontal bar the female capacity of reproduction. In this connection the sacred Tau (+) or cross long represented the Reciprocal Principles of Nature, and was worshipped as an emblem of the Sun, and, through him, of the Creator, ages before the birth of the Divine Founder of Christianity. This

accounts for the universality and remote antiquity of its presence amongst the nations of both hemispheres—in the vales of Cashmere as well as on the hills of Mexico and Peru. In Ireland and other Celtic countries, the ancient worship of the Lingham and Yoni, or Reciprocal Principles, is indicated by the Cromleach—one or more upright stone pillars with a large horizontal stone placed on the upper end, so as to make the structure resemble a table or altar. It is said that the ancient druids also raised upright stones in honour of the Reciprocal Principles. The worship of the Reproductive Powers of Nature, under the form of a cross, was general amongst the Indians of Yucatan prior to the arrival of the Spaniards. This emblem was a beautiful and appropriate symbol of the Reciprocal Principles combined. Hence its general use and the ease with which it was received in after years as an emblem of Christian humility, equality and justice, of enduring fortitude, devotion and self-sacrifice, of a final resurrection and life eternal, of a bright hereafter in a land of pure delight, where congenial souls shall dwell in peace, together reigning forever in an atmosphere of love.

The worship of the Reciprocal Principles was natural in conception and of pure origin; but succeeding generations abused its simplicity by 'refinements' which soon obliterated the meaning of the original ceremonies. Its origin indicates an era in the onward march of human intelligence, when savage man first grasped the idea of a self-existent Creator or Great First Cause—a cause which he gradually learned to worship under the various phases of Nature; so that the simplicity of his primeval religion soon became quite complex and the original *dual deity* degraded into many gods. It is true the initiated saw but One God under a variety of forms in these ancient ceremonies; but the uninitiated saw therein a multitude of gods of every form, and consequently soon lost sight of the necessary unity of the Supreme Being. 'Though I am the sole super-existent God,' says Siva, 'still do I assume various forms. Among the skilled in divine knowledge I am Brahma. Among those free from evil I am the ancient God Hari (supposed to be Osiris and Isis combined); among the Adityas I am Vishnu, &c.' The Hindoos worshipped the Sun as the emblem of the Triad, or Trinity in Unity. This Trinity was supposed to be composed of the three Gods, Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; and Siva, the Reproducer. The doctrine of a divine Triad is one of the most common characteristics of ancient creeds. A triple distribution of divine attributes seems to have been a dogma of every primitive religion during some stage of its development. Indeed, there is scarcely any system of theology which does not embrace it; nor is there any in which the three divinities are not occasionally represented as merging into One. In almost every faith we find deifications of the creative and productive powers of nature—a great Father, a great Mother, and a mystical Son, who unites in his own person the divine essence and attributes of both parents, and thus becomes their physical representative and colleague in the Triad. Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Indians, and other races have all held this dogma during some period of their religious progress and national existence. In some races we notice a plurality of gods merging into a Trinity, then the Trinity seems to dissolve into a Duality, and this again into a Supreme Unity. Other races manifest a tendency to err in the opposite direction, by exhibiting a superstitious inclination to multiply the objects of adoration, which, of course, entails a loss of devotion, reverence, and affection for the original individual or dual Deity. It must not be forgotten, however, that the learned or initiated in the pagan mysteries did not regard the

divine essence as changeable or divisable, but as One and individual though universal. They generally recognized a divine unity under many forms, symbols, and names. The vulgar or uninitiated, in their ignorance, soon came to regard these symbols and names with reverence, and in the course of time worshipped them as gods. The unity of the God-Head was thus gradually ignored, the doctrine of the Reciprocal Principles forgotten, and men in their blindness 'worshipped the work of their own hands.' It was so in Hindostan three thousand years ago, and it is so to-day. Turning our eyes to India, we find that the Hindoo Triad is a Unity in the form of a Trinity, and represents the male or active power of Nature, whilst Bhavani (the mother and wife) personifies the passive or productive powers of the natural world. The Lingham symbolizes the former, and the Yoni the latter. Brahma and his consort are known by thousands of other names, according to the form, manner, or circumstances under which their divinity is supposed to be manifested. Hence the gigantic amplitude of the Hindoo Pantheon, which comprises 33,000,000 gods or names of attributes. Notwithstanding their vast number, the unity of all in one Being, or divine essence, is thus promulgated by Brahma himself, in the words of Siva, 'I am the beginning and the end. I am insatiate death. I am the resurrection. I am the seed of all things. There is nothing without me. I am the witness, the comforter, the generator, and dissolver. Those who worship all the gods worship me.'

The learned Brahmins acknowledge and adore one God, 'without body, parts, or passions,' eternal, immutable, omnipotent, and omnipresent, yet they teach a religion in public in which the Deity is brought down to a level with human wants and prejudices, and his various attributes invested with sensible forms. However, it was not originally their intention to make idolaters of the people. They believed it was easier to impress the human mind by intelligent symbols, parables, and allegorical fables than by means of abstract ideas, which, to the vulgar, would be incomprehensible. Hence the origin of that mythological religion, which has prevailed, more or less, in every land and amongst every race during some period of its history. Before the invention of writing these symbols or allegorical representations were kept in the temples -the priests being the custodians. The sacred character of the temple and the mysterious appearance of the figures, paintings or hieroglyphics accustomed the people to regard them with awe and reverence. In the course of time the original meaning of these ancient records was forgotten—the priests alone retained the key to the mysterious—and the vulgar or uninitiated gradually learned to adore what their ancestors had merely honoured. The intelligent classes of India, Mexico, and other lands did not worship a multitude of gods in the extravagant and absurd manner described by misinformed zealots of other creeds. They worshipped One Divine Essence under the guise of many images or symbols, sometimes representing the Deity as of Dual or Tri-une form, though they had 'never heard His voice at any time, neither seen His similitude.'

The mythological system of modern India is perhaps the most gorgeous and extensive the world has ever seen. Many of our own religious dogmas and conceptions are of Eastern origin, and may be traced to the banks of the Ganges, or mountains of Central Asia. But their antiquity will cause us little surprise when we remember that Christianity, the highest fruitage of the religious seed of all ages, is a mighty pyramid, which has its base in humanity and its apex in eternity. As the Rev. Dr. Bell justly remarks, 'It is the mightiest power on earth for the development

of the highest faculties of men. The human mind, held by such a power, anchored to communion with its Father in Heaven, and thoroughly awakened to research, will speedily overturn and sweep away old superstitions, and build up a solid and enduring structure of religion and learning. Effete creeds, whether religious, scientific, or educational, must pass away, and nothing will stand which cannot bear the fullest blaze of light.'

ROUND THE TABLE.

THE importance of the timber export trade and of the domestic lumber industries of Canada suggests that some means should be taken by Government to stimulate forest-culture, or, at any rate, to minimize the waste that is increasingly going on in our timber lands. The wealth and extent of the timber-belt that stretches across the Dominion have made us not only recklessly wasteful of our forest possessions, but indifferent to the future of the supply now so extravagantly drawn upon. What the consumption really is few stop to think who are not specially interested in the matter, and of those who are concerned in it the selfish motives of immediate gain but too often stifle consideration for the future.

But apart from concern for the limitation of the supply, and at no very distant day, there is the question of climatic effect to be considered in this denudation of our lands of their timber. The changes of climate attendant upon the clearing of forests are now well known, and the fact has an important practical bearing upon agricultural interests as well as upon the sanitary condition of the country. But the preservation of timber-belts on their influence upon the temperature of a country, in maintaining humidity of climate, etc., is not the sole benefit to be derived. There are other benefits which the retention of woodlands confer, such as their importance as screens and wind-breaks in storm periods, and the protection they afford to farms, orchards and to railway lines needing shelter from winds, rains and snows. They are also effective in the absorption of pestilential miasma, arising from stagnant marshes, in preserving sand dunes, and in lessening the effect of the erosion of water on hill slopes, besides exercising a beneficial influence upon all streams, springs and water-courses. These are all matters of importance that should incite to the preservation, or to the renewal of our forests. How best to secure these desired ends, however, is the practical question. Whether the establishment, as in many of the European States, of a school of forestry should be thought of, or that some effective municipal restriction should be placed upon the indiscriminate cutting and felling of our woods, should be resorted to, is a question to be considered.

But, besides the necessity for repressing the wholesale depredation upon our timber-lands, there are other advantages to be gained from the formation of a school of forestry in Canada, and which suggests its practical usefulness. A few of these may be mentioned, viz., the advantage to be derived from a special study of sylviculture, the question of the growth best suited for profitable trade in

timber and lumber, the uses of wood for building purposes and in the construction of railways and ships, the use of charcoal in iron manufactures, the resinous properties of wood and its uses in the manufacture of wood-gas and of paper, and in other purposes to which wood is put, in tanning and the making of cork, etc. Besides in the branch of horticulture, how many important subjects might be taken up, by a competent teacher, to the benefit of our domestic and export trade in fruit, and the large industries which have sprung up of late in canned or preserved fruits. The transplanting, pruning, and thinning of trees; grafting, hedging, fencing, and many other matters that connect themselves with forestry, arboriculture, and agriculture, suggest additional subjects to form the curriculum of a school of forestry. But the pressing necessity for the conservation of our forests is such that whatever action the Government will be compelled some day to take, it is of prime importance that public attention, at least, should be directed to the subject that the danger, now no longer remote, of the utter devastation of our woodlands may be averted. And in the comparative cessation of the demand for lumber at present, it may be worth while reflecting, before going on again with the spoliation that has alarmingly taken place, what remedy should be provided. The thriftless waste alone makes great inroads into the supply, while the reckless use of the axe, in the demand for fuel, of itself, must lead soon to complete exhaustion. If even slight attention could be given to ordinary cultivation and the renewal of the timber, the recuperative efforts of nature might be trusted to maintain the supply. But in the absence of, and indifference to, this, the reproductive vigour of our forest lands is wholly unable to cope with the evil, and some other remedy calls for pressing adoption.

G. M. A.

CONSOLATION.

BY WINIFRED HOWELLS.

The little poem for which we find room in this place, was written by a young Miss of thirteen years of age, and sent as a birth-day sentiment to her grand-father.

It is a listless empty day,
And for no good the world seems made;
The flies buzz aimlessly about,
And e'en the flowers seem born to fade.

At last the air so heavy grows,
So dull and burdensome the day,
I throw my book upon the floor,
And towards the street I wend my way:

And as I ponder upon life,
And wonder why God wanted me—
For can I ever take a part
In the great play of destiny?—

I hear a little plaintive cry
As of some child in sore distress,
And guided by the sound I start,
And to the place my footsteps press;

And there I find a little child,
With bleeding feet and tangled hair,
Who looks confidingly at me,
And reaches up her arms so fair.

She has no home, the poor wee bird,—
So young a bird without a nest!
And so I take it in my arms,
And press her gently to my breast.

And now no longer seems the world
So dull and empty and so cold,
And the pure sunshine, streaming down,
Finds my heart warm with joy untold!

—I venture to think that 'Fidelis,' in the article entitled 'Woman's Work' in the September number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, has in the following passage, touched the keynote of the present vexed question of Female Emancipation, by offering the only sensible solution of the difficulty: 'By leaving woman free to do what she could, the question of her ability and her "sphere" would practically settle itself.' Is it jealousy, is it timidity, or is it simply a dogged conservatism which induces Legislators, politicians and in fact the whole male sex, to continue a defensive warfare for maintaining the integrity of their cherished privileges? It would seem as though they dare not venture to resign the contest, and with simple courtesy throw their territory open to an enemy whom they consider as but impotent aggressors. In all these contentions for extended privileges on the one hand, and enforced restrictions on the other, contentions engendering an amount of undignified bickering and jealousy which is alike derogatory to men and degrading to women, men are, by their own saying, fighting with such immensely superior odds, that, on the face of it, all competition is an absurdity. What man is there who would for a moment admit the theory that women, as a class, could ever meet him in a fair field of equality? He firmly believes that they are by their very nature inferior, physically, intellectually and morally. Women on their side say: 'You have no right to make any such assertion, we have never yet had anything like a fair trial, we demand that all these unjust and tyrannous restrictions, which for centuries have shackled us, be removed, and we will soon prove our ability to compete with men in any of the arenas of life.' So the two parties stand at issue, but it seems to me that women have lacked their instinctive tact in taking up so aggressive a position. They ought rather to have turned round on their masculine opponents, and attacking them with their own weapons said: 'Granted that your estimate of our powers is the true one, if we are irretrievably inferior and impotent, why then should any restrictions exist, why not remove them all in order that by our failure we may prove your proposition, and thus establish your superiority and seal our submission?' 'True,' the men reply, 'we do not in the smallest degree fear your attempts to vie with us, but you would put us to much useless trouble in making an experiment which we are so firmly convinced *must* prove abortive.' The counter reply, which women could then make, is the argument which impresses me as being their strongest possible one, and my wish briefly to indicate it, is the only consideration which induces me to offer myself as a guest at the Round Table. It is this: that accepting the truth of the men's assertion that women are absolutely incapable of meeting them on a footing of equality, then, the shortest way to end the whole matter, and the way which would give the *least* trouble and inconvenience to men, is to make the experiment. Break down all barriers, abolish all grievances and end all discussion. This would silence at once and for ever the whole 'shrieking sisterhood' whose votaries with unwomanly ardour in season and out of season, descant on public platforms and private societies on the wrongs of women and the tyranny of men, awakening a thirst for notoriety and strong-mindedness in many a foolish brain which would else never have thought of abandoning simple homely duties. There would then be an end to all unmanly haranguing about the incapacity and presumption of women. All this bitter sense of antagonism and clashing of interests so unseemly between men and women, which does more to disturb social harmony and reverse the natural order of things would be put a stop to by the simple expedient of letting the movement take its course and work out its own cure. The strife for emancipation, if carried on in its pre-

sent spirit, will be interminable, and will breed a thousand social ills. If, on the other hand, the policy of absolute freedom were pursued, a very few years would set the matter practically at rest. Some women of great talents and brave spirit would undoubtedly rise to the front rank, and there would not be wanting examples of noble lives spent in public careers; but the majority of women would find that the force of circumstances, and the inherent weakness of their sex would soon guide their feet into the old paths, and establish their 'sphere' as substantially, what from all ages it has been the one:

'Wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise.'

ST. C. J.

—What a genius for good titles that fascinating Lower Canadian author, J. M. Lemoine has! I think he owes a great deal of his success to the skill and taste he possesses, for naming his literary progeny. Only think of it! *Maple Leaves*— what a dear, delightful title for a bundle of essays, sketches and romances redolent of the Canadian forest and stream and lake, and smelling of the maple and the resinous pine and the woodland mosses and flowers. *Maple Leaves*! who couldn't write a book with such a title? Why the reader is prepared on the instant to enjoy a rich dissertation on Canadian life and customs, and the manners of the people eighty or a hundred years ago. There is something intoxicatingly fragrant about the very name of *Maple Leaves*, and a less able writer than Mr. Lemoine could hardly fail to do something with it. Then, again, what a mine of wealth is there in 'Quebec, Past and Present.' The reader takes the book in his hand and before turning a page, he can tell you how full it is of ancient lore, of tales deftly told of the backwoods and of old times by the banks of the broad St. Lawrence, of early life at Quebec and the anxious days and nights spent beneath the towering and frowning cliffs. Montcalm and Wolfe and brave Montgomery, Frontenac and his Intendant, the Indians and *Coureurs des bois*, appear at once before our eyes, and we can guess what Mr. Lemoine is going to say about these eminent persons by merely glancing at the headings of his chapters. The *Sword of Montgomery*, *L'Album du Touriste*. How very suggestive! The former is a very small book and the latter is a goodly sized one, but both of them claim the reader's attention at a glance. The title draws him to the nearest bookstore to purchase. If he cannot read French, he loses no time in learning the liquid language, for it is a misdemeanor in Quebec not to know how to read Mr. Lemoine's French books, and *L'Album du Touriste* is one of his best works. The last volume of this popular author is equally happy in its cognomen. Indeed it eclipses some of its brethren in this respect. I don't know whether Mr. Lemoine lies awake all night thinking out titles for his new books, but certainly he has the faculty for bestowing charming names on them, names which enlist the reader's attention immediately. What can be more complete than 'Chronicles of the St. Lawrence,' for a bright sketchy book of travel and local adventure? I would give something to know Mr. Lemoine's secret. A. B.

A very common practice prevails in Canada, to which it is worth while, perhaps, to call attention just now. The custom, I am told, originated in Ireland, whence our newspapers, doubtless, have caught the trick, to allude to people with the title of Earl as 'Earl Beaconsfield,' 'Earl Dufferin,' 'Earl Elgin,' instead of 'Earl of Beaconsfield,' 'Earl of Dufferin,' &c., but in nine cases out of ten, this is a solecism. It would be right to say 'Earl Spencer,' or 'Earl Russell,' because these two noblemen belong to a junior branch of a noble family, and

were so created; but when the title is not identical with the family name, but is territorial, the 'of' should never be dropped. The designation of 'Lord' so and so, of whatever rank the person may be below a Duke, is always proper.

S. F.

—I suppose the guests at the table have noticed, with more or less astonishment and amusement, the contest which is raging in the newspapers, on the all-important question of how to live on a moderate income. It is quite delightful to witness the breadth of view which some of the correspondents take of the married state. One would think after reading their remarks that they had never heard of such a thing as domestic comfort in their lives, and that married life was only another name for an existence of abject misery. Young men who hold such views should think twice before marrying, even on any income. They evidently believe with Dryden, though they have not the courage to say so, that

'Minds are so hardly matched, that e'en the first,
Though paired by Heaven, in Paradise were cursed.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two.
* * * * * * *
Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.
* * * * * * *
Thus have you shunned, and shun the married state,
Trusting as little as you can to fate.'

Mr. Dryden does not paint a very bright picture of married life, and since his day others have taken the pains to describe domestic felicity as a bugbear which we should all avoid. Now, as confession is good for the soul, perhaps I may as well confess the result of my experiences. I have been married four years. My annual income at the time of my marriage was just five hundred dollars. I was and still am a clerk in a dry goods store—my income now is eight hundred dollars a year, and next year I hope to have it increased to nine hundred. My family is composed of two children besides my wife, and we keep a servant. She is a faithful help, and has been with us ever since we took up housekeeping. I have said that during the first year of our marriage I was in the receipt of five hundred dollars. I will now proceed to show how my wife and I contrived to make both ends meet on that sum. We lived in a pleasant but small rough cast house. It was comfortable and warm, and though we could not boast of a spare room, or sewing-room, or any other apartments that we did not absolutely need, we had quite enough space for our immediate requirements. For this accommodation we paid $84 per annum. We lived in Toronto, and about a couple of miles out of town. The street was a very pleasant one, and the locality was good and healthy. I will now give a tabular statement of our expenses:

House rent	$84.00
Fuel	60.00
Groceries	80.00
Meats	65.00
Servant	48.00
Dry goods and tailoring	85.00
Taxes, medicines and contingencies	20.00
Amusements and Literature.	20.00
Total	$462.00

We had thirty-eight dollars left. This we put by for emergencies. The next year my salary was increased to five hundred and fifty dollars, and my family to one very small boy. The additional fifty dollars just about paid *his* expenses, and we were able to bank nearly thirty dollars at the end of the year. My third year saw me with an increase of one hundred dollars in my salary, and I did so well on the six hundred and fifty dollars, that at the close of the year my bank account showed a total balance, interest included, of one hundred and three dollars and thirty-eight cents, and during that time we lived quite comfortably.

My present salary is eight hundred dollars, and we spend it in this way :

House rent	$100.00
Fuel	86.00
Groceries	120.00
Meats	95.00
Servant	60.00
Small nurse	24.00
Dry goods and tailoring	130.00
Taxes, medicines and contingencies	40.00
Amusements and Literature	15.00
	$700.00

You can hardly help seeing how well and how comfortably we lived on seven hundred dollars a year, and without stinting ourselves in any way, we managed to put away one hundred dollars for a rainy day. Of course we did not indulge in extravagance. My wife was only a judge's daughter, and not accustomed to throw hardly earned money away on every silly or useless thing she saw in the store windows. We have a few friends in to tea now and then, but we give no large parties, nor attend state balls. We go to the theatre occasionally and a concert sometimes. We also have sittings in a dear old church, which, if it is not quite fashionable, is quite good enough for us. Our sittings cost us only twenty dollars a year, and we pay this out of our little contingent fund. Our family has received the addition of a baby girl, and thus are we able to live in happiness and some little refinement on less than eight hundred dollars a year. We keep up no style and we don't care a great deal about society and society airs. We prefer to live within our income, and I will venture to say that very few dark clouds ever cross the cheerful threshold of our pleasant little home in—— street. Young man, you can go and do likewise, if you only select a good sensible girl. Give up all ideas of nonsense and don't try to live like your father and your prospective mother-in-law, on less than two thirds of their incomes.

L. M. S.

—In late numbers of some of the Toronto journals, some discussion has been had upon the subject of matrimony *versus* money, or, whether two people loving one another ought or ought not to marry upon a small salary.

The question is not a new one. It has been discussed before, and probably will be again, and it is not likely to be settled to the satisfaction of all minds, either now or hereafter.

Love, it is said, laughs at locksmiths, and prison-bars have no terror for the little god. How much more then shall he resent the interference of mean mercenary interests when his own are at stake.

It is not love who flies out of the windows when grim poverty stalks in at the door, but a counterfeit of himself often deceptive to mortals.

The true love stays, and battles with the spectre, until he either drives him forth, or his own divine arts transform him into a more endurable sort of a person.

Genuine love will enable two persons to be happy together, on even *eight hundred a year* (which one correspondent thinks too little), and will make them miserable apart on much more.

So at last, the question resolves itself into a test of the quality of the affection two people have for one another. If it is pure and genuine, it will bear adversity, if false, it will fall before the first blast.

* * *

—There are few pleasanter ways of spending the long winter evenings than by reading. I don't mean reading to oneself, for that is a selfish practice when there are others in the room. I think we should all form, within a reasonable radius of each other, a number of little reading clubs. These gatherings should assemble at a

our's house, say two or three week, and after enjoying two hours' perusal of a book, the ty might then discuss the subject ne and pleasant way. The meet- ould be migratory, and the mem- ought to be limited to ten or as larger bodies are often too some to manage. At times the e of mere literary assemblages be considerably increased were plain refreshment served up before the close of the even- Nothing very expensive need be in this respect—only coffee dwiches. Reading clubs may e very enjoyable and entertain- d, besides the mere pleasure de- the intellectual benefit which ccrue may be made very great I would advise as much variety as possible in the choice of subjects. History one week, biography another, poetry another, and good wholesome fiction at another time. The entertainment might be varied with no little profit, if some of the members would prepare original papers on pertinent topics and read them to the audience, who should be at liberty to criticise the argument at the conclusion of the reading. Such a performance would be sure to produce excellent results, and prove a genuine stimulus to the intellect of the participants. I hope to hear of the formation of many such clubs as I have in my eye, before many weeks pass by. I trust the reading of original papers will not be omitted from the programme. It would be a pity to omit that feature. K.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

EMPTING volume is Mr. Whittier's new book of poetry, *ion of Echard and other Poems.** s so attracted to the older poets ew book by one of them is sure ad first. We love to note the change in style and sentiment comes with increasing years. oets grow better with age. erse is more mellow, and gent- more delicate. There is less less fire, and more subtlety ght and greater power of rea- The old man's love song is ly very pretty and musical, n graceful, but it rarely quick- throbbings of the heart or has- beatings of the pulse. There s, however, who never lose the of their youth, and their verse ity is as grand and impetuous as it was at thirty. Tennyson is one of these, Longfellow is another, Holmes is another, and Whittier is as full of fire as he was when he wrote those slave songs of his which sent the hot blood careering through our veins. The occasion which called forth his anti-slavery lyrics has happily past away, and we may no longer look for those tremendous bursts of passion which so distinguished his earlier verse. Mr. Whittier has only changed the subject matter of his poetry, his manner is still the same, his treatment is as strong, his periods are as warm and eloquent and mellifluous, and his grace is as charming and delightful as ever. The same tenderness of feeling glows in every line, the same homely thought and delicate expression cling to his verse. He is a sincere poet, and he means every word he says. He is never so happy as he is in descriptive poetry. His pastorals are true

*sion of Echard and Other Poems. By GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston, Houghton, Co. Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

to nature, and no one has described with finer effect home life in the country. His village scenes are always natural, and whether the time be summer or winter, there is no mistaking the truthfulness of the picture he has painted. His canvas speaks with reality and individuality. In the pretty little volume which has just come to us there is one poem which is really magnetic in its character. It is entitled *June on the Merrimac*, and its verse flows as freely as the water which the poet describes so well. We may be pardoned for making an extract or two to show the rhythm and scope of the poem.

As gayly as these kalmia flowers
Your door-yard blossoms spring;
As sweetly as these wild wood birds
Your caged minstrels sing.

'You find but common bloom and green,
The rippling river's rune,
The beauty which is everywhere
Beneath the skies of June;

'The Hawkswood oaks, the storm-torn plumes
Of old pine-forest kings,
Beneath whose century-woven shade
Deer Island's mistress sings.

'And here are pictured Artichoke,
And Curson's bowery mill;
And Pleasant Valley smiles between
The river and the hill.

'You know full well these banks of bloom,
The upland's wavy line,
And how the sunshine tips with fire
The needles of the pine.

* * * *

'Cool, summer wind, our heated brows;
Blue river, through the green
Of clustering pines, refresh the eyes
Which all too much have seen.

* * * *

'From manhood's weary shoulder falls
His load of selfish cares;
And woman takes her rights as flowers,
And brooks and birds take theirs.

'The license of the happy woods,
The brook's release, are ours;
The freedom of the unshamed wind
Among the glad-eyed flowers.

* * * *

'And if, unknown to us, sweet days
Of June like this must come,
Unseen of us these laurels clothe
The river banks, with bloom;

'And these green paths must soon be trod
By other feet than ours,
Full long may annual pilgrims come
To keep the Feast of Flowers;

'The matron be a girl once more,
The bearded man a boy,
And we, in heaven's eternal June,
Be glad for earthly joy!'

The longest poem in Mr. Whittier's new volume is *The Vision of Echard*. It illustrates an incident in the life of the Benedictine Echard, who

'Sat, worn by wandering far,
Where Marsburg sees the bridal
Of the Moselle and Sarre.'

He falls asleep, and a vision appears to him in a dream. Presently he hears a spirit voice calling to him and a revelation telling of Christ and Heaven, breaks in upon his ear. The Vision concludes with

'The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear
Are with yourselves alone.'

Then

'A gold and purple sunset
Flowed down the broad Moselle;
On hill- of vine and meadow lands
The peace of twilight fell.

'A slow, cool wind of evening
Blew over leaf and bloom;
And, faint and far, the Angelus
Rang from St. Matthew's tomb.

'Then up rose Master Echard,
And marvelled, "Can it be
That here, in dream and vision,
The Lord hath talked with me?"'

Echard then seeks the vale of Elzbach and frees his burdened soul in prayer and in holy communion. The poem is fanciful and pretty, and in places is quite dramatic and spirited. Some of the passages are very powerfully drawn, notably the scene in the Kloster where Echard talks with Tauler and Nicolas of Basle.

The Witch of Wenham owes its origin to an incident in Salem, which enjoys in America the same supremacy in witchcraft that Caithness does in Scotland. The Caithness folk were quite proud of their achievements in witch-burning, and the witch-hunters of Salem had fully as laudable an ambition in their day, and were equally proud of their exploits. Mr Whittier in his poem, tells very prettily a touching story of a young girl who, being suspected by some old women of both sexes, of practising forbidden wiles and arts, was captured one day and thrown into jail. Her lover, however, aided her to escape and the twain flew away,

if not on the wings of love, on the back of a very swift steed.

'And, noiseless as if velvet shod,
They left the house behind.

'But when they reached the open way,
Full free the rein he cast;
Oh, never through the mirk midnight
Rode man and maid more fast.

'Along the wild wood-paths they sped,
The bridgeless streams they swam;
At set of moon they passed the Bass,
At sunrise Agawam.'

'At high noon on the Merrimac
The ancient ferryman
Forgot, at times, his idle oars,
So fair a freight to scan.

'And when from off his grounded boat
He saw them mount and ride,
"God keep her from the evil eye,
And harm of witch!" he cried.

'The maiden laughed, as youth will laugh
At all its fears gone by;
"He does not know," she whispered low,
"A little witch am I."'

The lovers rode on till they reached the door of a friendly Quaker's house, in 'distant Berwick town,' and at this place, safe beside the kindly hearths, the 'hunted maiden dwelt.' *Sunset on the Bearcamp* is tuneful and sweet, and full of delicious bits of description. *Lexington, the Centennial Hymn*, and *In the Old South*, are poems of occasion and they breathe the truest patriotism, and poetic fervour. *Thiers* is a masterly poem. One might mistake it at first for a sonnet in two parts, the first representing the aged statesman in the zenith of his power, the second a memorial to the dead President of France. *Fitz-Greene Halleck* was composed on the occasion of the unveiling of his statue, and it is exceedingly beautiful and rich in graceful allusion to the old poet and some of the more familiar of his writings, closing with these tender words:

'Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,
Our grateful eyes be dim;
O brothers of the days to come,
Take tender charge of him!

New hands the wires of song may sweep,
New voices challenge fame;
But let no moss of years o'ercreep
The lines of Halleck's name.'

William Francis Bartlett, The Two Angels and *The Library* are among the better pieces of the book, and may be classed with the best work which our poet has done. They are characteristic of him, and are positively a real enrichment to the poetic literature of the day. *The Library* is an especially noteworthy poem, and affords much food for thought. It is a poem which should be read often, for all its beauties are not seen at first. It is a study—a grand thought—a picture.

Mr. Whittier has lost none of his fanciful colouring, none of his love for the beautiful, none of his veneration for holy things, none of his force, none of his tune or musicality. His songs are like beautiful flowers. They carry happiness to every home and make glad every heart.

Poetry illustrates every phase of thought, and the sublimest things in nature, in our souls, in our minds and in our lives have found a ready echo in the magnificent utterances of the poet. Almost every country in the world has had at one time its great poet, its lofty singer whose words have penetrated every heart and whose songs have hurried armed men to battle, or incited peoples to mighty deeds and exploits. The rudest nations have felt their pulses stirred at times by the musical voice of some bard in whom their faith never wavered. History is full of examples, but Great Britain has produced more great names in poetry than any country in the world. One cannot always afford to buy Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co.'s elegant 'Riverside Edition' of the British Poets, nor Robert Bell's numerous volumes of British Poetry, but an opportunity of getting the priceless gems of English, Scotch and Irish verse from Chaucer to Swinburne, in one compact volume is now presented.* We know of no more complete single-volume collection in the world, and

* *The Family Library of British Poetry from Chaucer to the Present time* (1350-1878). Edited by JAMES T. FIELDS and EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

certainly there can be no better edited collection than the new Family Library of British Poetry, which the famous Boston publishers have just issued. Mr. James T. Fields is an editor of large experience, tact and excellent judgment. He is familiar with the poetry of Britain for the last five or six hundred years, and no literary man has enjoyed such an extended personal acquaintance with the great Worthies who have flourished in his own time, than Mr. Fields. A poet himself of singularly delicate tastes and feeling, of genial disposition and manner, and possessed of an appreciative and discerning mind, he has ever been warmly welcomed among his brother-poets across the great seas. To his other qualities he adds the faculty of quick perception, and whether his eye rests upon a painting, a drawing, a poem, or a novel, his trained vision sees only the beautiful and the picturesque and the good. He never burdens his mind with the imperfect or the unfair. He prefers to look for the best, to love the best, and to hold up for the emulation of mankind the beautiful things he finds. He is no cynical or morbid critic, who grudgingly praises when he can't help himself. He selects what he *can* praise. He lets the ungainly and uncouth things remain where they are. As joint editor with Mr. Fields, we have Edwin P. Whipple—a really great critical writer and student of literature—a man who has spent the best years of his life in perfecting himself for his duties. Mr. Whipple's fine scholarly tastes and graceful pen have had full scope in his last editorial labour. In Elizabethan literature he has earned a name in England, which has been gained only by very few of the eminent British scholars who have made that study the aim of their lives. Macaulay was the first to discover the masterly qualities of Mr. Whipple's mind, and the great Reviews of England soon reiterated the historian's praises. 'The New Library of British Song' has an unusual advantage over other books of the same class, in being edited by two gentlemen of such great reputation. The book, as its name implies, has been especially arranged for family reading. The very cream of British poesy will be found within its covers, and the scope of the work may be readily guessed at when we tell the reader that no fewer than four hundred poets have been laid under contribution. There are one thousand double-column pages in the book, and there is not one poem in the whole collection that could be left out without detriment. This cannot always be said of similar books. It shows how careful and industrious and conscientious the editors have been in their work. The notes which appear at frequent intervals elucidate the text very happily, and convey information about certain poems and their writers in an interesting and intelligent way. In their preface the editors announce a companion volume,—the 'Family Library of British Prose,' and when that book appears it will contain a general sketch of British literature. A number of portraits embellish the book, and we notice a very handsome likeness of Byron, which we do not remember to have ever seen before, and equally good pictures of Burns and Scott. The arrangement is convenient and easy for reference, and contains besides the names of the poets and the titles of the poems, a complete index of first lines. The work is further enhanced by reliable data, referring to the birth, death, and other personal particulars about the different authors consulted. This book will pass through many editions.

We have much pleasure in recommending to the student and general reader Mr. Withrow's illustrated 'History of Canada.'* It is writ-

* *History of Canada.* By WILLIAM H. WITHROW, M.A. Boston: 2 B. Russell. Toronto: Clough & Townsend.

vith fairness and a strict regard istorical accuracy. Mr. With- style is exceedingly good, and as succeeded in presenting the ts of many years' study in a happy and contained way. The ory is brought down to the depar- of Lord Dufferin, and the leading ical questions before and after ederation are placed before the r in an impartial and, in the , correct light. Mr. Withrow ot allowed his feelings or his pre- es to over-ride his judgment, and is evidently taken Hallam, rather Macaulay or Froude, for his . Indeed, so far has he followed model that some of his facts occa- lly lapse into dry annals and de- though there is much impas- d writing in the book as a whole. notice one or two errors in Mr. irow's account of late events h he would do well to correct in e editions. Lepine's sentence ommuted to two years' imprison- , and the forfeiture of his politi- ghts. Riel was disqualified for life Land Grant in the Pacific Rail- Charter was *fifty* millions of land ternate blocks along the line of ay, not *five* millions. The late ier of the New Brunswick Local rnment is *George* E. King, not King. These are but slight ishes in a work which possesses so excellent characteristics, but we it well to draw the author's at- on to them at this time. Mr. irow has gone quite deeply into ducational history of the country, his sketch of the progress which been made in this department, is pertinent and useful. The Index refully made, and the portraits of Majesty and the Earl of Dufferin decidedly good. We wish we l say as much for some of the plates with which the book is llished. The volume is attrac- y printed and bound, and is alto- er exceedingly creditable to au- and publishers.

Though designed for especial use in High Schools, Academies and Colleges, Dr. Quackenbos' illustrated 'History of Ancient Literature'* will be found a most useful and valuable work for the general reader. It is of comparatively recent date that the study of literature has become recognized as a separate branch of the history of civilization. Previous to the sixteenth century, as our author says, the first work on the subject was scarcely more than a mere catalogue of authors and their books. Since that time, however, and especially during the present century, a fresh impetus to the study has been given. Literature is the most delightful of all studies. It quickens the intellect, furnishes the keynote to the history of nations and of great events, and enables us to understand current allusions to the writers and literary works of other times. It refines our tastes and upholds to our gaze the intellectual development of our race, and widens the scope of our judgment. Dr. Quackenbos has just given to the world a book of paramount importance. He has followed no model, for his book is as original in scope and plan, as it is rich and full in information. It is a complete and admirably condensed text-book, perfectly free from misknown and obscure names, and while it is a most interesting volume to read it is exceedingly valuable as a work of reference. The text is unencumbered by wearisome and dry platitudes, and the short biographies of the eminent authors whose works come under review are not among the least enjoyable things to be found in this concise history. The index is very full, and the engravings and coloured maps facilitate a proper understanding of the letter-press. Dr. Quackenbos has made several happy selections from the writers of antiquity and the orient, and these add very much to the inter-

* *Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical.* By JOHN D. QUACKENBOS, A. M., M.D. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

est and value of his work as a whole. The introductory chapter is composed of an able and terse account of the origin and relationship of languages and the philology of the ancients, and a general review of their literature. The balance of the first part of the book is taken up with carefully considered chapters on Hindoo literature, Persian literature, illustrating the times and manners of Zoroaster, the literature of the Chinese and a sketch of the philosopher and teacher, Confucius, Hebrew Letters, and the Semitic languages and their distribution, the Book of Job and the golden age of Hebrew poetry. Chaldean, Assyrian, Arabic and Phœnician and Egyptian literature conclude the half dozen chapters which comprise the first part. The second portion of the History introduces us to the literature of the Greeks, their earlier forms of poetry, the epic verse, the days of Homer, the Cyclic poets and the bards of the Epic Cycle. We are then treated to a dissertation on Lyric Poetry, the Doric School and the undying measure of the great Sappho whose memory has been kept perpetually green by the eminent poets who have flourished since his day: the rise of Greek prose with brief sketches of Æsop, Solon, the Seven Sages, the golden age of Grecian literature, the Attic period, Pindar, the drama introducing Sophocles and Æschylus, the Alexandrian period, the later literature of Greece, taking up the writers of the first century before Christ, and the writers of the first three Christian centuries, with notes on Plutarch and his famous *Lives*, Lucian, Pausanias, and others equally notable, concluding with a short history of Byzantine literature and some well-selected gems of Greek thought. The third, and last, part of Dr. Quackenbos' volume is devoted to Roman literature, and the reader who has followed our author up to this period will be prepared to experience fresh pleasure at the literary feast before him. The first chapter is occupied by an excellent sketch of the Latin language and ancient Latin relics which will repay perusal. Chapter second brings us to the dawn of Roman letters, to the time of the Roman drama, and when the Latin writers modelled their works on the writings of the Greeks. We meet Cato, the Censor here, and Lælius, and Scipio, who improved upon the rude eloquence of the author of the 'Origines,' and the Gracchi, the sons of the noble Cornelia, daughter of Scipio. Then come the minor historians and orators of the period. The golden age of Roman literature discusses Cicero and Julius Cæsar, Sallust, Catullus, Virgil, whose 'Æneid' and the 'Georgics' are so familiar and dear to the student of the classics; Horace, whose grand odes have been translated into almost every tongue; Ovid, who painted vice so brilliantly in his 'Art of Love' that Augustus banished him to Tomi, a village in the Black Sea, and, despite the prayers and entreaties of the poet, never revoked his stern decree; and the prose writers of the Augustian age. The last chapter is one of the most brilliant in the book. It treats of the Silver age, and gives some insight into the character and teachings of Celsus, the author of a scientific encyclopædia; Phædrus, the poet and fable writer of the reign of Tiberius; the three great ornaments of Nero's time—Persius, who wrote satires, and Seneca, the orator, and Lucan, his nephew, who, at the age of twenty-three, was reckoned the greatest of living poets. Pliny the elder, Quintilian, Juvenal the satirist, Tacitus, Pliny the younger, the Latin fathers, followed by specimens of Latin poetry and gems of Latin thought, brings this admirable and scholarly work to a close. It may be faithfully commended. A well selected library is incomplete without it.

'The Waverley Dictionary,'* is a

* *The Waverley Dictionary.* By MAY ROGERS. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: A Piddington.

timely and useful book. It supplies a want which the admirers of the great novelist have long felt. As the years go on, Scott grows in greater popularity than ever, and the different editions of his works almost equal in number those of Shakespeare. Nearly every publisher of any standing now-a-days includes among his list of books the Waverley Novels; and the wonder is that a compact and interesting dictionary like Miss May Rogers' has not been thought of long ago. Miss Rogers has gone into her work with all the delight and pleasure which only a genuine lover of Sir Walter could feel. She has made an exhaustive study of the famed novelist, and her book should live as long as the works she so well and so painstakingly describes. This dictionary contains an alphabetical list of all the characters in the Waverley Novels, with a clever descriptive analysis of each individual mentioned. Besides these there are illustrative selections from the text. A mere casual glance at the scope and plan of the book will show its value, and we predict for it a very wide sale.

The latest of Mr. Morley's splendid series of English Men of Letters is Hutton's 'Sir Walter Scott.'* Like the preceding volumes, it is compact, well-written, and rich in individuality and form. For one who has not leisure to read the numerous lives of Scott, from that masterpiece of biographical writing, Lockhart's 'Life,' to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie's story of Sir Walter's life, this book will prove a veritable mine of information about the wizard and his times. Indeed it is for readers such as these that the present series of short books has been specially prepared. Within the compass of less than two hundred pages, Mr. Hutton has given us the very cream of what has hitherto been written about the career and labours of Sir Walter. Taking Lockhart as his main authority, our author has succinctly put together the leading events in the life of his hero. It is complete in biographical information, and enters largely into the literary life of Scott, his companions and friends, his life at Abbotsford, his relations to the Ballantynes, the Waverley Novels, his morality and religion, his attitude towards the King, his politics, his days of adversity, the last year of his career, and the end of the struggle. The book is written in a charming style, and though we are disposed to quarrel with Mr. Hutton for the way in which he has treated the Ballantyne partnership, we can commend the book as a whole. It is far superior to Mr. Lockhart's own abbreviation of his ten volume life, and for those who have neither the leisure to read, nor the means to gratify that leisure if they had it, we can cordially recommend Hutton's *brochure*.

It seems quite a pity that Mr. Robt. Lowell, the elder brother of the eminent American Minister to Spain, should appear in print at such rare intervals. He writes so enjoyably and has apparently so many admirers among readers who prefer books subdued in tone but perfect in finish and design, that his protracted silence is a positive literary crime. It is upwards of twenty years now since Mr. Lowell published his forcible story 'The New Priest in Conception Bay,' and since that date we have had but little from his pen beyond Antony Brade and some very musical poems. His new volume, 'A Story or Two from an old Dutch Town,'* will be hailed with much satisfaction by all readers of scholarly prose and admirers of simple and delicate humour. Mr. Lowell resembles Washington Irving

* *English Men of Letters.—Sir Walter Scott.* By RICHARD H. HUTTON. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *A Story or Two from an old Dutch Town.* By ROBERT LOWELL. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

in many respects, and his characterizations are always gentle and graceful. 'Abram Van Zandt' is a charming little story. It is original in design and treatment and a keen interest is at once awakened in the fortunes of the old Dutch baker, his wife, and Patsy, the pretty grand-daughter, who 'tends the shop.' Mr. Lowell has managed to work up a little pleasant excitement in a rare picture which the Dominie of the sleepy old town carries home with him for examination, and the whole narrative is told with a skill amounting almost to genius. In these days when everyone who can write at all, writes long stories instead of short tales, Mr. Lowell places the public under lasting obligations for this clever work. The volume contains three delightful sketches, 'Abram,' 'Schermerhorn's Marriage and Widowhood,' and 'Master Vorhagen's Wife;' either of which may be read at a single sitting. Each of these illustrate a fancy of the author, and the character-drawing and bits of description here and there will win from the first the admiration of the reader.

Mr. Chas. F. Richardson has done a good work in presenting, in a concise way, his sketch of the progress of American Literature.* His Primer takes a wide range and covers a large area. Starting from the year 1620 Mr. Richardson brings his history down to our own times, crowding his pages with information about the men and women who, from following in the beaten track of English models for more than a century and a half, gradually cut themselves adrift from old country influences and succeeded at last in creating a position distinctively their own. The study is an interesting one and our historian has managed his material ably and well. We notice one or two omissions such as George Arnold, Robert Lowell, Dr. E. H. Clarke, Park Benjamin, James Aldrich, whose pleasant poems find honoured places in all collections of poetry, and others equally well known from Mr. Richardson's list, but these will detract little from the merit of his performance as a whole. The Primer is a perfect Encyclopædia of American Literature, within a brief compass, and the author has succeeded in doing much more than mere cataloguing in his estimates of the labours of the writers who come under his notice. We might ask for more about one writer and less about another, but Mr. Richardson h s been generally fair and impartial, considering the limited space at his command. We like the way in which he has grouped his subject-matter.

Mr. Longfellow has reached *Africa** in his pretty series of 'Poems of Places.' The collection will conclude with several volumes descriptive of American scenery and locality, considerable space being devoted to Canada. The present volume, like its predecessors, is handsomely printed, and rich in poetry belonging to its scope. There are many gems in the book, including Mr. Longfellow's fine poem, *The Slave's Dream*, Mr. Bryant's *African Chief*, Shelley's *Mountain Streams*, Schiller's *Carthage*, Aldrich's *Egypt*, Praed's *Pyramids of Egypt*, O'Reilly's spirited *Macarius the Monk*, Hunt's *Nile*, and Whittier's glorious *Song of the Slaves in the Desert*, which has added so much to the Quaker-bard's reputation. Central and Southern Africa, too, have been levied under contribution, and the familiar lines of Bayard Taylor on *Kilimandjaro*, Cameron's vigorous *Spirit of the Cave*, Tennyson's *Timbuctoo*, and Pringle's *Genadendal*, have each an honoured place in the handsome little volume. It is edited in the same painstaking manner of its companions of the series,

* *A Primer of American Literature.* By CHAS. F. RICHARDSON. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *Poems of Places—Africa.* Edited by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: A. Piddington.

and the collection holds a place peculiarly its own in literature.

We have no more delightful writer of stories for the young than Miss Louisa M. Alcott, whose name as the author of 'Little men' and 'Little women' is endeared in many and many a household. She writes with a naturalness quite her own, and the sprightliness and vigour of her style often commend her books to older readers. 'Under the Lilacs,'* is her latest story, and it displays fully as much ability and grasp of character as any of her previous books. The romance is skilfully and gracefully told, and while a moral is pointed, the absence of 'goody-goody' padding is quite conspicuous. 'Under the Lilacs' traces the history of a fatherless circus boy, and we are introduced to a number of pleasant people, and a variety of incidents of some moment. The story is told with real dramatic effect and cannot fail to create a genuine impression for good on the reader. It is not full of dry details or uninteresting verbiage, but every line sparkles with interest and reflected light from the author's genius.

'The Bodleys on Wheels'† is a very pretty holiday-book and, like its companion-volumes, it contains a large variety of delightful reading for the young and a splendid collection of choice illustrations. The quaint character of the cover, the whole plan of the letterpress which is not for a single page dull or commonplace, and the bright and spirited pictures will attract the attention of children at a glance. The tale is healthful and cheerful, and the warm-hearted old gentleman who pays a visit to our chimneys every Christmas-eve can hardly do better than lay in a supply of these charming Bodley books. They will gladden many a young heart.

The Messrs. Appleton have added *Sound** to their 'Experimental Science Series for Beginners'—a useful collection of books, which cannot fail to be productive of the utmost benefit to the science student. The present volume is a companion to *Light*, and, like that work, it is written in an easy and simple way, and well illustrated by means of diagrams and plates explanatory of the subject-matter. The book is wholly devoted to experiments and the means by which cheap and simple apparatus to perform them may be made. The study of sound is very interesting, and the immense amount of information which Professor Mayer manages to bring to bear on the subject will do much to popularize the science, and inculcate a love for experiment and further knowledge in this branch of our education. Professor Mayer has brought his work down to the very latest dates, and we have, accordingly, a brief acc. unt (illustrated) of Edison's Phonograph and Faber's Talking Machine, with full explanations concerning their use and manufacture. *Sound*—apart from its scientific character and value—is a most amusing book for the home circle, and just the thing for the long winter evenings which will soon be upon us. The author has taken care to present his experiments in an attractive light, and he has succeeded in imparting to them a means of much entertainment and amusement. He has designed to teach in a pleasant and agreeable manner the great truths of his study, and by these means his book will gain access to many circles where the love of experiment outweighs the taste for research and the pursuit of knowledge. *Sound* is a home and family book, as interesting as a novel for the older reader, as

* *Under the Lilacs.* By Louisa May Alcott. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *The Bodleys on Wheels*, with illustrations. By the author of 'The Bodleys telling stories.' Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *Sound.* By Alfred Marshall Mayer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

delightful as a story-book for the young, and fascinating in the highest degree to the student. The third volume of this series will take up Vision and the Nature of Light, to be followed by Electricity and Magnetism.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has a wonderful power over his reader. He holds him in a firm grasp. There is a fascination about his work which wins him many admirers. He is morbid sometimes, and loves to paint horrors in the brightest pigments, but he is also real and life-like and natural. He is quick to perceive, and though his stories lack frequently that finish and polish which distinguish the writings of George Eliot and William Black, he is much the more popular novelist of the three. He wastes no words in coming to his object. He indulges in no unnecessary verbiage. He is never tiresome nor prolix nor dull. He sketches with a bold pencil and the interest of the reader is awakened at once. Mr. Collins is an admirable story-teller. He writes in the narrative form, and with the air of a man who is relating in the simple language of the conversationalist, an actual occurrence around which a deep mystery hangs. His last story* is an excellent specimen of his art. *The Haunted Hotel* is a vigorous novel. The incidents are powerfully drawn, and intense dramatic effect is seen in every line. There are some spirited bits of character drawing in the book, and a good deal of energy is displayed in some of the descriptive passages. The scene is laid partly in England and partly in Venice. The reader is introduced in the first chapters to a celebrated London physician whose specialty is disease of the mind, and a heavily veiled lady who seeks his professional assistance. The former disappears at an early stage from the scene, and we hear of him no more. With the lady, however, the case is different. We see her quite often, and it is her career that the author traces with such force and skill. She is the countess Narona. She marries a British peer, Lord Montbarry- a cold, stingy, misanthropic individual, who forsakes his betrothed, Agnes Lockwood, for the dark-browed Countess. The marriage is consummated, and the bride and groom and the lady's brother, the Baron Rivar, leave England for Venice. They rent a mysterious old Palace in the City of gondolas. They live here for a time very unhappily. His Lordship grows moody and sullen. The Countess chafes under the treatment she receives. The Baron is a gambler and spendthrift, and is continually trying to borrow money of his brother-in-law. That gentleman refuses to lend him any, and the result, of course, may be surmised. Lord Montbarry's life is insured for a large amount. He suddenly dies. The case is investigated by medical men and insurance officers, but though there is dark suspicion, nothing is brought forward to sustain it, and the money is paid over to Rivar and his sister who remove at once to the United States. About the time of the death of Lord Montbarry, a courier, Ferrari, disappears mysteriously after sending a cheque for a thousand pounds to his wife. Agnes Lockwood is loved by the brother of the man she loved. He proposes to her, but is rejected. He loses no interest in Agnes, however, and determines to win her heart. A Hotel Company is formed in Venice, and the old Palace is fitted up on a grand scale. The Montbarrys take stock in the concern, and in order to see how the affair is managed, the whole party go to Venice. The plot now deepens in mystery. The Countess appears on the scene. A chamber in the palace is as full of horrors as Master Bluebeard's ancient apartment in the story books. This room is occupied by various mem-

* *The Haunted Hotel: a Mystery of Modern Venice.* By WILKIE COLLINS. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

bers of the family, and they all see strange sights, and undergo experiences of grave significance. Unpleasant smells, blood-stains, headless ghosts, and floating heads, visions, and what not, keep the unfortunate occupant of the apartment, and the reader, in a perpetual whirl of excitement and fear. At last a discovery is made. The head of the dead Lord Montbarry, who was disposed of by the Baron and his sister, is found. The Countess confesses her crime in the form of a play which, nearly finished, she leaves on her writing table. She dies in time to save arrest, and the story, which is most exciting and interesting throughout, concludes with the marriage of Agnes Lockwood to her lover, the brother of the dead Lord Montbarry. In England *The Haunted Hotel* has been pronounced to be fully equal to Mr. Collins' masterpiece, the *Woman in White*.

Stanley's 'Through the Dark Continent' has been cleverly burlesqued by Mr. F. C. Burnand, and the publishers have issued the bright little book* in a very attractive shape. It has appeared promptly in the market, and the first edition has been quickly followed by a second and third issue. The letterpress and illustrations are admirable. The humour is infectious and lively and the author, who has already burlesqued Victor Hugo and 'Ouida' so well, has caught with rare spirit the peculiar and nervous style of his author. The editorial notes explanatory of the text are also exceedingly clever and piquant.

The Rev. Dr. Abbott, of London, England, is doing excellent service to the cause of scholarship by the publication of a number of really good text-books. He has made his subjects so attractive, and has developed so much industry in the collection of the multitudinous examples which he has brought forward to fortify his premises, allied to his own practical suggestions and experience, that there is little difficulty in allotting the very highest place to the result of his labours. 'How to Write Clearly,' and 'English Lessons for English People,' are most invaluable, and 'How to Parse'* is a book of equal importance. Dr. Abbott applies the principles of scholarship to English Grammar, and furnishes a compact work on analysis, spelling and punctuation, which must prove of great value to the advanced pupil. The chapter on poetical construction is especially able and may be read with profit by everybody. We wish to call the particular attention of the Educational Department of Canada to Dr. Abbott's work. It has no superior among the very many books of its class. School-teachers especially should look into its pages.

Mr. Angus Dallas has prepared a very good Latin Grammar† for the use of parents in the work of home education. This book, we presume, is not intended to supersede Moody or Edwards, but it is modelled on a simpler basis than those standard grammars. Mr. Dallas adopts the Platonic system in his means of conveying instruction to the pupil, and deprecates the parrot method of study, so much in vogue with the less skilful and more stupid of our schoolmasters--and there are stupid schoolmasters sometimes, even in Canada. Mr. Dallas has practically tested many of the principles advanced in his treatise, and has been rewarded by exceedingly good results. A handy Latin-English dictionary, containing all the words used in the grammar, is added to the volume which should prove very useful, as it saves reference to the larger work of Charles Anthon which is not always within

* *Through the Keep it-Dark Continent; or How I Found Stanley* (24 illustrations) By F.C. BURNAND. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

* *How to Parse*. By the REV. EDWIN A. ABBOTT, D. D., Head Master of the City of London School. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Latin Language and Grammar*. By ANGUS DALLAS. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

the means of the student. It is a pity that Mr. Dallas has omitted the accentuation marks, as false quantity in pronunciation is likely to result from it. This may easily be remedied in a future edition.

Messrs. Roberts Bros. have added two dainty little volumes to their popular "Wisdom Series."* *Selections from the Apocrypha*, and *The Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach*. The circulation of these booklets cannot help having a most beneficial effect. They are well edited, and the reader has within a brief compass the most precious of the writings of the master minds of the Christian world. In the books of the Apocrypha the most interesting relics of antiquity may be found, and many pearls of wisdom may be gathered from the teeming pages. Wise maxims, devout sentiments, glimpses of private life and customs, and quaint pictures of Oriental life, form only a portion of the contents of these books. The editor of the Wisdom Series is a judicious scholar and critic, and a safe guide. He has culled from a rich mine the very choicest passages. These are illustrative of the sapience of Solomon and of the Jews, and copious quotations follow from the Books of Esdras, Tobit, and Baruch, the Song of the three Holy Children, the Prayer of Manasses, King of Judah, and from Maccabees, 1st and 2nd. The *Wisdom of Jesus* is from the Book of *Ecclesiasticus*. A long selection from Dean Stanley's *Jewish Church* forms the introduction to the first named of these books. Thus far seven tiny volumes of the series have been issued, and they are well-deserving of the title which has been given to them.

It is with real pleasure and satisfaction that one reads a new novel by William Black. He is one of the strongest of living novelists. His stories instruct as well as charm. They educate as well as amuse. His last romance is the most robust and vigorous story he has written since *A Princess of Thule*, and like that great novel it appeals to the cultivated reader. *Macleod of Dare** is strong in Mr. Black's best characteristics. It smells of the heather and the Highlands of Scotland, and the scene changes from the far north to England. Many of the pictures of life in London are new, but the old views which our author gives us of the gay metropolis are strikingly and attractively done, and recall Thackeray in his best days and some of the earlier novels of Disraeli. The portraiture of Macleod is a study. He will live in fiction as long as his clan survives in history. Mr. Black is always successful in his character drawing. His men and women become attached to the reader from their first appearance on the scene. His incidents are dramatic, bold, and real. They never tire nor become tedious. His characters say intelligent things when they speak, and they never sermonize or preach. Mr. Black manages his love scenes well, and his lovers are never stupid lovers. *Macleod of Dare* will add largely to our author's reputation. It more than surpasses *Mad Cap Violet*, and in point of interest it is not a whit behind *A Daughter of Heth*. This edition of the novel is illustrated by a number of prominent artists, notably F. Faed, J. E. Millais, J. MacWhirter, and T. Graham.

The Rose-Belford Publishing Co. have in press *Buckle's History of Civilization in England*, in three handsome volumes. This edition will contain a complete and carefully revised index, specially prepared for this work. The price per volume has been fixed at one dollar and a half.

* The Wisdom Series—*Selections from the Apocrypha; The Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach*. Edited by the Editor of 'Quiet Hours.' Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *Macleod of Dare* (illustrated). By WILLIAM BLACK, author of *Mad Cap Violet, etc.* Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1878.

ABOUT SOME FIRE MOUNTAINS.

BY E. C. BRUCE.

IZALCO.

BEFORE considering the embryology of fire-mountains, let us begin with their birth. This was formerly provocative of disputes not unworthy in their ardour of the fiery theme. The theory of "craters of

elevation," or the lifting of a great mountain bodily by subterranean force in the form of a gigantic vesicle or bubble, was asserted and defended by no less authority than that of Von Buch and Alexander von Humboldt. It was opposed by Lyell, Poulett-Scrope and the great majority of modern geologists. Von Buch, the father of the theory, based it chiefly on his observations in the Canary Islands. One of them especially, Palma, seemed to offer support to it by the shape in which the mountain was projected above the level of the sea. From all the coast of the island the ground rises gradually toward the centre, attaining a height, at the rim of the hollow interior, of over five thousand feet. The depth of the central basin is nearly as great. At one point it is cut through by a ravine which opens a passage to the sea. Along this furrow, called the Barranca de las Angustias, the almost perpendicular inside walls of the great crater continue themselves at a diminishing elevation. The external slope, much gentler, is studded

VOLCANO AND VOLCANELLO.

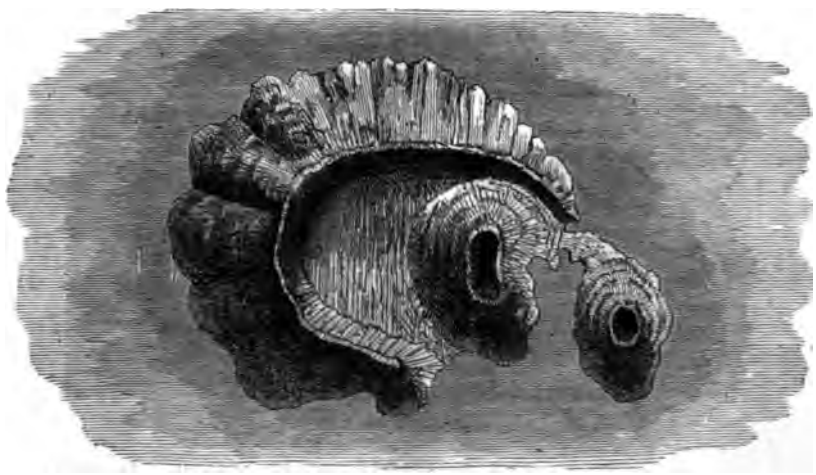
with cones of scoriæ, many of them having miniature craters which formerly sent forth lava.

Von Buch conceived that the layers of volcanic matter which compose the island, and are now tilted toward a common centre, lay originally in a horizontal position at the bottom of the sea. Raised thence, the hollow summit, after enduring the strain to a certain point, fell in, and left the immense cavity now occupying its place. To subsequent accretions by ejection he allows but little effect in swelling the mass of the island. Finding in the centre of the reversed and fallen cone the point of least resistance, the forces beneath effected there a new outlet, and formed a crater of eruption, the matters expelled from which gradually filled the cavity and raised themselves above it. Hence the familiar spectacle of an active cone rising in the centre of an amphitheatre. Barren Island, in the Bay of Bengal, offers a clear illustration. The Somma, or ancient wall which encloses Vesuvius, and a similar erection which has been traced around Teneriffe, suggest themselves among many others we could cite. Volcano, represented in these pages in profile and in plan, has a secondary crater on the exterior circuit.

Another argument in favour of this view was based on the assumed impossibility of lava coming to a stand upon an inclination of more than six degrees to the horizon. Observations are, however, numerous and positive of its having arrested its progress and formed sheets upon a surface of fif-

teen, or even at Mauna Loa of twenty-four, degrees slope. At Lanzerote, in the eruption of 1750-56, a stream of basaltic lava formed a layer from two to four feet thick on a grade of thirty degrees. The sharply-drawn furrows at Palma, supposed by Von Buch to be crevices opened in the process of elevation, are wider at bottom than top, contrary to the shape required by such an origin.

According to the view of the opposite party, a comparatively slight opening, like the fissures through which water passes down, having been effected in the crust of the globe, ashes and melted stone, simultaneously or in various shades of alternation, are projected in volumes which in the course of time build up the volcano, with no great local disturbance of the penetrated strata. The canal or vertical pipe, inconsiderable it may be at first, enlarges its dimensions—like that, for instance, of Vesuvius, which was widened to a diameter of one thousand feet by the explosions of fifteen days. The ejected matter rolls



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VOLCANO AND VOLCANELLO.

back into the enlarged funnel, and thus, aided by the secular sinking of the exhausted focus beneath, forms a vast cavity, sometimes miles across. The showers and currents which reach the scrap are subject only to the influence of gravity and the rains. Thus, their thickness increases. The apparent height of the enceinte is enhanced also by the breaking through, generally at a single point, of water or lava from the cavity. The degradation thus caused often forms peninsulas in the sea, and corresponding deposits on land. In the Pacific are many hollow islands like Palma, with the floor more depressed, so as to lie under water. One of this character furnished a refuge, two or three years ago, to the water-logged transport Magæra and her crew. If we draw a horizontal line across the lowest point of the crater of Orizaba, we have one of these islands reproduced and their formation illustrated.

Upon the perpendicular walls of the tremendous seam called the Val del Bove, three thousand feet deep, the anatomy of Etna is depicted. It presents a succession of inclined beds of lava, tufa and scoriæ, cut through by dykes or narrow injected clefts, which traverse them nearly at right angles. Such fissures, we may remark here, are the channels into which pass, either originally or after the decomposition of their first contents, the sublimations which leave metallic ores.

It is a fair presumption, were there no facts to justify other than a presumption, that the great volcanoes are born like the little ones, and they are frequent attendants upon cataclysms in all volcanic regions. Two small mountains, called Monte Rossi, were formed in a fortnight on the side of Etna in 1669, the ejected cinders covering a space of two miles. These are members of a large family that flourishes around the same hearth. It numbers about eighty at present, but is liable to change from the diseases which afflict infancy. Many are swept off in early childhood, while others grow up through a *jeunesse orageuse*, and finally fill the place of their enfeebled parent in the active world.

But the study of nascent volcanoes is not limited to specimens like these. Hills of greater size and in detached localities have erected themselves before the eyes of modern observers, and added to the long list sent down by their predecessors. The Chinese and Japanese records note occurences of the kind. Aristotle tells us of a submarine eruption in his day. Strabo describes a flaming mountain that sprang up in a night, and made the sea boil to a distance of five furlongs. Ovid speaks with the scientific precision to be expected from a poet of his stamp of a like apparition on the promontory of Methone.

We shall refer to events not dependent for their authenticity on Mongol chroniclers or Roman poets. On a September afternoon in 1538 the sea suddenly backed a thousand yards from the Neapolitan coast under Monte Barbaro. Next morning the earth sank in the place afterward occupied by the crater. Water flowed from the spot, at first cold, but afterward tepid, with a strong odour of sulphur. Toward noon, the sea, which had lowered its level twelve yards since morning, rose again, and at the

MONTE NUOVO.

same moment a crater opened near Lake Avernus, hard by, and ejected smoke, flame, cinders, stones and mud with the noise of cannon. The air was black with ashes and scoriæ, and in four days they had built up in the valley between the lake and Monte Barbaro a hill nearly as high as the latter, and three miles in circumference. The eruption began on the 29th, and four days after, the 3rd of of October, it was possible to climb the hill, three thousand feet high. The work had been done, however, in forty-eight hours. That the blister theory gets small comfort from Monte

JULIA ISLAND.

Nuovo is clear from the fact that the columns of the ancient temple of Apollo at the base of the mountain maintained their perpendicular. A result, either of the immediate outburst or of the earthquakes which had afflicted the neighbourhood for two years previously, was an upheaval of the adjacent shore to an extent of thirty-six feet, as a deposit of recent shells at that elevation indicates. This is a rise utterly trivial by the side of that attained by the mountain, and it appears to have been but one of several oscillations experienced on the same shores within the Christian era, as Lyell has pointed out in his remarks on the so-called temple of Serapis.

Monte Nuovo has been idle since the year of its birth, only a little smoke representing the once formidable life that filled its crater. But it may revive at any time, as perhaps even may, after a far longer period of repose, its classic neighbours, Lucinus, Acheron, Avernus, and a host of others silent for many centuries, but still breathing heavily, and sometimes stentoriously. From 1500 to 1631, A.D. the crater of Vesuvius was as placid and pastoral as when Spartacus, the Roman Robin Hood, pranked it there gaily with his merry men in dells dense and fragrant with ilex and myrtle.

It was on the 29th of September, two hundred and twenty-one years later, and on the opposite side of the Atlantic, that Jorullo saw the light. It rose, and stands, fifteen hundred feet above the plain, thirty leagues from the coast and more than forty from any other volcano. The basaltic rocks of the neighbouring mountains, however, indicate an ancient seat of volcanic activity. This apart, its isolation from the ordinary sources of irritation is, as compared with Monte Nuovo, complete. Jorullo rose so sud-

denly that the first warning was the discovery of ashes on the hats of peons at work on the spot. These infernal snowflakes 'soft and mute,' preceded the tempest. It burst in all its fury by the time the natives had fled to the hills.

Jorullo appears to have burned for about a year, and to have ejected in that time four sheets of lava, and covered a tract four miles square, thenceforward known from its utter desolation, as the Malpays or Bad Lands. It, with five other cones reared at the same time, and somewhat less in height, emits in our day only a little smoke. The plain around it is nevertheless covered with jets of smoke and vapour from thousands of little fumaroles three or four feet high, styled by the inhabitants *hornitos*, or ovens. This lava-strewn plateau was thought by Humboldt to have been raised five hundred feet above the surrounding level at the instant of Jorullo's appearance or just before it; but modern explorers agree in the opinion that what elevation exists is due to emissions of lava. It does not exceed a fourth of the distance from the original surface to the summit of the new mountain, nor does it amount in bulk to a greater mass than that repeatedly ejected at a single eruption elsewhere.

Izalco, in San Salvador, is ten years younger than Jorullo. Its birthday was the 25th of February, 1770. It came up through a farm, the occupants of which had for some months been disturbed by subterranean shocks and noises. The earth opened half a mile from the steading, and sent out lava and smoke. No tumescence is mentioned. It could not possibly have been great enough to give any countenance to the bubble theory, or the hacienderos would have been abruptly poured off the sides of their unfortu-

EXTINCT CRATERS IN AUVERGNE.

nate plantation. They had no care but to get out of the way of the cinders, which were borne by the wind eighteen miles.

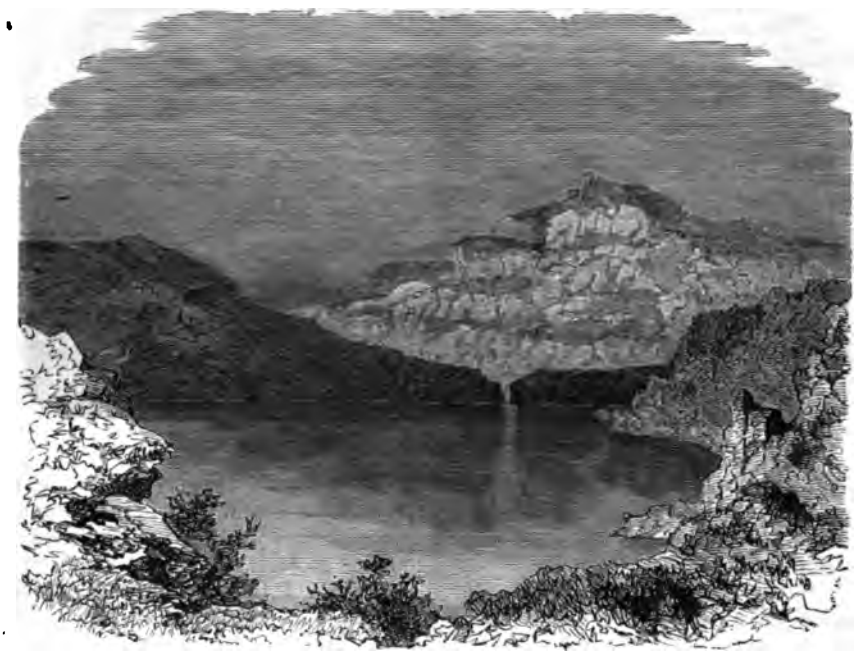
Unlike the two others, Izalco did not exhaust itself with a single effort. It continues, and still continues, to rage and to increase in height. It has attained the stature of Vesuvius, and there is no reason why it should not, in the remote future that shall make our age geologic, rank with the existing giants of the Cordilleras, created doubtless in substantially the same way.

It is barely a quarter of a century

since Central America was further enriched with a new volcano. Mr. George Squier witnessed the occurrence, and describes in his lively way an ascent he soon after made to the cone. The volcano was a lusty infant, but ceased to breathe before the neighbouring clergy could follow their custom of blessing and baptizing it. All the Nicaraguan volcanoes were thus Christianized soon after the Conquest, with the exception of one fiery heathen who never sent back the deputation of monks commissioned to plant the cross upon his crest. Unregenerate Momotombo still speaks in the old thunder to the strange idols of stone that stare up at him from the woods below.

Religious honours were likewise accorded to islets of volcanic origin in the Mediterranean. Delos and Rhodes the classic historians and naturalists could report only on the strength of tradition as having suddenly sprung from the waves. To the birth of others, as Thera, Theraica, Hiera and Thia, they were able to affix known dates. Their accounts have been verified by modern geologists, who trace the eruptive rocks in all these islands. Collateral evidence has been furnished by the actual elevation of additional islands in the same sea, and out of the substance of the ancient ones, within the Christian era.

In A.D. 726, Hiera and Thia were blended by a new eruption into one island. This, now called Great Kaïmeni, was enlarged in 1573 by the accession from the same source of a fire-blackened rock styled Little Kaïmeni; and in 1707-12, New Kaimeni. two thousand yards across and two hundred feet high. was added to the group. In 1866 this persistent focus was again convulsed. New Kaimeni was enlarged by a promontory two hundred feet long at one point, and a projection of nearly equal dimensions at another part of the coast. During this eruption an incandescent rock set fire to a vessel and killed the captain.



LAKE PAVIN.

FINGAL'S CAVE.

Elevation and depression were alike traits of these convulsions. The new islands rose and fell several times before establishing a firm submarine foundation, and their elder neighbours suffered at some points a lowering of their level. The road of Santorin, in which they lie, may be accounted the mother crater.

Meanwhile, far west of the Cyclades, Etna was giving signs of a propensity for annexation. In July, 1831, in the open sea off the harbour of Sciacca, on the south-western coast of Sicily, the skipper of a Sicilian brig was astonished by the spectacle of a wave that swelled to a height of eighty feet, and when it subsided gave way to a dense

ENTRANCE TO FINGAL'S CAVE.

column of smoke. This happened several times, at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes. Scoriæ and dead fish floated ashore in great quantities. In twelve days an islet had been formed, crateriform in shape, and capped with a sheaf of smoke and ashes two thousand feet high. The greatest breadth of the mound was eight hundred feet. Its height was variable, but usually at the extreme point sixty feet. The materials ejected were too light to build a solid substratum or resist the action of the waves. Hence the short-lived island, with a flag and a name—Julia, Graham, Nerit, Ferdinandea – for each month of its existence, had in November disappeared. On the 25th of December the sounding-line showed twenty-four fathoms on its site. Etna's first outlying colony was a failure.

The island of Sabrina, in the Azores, had a longer lease of life—from 1811 to 1822. That of Johanna Bogaslawa, in the Aleutian Archipelago, has passed threescore and ten, but shows plain marks of age and portents of dissolution. Like Sabrina and Julia, the hyperborean recruit was rickety from the cradle. His bony framework was defective and deficient. The softer tissues predominated: and as neither

men nor volcanoes can live like jelly-fish, he must perforce succumb. He lacked the stamina of the Grecian striplings, the lusty sprouts of Olympus.

The traces of superficial volcanic action, perfectly apparent to the tourist of to-day in Germany, Hungary, Spain, Greece and its islands, were not detected, or certainly not openly recognized, before the beginning of the present century. Lyell has made us familiar with the beautifully-marked groups of craters in Catalonia and Auvergne. In the latter are pointed out thirty-nine, besides some others less unmistakably marked. They all lie within a space of twenty-five or thirty miles. Lava, scoriæ, calcined stones and soil of the character due to the disintegration of such materials leave no doubt of the forces which have once been at work, even were the conformation of the country such as to admit of question on that point. The most cursory reader who glances at the engraving of the beautiful Lake Pavin, slumbering at the foot of Mont Dialme in its cradle railed in with basalt, must pronounce its basin a duplicate of those of Etna and Kilauea. 'Its fires are out from shore to shore,' and the probability of their rekind-

CRATER OF TENERIFFE.

ling may be postponed at least to some remote period in the future when the continent shall have been remodelled. They have been extinguished from the Pliocene period, and deposits containing the bones of the hippopotamus, tapir, etc., interleave with their latest lava-beds. Yet these beds, one of them thirteen miles long, are as fresh looking in their texture as though the eruption had occurred last year. The surface of the country, in its relations to the sea-level, has not been materially changed. The region was then, as now, inland, and the volcanic outbursts sub-aërial.

Very different in the conditions of formation are the traces of the same force we encounter in Staffa and on the coast of Antrim. The famous cave and causeway were shaped at the bottom of the sea, and the lava, crystallized into columns, subsequently upheaved by a movement extending over a wide area, and acting so smoothly

niformly as to cause little or no
ption. The pillars are as erect as
ı the whale swam above them. A
ıduction on land of Fingal's re-
is seen in the Cheese Grotto near
ɜntz. The basalt there flowed from
ght on which craters are traceable
y. Beds of the same rock in the
of Trezza carry us back to the
ınd lead us south toward another
d of volcanic origin, not depen-
dent on tradition or fable for association with giants, but trodden within living memory by a mightier than Fingal. For Napoleon, born of the fire-fraught soil of the Mediterranean, the summit of an extinct volcano was a fitting tomb.

The United States can claim but two active volcanoes—St. Helen's, a fellow-picket, far removed, of Jorullo on the line of the Cordilleras, and its

RUINS OF LISBON.

loser on the north, St. Elias, a
in height of Orizaba. Pre-
ric craters are nearly as rare.
y enough, the chief one we have
:e, that of Mount Shasta, near the
'ornia and Oregon line, has asso-
d itself with the single military
t which the meagre annals of the
fic coast have contributed to
ry.

ıe eastern and northern coasts of
Pacific are formed by a volcanic
ɜ, as every schoolboy knows.

Starting from Tierra del Fuego, it passes through Mexico and our western limits to Behring Strait. There, deflected south-westwardly, it makes stepping-stones of the Aleutian cluster, and goes through Kamtchatka, Japan and the Philippines to the Molluccas. There it divides—one branch turning westward by Borneo, Java and Sumatra to Birmah, while a second threads the New Hebrides and New Zealand toward its culmination at the South Pole in Mounts Erebus and Terror,

making a tolerably continuous oval. Looking to the Atlantic, another system may be traced from Iceland past the Hebrides, the middle Rhine, Auvergne, and the Apennines to Vesuvius, Etna and the Grecian Archipelago. This line may be connected with the other system on the coast by Ararat and the Thian-Shan, and to the west by Madeira, the Azores, the Caribbees and Venezuela. From this branch an offshoot skirts the African coast in a line parallel with it, and strikes by way of Teneriffe, St. Paul and St. Helena, toward the same objective point at the South Pole.

Upheavals and depressions on a great scale, and operating slowly over vast areas, have made broad gaps in these lines, and obliterated others formerly no doubt quite as clearly marked. No one of these rows of

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chimneys is at any time continuous and synchronous in activity; but the clefts supposed to underlie and be tapped by them reveal their continuity frequently by sympathetic movements involving points separated by thousands of miles. Paroxysms in Hecla, Vesuvius and Etna have more than once been palpably coincident. In 1835, Coseguina in Nicaragua, Corcovado and Aconcagua, burst into eruption on one and the same day. The first and last are separated by an interval of thirty-five hundred miles. What vehicle of communication is it that travels with such velocity? Sound would traverse the distance named in about five hours. It is on record that Coseguina was heard at Bogotà, eleven hundred miles as the crow flies. The atmosphere could not have accomplished this. The reverberation must have been conveyed along the crust of the earth through the secret speaking-tube of the fraternity. The mere concussion may have caused the explosions, by unsettling the equilibrium of the slumbering forces, much as the Strockr is summoned into action by a pebble. Without requiring the existence of hollow cores to the mountain-ridges, we may

assume a horizontal prolonga- of such ducts as supply active s, or grooves which facilitate the ge of gases along certain lines. roducts of combustion must have ieans of reaching their definite ermanent outlets. When any of are found to act in concert, the ction of their having a subter- n connection cannot be escaped. acute and systematic observer, Charles Darwin, long ago made such a declaration, and facts to sustain it have since accumulated.

When the gases rising from the molten interior lake seek egress, they force their way in a broad sheet through the space between its surface and the under side of the incumbent shell, and the enormous tension cannot fail to tell upon the inelastic crust. As a rule, the volume of these fluids

WELLS CAUSED BY EARTHQUAKES.

insufficent to produce a serious r unless steam be added to them influx of water. Even then, bration they cause before reach- e escape-valve is, even in extreme relatively very slight. The errible earthquake does not com- when measured by the body upon rface of which it acts, with the n of a horse's skin in shaking off

It is imperceptible to the eye se who experience it in an open plain. Men and the lower animals are seldom overthrown by the move- ment of the soil. Their injuries are due to falling of walls, and less fre- quently to the sudden opening of crevices in the soil. These disruptions, a few feet across, dwindle to an in- finitely small dislocation as they sink toward the centre of disturbance. Usually, the shocks last but a few moments, room for expansion into sea or air having been found by the im-

prisoned vapour. Sometimes, however, they are repeated during days, and even months. The destructive earthquake which warned the Pompeiians of their approaching doom, and gave them a foretaste of it, preceded the eruption six years.

More puzzling and perilous than the propulsive is the rotatory style of agitation. We may well believe that notes from calm and curious observers of

TEMPLE OF SERAPIS.

this phenomenon are not plentiful. The soil is described as whirling like the surface of coffee when stirred with the spoon. It seems to be liquid. The land-waves may be regular or irregular. The results of both astonish, whether with ruin or the inexplicable arrest of ruin. Cultivated fields slide one over the other. In the Calabrian earthquake above mentioned the pedestals of two obelisks in front of the church of St. Etienne del Bosco maintained their normal position, but the

[illegible] of numerous and equally disastrous earthquakes in more recent years, none have eclipsed in the general mind that of Lisbon, November 1, 1755. The attack and instantaneous reduction of a European capital by a new and terrible invader made an impression that will yet be long in dying out. The accounts of eye-witnesses are abundant and full. Even in our day, a hundred and twenty years later, new ones are discovered in private letters written at the time, and since buried in desks and chests. Many English were in the city or on vessels in the Tagus who could describe the event in its two aspects on land and water.

In this case there was no warning. At half-past nine in the morning a tremendous noise was followed by a shock which prostrated the most solid structures of Lisbon in an instant. Some minutes after the movement was renewed in a kind likened to that of a chariot rolling with extreme violence over a rugged surface. First and last, the terrible blow occupied six minutes. The bed of the river rose in several places to the level of its waters, and the great quay of the Prada was swallowed up with a crowd who had sought safety upon it. For a brief space of time the harbour was left almost dry, but the water returned in a billow fifty feet high, which swept many walls left standing. Toward noon another shock, more feeble than its predecessors, closed the tragedy, which was not confined to Lisbon. Oporto, Cadiz and Madrid felt the shock at the same time, almost to a minute. Other towns and some of the loftiest mountains of the Peninsula experienced it with more or less

ted results, but it did not restrict to the bounds of Spain and ugal, nor was its severity by any is measured solely by distance any supposed focus. The con- on is estimated to have affected area equal to a twelfth part of surface of the globe; not only all Europe shaken but a part of rica and North Africa. The dis- ance, however, was not simultane- ver this extent. It distributed itself through some days. Turin and Milan felt it seriously, the latter on the 1st of November, and the former on the 9th. In Brieg houses were overthrown. The Lake of Neufchâtel overflowed its banks. The small Lake of Morat near it sank twenty feet, and remained at the new level. Vesuvius, in eruption at the time, was suddenly silenced, and its column of smoke re-absorbed into the crater. Churches in Rotterdam were shaken ten hours

CRATER OF MERBABU.

the Lisbon shock. Lakes and gs in many parts of Germany, way and Sweden were affected. ttoral wave swept the coasts of tern Europe, rising eight or ten on the coast of Cornwall, and do- great mischief there. The Scot- lakes rose three feet. Tetuan, iers, Fez, Mequinez and other an towns, approached Lisbon in ompleteness of their destruction. Mequinez a mountain opened and discharged torrents of turbid water—one of the escape-valves, possibly. Westward across the Atlantic the vast oscillation took its way. At Madeira the sea rose fifteen feet. A billow twenty feet high is said to have entered the harbour of St. Martin's in the West Indies. On the 18th November the impulse reached New England. In Boston chimneys were overthrown or cracked, and among the farms stone fences had the like mishaps.

The tread of the earthquake is not stamped only in shattered cities. The granite of Monte Polisterra in Calabria was split in 1783 for a distance of nine or ten leagues. At Terranova and Oppido houses disappeared utterly. Rosarno shows a bequest of the same convulsion in cylindrical wells which recall the Geysers. These are but examples of crevices and wells opened in other parts of the world recently, and anciently. Dykes and "faults," or slides, thus originating, are familiar to quarrymen, miners and geologists.

Evidence is wanting of permanent elevation or depression of the soil over any considerable area due to these sharp and sudden commotions. Localized effects of this kind have been often traced to them. Since the shock of 1750 at Concepcion in Chili, vessels have been unable to come within three leagues of the old port, and the rise of the coast is estimated at twenty-six feet. Again in 1822 the level of the coast at Valparaiso is said to have been changed four feet, and in 1835 a shock which followed an eruption of Coseguina raised three hundred miles of the Chilian coast five feet, and immediately depressed it three feet. This last change was so very slight as to be contested. Admiral (then Lieutenant) Wilkes tested the point by soundings, and came to an adverse conclusion. An elevation of the surface of New Zealand over a space of 4,600 square miles to a height varying at different points between one and nine feet, by a violent shock on the 23rd January, 1855, seems to be better avouched.

In the oft-cited case of the Neapolitan ruin which antiquarians dub the temple of Jupiter-Serapis the alternate elevations and depressions are probably secular. The preservation of absolute verticality by the remaining columns, and absence of dislocation in the pavement on which they stand and constructions around them, is at war with the allegation that the movements were due to a cataclysm.

A gradual depression of the western coast of Greenland, continuous during at least the past four centuries over a length north and south of six hundred miles, is established by incontestable proofs. Another northern peninsula, that of Sweden, has been for a longer period in process of upheaval. This movement covers a line of a thousand miles north and south. The rate at the North Cape is calculated at five feet in a century, diminishing toward Denmark.

From such facts we may conclude that the subterranean forces act with a steady, equable and prolonged effort, as well as with sporadic and violent blows, and that they accomplish more by the former than by the latter method. We have seen that the two forms of movement may coexist without interfering, earthquake shocks shooting across areas of upheaval and depression like lightning over the plain, as the vast succession of strata enveloping the earth 'like the coats of an onion' are penetrated by injected clefts.

Are these forces, various in their manifestations, complex and distinct in their character? Are they all to be summarily ascribed to a molten interior? If so, does liquefaction by heat extend to the centre of the sphere? Has the shrinking of the earth from either pole and expansion at the equator, productive of a present difference in diameter five times greater than the height of the loftiest mountains, nothing to do with the erection of those mountains, of the long ridges they stud, and of the broader and more gentle plateaus upon which they stand? May not the assigned fluctuation of two and a half degrees—granting that to be its extreme amount—in the inclination of the equator to the ecliptic, perpetually changing, as it does, the distance of each point on the earth's surface from its centre of gravity, combine with the former influence in affecting gradually or suddenly the distribution of land and water?

THE HAUNTED HOTEL.

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXV.—*Continued.*

HENRY made no further attempt to dispute with her. She had impressed him with a certain reluctant respect for her own opinion in spite of himself.

'Have you thought of any better way of arriving at the truth?' he asked. 'Who is to help us? No doubt there is the Countess, who has the clue to the mystery in her own hands. But, in the present state of her mind, is her testimony to be trusted—even if she were willing to speak? Judging by my own experience, I should say decidedly not.'

'You don't mean that you have seen her again?' Agnes eagerly interposed.

'Yes, I had half an hour to spare before dinner; and I disturbed her once more over her endless writing.'

'And you told her what you found when you opened the hiding-place?'

'Of course I did!' Henry replied. 'I said, in so many words, that I held her responsible for the discovery, and that I expected her to reveal the whole truth. She went on with her writing as if I had spoken in an unknown tongue! I was equally obstinate, on my side. I told her plainly that the head had been placed under the care of the police, and that the manager and I had signed our declarations and given our evidence. She paid not the slightest heed to me. By way of tempting her to speak, I added that the whole investigation was to be kept a secret, and that she might depend on my discretion. For the moment I thought I had succeeded. She looked up from her writing with a passing flash of curiosity, and said, "What are they going to do with it?"—meaning I suppose, the head. I answered that it was to be privately buried, after photographs of it had first been taken. I even went the length of communicating the opinion of the surgeon consulted, that some chemical means of arresting decomposition had been used, and had only partially succeeded—and I asked her point-blank if the surgeon was right? The trap was not a bad one—but it completely failed. She said in the coolest manner, "Now you are here, I should like to consult you about my play; I am at a loss for some new incidents." Mind! there was nothing satirical in this. She was really eager to read her wonderful work to me—evidently supposing that I took a special interest in such things, because my brother is the manager of a theatre! I left her, making the first excuse that occurred to me. So far as I am concerned, I can do nothing with her. But it is possible that *your* influence may succeed with her again, as it has succeeded already. Will you make the attempt, to satisfy your own mind? She is still upstairs; and I am quite ready to accompany you.'

Agnes shuddered at the bare suggestion of another interview with the Countess.

'I can't! I daren't!' she exclaimed. 'After what has happened in that horrible room, she is more repellent to

me than ever. Don't ask me to do it, Henry! Feel my hand—you have turned me as cold as death only with talking of it!'

She was not exaggerating the terror that possessed her. Henry hastened to change the subject.

'Let us talk of something more interesting,' he said, 'I have a question to ask you about yourself. Am I right in believing that the sooner you get away from Venice the happier you will be?'

'Right?' she repeated, excitedly. 'You are more than right! No words can say how I long to be away from this horrible place. But you know how I am situated—you heard what Lord Montbarry said at dinner-time?'

'Suppose he has altered his plans since dinner-time?' Henry suggested.

Agnes looked surprised. 'I thought he had received letters from England which obliged him to leave Venice to-morrow,' she said.

'Quite true,' Henry admitted. 'He had arranged to start for England to-morrow, and to leave you and Lady Montbarry and the children to enjoy your holiday in Venice under my care. Circumstances have occurred, however, which have forced him to alter his plans. He must take you all back with him to-morrow, because I am not able to assume the charge of you. I am obliged to give up my holiday in Italy, and return to England too.'

Agnes looked at him in some little perplexity: she was not quite sure whether she understood him or not. 'Are you really obliged to go back?' she asked.

Henry smiled as he answered her. 'Keep the secret,' he said, 'or Montbarry will never forgive me!'

She read the rest in his face. 'Oh?' she exclaimed, blushing brightly, 'you have not given up your pleasant holiday in Italy on my account?'

'I shall go back with you to England, Agnes. That will be holiday enough for *me*.'

She took his hand in an irrepressible outburst of gratitude. 'How good you are to me!' she murmured tenderly. 'What should I have done in the troubles that have come to me, without your sympathy? I can't tell you, Henry, how I feel your kindness.'

She tried impulsively to lift his hand to her lips. He gently stopped her. 'Agnes,' he said, 'are you beginning to understand how truly I love you?'

That simple question found its own way to her heart. She owned the whole truth, without saying a word. She looked at him—and then looked away again.

He drew her to his bosom. 'My own darling!' he whispered—and kissed her. Softly and tremulously, the sweet lips lingered, and touched his lips in return. Then her head drooped. She put her arms round his neck, and hid her face in his bosom. They spoke no more.

The charmed silence had lasted but a little while, when it was mercilessly broken by a knock at the door.

Agnes started to her feet. She placed herself at the piano: the instrument being opposite to the door, it was impossible, when she seated herself on the music-stool, for any person entering the room to see her face. Henry called out irritably, 'Come in.'

The door was not opened. The person on the other side asked a strange question.

'Is Mr. Henry Westwick alone?'

Agnes instantly recognized the voice of the Countess. She hurried to a second door, which communicated with one of the bed-rooms. 'Don't let her come near me!' she whispered nervously. 'Good night, Henry! good night!'

If Henry could, by an effort of will, have transported the Countess to the uttermost ends of the earth, he would have made the effort without remorse. As it was, he only repeated, more irritably than ever, 'Come in!'

She entered the room slowly with

her everlasting manuscript in her hand. Her step was unsteady; a dark flush appeared on her face, in place of its customary pallor; her eyes were bloodshot and widely dilated. In approaching Henry, she showed a strange incapability of calculating her distances—she struck against the table near which he happened to be sitting. When she spoke, her articulation was confused, and her pronunciation of some of the longer words was hardly intelligible. Most men would have suspected her of being under the influence of some intoxicating liquor. Henry took a truer view—he said, as he placed a chair for her, 'Countess, I am afraid you have been working too hard: you look as if you wanted rest.'

She put her hand to her head. 'My invention has gone,' she said. 'I can't write my fourth act. It's all a blank—all a blank!'

Henry advised her to wait till the next day. 'Go to bed,' he suggested; 'and try to sleep.'

She waved her hand impatiently. 'I must finish the play,' she answered. 'I only want a hint from you. You must know something about plays. Your brother has got a theatre. You must often have heard him talk about fourth and fifth acts—you must have seen rehearsals, and all the rest of it.' She abruptly thrust the manuscript into Henry's hand. 'I can't read it to you,' she said; 'I feel giddy when I look at my own writing. Just run your eye over it, there's a good fellow—and give me a hint.'

Henry glanced at the manuscript. He happened to look at the list of the persons of the drama. As he read the list he started and turned abruptly to the Countess, intending to ask her for some explanation. The words were suspended on his lips. It was but too plainly useless to speak to her. Her head lay back on the upper rail of the chair. She seemed to be half asleep already. The flush on her face had deepened: she looked like a woman who was in danger of having a fit.

He rang the bell, and directed the man who answered it to send one of the chambermaids upstairs. His voice seemed to partially rouse the Countess; she opened her eyes in a slow drowsy way. 'Have you read it?' she asked.

It was necessary as a mere act of humanity to humour her. 'I will read it willingly,' said Henry, 'if you will go upstairs to bed. You shall hear what I think of it to-morrow morning. Our heads will be clearer, we shall be better able to make the fourth act in the morning.'

The chambermaid came in while he was speaking. 'I am afraid the lady is ill,' Henry whispered. 'Take her up to her room.' The woman looked at the Countess and whispered back, 'Shall we send for a doctor, sir?'

Henry advised taking her upstairs first, and then asking the manager's advice. There was great difficulty in persuading her to rise, and accept the support of the chambermaid's arm. It was only by reiterated promises to read the play that night, and to make the fourth act in the morning, that Henry prevailed on the Countess to return to her room.

Left to himself, he began to feel a certain languid curiosity in relation to the manuscript. He looked over the pages, reading a line here and a line there. Suddenly he changed colour as he read—and looked up from the manuscript like a man bewildered. 'Good God! what does this mean?' he said to himself.

His eyes turned nervously to the door by which Agnes had left him. She might return to the drawing-room; she might want to see what the Countess had written. He looked back again at the passage which startled him—considered with himself for a moment—and suddenly and softly left the room.

Chapter XXVI.

ENTERING his own room on the upper floor, Henry placed the manuscript on his table, open at the first leaf. His nerves were unquestionably shaken; his hand trembled as he turned the pages; he started at chance noises on the staircase of the hotel.

The scenario, or outline, of the Countess's Play began with no formal prefatory phrases. She presented herself and her work with the easy familiarity of an old friend.

'Allow me, dear Mr. Francis Westwick, to introduce to you the persons in my proposed Play. Behold them, arranged symmetrically in a line.

'My Lord. The Baron. The Courier. The Doctor. The Countess.

'I don't trouble myself, you see, to invent fictitious family names. My characters are sufficiently distinguished by their social titles, and by the striking contrast which they present one with another.

'The First Act opens——

'No! Before I open the First Act, I must announce, in justice to myself, that this Play is entirely the work of my own invention. I scorn to borrow from actual events; and, what is more extraordinary still, I have not stolen one of my ideas from the Modern French drama. As the manager of an English theatre, you will naturally refuse to believe this. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters —except the opening of my first act.

'We are at Homburg, in the famous Salon d'Or, at the height of the season. The Countess (exquisitely dressed) is seated at the green table. Strangers of all nations are standing behind the players, venturing their money or only looking on. My Lord is among the strangers. He is struck by the Countess's personal appearance in which beauties and defects are fantastically mingled in the most attractive manner. He watches the Countess's game, and places his money where he sees her deposit her own little stake. She looks round at him, and says "Don't trust to my colour; I have been unlucky the whole evening. Place your stake on the other colour, and you may have a chance of winning." My Lord (a true Englishman) blushes, bows, and obeys. The Countess proves a true prophet. She loses again. My Lord wins twice the sum that he has risked.

'The Countess rises from the table. She has no more money, and she offers my Lord her chair.

'Instead of taking it, he politely places his winnings in her hand, and begs her to accept the loan as a favour to himself. The Countess stakes again, and loses again. My Lord smiles superbly, and presses a second loan on her. From that moment her luck turns. She wins, and wins largely. Her brother, the Baron, trying his fortune in another room, hears of what is going on, and joins my Lord and the Countess.

'Pay attention, if you please, to the Baron. He is delineated as a remarkable and interesting character.

'This noble person has begun life with a single-minded devotion to the science of experimental chemistry, very surprising in a young and handsome man with a brilliant future before him. A profound knowledge of the occult sciences has persuaded the Baron that it is possible to solve the famous problem called the "Philosopher's Stone." His own pecuniary resources have long since been exhausted by his costly experiment. His sister has next supplied him with the small fortune at her disposal; reserving only the family jewels, placed in the charge of her banker and friend at Frankfort. The Countess's fortune also being swallowed up, the Baron has in a fatal moment sought for new supplies at the gaming table. He proves, at starting on his perilous career, to be a favourite of fortune; wins largely, and alas! profanes his

noble enthusiasm for science by yielding his soul to the all-debasing passion of the gamester.

'At the period of the Play the Baron's good fortune has deserted him. He sees his way to a crowning experiment in the fatal search after the secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold. But how is he to pay the preliminary expenses? Destiny like a mocking echo, answers How?'

'Will his sister's winnings (with my Lord's money) prove large enough to help him? Eager for this result, he gives the Countess his advice how to play. From that disastrous moment the infection of his own adverse fortune spreads to his sister. She loses again, and again—loses to the last farthing.

'The amiable and wealthy Lord offers a third loan; but the scrupulous Countess positively refuses to take it. On leaving the table, she presents her brother to my Lord. The gentlemen fall into pleasant talk. My Lord asks leave to pay his respects to the Countess, the next morning, at her hotel. The Baron hospitably invites him to breakfast. My Lord accepts, with a last admiring glance at the Countess which does not escape her brother's observation, and takes his leave for the night.

'Alone with his sister, the Baron speaks out plainly. "Our affairs," he says, "are in a desperate condition, and must find a desperate remedy. Wait for me here while I make inquiries about my Lord. You have evidently produced a strong impression on him. If we can turn that impression into money, no matter at what sacrifice, the thing must be done."

'The Countess now occupies the stage alone, and indulges in a soliloquy which develops her character.

'It is at once a dangerous and attractive character. Immense capacities for good are implanted in her nature, side by side with equally remarkable capacities for evil. It rests with circumstances to develop either the one or the other. Being a person who produces a sensation wherever she goes, this noble lady is naturally made the subject of all sorts of scandalous reports. To one of these reports (which falsely and abominably points to the Baron as her lover instead of her brother) she now refers with just indignation. She has just expressed her desire to leave Homburg, as the place in which the vile calumny first took its rise, when the Baron returns, overhears her last words, and says to her, "Yes, leave Homburg by all means; provided you leave it in the character of my Lord's betrothed wife!"

'The Countess is startled and shocked. She protests that she does not reciprocate my Lord's admiration for her. She even goes the length of refusing to see him again. The Baron answers, "I must positively have command of money. Take your choice, between marrying my Lord's income, in the interest of my grand discovery—or leave me to sell myself and my title to the first rich woman of low degree who is ready to buy me."

'The Countess listens in surprise and dismay. Is it possible that the Baron is in earnest? He is horribly in earnest. "The woman who will buy me," he says, "is in the next room to us at this moment. She is the wealthy widow of a Jewish usurer. She has the money I want to reach the solution of the great problem. I have only to be that woman's husband, and to make myself master of untold millions of gold. Take five minutes to consider what I have said to you, and tell me on my return which of us is to marry for the money I want, you or I."

'As he turns away, the Countess stops him.

'All the noblest sentiments in her nature are exalted to the highest pitch, "Where is the true woman," she exclaims, "who wants time to consum-

mate the sacrifice of herself, when the man to whom she is devoted demands it?" She does not want five minutes —she does not want five seconds—she holds out her hand to him, and she says "Sacrifice me on the altar of your glory! Take as stepping-stones on the way to your triumph, my love, my liberty, and my life!"

'On this grand situation the curtain falls. Judging by my first act, Mr. Westwick, tell me truly, and don't be afraid of turning my head: —Am I not capable of writing a good play?'

Henry paused between the First and Second Acts; reflecting, not on the merits of the Play, but on the strange resemblance which the incidents so far presented to the incidents that had attended the disastrous marriage of the first Lord Montbarry.

Was it possible that the Countess, in the present condition of her mind, supposed herself to be exercising her invention when she was only exercising her memory?

The question involved consideration too serious to be made the subject of a hasty decision. Reserving his opinion, Henry turned the page, and devoted himself to the reading of the next act. The manuscript proceeded as follows:—

'The Second Act opens at Venice. An interval of four months has elapsed since the date of the scene at the gambling table. The action now takes place in the reception-room of one of the Venetian palaces.

'The Baron is discovered, alone, on the stage. He reverts to the events which have happened since the close of the First Act. The Countess has sacrificed herself; the mercenary marriage has taken place—but not without obstacles, caused by difference of opinion on the question of marriage settlements.

'Private inquiries, instituted in England, have informed the Baron that my Lord's income is derived chiefly from, what is called, entailed property. In case of accidents, he is surely bound to do something for his bride? Let him, for example, insure his life, for a sum proposed by the Baron, and let him so settle the money that his widow shall have it, if he dies first.

'My Lord hesitates. The Baron wastes no time in useless discussion. "Let us by all means" (he says) "consider the marriage as broken off." My Lord shifts his ground, and pleads for a smaller sum than the sum proposed. The Baron briefly replies, "I never bargain." My Lord is in love; the natural result follows—he gives way.

'So far, the Baron has no cause to complain. But my Lord's turn comes, when the marriage has been celebrated, and when the honeymoon is over. The Baron has joined the married pair at a palace which they have hired in Venice. He is still bent on solving the problem of the "Philosopher's Stone." His laboratory is set up in the vaults beneath the palace—so that smells from chemical experiments may not incommode the Countess, in the higher regions of the house. The one obstacle in the way of his grand discovery is, as usual, the want of money. His position at the present time has become truly critical. He owes debts of honour to gentlemen in his own rank of life, which must positively be paid; and he proposes, in his own friendly manner, to borrow the money of my Lord. My Lord positively refuses, in the rudest terms. The Baron applies to his sister to exercise her conjugal influence. She can only answer that her noble husband (being no longer distractedly in love with her) now appears in his true character, as one of the meanest men living. The sacrifice of the marriage has been made, and has already proved useless.

'Such is the state of affairs at the opening of the second act.

'The entrance of the Countess sud-

denly disturbs the Baron's reflections. She is in a state bordering on frenzy. Incoherent expressions of rage burst from her lips: it is some time before she can sufficiently control herself to speak plainly. She has been doubly insulted—first, by a menial person in her employment; secondly, by her husband. Her maid, an Englishwoman, has declared that she will serve the Countess no longer. She will give up her wages, and return at once to England. Being asked her reason for this strange proceeding, she insolently hints that the Countess's service is no service for an honest woman, since the Baron has entered the house. The Countess does, what any lady in her position would do; she indignantly dismisses the wretch on the spot.

'My Lord, hearing his wife's voice raised in anger, leaves the study in which he is accustomed to shut himself up over his books, and asks what this disturbance means. The Countess informs him of the outrageous language and conduct of her maid. My Lord not only declares his entire approval of the woman's conduct; but expresses his own abominable doubts of his wife's fidelity, in language of such horrible brutality that no lady could pollute her lips by repeating it, "If I had been a man," the Countess says: "and if I had had a weapon in my hand, I would have struck him dead at my feet!"

'The Baron, listening silently so far, now speaks. "Permit me to finish the sentence for you," he says. "You would have struck your husband dead at your feet; and by that rash act, you would have deprived yourself of the insurance money settled on the widow — the very money which is wanted to relieve your brother from the unendurable pecuniary position which he now occupies!"

'The Countess gravely reminds the Baron that this is no joking matter. After what my Lord has said to her, she has little doubt that he will communicate his infamous suspicions to his lawyers in England. If nothing is done to prevent it, she may be divorced and disgraced, and thrown on the world, with no resource but the sale of her jewels to keep her from starving.

'At this moment, the Courier who has been engaged to travel with my Lord from England, crosses the stage with a letter to take to the post. The Countess stops him, and asks to look at the address on the letter. She takes it from him for a moment, and shows it to her brother. The handwriting is my Lord's; and the letter is directed to his lawyers in London.

'The Courier proceeds to the post-office. The Baron and the Countess look at each other in silence. No words are needed. They thoroughly understand the position in which they are placed; they clearly see the terrible remedy for it. What is the plain alternative before them? Disgrace and ruin—or, my Lord's death!

'The Baron walks backwards and forwards in great agitation, talking to himself. The Countess hears fragments of what he is saying. He speaks of my Lord's constitution probably weakened in India—of a cold which my Lord has caught two or three days since—of the remarkable manner in which such slight things as colds sometimes end in serious illness and death.

'He observes that the Countess is listening to him, and asks if she has anything to propose. She is a woman who, with many defects, has the great merit of speaking out. "Is there no such thing as a serious illness" she asks, "corked up in one of those bottles of yours in the vaults downstairs?"

'The Baron answers by gravely shaking his head. What is he afraid of?—a possible examination of the body after death? No: he can set any post-mortem examination at defiance. It is the process of administering the poison that he dreads. A man so distinguished as my Lord cannot be taken seriously ill without medical at-

tendance. Where there is a doctor there is always danger of discovery. Then, again, there is the Courier, faithful to my Lord as long as my Lord pays him. Even if the Doctor sees nothing suspicious, the Courier may discover something. The poison, to do its work with the necessary secrecy, must be repeatedly administered in graduated doses. One trifling miscalculation or mistake may rouse suspicion. The insurance office may hear of it, and may refuse to pay the money. As things are, the Baron will not risk it, and will not allow his sister to risk it in his place.

'My Lord himself is the next character who appears. He has repeatedly rung for the Courier, and the bell has not been answered. "What does this insolence mean?"

'The Countess (speaking with quiet dignity—for why should her infamous husband have the satisfaction of knowing how deeply he has wounded her?) reminds my Lord that the Courier has gone to the post. My Lord asks suspiciously if she has looked at the letter. The Countess informs him coldly that she has no curiosity about his letters. Referring to the cold from which he is suffering, she inquires if he thinks of consulting a medical man. My Lord answers roughly that he is quite old enough to be capable of doctoring himself.

'As he makes this reply, the Courier appears, returning from the post. My Lord gives him orders to go out again and buy some lemons. He proposes to try hot lemonade as a means of inducing perspiration in bed. In that way he has formerly cured colds, and in that way he will cure the cold from which he is suffering now.

'The Courier obeys in silence. Judging by appearances he goes very reluctantly on this second errand.

'My Lord turns to the Baron (who has thus far taken no part in the conversation) and asks him, in a sneering tone, how much longer he proposes to prolong his stay in Venice. The Baron answers quietly, "Let us speak plainly to one another, my Lord. If you wish me to leave your house, you have only to say the word, and I go." My Lord turns to his wife, and asks if she can support the calamity of her brother's absence—laying a grossly insulting emphasis on the word, "brother." The Countess preserves her impenetrable composure; nothing in her betrays the deadly hatred with which she regards the titled ruffian who has insulted her. "You are master in this house, my Lord," is all she says. "Do as you please."

'My Lord looks at his wife; looks at the Baron—and suddenly alters his tone. Does he perceive in the composure of the Countess and her brother something lurking under the surface that threatens him? This is at least certain, he makes a clumsy apology for the language that he has used. (Abject wretch!)

'My Lord's excuses are interrupted by the return of the Courier with the lemons and hot water.

'The Countess observes for the first time that the man looks ill. His hands tremble as he places the tray on the table. My Lord orders his Courier to follow him, and make the lemonade in the bedroom. The Countess remarks, that the Courier seems hardly capable of obeying his orders. Hearing this, the man admits that he is ill. He, too, is suffering from a cold; he has been kept waiting in a draught at the shop where he bought the lemons; he feels alternately hot and cold, and he begs permission to lie down for a little while on his bed.

Feeling her humanity appealed to, the Countess volunteers to make the lemonade herself. My Lord takes the Courier by the arm, leads him aside, and whispers these words to him. "Watch her, and see that she puts nothing into the lemonade; then bring it to me with your own hands; and, then, go to bed, if you like."

'Without a word more to his wife,

or to the Baron, my Lord leaves the room.

'The Countess makes the lemonade, and the Courier takes it to his master.

'Returning, on the way to his own room, he is so weak, and feels, he says, so giddy, that he is obliged to support himself by the backs of the chairs as he passes them. The Baron, always considerate to persons of low degree, offers his arm. "I am afraid, my poor fellow," he says, "that you are really ill." The Courier makes this extraordinary answer: "It's all over with me, Sir: I have caught my death."

'The Countess is naturally startled. "You are not an old man," she says, trying to rouse the Courier's spirits. "At your age, catching cold doesn't surely mean catching your death?" The Courier fixes his eyes despairingly on the Countess.

'"My lungs are weak, my Lady," he says, "I have already had two attacks of bronchitis. The second time, a great physician joined my own Doctor in attendance on me. He considered my recovery almost in the light of a miracle. Take care of yourself," he said. "If you have a third attack of bronchitis, as certainly as two and two make four, you will be a dead man. I feel the same inward shivering, my Lady, that I felt on those two former occasions—and I tell you again, I have caught my death in Venice."

'Speaking some comforting words, the Baron leads him to his room. The Countess is left alone on the stage.

'She seats herself, and looks towards the door by which the Courier has been led out. "Ah! my poor fellow," she says, "if you could only change constitutions with my Lord, what a happy result would follow for the Baron and for me! If *you* could only get cured of a trumpery cold with a little hot lemonade, and if *he* could only catch his death in your place—!"

'She suddenly pauses—considers for awhile—and springs to her feet, with a cry of triumphant surprise; the wonderful, the unparalleled idea has crossed her mind like a flash of lightning. Make the two men change names and places; and the deed is done! Where are the obstacles? Remove my Lord (by fair means or foul) from his room; and keep him secretly prisoner in the palace, to live or die as future necessity may determine. Place the Courier in the vacant bed, and call in the doctor to see him—ill, in my Lord's character, and (if he dies) dying under my Lord's name.'

The manuscript dropped from Henry's hands. A sickening sense of horror overpowered him. The question which had occurred to his mind at the close of the First Act of the Play assumed a new and terrible interest now. As far as the scene of the Countess's soliloquy, the incidents of the Second Act had reflected the events of his late brother's life as faithfully as the incidents of the First Act. Was the monstrous plot, revealed in the lines which he had just read, the offspring of the Countess's morbid imagination? or had she, in this case also, deluded herself with the idea that she was inventing when she was really writing under the influence of her own guilty remembrance of the past? If the latter interpretation were the true one, he had just read the narrative of the contemplated murder of his brother, planned in cold blood by a woman who was at that moment inhabiting the same house with him. While, to make the fatality complete, Agnes herself had innocently provided the conspirators with the one man who was fitted to be the passive agent of their crime.

Even the bare doubt that it might be so, was more than he could endure. He left his room; resolved to force the truth out of the Countess, or to denounce her before the authorities as a murderess at large.

Arrived at her door, he was met by

a person just leaving the room. The person was the manager. He was hardly recognisable; he looked and spoke like a man in a state of desperation.

'Oh, go in if you like!' he said to Henry. 'Mark this, sir! I am not a superstitious man; but I do begin to believe that crimes carry their own curse with them. This hotel is under a curse. What happens in the morning? We discover a crime committed in the old days of the palace. The night comes, and brings another dreadful event with it—a death; a sudden and shocking death, in the house. Go in, and see for yourself! I shall resign my situation, Mr. Westwick; I can't contend with fatalities that pursue me here!'

Henry entered the room.

The Countess was stretched on her bed. The doctor on one side and the chambermaid on the other, were standing looking at her. From time to time, she drew a heavy stertorous breath, like a person oppressed in sleeping. 'Is she likely to die?' Henry asked.

'She is dead,' the doctor answered. 'Dead of the rupture of a blood-vessel on the brain. Those sounds that you hear are purely mechanical—they may go on for hours.'

Henry looked at the chambermaid. She had little to tell. The Countess had refused to go to bed, and had placed herself at her desk to proceed with her writing. Finding it useless to remonstrate with her, the maid had left the room to speak to the manager. In the shortest possible time, the doctor was summoned to the hotel, and found the Countess dead on the floor. There was this to tell—and no more.

Looking at the writing-table as he went out, Henry saw the sheet of paper on which the Countess had traced her last lines of writing. The characters were almost illegible. Henry could just distinguish the words, 'First Act,' and 'Persons of the Drama.' The lost wretch had been thinking of her Play to the last, and had begun it all over again!

CHAPTER XXVII.

HENRY returned to his room. His first impulse was to throw aside the manuscript, and never to look at it again. The one chance of relieving his mind from the dreadful uncertainty that oppressed it, by obtaining positive evidence of the truth, was a chance annihilated by the Countess's death. What good purpose could be served, what relief could he anticipate, if he read more?

He walked up and down the room. After an interval, his thoughts took a new direction; the question of the manuscript presented itself under another point of view. Thus far, his reading had only informed him that the conspiracy had been planned. How did he know that the plan had been put in execution.

The manuscript lay just before him on the floor. He hesitated—then picked it up; and, returning to the table, read on as follows, from the point at which he had left off.

'While the Countess is still absorbed in the bold yet simple combination of circumstances which she has discovered, the Baron returns. He takes a serious view of the case of the Courier; it may be necessary, he thinks, to send for medical advice. No servant is left in the palace, now the English maid has taken her departure. The Baron himself must fetch the doctor, if the doctor is really needed.

'"Let us have medical help, by all means," his sister replies. "But wait and hear something that I have to say to you first." She then electrifies the Baron by communicating her idea to him. What danger of discovery have they to dread? My Lord's life

in Venice has been a life of absolute seclusion: nobody but his banker knows him, even by personal appearance. He has presented his letter of credit as a perfect stranger; and he and his banker have never seen each other since that first visit. He has given no parties, and gone to no parties. On the few occasions when he has hired a gondola or taken a walk, he has always been alone. Thanks to the atrocious suspicion which makes him ashamed of being seen with his wife, he has led the very life which makes the proposed enterprise easy of accomplishment.

'The cautious Baron listens—but gives no positive opinion as yet. "See what you can do with the Courier," he says; "and I will decide when I hear the result. One valuable hint I may give you before you go. Your man is easily tempted by money—if you only offer him enough. The other day I asked him, in jest, what he would do for a thousand pounds. He answered, 'Anything.' Bear that in mind; and offer your highest bid without bargaining."

'The scene changes to the Courier's room, and shows the poor wretch with a photographic portrait of his wife in his hand, crying. The Countess enters.

'She wisely begins by sympathising with her contemplated accomplice. He is duly grateful; he confides his sorrows to his gracious mistress. Now that he believes himself to be on his death-bed, he feels remorse for his neglectful treatment of his wife. He could resign himself to die; but despair overpowers him when he remembers that he has saved no money, and that he will leave his widow, without resources, to the mercy of the world.

'On this hint the Countess speaks. "Suppose you were asked to do a perfectly easy thing," she says; "and suppose you were rewarded for doing it by a present of a thousand pounds, as a legacy for your widow?"

'The Courier raises himself on his pillow, and looks at the Countess with an expression of incredulous surprise. She can hardly be cruel enough (he thinks) to joke with a man in his miserable plight. Will she say plainly what this perfectly easy thing is, the doing of which will meet with such a magnificent reward?

'The Countess answers that question by confiding her project to the Courier, without the slightest reserve.

'Some minutes of silence follow when she has done. The Courier is not weak enough yet to speak without stopping to think first. Still keeping his eyes on the Countess, he makes a quaintly-insolent remark on what he has just heard. "I have not hitherto been a religious man; but I feel myself on the way to it. Since your ladyship has spoken to me, I believe in the Devil." It is the Countess's interest to see the humorous side of this confession of faith. She takes no offence. She only says, "I will give you half an hour by yourself, to think over my proposal. You are in danger of death. Decide, in your wife's interests, whether you will die worth nothing, or die worth a thousand pounds."

'Left alone, the Courier seriously considers his position—and decides. He rises with difficulty; writes a few lines on a leaf taken from his pocket-book; and with slow and faltering steps leaves the room.

'The Countess, returning at the expiration of the half-hour's interval, finds the room empty. While she is wondering, the Courier opens the door. What has he been doing out of his bed? He answers, "I have been protecting my own life, my lady, on the bare chance that I may recover from the bronchitis for the third time. If you or the Baron attempt to hurry me out of this world, or to deprive me of my thousand pounds reward, I shall tell the doctor where he will find a few lines of writing, which describe your ladyship's plot. I may not have strength enough, in the case supposed,

to betray you by making a complete confession with my own lips; but I can employ my last breath to speak the half-dozen words which will tell the doctor where he is to look. Those words it is needless to add, will be addressed to your ladyship, if I find your engagements towards me faithfully kept."

'With this audacious preface, he proceeds to state the conditions on which he will play his part in the conspiracy, and die (if he does die) worth a thousand pounds.

'Either the Countess or the Baron are to taste the food and drink brought to his bedside, in his presence, and even the medicines which the doctor may prescribe for him. As for the money, it is to be produced in one bank note, folded in a sheet of paper, on which a line is to be written, dictated by the Courier. The two enclosures are then to be sealed up in an envelope, addressed to his wife, and stamped ready for the post. This done, the letter is to be placed under his pillow; the Baron or the Countess being at liberty to satisfy themselves, day by day at their own time, that the letter remains in its place, with the seal unbroken, as long as the doctor has any hope of his patient's recovery. The last stipulation follows. The Courier has a conscience; and with a view to keeping it easy, insists that he shall be left in ignorance of that part of the plot which relates to the sequestration of my Lord. Not that he cares particularly what becomes of his miserly master—but he does dislike taking other people's responsibilities on his own shoulders.

'These conditions being agreed to, the Countess calls in the Baron, who has been waiting events in the next room.

'He is informed that the Courier has yielded to temptation; but he is still too cautious to make any compromising remarks. Keeping his back turned on the bed, he shows a bottle to the Countess. It is labelled "Chloroform." She understands that my Lord is to be removed from his room in a convenient state of insensibility. In what part of the palace is he to be hidden? As they open the door to go out, the Countess whispers that question to the Baron. The Baron whispers back, "In the vaults!" On those words, the curtain falls.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SO the Second Act ended.

Turning to the Third Act, Henry looked wearily at the pages as he let them slip through his fingers. Both in mind and body, he began to feel the need of repose.

In one important respect, the latter portion of the manuscript differed from the pages which he had just been reading. Signs of an overwrought brain showed themselves, here and there, as the outline of the Play approached its end. The handwriting grew worse and worse. Some of the longer sentences were left unfinished. In the exchange of dialogue, questions and answers were not always attributed respectively to the right speaker. At certain intervals the writer's failing intelligence seemed to recover itself for awhile; only to relapse again, and to lose the thread of the narrative more hopelessly than ever.

After reading one or two of the more coherent passages, Henry recoiled from the ever-darkening horror of the story. He closed the manuscript, heartsick and exhausted, and threw himself on his bed to rest. The door opened almost at the same moment. Lord Montbarry entered the room.

'We have just returned from the Opera,' he said; 'and we have heard the news of that miserable woman's death. They say you spoke to her in her last moments; and I want to hear how it happened.'

'You shall hear how it happened,' Henry answered; 'and more than that. You are now the head of the the family, Stephen; and I feel bound, in the position which oppresses me, to leave you to decide what ought to be done.'

With those introductory words, he told his brother how the Countess's Play had come into his hands. 'Read the first few pages,' he said, 'I am anxious to know whether the same impression is produced on both of us.'

Before Lord Montbarry had got half way through the First Act, he stopped, and looked at his brother. 'What does she mean by boasting of this as her own invention,' he asked. 'Was she too crazy to remember that these things really happened?'

This was enough for Henry: the same impression had been produced on both of them. 'You will do as you please, he said. 'But if you will be guided by me, spare yourself the reading of those pages to come, which describe our brother's terrible expiation of his heartless marriage.'

'Have *you* read it all, Henry?'

'Not all. I shrank from reading some of the latter part of it. Neither you nor I saw much of our elder brother after we left school; and, for my part, I felt, and never scrupled to express my feeling, that he behaved infamously to Agnes. But when I read that unconscious confession of the murderous conspiracy to which he fell a victim, I remembered, with something like remorse, that the same mother bore us. I have felt for him to-night, what I am ashamed to think I never felt for him before.'

Lord Montbarry took his brother's hand.

'You are a good fellow, Henry,' he said; 'but are you quite sure that you have not been needlessly distressing yourself? Because some of this crazy creature's writing accidentally tells what we know to be the truth, does it follow that all the rest is to be relied on to the end?'

'There is no possible doubt of it,' Henry replied.

'No possible doubt?' his brother repeated. 'I shall go on with my reading, Henry—and see what justification there may be for that confident conclusion of yours.'

He read on steadily, until he had reached the conclusion of the Second Act. Then he looked up.

'Do you really believe that the mutilated remains which you discovered this morning are the remains of our brother?' he asked. 'And do you believe it on such evidence as this?'

Henry answered silently, by a sign in the affirmative.

Lord Montbarry checked himself—evidently on the point of entering an indignant protest.

'You acknowledge that you have not read the later scenes of the piece,' he said. 'Don't be childish, Henry? If you persist in pinning your faith on such stuff as this, the least you can do is to make yourself thoroughly acquainted with it. Will you read the third Act? No? Then I shall read it to you.'

He turned to the third Act, and ran over those fragmentary passages which were clearly enough expressed to be intelligible to the mind of a stranger.

'Here is a scene in the vaults of the palace,' he began. 'The victim of the conspiracy is sleeping on his miserable bed; and the Baron and the Countess are considering the position in which they stand. The Countess (as well as I can make it out) has raised the money that is wanted, by borrowing on the security of her jewels at Frankfort; and the Courier upstairs is still declared by the doctor to have a chance of recovery. What are the conspirators to do, if the man does recover? The cautious Baron suggests setting the prisoner free. If he ventures to appeal to the law, it is easy to declare that he is subject to insane delusion, and to call his own wife as a witness. On the other hand, if

the Courier dies, how is the sequestrated and unknown nobleman to be put out of the way? Passively, by letting him starve in his prison? No: the Baron is a man of refined tastes; he dislikes needless cruelty. The active policy remains. Say, assassination by the knife of a hired bravo? The Baron objects to trusting an accomplice: also to spending money on any one but himself. Shall they drop their prisoner into the Canal? The Baron declines to trust water—water will show him on the surface. Shall they set his bed on fire? An excellent idea; but the smoke might be seen. No: poisoning is no doubt an easier death than he deserves, but there is really no other safe way out of it than to poison him. Is it possible, Henry, that you believe this consultation really took place?'

Henry made no reply. The succession of questions that had just been read to him exactly followed the succession of the dreams that had terrified Mrs. Norbury, on the two nights which she had passed at the hotel. It was useless to point out this coincidence to his brother. He only said, 'Go on.'

Lord Montbarry turned the pages until he came to the next intelligible passage.

'Here,' he proceeded, 'is a double scene on the stage—so far as I can understand the sketch of it. The doctor is upstairs, innocently writing the certificate of my Lord's decease, by the dead courier's bedside. Down in the vault the Baron stands by the corpse of the murdered lord, preparing the strong chemical acids which are to reduce it to a heap of ashes.—Surely, it is not worth while to trouble ourselves with decyphering such melodramatic horrors as these? Let us get on! let us get on!"

He turned the leaves again; attempting vainly to discover the meaning of the confused scenes that followed. On the last page but one he found the last intelligible sentences.

'The third Act,' he said, 'seems to be divided into two Parts or Tableaux. I think I can read the writing at the beginning of the second Part. The Baron and the Countess open the scene. The Baron's hands are mysteriously concealed by gloves. He has reduced the body to ashes, by his own system of cremation, with the exception of the head ——'

Henry interrupted his brother there. 'Don't read any more!' he exclaimed.

'Let us do the Countess justice,' Lord Montbarry persisted. 'There are not half a dozen lines more that I can make out. The accidental breaking of his jar of acid has burnt the Baron's hands severely. He is still unable to proceed to the destruction of the head—and the Countess is woman enough (with all her wickedness) to shrink from attempting to take his place—when the first news is received of the coming arrival of the commission of inquiry despatched by the Insurance Offices. The Baron feels no alarm. Inquire as the commission may, it is the natural death of the Courier (in my Lord's character) that they are blindly investigating. The head not being destroyed, the obvious alternative is to hide it—and the Baron is equal to the occasion. His studies in the old library have informed him of a safe place of concealment in the palace. The Countess may recoil from handling the acids, and watching the process of cremation. But she can surely sprinkle a little disinfecting powder ——'

'No more!' Henry reiterated. 'No more.'

'There is no more that can be read, my dear fellow. The last page looks like sheer delirium. She may well have told you that her invention had failed her!'

'Face the truth honestly, Stephen—and say her memory.'

Lord Montbarry rose from the table at which he had been sitting, and looked at his brother with pitying eyes.

'Your nerves are out of order, Henry,' he said. 'And no wonder, after that frightful discovery under the hearth-stone. We won't dispute about it; we will wait a day or two until you are quite yourself again. In the meantime, let us understand each other on one point at least. You leave the question of what is to be done with these pages of writing to me, as the the head of the family?'

'I do.'

Lord Montbarry quietly took up the manuscript, and threw it into the fire. 'Let this rubbish be of some use,' he said, holding the pages down with the poker. 'The room is getting chilly—let the Countess's Play set some of these charred logs flaming again.' He waited a little at the fire-place, and returned to his brother. 'Now, Henry, I have a last word to say, and then I have done. I am ready to admit that you have stumbled, by an unlucky chance, on the proof of a crime committed in the old days of the palace, nobody knows how long ago. With that one concession, I dispute everything else. Rather than agree in the opinion you have formed, I won't believe anything that has happened. The supernatural influences that some of us felt when we first slept in this hotel—your loss of appetite, our sister's dreadful dreams, the smell that overpowered Francis, and the head that appeared to Agnes—I declare them all to be sheer delusions! I believe in nothing, nothing, nothing!' He opened the door to go out, and looked back into the room. 'Yes,' he resumed, 'there is one thing I believe in. My wife has committed a breach of confidence—I believe Agnes will marry you. Good night, Henry. We leave Venice the first thing to-morrow morning.'

So Lord Montbarry disposed of the mystery of The Haunted Hotel.

POSTCRIPT.

A LAST means of deciding the difference of opinion between the two brothers was still in Henry's possession. He had his own idea of the use to which he might put the false teeth, as a means of inquiry, when his fellow-travellers returned to England.

The only surviving depository of the domestic history of the family in past years was Agnes Lockwood's old nurse. Henry took his first opportunity of trying to revive her personal recollections of the deceased Lord Montbarry. But the nurse had never forgiven the great man of the family for his desertion of Agnes: she flatly refused to consult her memory. 'Even the bare sight of my lord, when I last saw him in London,' said the old woman, 'made my finger-nails itch to set their mark on his face. I was sent on an errand by Miss Agnes, and I met him coming out of the dentist's door—and, thank God, that's the last I saw of him.'

Thanks to the nurse's quick temper and quaint way of expressing herself, the object of Henry's inquiries was gained already! He ventured on asking if she had noticed the situation of the house. She had noticed, and still remembered the situation—'did Master Henry suppose she had lost the use of her senses, because she had happened to be nigh on eighty years old? 'The same day, he took the false teeth to the dentist, and set all further doubt (if doubt had still been possible) at rest for ever. The teeth had been made for the first Lord Montbarry.

Henry never revealed the existence of this last link in the chain of discovery to any living creature, his brother Stephen included. He carried his terrible secret with him to the grave.

There was one other event in the memorable past on which he preserved the same compassionate silence. Little

Mrs. Ferrari never knew that her husband had been—not as she supposed, the Countess's victim—but the Countess's accomplice. She still believed that the late Lord Montbarry had sent her the thousand pound note, and still recoiled from making use of a present, which she persisted in declaring had 'the stain of her husband's blood on it.' Agnes, with the widow's entire approval, took the money to the Children's Hospital; and spent it in adding to the number of the beds.

In the spring of the new year the marriage took place. At the special request of Agnes, the members of the family were the only persons present at the ceremony: the three children acted as bridesmaids. There was no wedding breakfast—and the honeymoon was spent in the retirement of a cottage on the banks of the Thames.

During the last few days of the residence of the newly-married couple by the riverside, Lady Montbarry's children were invited to enjoy a day's play in the garden. The eldest girl overheard (and reported to her mother) a little conjugal dialogue which touched on the subject of the Haunted Hotel.

'Henry, I want you to give me a kiss.'

'There it is, my dear.'

'Now, I am your wife, may I speak to you about something?'

'What is it?'

'Something that happened the day before we left Venice. You saw the Countess during the last six hours of her life. Won't you tell me whether she made any confession to you?'

'No conscious confession, Agnes—and therefore no confession that I need distress you by repeating.'

'Did she say nothing about what she saw or heard, on that dreadful night in my room!'

'Nothing. We only know by the event, that her mind never recovered the terror of it.'

Agnes was not quite satisfied. The subject troubled her. Even her own brief intercourse with her miserable rival of other days suggested questions that perplexed her. She remembered the Countess's prediction. 'You have to bring me to the day of discovery, and to the punishment that is my doom.' Had the prediction simply failed like other mortal prophecies? Or had it been fulfilled, on the memorable night when she had seen the apparition, and when she had innocently tempted the Countess to watch her in her room?

Let it, however, be recorded, among the other virtues of Mrs. Henry Westwick, that she never again attempted to persuade her husband into betraying his secrets. Other men's wives, hearing of this extraordinary conduct (and being trained in the modern school of morals and manners) naturally regarded her with compassionate contempt. They always spoke of Agnes, from that time forth, as 'rather an old-fashioned person.'

Is that all?

That is all.

Is there no explanation of the mystery of the haunted hotel?

Ask yourself if there is any explanation of the mystery of your own life and death.—Farewell.

SHELLEY.

BY WALTER TOWNSEND

> 'Most wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song.'
>
> – *Julian and Maddalo.*

IT has frequently been said that it is neither necessary nor wise, in passing judgment upon a poet's work, to consider either his personal character, private opinions, or the events of his life. If this be true at all, it is true only to a very limited extent. It is not only justifiable, but actually necessary to consider all of these, in so far as they have determined the nature of a poet's work, or the manner of its execution; to go beyond this were to be profane and sacrilegious, not to go so far were to neglect a most obvious means of learning to the full the lessons fit and proper to be learned from poetry. It is, unfortunately, necessary to say here, to prevent the possibility of mistake, that we have no kind of sympathy with those literary ghouls, who make a business of 'the defamation at second hand of the illustrious and defenceless dead,' nor with those more harmless, but perhaps more foolish people, who, with meddling hand, venture to remove the dust of time and oblivion from the most sacred privacies of life. The events of a poet's life may have no visible connection with the work he does, and to argue that we should be guided either in receiving or rejecting a man's work, by the fact that he was moral or immoral, is, on the face of it, absurd. But there are some great poets whose writings have been so completely informed and inspired by the action, upon their character, of the accidents of life and the usages of the world, that it is impossible to discuss their works altogether apart from their lives; and of such poets Shelley is undoubtedly one. To discuss Shelley's works without discussing Shelley would be to run the risk of grave injustice, both to the poetry and to the poet. We shall, therefore, consider how far Shelley's peculiar temperament and unconventional life determined the nature of his poetry, before we discuss the abstract merits of the glorious work he has done; or in other words, we shall endeavour to view him, first from the human, and then from the intellectual side. In attempting this it will not be necessary to give a detailed account of the poet's life; its incidents are too well known, or in any case within such easy reach of all, that it were superfluous to recapitulate them here.

A sensitive poetic genius can feel the torments that arise from a perception of the evil and misery of the world, at an age when most boys think of nothing but how to obtain enjoyment or avoid punishment. Imagine a child, with that sense of resistance to injustice, always so strong in childhood, abnormally magnified by the divine comprehensiveness of genius, until it extended, not only to his own petty woes, but also to the wrongs of all with whom he came in contact or of whom he had read or heard: imagine such a child, delivered at a tender age to the rough and brutal usage of a vulgar and undisciplined private school; imagine the proud and lofty spirit which even then refused to bend before persecution; imagine the tender heart which bled most freely at

another's sufferings tortured by the hourly sight of brutalities against which revolt was vain: imagine all this, and it is not surprising that Shelley entered on the second stage of his boyhood at Eton with a spirit already at war with a world in which he thought that injustice reigned supreme, and with a mind burning with desire to set wrong right, to brand the oppressor and to succour the oppressed. It has been truly said, that life at the great English public schools is but a miniature of life in the actual world, and Shelley's career at Eton is a remarkable example of this. His conduct there was the same as his conduct in after life—bold, defiant, and uncompromising to all he thought false or wrong, and the treatment he received there but too accurately forshadowed the treatment that awaited him in the wider arena of the world. At Eton he had not to suffer from the unlicensed cruelty of a private school, but he found there, in the system of fagging, a legalized form of what he considered wholesale tyranny. He resolutely refused to fag, and was in consequence subjected to the most brutal cruelty, his persecutors being upheld and abetted by the authorities of the school. Shelley has left a most affecting record, not only of the sadness and misery of his school life, but also of the purifying influence upon his loving nature of the suffering he so early endured. In the introduction to the 'Revolt of Islam' there occurs the following inexpressibly beautiful picture of a boyhood misunderstood and abused :—

'Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.

'I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep. A fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept, I knew not why: until there rose
From the near school-room voices that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

'And then I clasped my hands, and looked around;
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground.
So, without shame, I spake:—"I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power: for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check." I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.'

These well-known lines show how potent the events of Shelley's boyhood were in forming and determining his character. His school life did not alone foster and develop his inborn hatred of all things foul and wrong, but it also endowed him with the bitter knowledge that our social laws recognize sin and evil as permanent institutions, regarding them as fixed and unalterable parts of a divinely appointed universe. Against this knowledge, instilled into him so early, Shelley's soul rebelled; the cardinal point of his creed was that sin and suffering are not the necessary adjuncts of, but excrescences upon, existence here; he believed that it is within the power of man to remove these excrescences, to make himself perfect and all the world a paradise. In 'Queen Mab,' the crude, undigested work of youth, only partially redeemed in its excesses and faults of workmanship by some passages of exquisite music and burning eloquence, Shelley first gave passionate expression to this belief. This is the gist and aim of the poem, and is never lost sight of through all the fierce arraignments of religion and social law, until it finds full expression in the beautiful passage ending :

'Thus human things were perfected, and earth,
Even as a child beneath its mother's love,
Was strengthened in all excellence, and grew
Fairer and nobler with each passing year.'

In 'Prometheus Unbound,' the magnificent monument of Shelley's maturity, perhaps the greatest poem given to the world in the years between Shakespeare and Victor Hugo, the leading idea is the same. The tortured Titan in his direst agony knew that the day of his release must come :

ry—Thou knowest not the period of Jove's
ower?
heus—I know but this that it must com'.
V.— Alas!
Thou can'st not count thy years to come
! pain!
heus—They last while Jove must reign; nor
ore nor less
ire or fear.'

the beginning of the third act, ich the Titan's freedom is con- ated, the passionate strain of ation at the triumph which 'Love its awful throne of patient ' has at last achieved, continu- ises, alternately swelling har- ous in stately verse, or running a joyous, entrancing music, until st grand words of Demogorgon:

ness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance—
re the seals of that most firm assurance
d bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
with infirm hand Eternity,
of many acts and hours, should free
erpent that would clasp her with his length,
re the spells by which to re-assume
ire o'er the disentangled doom.

fer woes which hope thinks infinite;
ve wrongs darker than death or night;
fy Power which seems omnipotent:
and bear; to hope till hope creates
s own wreck the thing it contemplates;
er to change, nor falter, nor repent;
:e thy glory, Titan, is to be
reat and joyous, beautiful and free:
dome Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!'

s intense belief, that it is within power to obtain perfectibility, lay at the bottom of Shelley's l of all restraint and authority. ound, naturally enough, that are called the bulwarks of social viz.: properly constituted au- y and appointed law are the st apparent obstacles in the path r Utopian scheme; and he also what must inevitably occur in perfect state of society, that rly constituted authority and ap- d law are not invariably arrayed e side of strict justice and free- and these considerations drove in his early youth into semi- against *all* authority and law. s frame of mind Shelley went to d, and his career at that Uni- y is remarkable only for the er of its close. As is well known, s expelled for promulgating an tical pamphlet entitled 'The Necessity of Atheism,'* and this severe action on the part of the authorities has frequently been blamed. It has been alleged in Shelley's defence, that the pamphlet in question contained no absolute confession of Atheism, but merely set forth the weakness of the stock arguments in favour of the existence of a God, and invited discussion, in order, if possible, to dissipate the clouds of doubt that darkened his mind. A careful perusal of the pamphlet will hardly bear out this view, and moreover in extenuation of the conduct of the Oxford authorities the whole circumstances of the case must be taken into consideration, which tend to shew that it was not so much the offence itself, as the manner in which it was committed, that drew upon Shelley so severe a penalty. Although in those days Oxford Professors did not write articles abreast, or perhaps rather ahead of the times, in scientific reviews, still, a little pamphlet such as Shelley's was, if modestly and anonymously published, might even then, on the excellent principle of letting sleeping dogs lie, have been permitted to pass unnoticed. It is indeed directly stated by De Quincey that on the first appearance of the pamphlet, the heads of Colleges met and decided to take no action in the matter, and that it was in consequence of this very decision that Shelley, with characteristic fearlessness, forced them from their quiescent position, by sending to each a copy of the pamphlet with a letter challenging open discussion. De Quincey's account of the whole transaction, however, contains so many inaccuracies, that it cannot be absolutely relied upon, but it is most probable that, as we have said, the offence which precluded all forgiveness, consisted more in the open defiance shewn to the authorities, than in the

* This pamphlet appears almost verbatim in Shelley's own notes to 'Queen Mab' which are given in full in Mr. Rossetti's edition.

mere writing of the pamphlet. Harsh as the measure was, and unfortunate, as tending further to impress Shelley with the conviction of the hardness and injustice of the world, we must in candour admit that as the Christian religion, whether true or false, is the basis of their society, there was apparently no alternative course possible to the authorities of Oxford.

Shelley's expulsion from Oxford excited a considerable amount of public notice; he quitted it with the reputation of a confirmed Atheist, a reputation which drew upon him cruel persecution during life, and clinging to him after death, has subjected his memory to the vilest misrepresentations and the most horrible slander. The truth is, and in any consideration of Shelley or Shelley's writings the fact cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that he was *not* an Atheist. Even at this, the starting point of his career, when, as a boy of nineteen he flew in the face of all received opinions, there is nothing approaching to proof that he was an Atheist. But even if we grant, that when he wrote the Oxford pamphlet, his tenets, so far as he had any, were atheistical, is it fair from the crude dogmatical ideas of boyhood to infer the creed of a lifetime? No man can quote a single passage from any writing of Shelley's maturity, either poetry or prose, which upholds a belief in annihilation after death,* and from many of his poems, his letters, and his prose works, distinct proof of his belief in an omnipresent Deity can be adduced. When Trelawney asked him why he, who certainly was not one, allowed himself to be called an Atheist, Shelley replied: 'I used it (the name Atheist) to express my abhorrence of superstition: I took up the word as a knight took up a gauntlet, out of defiance.' Shelley was not at any period of his life a Christian, and if to be not a Christian is to be an Atheist, then and then only our argument falls to the ground. As far as his belief can be gathered from his writings, he was far more a Pantheist than an Atheist, and he was at all times a sworn foe to Materialism. Even in 'Queen Mab,' the poem which contained so violent and outrageous an assault upon the established beliefs of mankind, that later in life he bitterly repented its production, Shelley could speak thus:

> 'Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom,
> That leads to azure isles and beaming skies,
> And happy regions of eternal hope.'

It is true that he abhorred the vulgar anthropomorphic conception of the Deity; it is true that he denounced in scathing verse the evil that men have wrought under the sacred banner of religion; it is true that he laughed to scorn those precious teachers, who would carve out for us our line of life in the other world as well as in this; it is true that he hated all things false, and vile, and wicked; it is true that he was pure in his life, true in his friendships, and steadfast in his love, that he loved all men and hated none, that the one burning desire of his life, and the ultimate goal of his striving, was to lessen the suffering of his erring fellow-creatures; all this is true, and if these be the ways of an Atheist then Shelley was one. Mr. Barnett Smith admirably says: 'The author of "Queen Mab" was a man of faith compared with the author of "Don Juan," and many less avowed unbelievers than Byron would stand no better comparison with Shelley in this respect than he does. The truth is that Shelley,

* The following passage from 'The Sensitive Plant' might be quoted against me:

> 'But in this life
> Of error, ignorance and strife
> Where nothing is but all things seem,
> And we the shadows of the dream,
> It is a modest creed, and yet
> Pleasant if one considers it,
> To own that death itself must be,
> Like all the rest, a mockery.'

This is, however, an hypothesis rather than a proposition, and an hypothesis of so vague and shadowy a character that no conclusion can fairly be adduced from it, and it is possible moreover, so to read the latter lines that they annul rather than confirm the 'Berkleyan' philosophy of the preceding ones.

like Voltaire, drew upon himself the wrath of his fellow-men, by pointing out to them wherein their creeds have failed; not only—both of them say in effect—have you erred in spite of religion, but behold the many instances wherein you have erred *because* of religion; and the truth of this is so self-evident that there is no answer to it but denunciation. Shelley and Voltaire were alike in their burning hatred of wrong, and in their fervent desire to uphold the right; they both picked out the same weak spots in the enemy's armour, and they both fought the battle *à l'outrance*, refusing to credit Christianity with the manifold blessings it has bestowed on mankind; but here the comparison ends, for the author of 'Prometheus Unbound' was no more capable of derisive ribaldry than he was of falseness or cowardice. One fought in the spirit of exaltation, the other in the spirit of bitter mockery; but none the less were their aims identical, and their ultimate triumph will be co-eval.

Another fact, which is at variance with the vulgar ideas concerning Shelley, forces itself upon the student of his poems, viz: that his philosophy was essentially practical. To the superficial who regard Shelley as a misty dreamer, suggesting nothing clearly except Atheism, the assertion may seem strange. To those who know him, its truth is self-evident. His aims were always practical, however wild and visionary the means by which he sought to attain them. He rarely, if ever, indulged in speculative dreaming; he was no metaphysician, but an active, earnest philanthropist, bent on teaching men the thoroughly practical lesson—how to make themselves virtuous, and the world happy. Nor were his actual propositions at all times impracticable. In the scheme he drew up for the regeneration of Ireland Catholic Emancipation and the disestablishment of the Irish Church were the cardinal points, and in a pamphlet on Parliamentary Reform, written in 1817, he actually proposed a basis of suffrage, substantially the same as the Household Suffrage measure, passed by a Tory Government in 1867. These are well-known instances of his foresight, and others less remarkable, but not less conclusive, might be adduced.* His deeds also, on behalf of suffering humanity, took the most nobly practical form: he studied medicine in order the better to minister to the wants of the poor during his residence at Great Marlow; early and late, in wet, or frost, or snow, he laboured amongst them. Nor were the abject poor the sole recipients of his bounty. Poor as he was, it is hardly too much to say that Shelley gave away, during his life, almost as much as he expended on himself. These brief, and necessarily imperfect remarks on Shelley's creed and philosophy, have been introduced in connection with his school and college career, because the events of this portion of his life were undoubtedly the chief agents in the growth of his opinions and the formation of his character. It is now necessary to speak of Shelley's manhood, to some of the incidents in which we are so largely indebted for the glorious legacy of verse he left behind him.

When Shelley quitted Oxford, he had written some romances, some feeble and extravagant verse, but nothing worthy of preservation, if we except the 'Necessity of Atheism,' a two-page pamphlet remarkable only for the cogency of its logic. In consequence of his avowed opinions, his father refusing to see him withdrew his allowance, and close upon this misfortune followed the most ill-fated event of his life. He was thrown into contact with a schoolmate of his sisters, Harriett Westbrook, a beauty of sixteen, who was the daughter of a retired tavern-keeper, and finding that she was unhappy at home, he gener-

* Such as, for instance, the views in 'Hellas' upon the Eastern Question and the conduct of England towards Greece and Turkey, which *mutatis mutandis* apply as forcibly to 1878 as to 1821.

ously accepted her offer 'to throw herself on his protection,' and married her. This mad step, for the weight of evidence shows that he never really loved her, was most disastrous to Shelley's happiness, and had he not met later with a more congenial spirit, might have robbed the English language of some of its most priceless treasures. While he lived with Harriett, the only poem of note which he produced was 'Queen Mab,' and that was probably composed wholly or in part at an earlier period. But even if we concede this poem as belonging to the period of his life with Harriett Westbrook, the concession only involves the least perfect of his published works. The fact that it should have linked itself so inextricably with his name, that to many people he is known as the author of 'Queen Mab,' and nothing else, would be inexplicable, but for the fact that during his life the poem was rendered specially notorious as the source from which Malice drew her most envenomed darts. 'Queen Mab' contains many melodious and eloquent passages, and the fact that the opening stanzas are the most musical of any has done much to create its false reputation as one of Shelley's greatest lyrical works. In truth, judged as a whole, Shelley's inexperience and insufficient study render the lyrical portions of the poem the weakest; while his energy and enthusiasm render the declamatory passages the stronger. Moreover, in its conception it was an outrage upon beliefs which, if Shelley could not sympathize with, he should at least have attacked without virulence; in its construction it is faulty, and its very beauties are marred by the fact that the poem in which they occur is totally devoid of interest as a whole. It must be remembered that no one was more conscious of this than Shelley himself; he never published the poem, and at once withdrew it, when it was surreptitiously given to the public some years after it was written.

Shelley had been married less than three years when the event occurred which changed his whole life and being. In the spring of 1814 he first met Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, with whom he fell passionately in love at first sight, and she returned his affection. His union with Harriett had long been a clog to both of them, and later in the same year they mutually agreed to separate. Mary Godwin, who, as was natural to the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, had rather an aversion from, than any predilection for, marriage, at once gladly cast in her lot with his, and became his dearly loved and inseparable companion to life's end. The precise degree of blame to be cast upon Shelley for this transaction, it is hardly necessary to appraise here. As far as the separation goes he was almost, if not wholly, blameless, but with regard to its sequel, it must be admitted that, however decided both he and Mary Godwin were of the worse than uselessness of marriage, they should have remembered that the Millennium they imagined had not arrived, and that in violating so flagrantly the laws of the society under which they lived, they were committing a most grievous error. But posterity should be disposed to pass over the manner of their connection in silence, because of the marvellously good fruits it produced. The influence upon such a poet as Shelley of the companionship of a thoroughly congenial woman, can never be over-estimated, and the world will perhaps never know how much it is indebted to Mary Godwin for the glorious flowering of Shelley's luxuriant genius. They had not been together a year, when he produced the first poem which entitled him to a place among the immortals: 'Alastor; or, The Spirit of Solitude.' Henceforth his song never ceased to soar upward, ever nearer to divine perfection. 'The Revolt of Islam,' 'Rosalind and Helen,' 'Julian and Maddalo,' are the

steps by which he attained to the full, flawless majesty of 'The Prometheus Unbound,' and 'The Cenci.' His happiness with Mary Godwin soon received a rude shock. His first wife, who, through no fault of Shelley's, had sunk to a state of wretchedness, committed suicide, and the horror of this never ceased to haunt the poet. Shelley's two children by Harriett Westbrook had remained with their mother, and he now applied to her relatives to restore them to his care. They refused to do so on the grounds of Shelley's atheism and 'immoral life,' and out of their refusal arose the famous chancery suit. The notorious judgment of Lord Eldon, refusing to entrust Shelley with the care of his children, excites nowadays almost universal indignation, and there can be no doubt that to declare a man of such exalted character unfit to be the custodian of his children would, in our time, be an absolute outrage. But to be just we must remember, that things in 1817 were not as things in 1878; that the judgment was not solely based on Shelley's alleged atheistical beliefs; and that it is most probable, that Lord Eldon had by no means so good an opportunity as we have of judging Shelley's real character: points which are strangely overlooked by those who blame Lord Eldon, instead of blaming the law he administered, and the age in which he lived. We hold the judgment (not the judge) to have been iniquitous, but after all it must resolve itself largely into a matter of belief, and in this respect we entirely agree with Mr. Rossetti's summing-up of the case, which we shall venture to appropriate: 'We may say that logical minds which accept "saving faith" as a principle, are entitled, in the ratio of their logicality, to accept Lord Eldon's judgment as righteous; logical minds which affirm this to be unrighteous will, in the like ratio, demur to the theory of saving faith. It is a very spacious arena for discussion; and he who denounces the judgment or the judge in this English "Mortara case" without going several steps further is presumably at least as much of a partisan as of a reasoner.' There can be no doubt that of all the wrongs done to him, of all the woes, merited and unmerited, which he endured, the deprivation of his children was the bitterest to Shelley. The lines addressed to the Lord Chancellor are awful in their grief and wrath:

'I curse thee by a parent's outraged love:
By hopes long cherished and too lately lost;
By gentle feelings thou couldst never prove;
By griefs which thy stern nature never crossed;

'By those unpractised accents of young speech,
Which he who is a father thought to frame
To gentlest love such as the wisest teach,
Thou strike the lyre of mind! Oh grief and shame!

'By all the happy see in children's growth,
That undeveloped flower of budding years,
Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears.'

And in 'The Masque of Anarchy,' the verses beginning:

'Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Lord Eldon, an ermine gown,

are even fiercer in their terse, sardonic bitterness. In the same year (1817), Shelley and his wife, for upon becoming a widower, he had married Mary Godwin, left England for Italy, and the poet never again saw the land which reviled and rejected him whilst living, but which now rejoices in him as one of her purest and most illustrious sons.

We have now briefly indicated those leading events in Shelley's life, which exercised the most marked influence on his opinions, his character, and his poetry, and further than this as we stated in the outset, we do not propose to go. The details of the tragic end of his brief life are too well known to need repetition. When such a genius, such a pure and noble spirit is so suddenly snatched away, the old Greek adage, 'Those whom the Gods love die young,' finds an echo in our hearts We can almost fancy the denizens of some brighter, purer world, rising up through the clear green waves and bearing the beloved youth, unspoiled by the contamination of earth, with

the divine radiance still bright upon his brows, to share with them their bliss, to be no more despised, to err no more, to reap no more harvests of suffering, but to find in another sphere what he yearned for so on earth, the reign of divine and universal love.

We might fitly end here our remarks on the human side of Shelley, were it not that we feel bound to protest against the idea, insinuated by some critics, that Shelley was absolutely immaculate and perfect in all the acts of his life. It is not given to any human being to reach the ideal of pure excellence. Shelley came perhaps as near it as any whose life has been dissected by the scalpel of Fame; but even he committed many errors which caused an immense amount of suffering to others, and of remorse to himself, and his memory will no more benefit by the extreme laudations of the present day than it will suffer from the scurrilous abuse of the Quarterly Reviewers of 1820. That no nobler or purer man among the men of all time can be named, we firmly believe; that every separate act of his life was worthy of praise and adulation we do not believe; still we can say in the words of his most candid and fearless critic: 'After everything has been stated, we find that the man Shelley was worthy to be the poet Shelley,—and praise cannot reach higher than that; we find him to call forth the most eager and fervent homage, and to be one of the ultimate glories of our race and planet.'

Of all poets, Shelley is least to be gauged by the footrule of criticism; his mighty purpose breathes so intensely in every line of his poetry, that his work must be judged as a whole, unless we wish to risk losing sight of that which animated it, and to which, indeed, it owed its very being. His poems, considered separately, are as the individual notes or chords in a great musical creation, beautiful in themselves, but deriving their chief meaning and greatest glory as component parts in an harmonious whole. There is no poet who approaches more nearly to the prophet than he does; his utterances are instinct with the spirit of a seer; he never ceases to sing with the fire and spontaneity of inspiration:—

> 'The eternal law,
> By which those live to whom this world of life,
> Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife
> Tills for the promise of a later birth
> The wilderness of this elysian earth.'

His work, if appraised merely for its qualities of artistic workmanship, attains near to what men, who can only judge by a standard of comparison, call perfection. This is, however, the lowest, not the highest phase of his glory. He is one of the immortals who write for future ages more than for their own, who are not themselves fully conscious of the inestimable worth of their words, often only dimly perceiving their vast interpretation. Each century that has elapsed since Shakespeare died, has added, from its store of fresh knowledge, new meaning to, and cast fresh light upon the products of his inexhaustible mind; and so it will doubtless be with Shelley. It may perhaps be argued that the everlasting applicability of Shakespeare's poetry to the affairs of mankind arises from its intense human interest, and that Shelley's poems have for us little or no human interest; but it is in this very respect that time will do most for Shelley. Future ages, existing under widely different social conditions from our own, may discern in him an interest of a higher kind than any we can conceive, and events, as yet unborn, may to them, surround his poetry with the glory of prophecy fulfilled.

In attempting therefore, within our brief limits, to give a general idea of Shelley, we shall not dissect or analyse any particular poem, but shall endeavour briefly to indicate the broader aspects of his poetry. In each of three directions Shelley is equally great and glorious: as the poet of Nature; as the poet of Freedom; and as the

singer pure and simple. The characteristic of the revival of poetry at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, was the great love and knowledge of nature, which sprang up in the hearts of poets. Hitherto in English poetry, the observation of external nature had played at best a secondary part. Shakespeare's all embracing genius and Milton's exquisite sensibility enabled them to do work entitling them to a high place among the poets of nature, but with neither of them was its study a chief motive power. With the advent in the seventeenth century of the artificial school, all love for, even any reference to nature disappeared; but with Wordsworth commenced a race of poets whose distinctive feature was their passionate love of nature. Of these poets, the two greatest beyond compare were Wordsworth and Shelley. To Wordsworth must for ever belong the pre-eminent glory of being the originator and leader of the school, and he can also claim the possession of the most extended and minute knowledge of nature in all her varied forms; but, as between the two poets, Shelley hymned her in the most impassioned strains; his song was not the product of observation, but the irrepressible outburst of Love. Shelley's poetry is the highest expression of that exquisite rejoicing in mere existence, which even the dullest and least responsive feel something of on a sensuous spring or an invigorating autumn morning; he sings from pure delight, while Wordsworth too often assumes the tone of a schoolmaster, teaching nature, or of a showman desirous to show her off to the best advantage. Wordsworth is the more didactic and philosophical, Shelley the more spontaneous and *natural*; Wordsworth thought the most deeply, Shelley felt the most acutely. The following passage from 'Rosalind and Helen:'—

'It was the azure time of June,
When the skies are deep in the stainless noon,
And the warm and fitful breezes shake
The fresh green leaves of the hedge-row briar:
And there were odours there to make
The very breath we did respire
A liquid element, whereon
Our spirits, like delighted things
That walk the air on subtle wings,
Floated and mingled far away,
'Mid the warm winds of the sunny day.
And when the evening star came forth
Above the curve of the new bent moon,
And light and sound ebbed from the earth,
Like the tide of the full and weary sea
To the depths of its own tranquillity,
Our nature to its own repose
Did the earth's breathless sleep attune.'

may be compared with the opening lines of 'The Excursion,' describing a summer noon-tide; lines beautiful in themselves and perfect as a picture of the external sights and sounds of nature—more realistic than the passage we have quoted from Shelley, but not so emotional, and failing to influence us so much because of the comparative absence of that direct appeal to the receptive capacity for the enjoyment of nature which is inherent to us all. The poet of nature must not only possess this receptive capacity in an extraordinary degree, but also the power of retaining and giving future expression to what are with most men fleeting impressions. In power of pure description, in ability to transfer to our minds the exact impression formed upon his own Shelley is, if second to any, second to Wordsworth alone. The glorious picture of sunset in Italy, in 'Julian and Maddalo' is unsurpassed and unsurpassable in grandeur:

'The hoar
And aery Alps, towards the north, appeared
Through mist—an heaven-sustaining bulwark reared
Between the east and west; and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many folded hills. They were
Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
As seen from Lido, through the harbour piles,
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles.
And then, as if the earth and sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,
Around the vaporous sun; from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent.'

The influence which the exhilarating atmosphere and lovely scenery of Italy had upon the whole spirit of Shelley's poetry cannot be over-estimated. He himself says in the Pre-

face to 'Prometheus Unbound,' 'the bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of Spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits, even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama.' Such a climate was thoroughly in unison with his own nature, and the unconscious feeling of sympathy with his surroundings which it engendered, quickened his perception of, and love for, the beautiful. Shelley's descriptive passages are generally luxuriant, and sometimes overcrowded with imagery, but as a proof that he possessed the power of condensation, a passage may be quoted which will appeal with added force to the dwellers in a land where autumn robes herself in brightest splendours :

'And here,
The children of the Autumnal whirlwind bore
In wanton sport those bright leaves whose decay -
Red, yellow, or ethereally pale—
Rivals the pride of Summer.

Here in a few brief words we have fixed upon the camera of the mind the whole glories of autumn.

There is, however, a higher form of love of nature than mere delight in her visible beauties. A true votary worships her in the spirit of love and universal charity ; her simplest sights and sounds to him form part of a never-ending lesson, and in his heart there is found room for love of what appears to the dull eyes of most men, her meanest and least lovable creations. It was in this spirit that Shelley never ceased to worship Nature ; from his infancy he drank in new lessons from every changing incident ; as he himself tells us :

'The shells on the sea-sand, and the wild flowers,
The lamplight through the rafters cheerly spread,
And on the twining flax—in life's young hours,
These sights and sounds did nurse my spirit's folded powers.'

His comprehensive love of everything that lives and breathes ; his delight in the mere thought that 'birth proceeds, that things subsist ;' his glorious attempt to teach us that the spirit of the Universe, and the spirit of the Deity are commingled, so that as he says:

'The spirit of the worm beneath the sod,
In love and worship, blends itself with God,'

these are our evidences that in its representation of Nature, Shelley's poetry was born of, and inspired by Love. Shelley went a step further than most poets in insisting upon the evident laws of nature, and in showing how by our perversity we mar some of the purest beauties of her system. The burning consciousness of this first forced him into song, and until the end of his life he sang, with the fiery inspiration of a prophet, this truth. His soul revolted against the senseless restrictions, the meaningless tyrannies with which man circumscribes his own existence, and with unconscious art he rarely inveighs against these without as a counterpoise holding up a picture of the calm serenity and undisturbed beatitude of nature. If in his song he was sometimes too eager, too impetuous and too sanguine ; if he made light of obstacles, and laughed at prejudices nothing is thereby detracted from his glory ; for the well-head of his song was the vision of perfect Man and perfect Nature, a vision altogether hid and obscured from our dull sight, but which it was permitted to him to see, not perhaps in its full and awful glory, but 'as in a glass darkly.'

The year of the birth of Percy Bysshe Shelley was the year which witnessed the fall of the Monarchy in France. It is among the unfading glories of the French Revolution, that it awoke throughout Europe a burst of enthusiasm for freedom, which not only influenced poetry, but which out of itself created poets. Upon Shelley its effect was peculiar, in that he lived too late to witness its excesses, but not too late to see the final success of despots, in destroying for the time all that it contained of good. This consciousness envenomed the darts which he flung at despotism, and rendered him a fiercer defender of the freedom against which he thought all the mighty ones of the earth were in

arms. But it cannot be said to have strengthened, much less to have inspired his love of liberty. This love was not a part of Shelley, it *was* Shelley: without it he is nought, and by reason of it he is divine. There is hardly a poet, since poets first were, who has not in some form or other sung the praises of Freedom; with the majority, however, the love is but half-hearted and the singing conventional. Many poets whose love of liberty, so far as it goes, is genuine, have fallen into the mistake of believing that Freedom only concerns a poet as a thing beautiful in the abstract, and therefore to be praised and upheld in a dilettante patronizing spirit, so long as the praise can be given without implying any practical application to the actual conditions of life. It was not in this wise that Shelley loved Freedom: he not only sang her praises but attacked her enemies, in season and out of season, with almost ruthless disregard of temporalities. In 'The Revolt of Islam,' he thus proclaims his mission:

'It shall be thus no more! too long, too long,
Sons of the glorious dead, have ye lain bound
In darkness and in ruin!—Hope is strong,
Justice and Truth their winged child have found.
Awake! Arise! until the mighty sound
Of your career shall scatter in its gust
The thrones of the oppressor, and the ground
Hide the last altar's unregarded dust,
Whose idol has so long betrayed your impious trust!
It must be so—I will arise and waken
The multitude, and, like a sulphurous hill,
Which on a sudden from its snows has shaken
The swoon of ages, it shall burst, and fill
The world with cleansing fire: it must, it will—
It may not be restrained!'

Other men have been content to devote their lives to the promotion of some particular phase of liberty—the abolition of slavery, or the emancipation of a nation, or religious or political freedom, but Shelley's meaning of the word was a wider and a deeper one. He applied it not as a panacea for the reformation of any particular evil, but as the one glorious principle by which at last the world

'Will be without a flaw,
Marring its perfect symmetry.'

To their wilful loss of freedom he attributed all the crime and evils that vex men. He found restraint everywhere, not only in the larger concerns of life, such as education, religion, love, war, and politics, but even intruding itself into the smallest social affairs, and he believed that man needed but freedom from all such restraint to attain perfect virtue and perfect happiness. This is the creed he upheld, and would have found some means to preach, had he been deaf, dumb, and blind, and it is for this reason that, robbed of its hyperbole, De Quincey's saying that had there been no such thing as literature, Shelley would hardly have lost one plume from his crest, is a true and just criticism. Shelley, in his enthusiasm, too often overlooked the fact that to be fit for perfect freedom, man must first attain perfect wisdom; yet this very forgetfulness finds its condonation in the fact that it arose from his noble belief that

'Every heart contains perfection's germ.'

Shelley's proposition was that all men not only ought to be free, but may of their own will become free, by which he understood not only free from tyranny, but free from sin and suffering—free from all desire of sin and all possibility of suffering. The exposition of this belief forms the groundwork of all his more important poems, with the sole exception of 'The Cenci.' 'The Revolt of Islam' is the most direct and most passionate of Shelley's poems written in defence of freedom. The poem is faulty in its primary construction, and contains more evidence than almost any other of his works of the impetuous carelessness with which he worked, abounding as it does in examples of loose rhyme and license of metre. We have said, not without fear of presumption, that this poem is faultily constructed, and for this reason, that it sets in juxtaposition the Allegorical and the Actual, both with so slight a definition and so shadowy an outline, that they act upon each other only in the direction of a mutual lessening of power. An allegory or a

parable impresses us in direct ratio with the realism and ultra-probability of its details, but as there is no such attempt even made in 'The Revolt of Islam,' it fails as an allegory: and as whatever of human interest might be found in the plot is destroyed by the commingling of the real and the fanciful, it fails in this respect also. There is, however, no greater proof of Shelley's genius than the fact that, notwithstanding all its faults, the poem is a magnificent and in one respect an harmonious whole. It is one sustained appeal to mankind to arise and be free—free from servitude, free from sin, and free from misery. Before this fact its want of plot, its wild license of imagination, fade into insignificance. It is not a parable nor a story; it is, as Shelley meant it to be, 'a series of thoughts which filled his mind with unbounded and sustained enthusiasm,' and it is, as he also meant it to be, the most complete record of himself which he has handed down to future ages. These few inadequate remarks upon a poem which rarely receives full justice, must conclude our observation of Shelley as the poet of Freedom. In his singing of Liberty, as in all his singing, he was animated by Love, and sustained by enthusiasm, sustained, too, by the consciousness that if not in his day, at least in the future,

> 'All shall relent
> Who hear me—tears as mine shall flow,
> Hearts beat as mine now beats with such intent
> As renovate the world: a will omnipotent!'

We now come to the province wherein none question Shelley's pre-eminent greatness. There are many who fail to sympathize fully with his aspirations, and to whom the spirit of his poetry is alien, but the ears must be deaf and the eyes blind indeed, which refuse to acknowledge that he has embodied his aspirations in matchless verse, and that, whatever may be its spirit, the outward form of his poetry is divine. Shelley's poetry is remarkable for its immense range, and its steady, yet rapid and sustained progress towards perfection. In two directions he has shown himself the greatest of moderns—in the lyrical and in the dramatic. The tendency of all those poets who are called of the 'School of Wordsworth' was towards the lyrical and musical in poetry. Shelley, Keats and Coleridge all base their renown on their marvellous possession of the faculty of *singing*, and of these three Shelley possesses it in by far the highest degree. Song was inborn in him, and flowed from him without an effort, and with such a steady increase in volume and power that the degree of strength and sweetness in his later lyrics could hardly have been foretold from the efforts of his youth. In 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude' Shelley first burst into full song. The poem is essentially one of nature, and is the elaboration of an idea rather than an attempt to pourtray human emotion or feeling. The poet who wanders through the world, ostracising himself from his fellow-beings in the search for unattainable perfection, and in despair at his failure, perishes untimely, is a subject that might, in other hands, have been susceptible of a directly human treatment. Shelley, however, discards the human element, and, as was his wont, idealizes the real. This poem, as compared with 'Queen Mab,' shows a remarkable advance, not only in power, but in knowledge of, and reliance upon, his own resources. There had been nothing in Shelley's previous career to show that he possessed the exquisite musical faculty which alone could inspire such verses as the following:

> 'Beyond, a well,
> Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
> Images all the woven boughs above,
> And each defining leaf, and every speck
> Of azure sky darting between their chasms;
> Nor aught else in the liquid mirror leaves
> Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
> Between one foliage lattice twinkling fair,
> Or painted bird sleeping beneath the moon,
> Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,
> Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
> Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.'

'The Revolt of Islam,' the general characteristics of which we have al-

ready noticed, contained the first signs which Shelley gave to the world of the possession of tragic power. To delineate the horrible with all the licensed exaggeration of poetry, but without offending the most delicate sense, is a gift bestowed on few poets. The description of War and Famine in the Revolt of Islam is drawn with the utmost fiery power and horrid realism, and some critics think that Shelley has given undue prominence to harrowing and repulsive details. But the hand of genius continually relieves the most ghastly pictures by the introduction of a tenderly human incident, such as that contained in the concluding line of the following stanza:

'There was no corn—in the wide market-place
All loathliest things, even human flesh, was sold;
They weighed it in small scales—and many a face
Was fixed in eager horror then. His gold
The miser brought; the tender maid, grown bold
Through hunger, bared her scorned charms in vain;
The mother brought her eldest born, controlled
By instinct blind as love, but turned again,
And bade her infant suck, and died in silent pain.'

In addition to the increase in strength apparent in this poem, there is also an increase no less considerable in sweetness and flow of melody. Shelley's lyrical faculty, growing stronger with each effort, was now approaching its zenith. 'Rosalind and Helen' and 'Julian and Maddalo,' are the only considerable poems which interpose between the full and glorious attainment of 'Prometheus Unbound.' The first of these is Shelley's most serious attempt at a narrative poem, and perhaps this is sufficient reason for the fact that, although it contains many passages of rare beauty, it is a comparative failure. He was conscious that such an attempt was at that time unsuited to him for he abandoned the poem when half finished as unworthy of completion, and the conclusion was unwillingly added by him, only at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Shelley. 'Julian and Maddalo' is the first of Shelley's works which absolutely fulfils its every purpose: it is perfect not only in outward form, but in conception and treatment. Shelley called it a "conversation," and although technically the definition is incomplete it exactly describes the character of the poem.* There is an air of dignified simplicity and half concealed tenderness diffused throughout, which invests the poem with an indescribable charm. Although the story is episodical and the chief incidents but dimly shadowed, there is a more penetrating human interest in 'Julian and Maddalo' than in any of Shelley's poems with the exception of 'The Cenci.'

'Prometheus Unbound' is the divinest and completest example of Shelley's matchless powers of song. The subject gave him ample scope for the exercise of both tragic and lyric power. The spectacle of the mighty Titan, chained to the rock of torture, the alternation of the fierce exultation of the Furies "Shapeless as their Mother Night," with the sweet and liquid singing of the 'Spirits of the Mind,' strike, in the opening act, the keynote of the drama. Shelley gave his own interpretation to the Greek myth, and instead of allowing Prometheus, the embodiment of Good and Champion of Mankind, to yield to Jove, the embodiment of Evil and Oppressor of Mankind, he represents him as remaining firm in spite of torture, and at last obtaining his release from the Primal Power of the Universe. The second portion of the poem, wherein all the glorious spirits who circle round the earth, and Earth herself burst into glad strains of rejoicing at the emancipation of Humanity, is not only unrivalled, but not even approached by any other lyrical poet of modern times. There is nothing at all resembling it in kind, nothing that can be placed in the same category with it; it stands alone in the divine isolation of flawless beauty. It is impossible from such a collection of gems to select any one as unquestionably of purer lustre than another, but the following antiphonal

* It will be apparent to the most casual reader that Count Maddalo is designed for Lord Byron, while Julian represents Shelley himself.

singing may be quoted as in a measure typical:

Chorus of Hours.

'Break the dance and scatter the song'
Let some depart, and some remain.

Semichorus I.

We beyond heaven are driven along.

Semichorus II.

Us the enchantments of earth retain.

Semichorus I.

Ceaseless and rapid, and fierce and free,
With the spirits which build a new earth and sea,
And a heaven where yet heaven could never be.

Semichorus II.

Solemn and slow and serene and bright,
Leading the day, and outspeeding the night,
With the powers of a world of perfect light.

Semichorus I.

We whirl, singing loud, round the gathering sphere,
Till the trees and the beasts and the clouds appear
From its chaos, made calm by love, not fear.

Semichorus II.

We encircle the ocean and mountains of earth,
And the happy forms of its death and birth
Change to the music of our sweet mirth.

Chorus of Hours and Spirits.

Break the dance and scatter the song,
Let some depart and some remain.
Wherever we fly, we lead along
In leashes like star-beams, and yet strong,
The clouds that are heavy with love's sweet rain.'

The bent of Shelley's mind, in which the real was indissolubly mingled with the visionary, rendered possible his marvellous treatment of this subject. As we read, we feel ourselves transported to another world without altogether losing remembrance of this one; love, pain, sin and suffering are all there, and in spite of their divinity its denizens are informed with the spirit of humanity. One remarkable feature of Shelley's poetry is prominently displayed in 'Promotheus Unbound,' and that is the manner in which he illustrates nature by the emotions of mankind, and in turn draws his illustrations of human feeling from the vast vocabulary of nature. Thus it is said of Spring:

'Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad, because it hath been sweet.'

We have already referred to this poem as an illustration of Shelley's overpowering belief in the perfectibility of man. The speech of the Spirit of the Hour with which the Third Act closes, is the most exhaustive and deeply inspired exposition which Shelley has given us of what the world, under a reign of perfect wisdom and love might become, leaving man

'The king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise: but man
Passionless? No: yet free from guilt or pain,
Which were, for his will made or suffered them:
Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,
From chance and death and mutability,—
The clogs of that which else might oversoar
The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.'

It is fitting that Shelley's most glorious poem should contain such evidence of his noble belief in the ultimate destiny of his race.

We pass now to the consideration of the poem which establishes Shelley's reputation as the second of English poets in dramatic, as he is first in lyrical composition. 'The Cenci' stands alone among Shelley's works. It is absolutely different in kind from anything he had hitherto attempted, and as to its form, there is hardly to be found in it one of the peculiar characteristics which mark his previous poems. The horror of the story of the Cenci family vividly impressed Shelley, and in dramatizing it he contrived most marvellously to sink his own personality, opinions and theories, and even to abandon all his familiar modes of workmanship. He does not openly display the most monstrous horror in the story, but treats it so delicately that there is only one direct allusion to it in the whole drama. He works out his plot with the intense directness of Shakespeare: there are no passages of exuberant fancy, no poetical descriptions which would be valuable for their poetry alone, and not for their bearing on the story: every line serves its purpose towards his great end, the thorough development of the character of Beatrice. What a many-sided nature Shelley has here depicted! First, the tender loving girl bending under the weight of afflictions from which she refused to escape if she must leave those whom she loved to 'suffer what I still have strength to share;' the tortured creature, driven mad by the last hellish outrage; the courageous woman, firm

of hand to strike her loathed foe, and ready of brain to defend herself and her loved ones; and the proud exalted martyr, whom torture could not move, stepping to her grave as it had been her marriage-bed, still comforting, still sustaining others; all these are embodied in the character of Beatrice. The combination of strength, courage and endurance with the tenderness of woman is rare in actual life, and almost as rare in poetry; Shakespeare and Shelley have alone perfectly depicted it. Beatrice is not the only character in the play which reminds us of Shakespeare; the magnificent conception of Count Cenci, to whom evil is the only good, who loves nothing but:

> 'The sight of agony, and the sense of joy,—
> When this shall be another's, and that mine.'

is thoroughly Shakespearean. Richard the Third's enjoyment of evil was more vivacious, and less horrible than Count Cenci's, because he is invested with more of the human and less of the monstrous element, and Iago, with the same devilish malice as Count Cenci, had an aim, if but a shadowy one, in what he did. But all three characters have this in common, that each in his different degree loved evil and the infliction of pain for their own sakes, and apart from any ulterior result. The mighty power and vigour of the man pour forth in burning words, and to find a parallel for such a passage as the curse invoked upon Beatrice, we must go back to the dramas of Marlowe or Ford. It is said that Macready was so struck with the acting capabilities of this character that he declared if the play were ever acted he would emerge from his retirement to assume it.* The minor characters are in no case elaborately worked out, and indeed, with the exception of Orsino, are somewhat shadowy. Orsino, the heartless casuist, who, hesitating at no crime to secure his ends, yet determines to do

> 'As little mischief as I can; that thought
> Shall fee the accuser Conscience.

is finely conceived, but the conception is hardly sustained, and a character which in the first act promised to be a second Iago, disappears from the play in the fifth act, leaving a decided sense of disappointment and incompleteness on the reader's mind. 'The Cenci' is the finest, perhaps to most minds the only, example of pure and deep human pathos which Shelley has left us; the last words of Beatrice with which the Drama ends call up 'thoughts which lie too deep for tears,' and are nowhere surpassed even by Shakespeare himself:

> 'Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
> My dear Lord Cardinal.—Here, mother, tie
> My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
> In any simple knot; ay, that does well—
> And yours, I see, is coming down. How often
> Have we done this for one another! now
> We shall not do it any more. My lord
> We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.'

Shelley's inborn genius for pure song and his vehement desire to proclaim his theories of the ultimate destiny of mankind forced him from the path of the drama of action, nor, during the few years left to him did his footsteps ever again tend in that direction. The 'Witch of Atlas,' and 'Epipsychidion' show no decline in his exquisite powers, and 'Adonais' is surpassed as an Elegy by 'Lycidas' alone. It has not the dignified grace and calm conscious strength of Milton's poem, but in beauty of imagery and sweet sadness of melody it stands unrivalled. One line in the poem defines the poem itself:

> 'And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.'

There are two of Shelley's minor poems which, brief as is our remaining space cannot be passed over unnoticed. 'The Cloud' and lines 'To a Skylark' have been said by some critics to sum up Shelley's chief excellencies as a poet. This is an exaggerated estimate, and unjust to his

* It has always been a matter of surprise to us that the play has never been put upon the stage; although, as Shelley himself said, to see Beatrice finely acted 'would tear our nerves to pieces.' Perhaps the difficulty lies as much in finding representatives for the two chief characters as in any objection to the horror involved in the plot.

more important poems, but some colour is given to it by the absolute undeniable perfection of the two lyrics in question. There is certainly nothing of the same kind in English poetry in any way comparable to them. The exquisite lines in 'The Cloud,'

'That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece like floor
By the midnight breezes shewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.'

or those in 'The Skylark,'

'We look before and after
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.'

surely prove that the wish uttered in the last verse of the 'Skylark' was not altogether fruitless:

'Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then as I am listening now.'

Notwithstanding the exquisite music of Shelley's poetry, it does not cling to the memory, nor can we recall it so easily as we can some poetry less worthy to be remembered. This is the reason that, although so widely read, he is so little quoted. To add largely to the world's stock of quotations a poet must needs be terse and epigrammatic, qualities which cannot be combined with the musical flow of lyrical poetry.

We must perforce end here our remarks on Shelley's powers of song, leaving unnoticed many poems, such as 'The Sensitive Plant' and 'Ode to the West Wind,' which worthily rank among his finest creations. There is one direction, however, very generally overlooked in any estimate of him, in which he showed the germs of greatness, and that is in satire. The 'Masque of Anarchy' is a master-piece of bitter irony, and fierce invective, and the airy and playful satire of 'Peter Bell the Third' is delightful, while for grotesque and Rabelaisian humour, 'Œdipus Tyrannus or Swellfoot the Tyrant,' has few rivals in modern poetry. To compare 'Peter Bell the Third' with another satire of the same period Lord Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' is to compare the courtier's keen and polished rapier, with the leaded bludgeon of the housebreaker. What can be more happy than the hit at Coleridge in the verse:

'He was a mighty poet and
A subtle-souled psychologist:
All things he seemed to understand
Of old or new, of sea or land
But his own mind, which was a mist.'

The truth is, that whatever Shelley attempted, song, drama or satire he succeeded in; each year of his life he entered some new field, only to gain additional glory, and we can but dimly guess what the world lost by his early death. His faults are as spots upon the sun, or as specks of dust upon a shining mirror, they cannot even dim the exceeding brightness of his fame as a poet or his glory as a man. If future ages will discern beauties in, and gather wisdom from, his poetry which are obscured from us, we, at least, who are nearest to him in time, can glory in him most as a man. One of the most beautiful tributes to his pure and noble nature has been offered by one who disagreed most bitterly with all his theories and opinions. When we find, in one of those exquisitely touching passages of which he alone is capable, De Quincey, the prejudiced, almost bigoted dogmatist, speaking thus of Shelley, 'When one recurs to his gracious nature, his fearlessness, his truth, his purity from all fleshliness of appetite, his freedom from vanity, his diffusive love and tenderness—suddenly out of darkness reveals itself a morning of May; forests and thickets of roses advance to the foreground, and from the midst of them looks out "the eternal child," cleansed from his sorrow and radiant with joy,' surely we may say of Shelley that, deathless as is his fame as a poet, his god-like nature

'Seems half his immortality.'

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

'Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.'

MRS. BOSTOCK continued to take the same gloomy view of Alma's wonderful fortune. Instead of rejoicing with her husband, and holding up her head as he did, she went about downcast and murmuring, instead of thanking Heaven. She said it was unnatural; she laughed to scorn her daughter's earnest efforts to make herself a lady; she even went so far as to declare that it was a flying in the face of Providence.

There is only one manner of meeting with opposition possible to men whose powers of utterance are not equal to their powers of indignation. Everybody knows that method: most women have experienced its force, and can testify to the remarkable lack of results which follow its exhibition. What one 'damn,' in fact, cannot effect, fifty cannot. Yet a certain artistic pride in rising to the occasion carries on the swearer. But even after the greatest provocation, followed by the most extraordinary efforts, you always feel, as a merchant skipper once complained to me with tears in his eyes, after swearing till the topmasts trembled, that you have hardly done justice to the subject. The Bailiff did his best, poor man; and yet his wife remained obdurate.

No one sympathized with her, except, perhaps, Miranda, to whom she poured out her soul.

'How should the girl be fit,' asked her mother, 'to be a gentleman's wife? It isn't from her father that she'd learn the soft ways that Master Alan has been used to, that's quite certain. Then he'll turn round some day and blame me for it—me, his mother's own maid, as held him in my arms before he was a day old!'

'But Alma looks soft and gentle,' said Miranda; 'and I am quite sure that Alan would never impute any blame to you.'

Mrs. Bostock spread out her hands and nodded her head.

'Soft and gentle!' she echoed. 'Miss Miranda, a cat is soft and gentle; but a cat has got a temper. Only a cat has manners; which,' she added, after a pause, 'my daughter hasn't got.'

'Bostock,' she went on, 'thinks it will be a fine thing for him. So it will, no doubt. Alma thinks it will be a fine thing to sham grand lady. Well, until she tires of it, no doubt it will be. Instead of learning her gratitude and duty to her husband—instead of trying to see how she can prevent being a shame and disgrace to him—goes into the village and flaunts round, trying to make that blacksmith's girl burst with spite, while her father goes to Athelston market, and makes believe he's equal to the biggest farmer in the place.'

This was a gloomy, but a true picture.

'And no taste in dress,' the ex-lady's maid went on. 'Anything

that's got a colour in it: here a bit of red, and there a bit of yellow. It makes me ashamed, I declare, Miss Miranda, just to see you in that lovely pearl-grey, so cool and sweet this hot morning, is a rest for weary eyes. There! you always had, next to my lady, the true eye for colour. That is born with a woman.'

Then Miranda took the step which she had been meditating since the first news of the engagement. It was not a thing which gave her any pleasure; quite the contrary. It gave her a great deal of pain; it was a step which would keep before her eyes a subject on which she was compelled to think—Alan's engagement and his *fiancée!* In fact, she asked Mrs. Bostock to send Alma to Dalmeny Hall, to stay with herself until the wedding.

Mrs. Bostock hesitated.

'Would Mrs. Dalmeny like it?'

'My mother is almost entirely confined to her own room. Alma will see little or nothing of her.'

'And the ladies of Weyland Court?'

'Alma will probably see none of them,' said Miranda, smiling. 'We shall not make her a Sister of our Monastery.'

'It's more than kind of you, Miss Miranda, and I know it is all for Mr. Alan's sake. The banns are to be put up next Sunday, and her things to be got ready and all. But I can manage better without her, and up here with you she will be out of mischief, and learning nothing but what's good.'

'Out of mischief, at least,' said Miranda.

'Unless you're a lady, and can make your daughter a lady,' said Mrs. Bostock, 'it's a dreadful difficult thing to bring up a girl. Full of deceit they are, and cunning as no one would believe. Look as innocent, too, if you trust their looks, which I don't, nor wouldn't let one of them go out o' sight for five minutes. Even now, while I am here, I shouldn't wonder if Alma isn't carrying on with ——. But she shan't say I made mischief,' concluded the good woman, as if her whole discourse had tended to the praise and honour of her daughter.

Alma was not 'carrying on' with any one. She was harmlessly employed before the biggest looking-glass in the house, practising the art of walking as she had seen Miss Nelly walk, with her long skirts gathered up in the left hand, and a parasol in the right. She worked very hard at this imitation, and really succeeded in producing a fair caricature.

It must be acknowledged that, so far, Alma's only gratification in her engagement was this kind of exercise. Whatever else would happen to her, whatever 'rows'—this young lady confidently expected rows—with her husband, whatever defiance or disobedience she would have to exhibit, one thing was quite certain, that she should be a lady. She would have her servants and her carriage; she would have as many dresses, and as fine, as she wished.

Her only gratification—worse than that, her only consolation! The prospect of actual marriage with that grave and solemn man, full of books and things beyond all comprehension, was becoming daily more repugnant. She was not a girl of strong will; she was afraid of her father, of Mr. Dunlop, and of Harry. She was afraid of all three, and she could not bear to think of the consequences which might follow whatever line she adopted. As for the grandeur of the thing, the poor girl was already *désillusionnée*. Grandeur with perpetual company manners was not, she felt, worth the fuss people made about it. All very well to flaunt in the face of Black Bess, and the like of her; but a *gêne* when one is alone, or surrounded by those very wearying companions, stiff manners and incomprehensible talk.

Three weeks before the wedding. A good deal may be done in three weeks, did one only know the right

thing to do. A clear run of three weeks, which she had hoped to use for some good purpose, to be devised by Harry, at home. And now she was to give up this precious interval of liberty, and spend it in learning company manners at Dalmeny Hall—company manners all day long, and no relaxation.

And she had begun, in her foolish and irrational jealousy, to hate Miss Dalmeny, whom, in former days, she had only envied. The young lady represented all that her betrothed regarded as perfect in womanhood. Can a girl be expected to fall in love with some one else's ideal—her engaged lover's ideal—of what she herself might be? It is not in human nature.

She dared not yet show her animosity. Once married, she thought, Miss Dalmeny should see of what a spirit she could be. Only, when Alan talked of Miranda, she set her lips together and was silent; and when Miranda came to see her, she hung her pretty head and became sulky.

Miranda saw the feeling, and partly guessed its cause.

It was impossible for Alma to refuse an invitation at which Alan was rejoiced beyond measure, and her father gratified, because it seemed, to his amazing conceit, as if the whole world was ready to acknowledge the fitness of the match.

'My little gell,' he said, rubbing his great red hands together, and assuming an expression of gratified vanity, which made Alma long to spring to her feet and box his ears for him—it is understood that young ladies with such fathers as Stephen Bostock accept the Fifth Commandment with a breadth of view which allows large deductions—'my little gell is to be received at Dalmeny Hall. She is not to walk there, if you please, nor is she to go in by the back way ——"

'Like her mother,' interposed Mrs. Bostock.

'She will be drove there by Miss Miranda herself,' resumed her husband. 'She will be bowed down before and scraped unto by the footmen, and the butler, and the coachman, and the lady's-maid. She will be made a lady before Mr. Alan makes her a lady.'

'I wish being a lady wasn't all company manners,' sighed Alma.

'Think of the grandeur!' said her father. 'Think of setting alone on your own sofy at Weyland Court—because that's all nonsense what Mr. Alan talks—and receiving your father when he calls to see you. You will be grateful then to your father for being such a father, as it does a gell credit to take after.'

Miranda drove her pony-carriage to the farm to take her. She saw that the girl was unwilling to come, and she guessed, from the red spots in her cheeks, and her lowering look, that there had been some difference of opinion between her and her mother. In fact, there had been a row royal, the details of which present nothing remarkable. The contention of Mrs. Bostock, had the matter been calmly argued, was that her daughter's disinclination to spend the three weeks before her wedding at Dalmeny Hall was another proof of her unfitness to rise to the greatness which was thrust upon her. Nothing but a natural love for low life and conversation, such as her father's, could account for her wish to refuse the invitation. Alma would have pleaded, had not temper got the better of reason, that he might have allowed her to enjoy in her own way the last three weeks of her liberty.

The controversy, warmly maintained on either side, was raging at its height when Miss Dalmeny's ponies were seen coming up the road from the village. Both disputants instantly became silent.

Very little was said when Alma left her home, and scant was the leave-taking she bestowed upon her parent. But her heart sank when the thought came upon her that she was leaving the old life altogether, never to come

back to it, and that for the future it would be always company manners.

Mrs. Bostock watched the carriage drive away. She, too, felt a heart-sinking. Her daughter was gone.

'A son is a son till he marries a wife,
A daughter's a daughter all her life.'

It was not so in her case. She knew that, lady or not, there would be a space between her and Alma more widening as she acquired new ideas, and began to understand how a lady thinks of things. And spite of her temper, her craft, and her subtlety, the good woman was fond of her daughter. Now Alma was gone, she would be left alone with her Stephen, and he with the thirst for brandy-and-water growing upon him. What difference did a little quarrel, however fierce, make for mother or daughter?

Alma preserved her silence and sulkiness during their short drive to Dalmeny Hall. It made her worse to observe that Black Bess was not in the village to watch her driving in state with Miss Dalmeny.

Miranda took her to her own room, a pretty little room, furnished with luxury to which the Bailiff's daughter was wholly unaccustomed. The aspect of the dainty white curtains, the pretty French bed, the sofa, the toilet table, the great glass, took away her breath, but it did not take away her sulkiness. She reflected that all these pretty things meant company manners—why, oh! why, cannot people have nice things, and yet live anyhow?—and she hardened her heart.

'This is your room, Alma,' said Miranda. 'I hope you will be happy with us.'

Alma sat on the bed, and began to pull off her gloves, pulling at them with jerks.

'You don't really want me,' she said, slowly, glancing furtively at her hostess, for she was dreadfully afraid. 'You don't really want me here at all. You only want to teach me manners. You want to improve me before I am married, that's all.'

It was quite true, but not a thing which need be said openly.

'Come, Alma,' said Miranda, kindly; 'you are going to marry Alan. Is not that reason enough for our being friends?'

But Alma went on pouting and grumbling.

'That's all very well, and if I hadn't been going to marry Mr. Dunlop, of course you wouldn't have noticed me no more than the dirt beneath your feet. I know that. But it's all nonsense wanting to be friends. You think you can teach me how to behave so as he shan't be ashamed of me. Very well, then. I always thought, till I was engaged to a gentleman, that I knew as well as anybody. But I know now that I don't. Mr. Dunlop, he's always saying that there's nobody like you in all the world.' Here Miranda blushed violently. 'Why didn't he ask you to marry him, then, instead of me? I'm to imitate you if I can, he says. Then mother keeps nagging—says I'm not fit to sit at table with gentlefolks. It isn't my fault. Why did she not teach me? She ought, because she knows, though father doesn't.'

'Manners,' said Miranda, 'are chiefly a matter of good feeling.'

Here she was quite wrong. In my limited pilgrimage, I have met abundant examples of men possessing excellent hearts and the kindest dispositions, who seemed to regard a plate as a trough. I am not at present thinking of the *commis voyageurs* whom you meet at French country town *tables d'hôte*, because their hearts are not commonly considered to be in the most desirable place.

Then Miranda took Alma's red hand—it was shapely and small—in her own white fingers, and pressed it kindly.

'Come, my dear, we will improve each other.'

They had luncheon together, and alone. In the afternoon they sat in Miranda's cool morning-room, which

looked upon the shady garden, and while the bees droned heavily outside among the flowers, and the light breeze rustled among the leaves, and the heavy scent of summer floated through the open windows, Miranda told the girl something—she did not trust herself to tell her all—of Alan's life.

'And so you see, my dear, his whole life, from the very first, as soon as he understood that he was born to wealth, has been an endeavour to find out how best to use that wealth, not for any personal advantage or glory, but for the good of others. And while other rich men have contented themselves with giving money, speaking on platforms, and leaving secretaries to do the work, he put his theories into practice, and has always worked himself instead of paying others to work. He has thought out the kind of life which he believes will be of the greatest benefit, and he has lived that life. I think, Alma, that there is no man living who has so much courage and such strength of will as Alan.'

'Yes,' said Alma, thoughtfully. 'Father always did say that he was more cracked than any man he'd ever come across. And I suppose he is.'

This was not quite Miranda's position, but she let it pass.

'To live among the people as one of themselves, to live as they live, to eat among them, sleep among them, and to show them how the higher life is possible even for the poorest, surely, Alma, that is a very noble thing to do.'

Alma looked as if she should again like to quote her father, but would refrain. Those who dwell habitually among the lower sorts acquire an insight into the baser side of human nature which, perhaps, compensates for the accompanying incredulity as to noble or disinterested actions.

Alma did not quote Mr. Bostock, but she laughed, being on this subject as incredulous as Sarai.

'After all, what good has he done the villagers with his notions?' she asked.

'Who can tell?' replied Miranda. 'You cannot sow the seed altogether in vain. Some good he must have done.'

'He hasn't, then,' said Alma, triumphantly. 'Not one bit of good. If I wasn't afraid of him, I'd tell him so myself. You might, because you are not going to marry him, and have no call to be afraid.'

Miranda shuddered. Was this girl chosen on purpose to carry on Alan's schemes, going to begin by openly deriding them?

Alma lay back in her easy-chair—in spite of company manners, the chair was delicious—and went on with her criticism of Alan's doings.

'Stuff and rubbish it all is, and stuff and rubbish I've called it all along. There was the Village Parliament. When the beer stopped, that stopped. Not one single discussion was held there. Only the usual talk about pigs and beer—same as in the Spotted Lion. Then there was the shop, where everybody was to have little books, and put down what they bought, and have a profit in it at the end of the year. As if the people would take that trouble! And there was no credit, until the boys gave credit, contrary to orders. And then there was the Good Liquor Bar, where the beer was to be sold cheap, and the best. Why they used to water the beer, those two boys, and unless they'd given credit, too, no one would have ever had a glass there. And you know how both the boys have run away with all the money, and Mr. Dunlop's found out that they kept a double set of books.'

'Yes,' said Miranda. 'It is such a pity that dishonesty must be taken into account in every plan.'

'All the village knew about it—at least, all the women. Then the men on father's farm got three shillings a week extra. That makes all the other men jealous. For do you think that the men took the money home to their

wives? Not they, nor wouldn't if it had been thirty shillings. Spent it all, every drop, in beer.'

She almost rose to the level of righteous indignation as she made these revelations.

'And the Library! That makes a nice place for Prudence Driver. She—and a nasty little cat she is—tried to get Mr. Dunlop to listen to her tales and gossip. Well, we shall see before long.'

Miranda began to feel very uncomfortable indeed. The young lady was revealing the seamy side to her character.

'And the baths! As if those beer-drinking louts ever wanted to wash. It's too ridiculous. Well, I hope Mr. Dunlop's had enough of his foolishness now. I'm afraid to tell him. But I hope you will, Miss Dalmeny.'

'We will grant,' said Miranda, with a feeling of hopelessness, because the girl could not even feel respect for Alan's self-sacrifice—'we will grant that some of the experiments have not been successful. You, however, Alma, are his last experiment. It depends upon yourself whether you will be successful.'

'Oh! yes,' sighed the girl, wearily. 'He's always talking, but I can't understand, and sometimes I listen and sometimes I don't. Said once he wanted to marry me in order to enter more fully into their minds. Their minds, indeed! As if that would help him. I always thought men married girls because they loved them—and never a word, not a syllable about love. How would you like it, Miss Dalmeny?'

Miranda could not help it. The feeling was unworthy, but her heavy heart did lift a little at the thought that Alan had made no pretence of love to this girl.

'Then he lends me books. Books about all sorts of things. Books so stupid that you would think no one would ever be found to read them.'

'But you do read them?'

'Oh! I pretend, you know. I tried to, first of all, but it was no use; and then, because I saw he liked it, I took to pretending.' This she confessed with the perfect confidence that among persons of her own sex such little deceptions are laudable when found expedient.

And so the truth was at last ascertained by Miranda. The girl, in spite of all Alan's preachings, which had fallen upon unlistening ears, was wholly unprepared for the life designed for her, and perfectly ignorant of her suitor's design.

What was to be done? She was afraid to tell Alan, and she shrank from telling Alma. Then she sent a note to Desdemona, asking her to come to her help. Desdemona came to dinner, and after dinner—which Alma thought a most tedious and absurdly ceremonious affair—Miranda played and sang a little, while Desdemona talked to Alma.

She talked artfully, this craftiest of comedians. She congratulated Alma on her success of the Golden Apple, which she insinuated was the means by which her splendid subsequent success had been brought about. And when Alma, who found in her a person much more sympathetic than Miss Dalmeny, at once plunged into her private grievances at being deprived of the usual accompaniments of courting, Desdemona murmured in tones of real feeling, 'Dear! dear me! how very sad! and how very strange!'

And then she added, as if the thing made Alan's coldness conspicuously disgraceful: 'And when, too, he is going to make you sacrifice yourself in that dreadful way!'

'What dreadful way?' asked Alma.

'Why, my dear child, after your marriage.'

'After my marriage. What do you mean, Mrs. Fanshawe?'

'Why, my dear, what do you think you will do when you are married?'

Miranda heard the question, and went on playing softly.

'Why . . . live at Weyland Court, to be sure; and have carriages and servants, and be a lady.'

'But that is not at all what you will do,' said Desdemona. 'Has not Alan told you?'

Alma's face grew white.

'You will never live at Weyland Court at all,' said Desdemona, slowly and icily. 'The Court will be let to other people. You will have no carriages and no servants: you will live in the village among the people: you will work as you do now: you will lead the same homely life that you have always led, only simpler: yet it will be necessary, for your husband's sake, that you make yourself a lady. It will be your lifelong business to show the villagers how a cottage woman may be a lady.'

Alma gasped.

'Is this the meaning of all his talks that I never listened to?' She sprang to her feet and clasped her hands. 'Oh! I am cheated—I am cheated! And why did he pick me out for such foolery?'

'Because,' said Miranda, leaving the piano, and looking her sternly in the face, 'because Alan thinks that he has found a woman who will enter into his noble plans, and help him to carry them out. Because he trusts entirely in your loyalty and truth, Alma. And because he thinks that you, too, desire a life which shall be one of self-sacrifice, and yet most beautiful and holy for him and for you.'

But Alma broke out into passionate crying and sobbing. She asked if this was to be the end of her fine engagement, that everybody was to laugh at her, that she was to be worse off than Black Bess, and her wedding only land her among the wash-tubs of the rustics. She was a practical young lady, and life in a cottage without a servant suggested wash-tubs as the prominent feature. And then, in an uncontrollable rage, she sprang to her feet, and cried:

'I might have had Harry Cardew, and he's a man and not a milksop.'

And then she sat down again in her chair, and sobbed again.

Presently she plucked up her spirits a little, left off crying, and stated calmly her intention of going to bed, to avoid being laughed at any more.

No opposition was made to this proposal, except a faintly deprecatory remark by Miranda to the effect that they were very far from laughing at her.

When she was gone the two ladies looked at each other.

'My dear Desdemona,' said Miranda, 'my heart is very heavy for poor Alan.'

'He is not married yet,' said Desdemona. Really, that was getting a formula of hers.

Miranda, presently, instead of going to her own room, sought Alma's. The poor girl had cried herself to sleep, and lay with her tear-stained cheek on her open hand—a picture for a painter. Alma in repose, Alma asleep, Alma motionless, was like a possible Greuze. You thought, as you looked at the parted lips and the closed eyes, what the face would be like when the lips were parted for a smile, and the eyes were dancing with delight or languid with love. But when the lips *were* parted for a smile it was generally a giggle or a feminine sneer—when the eyes were dancing with delight, it was joy at another's misfortunes; and if they were ever soft and languid with love, it was not when they looked in the face of Alan Dunlop, but in that of Gamekeeper Harry. For Alma was all her fond mother painted her: a young lady of unpolished manners and low views of life.

Miranda put down her candle, and sat awhile looking at the girl who had robbed her of the one man she could ever love. It seemed cruel. He would not, and did not pretend to, love this village maiden: she made no pretence of any sort of affection for him. She didn't even regard him

with respect. She thought him cracked. She did not understand, even now, what he wanted her for; there was not the smallest possibility that she would ever rise to understanding him. She was no helpmeet for him, and he, with his enthusiasm and simple loyalty, was no fit husband for her. But Miranda could do nothing.

Presently the light awakened Alma, who sat up, startled, and seeing Miranda, began to cry again, partly because she was rather ashamed of her recent outbreak.

'My poor child,' said Miranda, taking her hand and sitting down beside her; 'I am so sorry. I thought you knew the whole of Alan's designs.'

'I di—didn't listen,' she said. 'It all seemed so stupid, and, oh! I did think I should be made a lady.'

'So you will, Alma, if you choose to be a lady. No one could live with Alan Dunlop without becoming nobler and better. My dear, there is nothing to cry about. You will have the best husband in the world, and he will smooth your path for you. It will be your happy task to show the villagers the beauty of a modest life. Alma, you will be envied in the long run far more than if you were going to Weyland Court to live in idleness. You will think of things in this way, won't you?'

'I'll try to,' said Alma. 'But, oh! he's cheated me.'

Miranda stole away. 'He' was no doubt Alan, and it was a bad omen of the future when she prefaced her promised meditations on the Higher Life with the observation that her guide and leader had cheated her.

Next day, Gamekeeper Harry received by hand two letters. This greatly astonished him, as he was not in the habit of maintaining a correspondence with any one. The first, written in a fine Italian hand, difficult for the honest fellow to read, was given him by a footman in the Thelema livery. It was signed 'Clairette Fanshawe'—I think I have already alluded distinctly to the fact that Sister Desdemona's marriage having proved a failure, she had long since resumed her maiden name with the marriage prefix—and asked him simply to call upon the writer at the Abbey that same afternoon, if possible. He accepted the appointment by word of mouth with the footman.

The other letter was brought by a boy—in fact by the son of an undergardener. He drew it from the inside of his cap, and gave it to Harry with a show of great secrecy.

'Oh! Harry,' the letter began. It was written in a hand which was legible but yet not clerkly. 'Oh! Harry—such a revelations as you little dream of! and what to do—with Mr. Dunlop on one side and Miss Miranda on another, both at me like printed books, and Mrs. Desdy Moner, as they call her, who was nothing but a painted actress and glories in it, with her scornful ways about my not going to Weyland Court after all. I don't know what to do nor where to turn. So if you can help me, and mean to, now's the time. And I'll try to be at the little gate at the end of the garden—that which Mr. Dunlop always uses, and it opens on the park—at nine o'clock; and do you be there, too, punctual. To think of living in the village alongside of Black Bess, and she to come out and laugh all day long, and me to go on slaving worse than at home.

'Your miserable true love,

'ALMA.'

Said Gamekeeper Harry to Robert the boy: 'You tell her, boy, that I've read the letter, and I'll be there.'

CHAPTER XXX.

'"Are you going to be a fool?" asked George.

'"Of course I am not going to be a fool," answered the young woman.'

TROLLOPE.

BEFORE six the next morning Alma awoke according to usual

custom. It took her a few moments to remember everything, that she was in one of the rooms of Dalmeny Hall, the scene of last night, her tears and disappointment. But the knowledge came all too quickly, and she sprang from the bed and began to dress herself swiftly.

Then she sat down to the table, where the thoughtful Miranda had provided pens and paper, and dashed off the letter we know of already with the ease of a practised pen and the impetuosity of a war correspondent.

Then she recollected that it was only half an hour's walk to the village of Weyland across the park, that she could get there, see her father at his breakfast, lay the whole horrid truth before him, and be back again at the Hall before Miss Dalmeny came down. She slipped down the stairs as lightly as Godiva; the house was silent and shut up. The great front doors were locked and barred, and the shutters up, and the door which led into the garden was closed in the same manner. She made her way into one of the rooms—she did not know which—on the ground-floor, and managed, with some difficulty, to open the shutters. The window looked out upon the garden, and on the lawn was a boy whom she knew, an under-gardener's son, sweeping and tidying up.

'Robert!' she cried, in a loud whisper.

Robert looked up, and saw, to his amazement, Alma Bostock.

'Robert, I want to get out, and the doors are locked. Bring me a ladder, or the steps, or something.'

The window was about eight feet from the ground. Robert brought her his short gardeners' ladder, and the young lady, with much agility, proceeded to get out of the window and to descend. Seen from the outside, it looked like an elopement.

'Now, Robert,' she said, 'you go up the ladder and shut the window. They will think the shutters were left open by accident, and if anybody asks you about me, you didn't see me go out of the house, mind.'

'I mind,' said the boy, grinning.

'And, Robert,' she went on, hesitating, 'can I trust you, Robert?'

He grinned again.

'I want you to take a letter for me to Harry Cardew. You know where to find him?'

'I know,' said the boy.

'Then here is the letter. Let no one see you give it him. Hide it in the lining of your cap—so!—and I'll give you the very first shilling I get.'

'I'll take it safe and quiet,' said the boy, stoutly.

She sped down the garden, out by the garden gate, and ran as fast as she could across the dewy grass of the park. Nobody was there but the deer, who thought it a shame that they should be disturbed so early in the morning, and looked at her as indignantly as the natural benignity of their eyes enabled them, refusing entirely to get up and scamper away, as they would do later on.

Fortunately, there was no necessity to go through the village, so that she was seen by no one; and she reached the farm before her father—who in these days of fatness was growing late in his habits—had left the house on his early round. And she was so early, that it was yet an hour from their breakfast.

She rushed in, breathless and exhausted, with eager eyes, as if something dreadful had happened; so much so, that her mother was fain to sit down and gasp, and her father stayed his hand which was grasping his hat.

'Alma!'

'Yes, father,' she replied, with short gasps. 'Yes, mother: well may you say "Alma!" Oh! the things I've discovered. Oh! the plots and the conspiracies!'

The Bailiff turned very pale. Had anything happened then? Was the match, on which, to him, everything depended, in danger? Had these plots anything to do with him?

'We've been nicely fooled, all of us. Oh! nicely fooled. And you, too, father,' added Alma, 'wise as you think yourself.'

'Who's been a fooling of me?' asked Mr. Bostock, proceeding, in general terms familiar to his daughter, to state the certain fate of the one who made a fool of Stephen Bostock.

'Mr. Dunlop, and Miss Dalmeny with him. They're them that have fooled us all,' cried Alma, breathless. 'What do you think he wants to marry me for?'

'To make you his wife, I suppose,' said her father. 'That's what most men want, and a most uncommon stupid want it is.'

'Ah!' his wife echoed, 'for once you're right, Stephen.'

'Then it isn't,' said Alma; 'and you're just wrong. He doesn't want to make me his wife a bit; that is, he won't make me a lady.'

'Nobody ever thought he would, Alma,' said her mother, staunch to her principles.

'He can't help it, Alma,' said her father. 'The wife of the Squire *must* be a lady: she's a lady by position. When a woman marries, she takes the rank of her husband. When I married you'—he nodded to his wife, formerly lady's-maid—'you took my position.'

It was one of the minor results of the new allowance that the Bailiff had taken to consider himself a man of high, and even dignified, social position.

'That was fine promotion,' said his wife. 'Go in, Alma.'

'You don't understand—neither of you understand. I thought I was going to be Mrs. Dunlop in proper style up at the Court and all. Well, it seems he's been explaining to me ever since we were engaged what he meant. It isn't that a bit. But I've been that stupid, as I wouldn't understand one word he said, and the more he said, the less I understood. It was Miss Miranda who told me the truth last night. Ah! father, you and your fine plans indeed!'

'What the devil is it, then?'

'It's this. I'm not to go to the Court at all—I am never to go there. I'm to be kept hidden away down here in the village. I'm to live in a pig-sty, like what Mr. Dunlop has lived in for a year. We're to have no servants—no nothing. I'm to do all the work all day long, and listen to him talking all the evening. Father, he'll drive me mad! What with the work and the talk, I shall go cracked!'

She shook her pretty head tragically, and sat down on one of the wooden kitchen chairs with a desperate sigh.

'But you will be married,' said her father, thinking of himself. 'You'll be married to the Squire. You can't well get over that. Mr. Dunlop will be my son-in-law.'

'And no fine dresses, and no pony-carriages, and nothing grand at all! And I'm to make friends with all the women in the village, and show them how they ought to live; and I shall be as poor as any of them, because we shall live on five-and-twenty shillings a week. Mother, I'd rather come back home and work in the dairy again.'

'So you shall,' said her mother, 'and welcome. I always said it was unnatural.'

'You keep your oar out of it,' Mr. Bostock observed to his wife with firmness, 'and let me think this out a bit.'

He sat in his arm-chair, his stick between his legs, and thought it out for ten minutes.

'I remember now,' he murmured, 'the Squire did talk about setting examples and that sort of stuff. He's full of soft places, is the Squire.'

Then he relapsed into hard thinking.

Meantime, the mother looked blankly at her daughter. It was hard enough to realise that her lady's son could positively prefer her Alma to Miss Miranda. It was still harder to understand why he wanted her to live

with him in a cottage after the manner of the rustics, in order to set an example. Did not Miss Miranda set an example to all the world of a beautiful young lady leading the most beautiful of lives? What else did he want?

'And what,' the girl went on with choking voice—'what will Black Bess say? And what will Prudence Driver say?—the nasty, spiteful, little, twisted thing! And what will all of them say?'

'As for that,' said Mrs. Bostock, 'I suppose they will say just what they like. You can't tie tongues. It isn't that as I care about; nor it isn't that as your father thinks about.'

'No,' said Alma, who had taken the bit between her teeth altogether since her engagement, and now permitted herself to criticise her parents with the greatest freedom. 'All you care about is to stop the wedding if you can. You think your own daughter is a disgrace to Mr. Dunlop. In all the story-books I ever read yet, I never heard of a mother spiting her own daughter. Step-mothers a-plenty, but never a real mother. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, mother.'

Mrs. Bostock began what would have proved too long a speech for insertion in these pages, but she was interrupted by her daughter, who now turned with vehemence upon her father.

'And as for you,' she cried, with such force that the thinker, who was resting his chin on the stick, having closed his eyes for greater abstraction, sprang erect in his chair, and gazed at her with open mouth—'as for you, what you care about is to call Mr. Alan your son-in-law, and squeeze all you can out of him. I'm to marry the man for you to get his money.'

Mr. Bostock, recovering his self-possession, remarked that, as a general rule, sauce is the mother of sorrow, and cheek the parent of repentance; but that in this particular case his daughter's provocations being such as they were, he was prepared to overlook her breach of the Fifth Commandment, of which, when she fully understood a fond father's projects and counsel, she would repent upon her bended knees. That is, he said words to that effect in the Bostockian tongue. After which he relapsed into silence, and went on considering the situation.

It seems extraordinary that not one of these good people should before this have realised the true position of things. Alma, however, heard the truth from Alan's lips once, and once only, and then she was too confused to understand. Later on, when Alan repeated in genial terms, again and again, his plan of life, the girl was not listening. Mrs. Bostock had never heard the truth at all. The Bailiff understood only—we must remember that he, too, for private reasons, was confused on the first hearing of the statement—that Alan was going to give up actual farm-work. And this being the case, there seemed really no reason at all why he should not go back and live in his own great house.

And now Alma's greatness was to be shorn of all but barren honour. And what for himself? Mr. Bostock went on meditating.

'What's the good of being the Squire's wife,' asked Alma, 'if I'm to be his kitchen drudge as well? Thank you for nothing. I'll stay at home, and let him marry Black Bess if he likes. I won't marry him at all.'

Then Mr. Bostock, having arrived at a definite conclusion, slowly untwisted his right leg, which he had twined round the left calf, raised himself in his chair, and gazed steadfastly and in silence on his daughter.

Then he rose, took hat and stick, and spoke.

'You'll take a little walk with me, Alma,' he said.

Mrs. Bostock saw that the paternal advice would be such as she would not approve, but it was no use for her to interfere, and she was silent.

Outside the house her father thus addressed Alma:

'The Squire is a-going to marry you, my gell. He will live, he says, down in the village, along with the farm labourers, you and him together. Gar! in a cottage where you will do all the housework. He's mad enough to want that, and obstinate enough for anything. But there's one thing he's forgotten.'

'What's that, father?'

'When he asked for you, I told him you took after your father. But I didn't tell him that my gell had got a temper of her own, like her father. She is not one to be put upon, nor is she one to be deprived of her rights.'

'But I'm so afraid of him.'

'Ta, ta! afraid of your husband, and you a Bostock! You'll sort him once you get the use of your tongue, free as you have been accustomed to have it in your humble 'ome. Lord! I see it all reeling out straight before me. First the church, then the cottage; that may last a week or a fortnight, according as you feel your way and get your freedom. Then, one morning, you sit down and fold your arms, and you says, "Take me to Weyland Court," you says; "that's the place where I belong, and that's the place where I mean to go." He begins to talk, you put on your bonnet, and you walk up to Weyland Court, willy-nilly, whether he comes or whether he stays behind, and you sit down there, and there you stay. You send for your old father, and he will come and back you up. Do you think he can drag you out of your own house? Not a bit of it.'

'But he doesn't love me a bit, and he's head over ears with Miss Dalmeny.'

'Love! stuff and rubbish! Now look here, Alma. Don't mix up foolishness. You've got to marry him. I can't afford to let the chance go. If you prefer the work'us, say so, and go there—you and your mother. Love! what's love, if you've got your carriage and pair? What's love when you can walk up to the church a Sundays with the folk scraping a both sides? What's love when you can have a new silk gownd every day? What's love with no more trouble about money? Gar! you and your love!'

Alma had nothing to say to this.

'And now, my gell,' resumed her father, 'you just go straight back to the Hall, and you'll get there before breakfast, and go on as meek as a kitten with them all; and if they show their pride, remember that your time is coming. And your father's to give you away in the church, and to back you up when you do sit in your own house and laugh at 'em all. As for they lazy Monks, we'll soon send them about their business.'

Thus dismissed, the girl walked slowly back to the Hall. What her father said was just. She might, by being bold at the right moment, assert herself, and reign at Weyland Court. On the other hand, she did not feel confidence in her own powers, and she was, besides, profoundly humiliated. She wanted revenge, and she did not comprehend, as her father saw, that her most efficacious revenge, as well as her wisest plan, would be to marry Alan first, and upset all his plans afterwards.

She got back before breakfast, and found Miranda in the garden. She told her hostess that she had run across the Park to see her mother.

After breakfast she sat in Miranda's room with one of Alan's selected books in her hand, and pretended to read.

As was this room, so, she supposed, were all the rooms of Weyland Court. It would be pleasant to sit in such rooms, to roam from one to the other, to feel herself the mistress. Pleasant, that is, if Mr. Dunlop was not there too. Pleasant, if you could slip into the garden and meet Harry Cardew. And here her heart fell low, because, as she reflected, after she was married, she would never, never see Harry any more.

her way—her shallow way—
was certainly in love with this
He had taken her fancy; and
nk of giving him up, and taking
place the grave and solemn gen-
n with the soft, cold manners,
ep and earnest eyes, whose every
fell upon her like a reproach!
her heart hardened, and Wey-
Court, with all its glories, seemed
r return for life spent with such
a.

esently, looking up from her
into whose pages she was gazing
she worked out these problems,
w that she was alone. Miranda
ft her. Alma tossed the book
, and began impatiently to wan-
ound the room. First she looked
rself in the mirrors, of which
were two; then she looked at
ooks and the pretty things on
bles; and then she went to the
w and began to yawn. Did
do nothing all day but sit over
?

ile she was still yawning, the
pened, and the lady they called
mona appeared. She was in
ng dress, having just come over
the Abbey, and as Alma looked
, she felt as if she was at last
g into the face of a real friend.
demona's face was capable of
sing every passion at will, but
she excelled in conveying the
n of sympathy. Her face this
ng expressed sympathy in abund-
easure. Sympathy beamed from
se of her head—a little thrown
because Alma was a little taller
herself, and a little thrown on
de—from the softened eyes, from
arted lips, and from the two
, which were held out to greet
llage maid. I have never seen
tress who equalled Desdemona
expression of pure, friendly,
aly sympathy.

a! my dear,' she began, taking
Alma's hands and squeezing them
'my dear, I *was* so sorry for
st night, so very sorry. How I
felt for your sad position. And to
think that he never told you! And
we knew it all the time. What a
pity! Oh! dear, dear! What a
pity!'

'Perhaps he told me, but I was not
listening.'

'Such a pity! It seems so very hard
upon you. What is the good of marry-
ing a rich man if you have to be a poor
woman?'

'Why, that's just what I told mo-
ther this morning,' said Alma, eagerly.

'Yes, and to think, oh! to think'—
Desdemona's manner became sympa-
thetic to the highest degree, and she
almost wept with sympathy, and her
voice trembled—'to think that you
should *have* to listen to him, what-
ever he says, as soon as you are mar-
ried!'

Alma groaned.

'And men—oh! my dear, I know
them well—are so fastidious. You
will have to do all the work of the
house, make the beds, wash the linen,
scrub the floors, scour the pots, cook
the dinner, serve the breakfast and the
tea, wash up the cups, and all; and
he will expect the manner—I mean
the appearance—and dress of a lady
with it all. My poor dear! no lady
could do it. It is not to be expected.'

'Of course not,' said Alma; 'but
you are the first person to find it out.
Miss Dalmeny, I suppose, thinks it as
easy as easy.'

'Miss Dalmeny does not know any-
thing, my dear,' said the perfidious
Desdemona, with almost a gush of
sympathy. 'And then, in addition to
all that, you will have to go about
among the labourers' wives and make
friends of them. That will be a very
hard thing to do, for I am sure, my
dear, such a pretty and well-mannered
girl as yourself has never had much
to do with that class of people.'

'Indeed,' said Alma. 'I always
despised the whole lot. Black Bess is
no better than a labourer's daughter,
and half a gipsy, too.'

'There it is, you see; that is the

pity of it. And then you will have to read the books which your husband will choose for you, because when you are married, you will not be able to pretend any more to have read his selections. Really, my poor Alma, I pity you from my very soul.'

Alma resented this a little.

'At all events,' said Alma, 'there will be lots to envy me, and think I'm a lucky girl.'

'Those,' said Desdemona gravely, 'will be the people who do not know what we know. The worst of it is, that Alan is so obstinate. Nothing, for instance, would ever persuade him to bring you up to Weyland Court. He is fixed upon the village life.'

'But suppose,' said Alma meaningly, 'suppose that I were to go over there and say I was going to remain there.'

This was rather a facer.

'My dear,' said Desdemona, after a pause of a few moments, 'that would be impossible, because Weyland Court is let—to the Monks of Thelema.'

Then Alma gave way altogether. Her father's scheme, then, was entirely unfeasible. She felt cold and faint.

'It will be quiet for you in the village. Dull, I am afraid. No amusements. Miranda says she will call upon you, but you cannot make yourself happy with an occasional call.'

Alma turned white with jealousy—that meaningless jealousy of hers.

'You see,' her motherly adviser went on, 'I want you to know and understand everything. That is best, to begin with a right understanding, is it not? Well, you can never be to Alan Dunlop what Miranda has been to him. No one can. Had it not been for his philanthropic schemes, he would have certainly married her. She is, indeed, the one woman in the world who knows him thoroughly, and, under other circumstances, ought to be his wife. So, my poor dear, you will have to content yourself with the *second* place—or, perhaps, as he has many other friends in the Abbey, even with a much lower place in his affections. Of course, he will be personally kind to you. Gentlemen do not beat or swear at their wives.'

'You mean,' said Alma, her eyes glittering with suppressed fury, 'that I am to be nothing in my own house, and that my husband is to think more of Miss Dalmeny than of his wife.'

'Why, of course. We all know that. What can one expect after his long friendship with Miranda? I suppose he has never even pretended to make love to you, my dear?'

'No,' replied Alma gloomily; 'he never has. He is as cold as an icicle.'

'He does not kiss you, I suppose, or say silly things to you, as other men do to their sweethearts?'

She shook her head.

'He has never kissed me. He isn't a bit like other men.'

'Dear me! dear me!' sighed Desdemona. 'What a dreadful thing to have such a sweetheart! As well have none. And you, too, a girl who knows how men fall in love.' Desdemona added this meaningly, and Alma flushed a ruby red. 'Did Harry Cardew ever leave you of an evening without a kiss?'

'What do you know about Harry Cardew?'

'Everything, my dear. And not only Harry, but gentlemen, too. Did not Mr. Caledon once meet you in the lane and offer to kiss you? Did Mr. Exton take you through the park that night when you won the Golden Apple, without the same ceremony? My dear, I am a witch; I know everything. You need not try to hide anything from me. I could tell you the past, and I can tell you the future. So you see, Mr. Dunlop does not love you, else he would kiss you, just as other gentlemen have done. Tell me, my dear child,'—here her voice grew persuasive, and she took the girl's hand in her own soft palm and stroked it—'tell me, do you *want* to marry him?'

'No,' said Alma, 'I don't. But I must—I must—cause of father.'

'Let me look at the lines of your hand.' Desdemona took the pretty little hand in hers, and began to examine it curiously. 'I am a conjurer. I know all about palmistry. Um—um—um—this is a very strange hand.'

'What is it?' cried Alma, superstitious, as other maidens be.

'Have you ever had your hand examined by gipsies?'

'Only once,' said Alma, 'and it was all nonsense.'

'But this is not nonsense. Dear me! Really! The most curious thing!'

'Oh! do tell me,' cried Alma.

'My dear, if it had not been for what has happened, you would think I was inventing. Now look at your own hand. What does that line mean across the middle?'

'I am sure I don't know.'

'A marriage interrupted. And what does that line mean under the ball of the thumb? But, of course, you do not know. A long and happy life. And those lines round the third finger? Children and grandchildren. My dear, you will be a happy wife and a happy mother; and yet . . . and yet . . . I do not think it will be in the way you think. I wonder, now, if you have a pack of cards anywhere.'

'I am sure I don't know.'

'There ought to be,' said Desdemona, looking about. Presently she opened the drawers of a Japanese cabinet. 'Ah! here are some.' Alma could hardly be expected to know that she had put them there, arranged for use, that very morning. 'Let us see what the cards say.'

Alma looked on breathlessly while the conjurer dealt, arranged, and laid her cards in rows, quite after the fashion approved among wise women.

'A brown man,' she said, dropping out her sentences as if the cards called for them, 'a man with curly hair: a man with rosy cheeks: a tall man: a young man: wedding bells and a wedding ring: a cross: this card looks like a father's anger: this . . . what is this? Your mother does not seem angry. A poor man, too, but riches in the background. My dear, can you explain it all to me?'

'It's Harry Cardew,' said Alma, eagerly. 'It can't be no one else.'

'Is it now? You see, my dear, we cannot read names. We can only tell events. And what does all this mean, do you think? Cards *and* the lines on your hand cannot tell lies, either together or separately.'

'I don't know. All I can say is, the banns are up.'

'Yes; but there is many a slip, you know. And Harry?'

'Well . . . but you'll tell Miss Dalmeny.'

'Indeed, I will not.'

'Then I will try to meet Harry some evening, and ask him can he do anything? Because, whatever father says, I can't abide the thing, and I won't.'

'You are right in one thing, my dear. Have a spirit and a will of your own. I always did say for my own part that a wife should be a man's one thought. Now, there's Miranda and Alan—there they are in the garden at this moment.' Alma looked out, and saw them walking over the lawns in eager converse, and her little heart was like to burst with jealousy. 'A pretty pair, are they not? After all, though, it would be a pity to spoil Alan's philanthropic aims, just because he's in love with Miranda.'

Alma tossed her head.

'It isn't his philanthropy that I care for,' she said; 'not one straw. It's only father, who wants to get things for himself out of his son-in-law.'

Here, however, the lady they called Desdemona broke off the conversation by sitting down to the piano and beginning a song. She had a sweet, strong contralto, and she knew how

to enunciate her words, so that Alma understood them, and her heart began to glow within her.

For Desdemona began to sing a song of a faithful pair of lovers, who were to be separated by paternal decree and the maiden given to another; but that they ran away, like Keats's young lady, on the very eve of the wedding, and did not appear again until Holy Church had fairly made them one.

It was a beautiful song, and sung with the clear intonation which stage practice gives. Also, oddly enough, there was a personal application in the song to her own case, a thing she had never noticed in hymns, which were the kind of songs most familiar to her.

'How should you like, Alma,' murmured the temptress, turning on the piano-stool, 'how should you like to be carried away by your own true love?'

'Ah!' said Alma.

'What a splendid revenge!' cried the actress. She sprang from her feet and began to act. By what witchery, what enchantment, did the girl read in the face of the actress, in her gestures, in her eyes, the whole of a single scene? 'A revenge indeed. Your father waiting in the church; your betrothed at the altar:'—her hands were spread out, her head erect, her eyes fixed, while Alma bent before her, mesmerised, unable to lift her gaze from Desdemona's face, with parted lips and heaving breast—'your bridesmaids wondering where you are: the clergyman with the book: the organist tired of playing: the people all wondering and waiting. Then—a sound of wheels . . . it is the bride. How beautiful she looks!—almost as beautiful as you, Alma, my dear. But she is on the arm of another man. Heavens! it is the rival. The people press and crowd. The men whisper: the girls laugh and envy her: true love has won again. You can go, avaricious father—go—and count your *gold.*' She acted all this with energy. 'You can go, baffled suitor—you who looked to make your profit out of the bride you never loved. And you—all you who pray to see true love rewarded, come out with us and dance upon the village green. . . . What a scene! Can you not picture it? Oh! Alma, Alma, my beautiful Alma!'

It was a simple trap, but set with subtlety. Any less direct method would have roused Alma's suspicions. Now, however, the simple cottage girl, entranced by this bewildering picture, intoxicated by Desdemona's praises, overcome by so much sympathy and so much kindness, yielded herself a ready victim to the actress's blandishments, and fell into those fat and comfortable arms, and on that ample bosom which lay open and invited the fond embrace.

Chapter XXXI.

'A tall and proper man.'

IT was with curiosity that Desdemona awaited the young gamekeeper, who had taken the fancy of this village girl. Doubtless, some clumsy rustic, half a step removed above the clods of the soil: some bashful, grinning swain, who might be drawn with his finger in his mouth, to convey a faithful impression of his character. Well, she saw a rustic, certainly, and yet one of the most magnificent men she had ever looked upon, the comeliest, the straightest, and the strongest. His cheeks were ruddy like David's, his hair was curly like Absalom's, only he avoided that excessive length which led to Absalom's untimely end; his eye as keen as that of the last Mohican.

Desdemona rose out of respect to such splendid humanity. And then, to the honest young giant's amazement, she murmured, still looking at him:

'There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him.'

And she said aloud:

'Shake hands with me, Mr. Cardew; I think you are a very handsome man.'

Harry bowed respectfully, but he did not accept the invitation to shake hands. And then Desdemona discovered that this handsome man was perfectly self-possessed and had perfect manners. Her experience of gamekeepers was naturally small, but her knowledge of human nature should have taught her that men who live alone in the woods, watching the habits of creatures, and whose work brings them into close contact with gentlemen, would be likely to acquire a fine manner.

Harry, then, bowed gravely when this lady told him he was handsome. He knew the fact already; he had experienced this kind of attack on his personal vanity more than once; but, though it is undoubtedly better to be good-looking than ugly, good looks will not keep off poachers, nor will staring at yourself in a glass keep down vermin. Harry was not altogether without imagination, but he devoted all his available play of fancy, all that was imaginative and unpractical in his composition, to Alma.

'I wanted to see you,' said Desdemona, 'about Alma Bostock.'

'About Alma Bostock?'

'I have learned from Mr. Caledon, who knows you, I believe——'

Harry smiled. 'Yes, madam, I know Mr. Tom very well. Almost as well as I know Mr. Alan.'

'That you and Alma were, until her engagement with Mr. Dunlop, attached to each other.'

'Yes, madam,' said Harry quietly; 'that is so. And we are attached still.'

And you hoped to marry her?'

'Surely,' said Harry, 'surely, we did think and hope so.'

The quiet self-possession of this young man, and his modest way of answering, struck Desdemona with a little confusion.

'Pray do not consider me impertinent. I assure you that I am for many reasons most desirous of helping Alma in this matter.'

'No one can help me. Nothing can be done now,' said Harry. 'Alma's going to marry Mr. Alan, and there's an end.'

'And you? What will you do?'

'I shall emigrate,' he replied. 'I've saved a little money, and I shall go out to Canada.'

Desdemona was silent for a while.

'Does Mr. Dunlop know?'

Harry shook his head.

'Unless Alma's told him, he can't know. Because there's only we two, and Mr. Tom Caledon, and now you, who know anything about it.'

'Would it not do good to tell him?'

'I think not, madam,' replied Harry slowly. 'I've turned that thought over in my mind all ways, day and night, to try and get at the right thing; and I've made up my mind that if Mr. Alan hears of it from any one except Alma herself, he'll be set against her, may be, for deceiving him. Let things be.'

'And you have decided to do nothing?'

'Nothing,' he said. 'There was hope while Alma was at home. I didn't know, but I used to think, when she came out to meet me in the orchard at night, when he was gone, that I should somehow try and find a way. And Mr. Tom, he came and talked it over with me; but the days went on, and I couldn't hit on any plan. And now, Miss Dalmeny has got her up at the Hall, and will show her the pleasant ways of living like a lady, and fill her head with notions, so as nothing can be done.'

'I think that you are wrong; something may yet be done. Now, Mr. Cardew, what I want to make quite clear to you is that those who love Alma and those who love Mr. Alan

—of whom I am sure you are one —'

'Yes,' said Harry, 'there's no one like Mr. Alan, except Mr. Tom, perhaps.'

'All of us, then, have got to do what we can to prevent this marriage.'

'But the banns are put up.'

'That does not matter. For many reasons I cannot ask Lord Alwyne, or Miss Dalmeny, or any of the ladies here, to do anything, but I have seen Mr. Caledon, and he will join me, and we will both work our best for you to break off the marriage, and you must give us your help.'

Harry looked puzzled.

'You do not understand? Then let me explain something. Alma finds out at last what we have known all along, that Mr. Dunlop wants her to marry him solely in order to carry out certain plans and theories of his; that he means her not to live at Weyland Court at all, but in a little cottage among the farm labourers, as he himself has been living, and to work among them, as he has worked. Stop.' —for Harry was about to speak— 'Mr. Dunlop, for his part, believes that she understands his views, that she will gladly follow in his steps, and help him with all her heart to enter into the minds of the villagers, understand them, and show them the real Christian life.'

Here Harry laughed with derisive pity.

'Alma, for fear of her father, dares say nothing. Mr. Dunlop, who is, of course, entirely honourable, will keep his engagement, even if he finds out the truth about her. I need not tell you that the prospect before both is of the darkest and most unhappy kind—for Mr. Dunlop, disappointment and humiliation; for Alma——'

Here she was silent.

'Yes,' said Harry gravely, 'I've seen it all along. For Alma it will be worse,'

'Then let us prevent it.'

Harry only looked incredulous. How to prevent a wedding of which the banns were already put up? The thing was not in nature.

'Will you let me tell you a little story?'

Desdemona told a little story. It was a story of the same *genre* as that little scene which she acted for Alma. She acted this as well, but in a different way, for to Alma she was melodramatic, exaggerated, exuberant; but to this man of finer mould, she was concentrated, quiet, and intense. He was not externally carried away, as Alma. He did not lean forward with glistening eye and parted lips, but his cheek grew pale, and his lips trembled. Indeed, it was a story very much more to the purpose than any related by Mr. Barlow to Masters Sandford and Merton.

'And,' said Desdemona, coming to an end, 'it is not as if we were inviting you to join in a conspiracy against Mr. Dunlop's happiness, or against Alma's. Whatever is the result, so far as Mr. Dunlop is concerned, you will have prevented him from a step which would have ruined his future.'

'It seems like a dream,' said Harry.

'And perhaps,' continued Desdemona, 'if those friends so arrange matters as that this wedding does not take place, everybody who knows who those friends were would hold their tongues if necessary.'

'Surely,' said Harry, 'that is the least they could do.'

'Then we quite understand ourselves,' Desdemona continued. 'You will hold yourself in readiness to act some time within the next fortnight. Above all, secrecy.'

'It seems like a dream,' said Harry. 'Mr. Dunlop, he'd never forgive me.'

'Perhaps not,' replied Desdemona; 'and if he does not, there are other people in the world. You will not offend Lord Alwyne, I am sure, nor Mr. Tom, nor myself.'

Harry stood musing for a little. Then he collected himself.

'I am to see her to-night,' he said, 'at the end of the garden of the Hall'

'By appointment?' asked Desdemona, a little taken aback—the artful little creature!

'Yes, madam, at her request. What am I to say to her?'

Desdemona could have wished him to tell Alma that she was a cunning and crafty little animal, thus beginning the very first day of her stay with a secret appointment. But she refrained.

'Tell her as little as you can. Only let her know that you alone will be able to stop the marriage, if she keeps quiet and tells no one. And go on meeting her. I will do all I can to make the meetings easier for her and unsuspected by Miss Dalmeny. And now, my friend, good-bye. Shake hands, in token of confidence.'

Harry bowed and extended his brown fist with a blush which became him.

'I like you,' said Desdemona, 'and I will show my liking by giving you an old woman's advice. It is only useful for married men. My advice is no good for bachelors and selfish people like them. Do not, then, begin your married life by thinking your wife an angel. If you do, you will be disappointed. Remember that she is a woman, and though, perhaps, a good deal better than yourself, with a woman's vanities and weaknesses. Remember that. Also, don't humble yourself. Remember that if she has her points, you have yours. And what a woman likes is a husband who rules her; never forget that. She looks for guidance, and if you don't guide her, some other man may. And begin in your home-life as you mean to go on. And do not trust her blindly, because there are some women who go on better if they feel that they are running in harness, with an eye to watch, and a hand upon the rein. One thing more. Remember that all women, like all men, are most easily kept in good temper by praise administered with judgment. Shall you remember all this?'

'I will try,' said Harry. 'At all events, I see what you mean. Alma isn't a goddess, but I think I can make her into a good wife for me.'

Desdemona sat down and considered carefully.

'It cannot be wrong,' she thought. 'Alan will be cleared of this entanglement. He will marry Miranda. Alma, the poor, little, shallow Alma, will marry the man who has fascinated her, and no one will be harmed—except perhaps, that man himself. What a splendid man it is! And he may not be harmed. Alma is not up to his elbow in intellect and goodness; yet he is strong, and will rule. When a man can rule in his own house, very little harm comes to it. They will all bless and laud continually the name of Desdemona.'

And then her fancy wandering back, she sat for a long time thinking of the past, in which Alan's father was a good deal mixed up.

This was at three in the afternoon. Harry walked across the Park and inspected certain spots where he suspected wires, certain traps where he looked for stoats, killed two vipers, shot a kite, and took other steps in the gamekeeping interests. This brought him to five. Then he made his tea, which took longer in the making than in the drinking. Then he took a pipe, and considered with a certain elation, dashed with sorrow, the events of the day. Had his thoughts been written down, they might have taken some such shape as the following: 'I am the servant of Mr. Alan, and I am going to take away Mr. Alan's wife that was to have been. But he took away mine that was to have been. And it would be a sin and a shame to let the wedding ever take place. Alma would be wretched, and Mr. Alan disappointed. When he can't marry Alma, he will go back to the young lady he always ought to have married—Miss Dalmeny.

'As for me, Mr. Alan will never forgive me. I shall lose my place,

and that is worth a great deal more than I am ever likely to make off a small farm in Canada. But Lord Alwyne will be pleased. One would go a long way to please Lord Alwyne: and him our best friend always, before Mr. Alan came of age. And Mr. Tom will be pleased. One would like to please Mr. Tom. I think that everybody will be pleased.

'Except Bostock. But Bostock has had a whole year's steady run with the Squire, cheating him at every turn, as all the world knows; he ought to be content. I suppose he expected to go on cheating all his life. No, Bostock, you are not going to be the Squire's father-in-law; and it will be worth—well worth Mr. Alan's displeasure to see your rage, when you find the prize slipped out of your fingers, and yourself nothing but bailiff still, with the accounts to make up.

'And as for Alma . . . well . . . Alma is what the Lord made her . . . and if one is in love with Alma, why trouble one's head about Alma's little faults? The lady meant well, no doubt, and gave excellent advice, which if a man would always follow, he'd keep clear of many a pitfall. Poor little Alma!'

All this thinking brought him to half-past eight, and then, mindful of his assignation, he took his gun and strolled leisurely in the direction of the Park. It was half-an-hour's walk to the garden-gate where Alma was to meet him. Presently at the point nearest to Weyland Court, there came slowly along in the twilight a pair, hand in hand.

They were Mr. Tom and Miss Nelly, and they looked sad.

Harry took off his hat respectfully.

'Well, Harry,' said Tom, putting on a cheerful air, 'what news?'

Nelly went on alone, trailing her parasol in the grass.

'I've seen Mrs. Fanshawe, sir—the lady they call Sister Desdemona.'

'Yes—yes.'

'And I've come to an understanding with her. I'm to depend on the help of friends, and take the word when the word is given to me.'

'All right, Harry, all right. I shall not forget. Have you seen Alma lately?'

'Not since she came to Dalmeny Hall, sir.'

This meant, not for four-and-twenty hours, and Harry hardly thought it necessary to explain that he was on his way to meet her.

'Have you talked it over with her yet?' Tom went on.

Harry shook his head. Just then Nelly turned back, and joined Tom again.

'Girls,' he said, 'are girls. That means, begging your pardon, Miss Despard, because I am not talking of ladies, that girls of our class like admiration and ease, and sitting by the fire, warm. Therefore, when Mr. Dunlop asked Alma, she thought at once that he admired her more than the young ladies of the Abbey. That turned her brain. And then she thought it was to be all sitting by the fire, with her feet on the fender. And that attracted her too. So that we can't altogether blame Alma, Mr. Tom.'

Harry spoke wistfully, touched his hat, and went on his way.

Then Nelly, who had been hanging her head, burst into tears.

'Oh! Tom, every word comes home to me. *I* like to be chosen out of all the rest. *I* like to look forward to a life of ease and comfort, "with my feet on the fender." Oh! it's shameful—it's shameful. But how to get out of it. Pity me, Tom.'

The 'revelations' which Alma made to her lover were conveyed with the dramatic energy which characterises young women of the lower class all over the world, when narrating their wrongs. She was furious with everybody: with Miranda for telling her the truth—'She knew it all along, Harry, and was only laughing at me

in her stand-off way :' with Alan for not telling her before—he had told her dozens of times, only she was not listening : with her mother for rejoicing that her daughter would not be stuck up for the derision of all as a fine lady : with her father for not instantly declaring that the honour of the Bostocks demanded a breaking off of the alliance : with herself for having been so fooled : and, above all, prospectively, with Black Bess for the advantages which this new complication might give her. Nor was her anger appeased at all either by the very hearty kiss which her lover bestowed upon her by way of greeting, nor by that which followed the conclusion of her tirade.

She looked prettier as she stood there, worked up into a royal rage, than even on that night—to be sure Harry was not there—when she stood triumphant before the assembled multitude, bearing round her neck the chain of the Golden Apple. I do not think, now one tries to remember, that an irate Venus has ever been painted. She smiles, she sprawls, she laughs, she leers, she is Venus Victrix, Venus Triumphant, Venus the compeller of hearts, Venus followed by a troop of abject, grovelling men, but she is never, I believe, Venus in a royal rage. And yet, when one thinks of her uncongenial husband, worse for her than Alan Dunlop would be for Alma, one may be sure that there were moments in which her patience gave way, and she sought the relief of attitudes, gestures, and invectives such as one would fain see painted and written. Heavens ! What a divine subject—Venus in a Rage ! Methinks I see the heaving bosom, the parted lips, the bright and glorious eyes charged with the lightnings of scorn and wrath, the thunders of the brow, the tresses flying in disorder—it is a subject beyond the powers of mortal painter.

'And now, what's to do, Harry ?' she asked.

She had exhibited a copiousness of language and a display of imaginative colouring to help out details, in themselves, perhaps, unpromising, which did her infinite credit ; and now, her story told, she stood quivering still with her wrath.

'First,' said Harry, 'first, tell me true—you were proud that day when Mr. Alan asked you to marry him ?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'I *was* proud. Wouldn't any girl be proud when the Squire come courting her ? And Miss Miranda and all the beautiful young ladies at the Abbey after him in vain. Why, Harry, it wouldn't be in nature not to be proud, when all the others were made envious.'

'And you didn't ask whether he was in love with you ?'

'No, I didn't. He said something about it to begin with, but then—who knows what he says or what he means ? If a man doesn't love a girl, what's the good of his marrying her ?'

'And now you find he doesn't, and you know he wants you for his own experiments, you'd cry off if you could. Think carefully what you say, Alma. More depends than you know.'

'I would cry off,' she replied, 'and welcome, only for father. To live in a cottage, and do all the work myself, and have that man with his everlasting talk all day and all night about the house—why—it would be better to stay at home with father, and that's not too lively.'

'Never mind father,' Harry replied huskily, because this was a very important question which he was about to put ; 'never mind father. Look here, Alma—once for all—and make an end of it. Will you have me ? No fooling this time.'

'What do you mean, Harry ?' There was a light of hope, if not of responsive love, in Alma's eyes. 'Whatever do you mean ?'

'I mean what I say. And this time you must mean what you say. Say No, and I'll go away and never trouble you nor yours no more. Say

Yes, and we'll laugh at them all yet.'

'But what do you mean, Harry?'

'What I say. Promise to marry me, and I'll manage it somehow. I shan't tell you what I'm doing. There shall be no chance of your letting out secrets. But I'll manage; I tell you I know how.'

'Then, Harry,' she said firmly, 'I'll say Yes, and joyful, if only to get rid of Squire Sobersides. And now, I suppose,' she added, with a little natural jealousy, 'he'll take and marry Miss Miranda. Then they can preach to each other, and much joy may they have.'

Clearly Miss Bostock was as yet unfitted for the professed practice of the Higher Culture.

'And what are you going to do, Harry? Won't you tell your own Alma, as loves you true?'

By this time the fond gamekeeper had encircled the waist of this twice-betrothed nymph. But he was not to be wheedled.

'Never you mind what I'm doing. What you've got to do is just to sit at home, here, quiet. You wait patient, and say nothing, till I give the word, and then you do exactly what I tell you, without letting out a word to anybody.'

'And how will you send me word, Harry?'

'By a messenger,' he replied mysteriously. 'Never mind who that messenger is. He'll tell you. And you may know him, and you trust him, and do what he tells you.'

This was romantic. This was a conspiracy. Alma felt the delicious excitement of a secret intrigue creep over her.

'But you've no time to lose, Harry. The banns were up last Sunday, only three weeks before the day.'

'Plenty of time. Will you be patient and quiet, even if you don't hear from me till the very day before?'

She promised again.

'As for your father, we'll make him go round like a bubbling turkey-cock, and as red in the gills. And as for Mr. Dunlop—well—I'm sorry for Mr. Alan. But it's all for his own good,' said Harry, cheering up. 'He's like David, when he wanted to take away that single ewe lamb of his neighbour's, and the prophet came and prevented of him doing it.'

As a gamekeeper, Harry's opportunities of going to church were limited, as everybody knows that Sunday morning is the gamekeeper's most busy and anxious time. This fact fully accounts for the curious mess he made of his Bible history.

'Did him good, that prophet,' he repeated.

'Ah! but, Harry, Mr. Dunlop 'll never forgive you.'

'Let him forgive or not, as he likes,' said Harry. 'We'll go to Canada. I'd as leave go there and farm my own bit o' land, as stay here watching for poachers and destroying of vermin.'

'And what will they all say? Oh—h!' said Alma, with a long sigh of delight at the prospect of assisting in an adventure.

'Folks will talk,' said Harry; 'and they may talk about us, if they like, just the same as about other people. Good night, my pretty. You do just what I say, and heart up.'

(To be continued.)

WATER:—FIT TO DRINK OR NOT.

BY J. F. EVERHART, A.M.

WATER is fluid at all ordinary temperatures, but becomes solid when the temperature falls below zero; and changes into vapour when it rises above the boiling point. The degree of heat thus indicates the physical condition of water. It is composed of two gases, named hydrogen and oxygen. One part, by weight, is hydrogen, which is inflammable, and is a considerable part of the gas burned in the street lamps. Pure hydrogen has neither taste nor odour, and being very light it may be used to inflate balloons. Oxygen, of which eight parts by weight are combined with one of hydrogen to form water, is a colourless, tasteless and odourless gas. It is a little heavier than common air, of which it forms one fifth part. In the air it sustains animal life, and supports combustion or fire by combining with the hydrogen and carbon of fuel. If oxygen did not exist in the air man would die; and but for oxygen dissolved in the water, not the oxygen of the water itself, the fishes and other animals of the rivers and seas would perish. Water forms three-fourths of the weight of living animals and plants, and covers about three-fourths of the earth's surface. A professor in one of the French schools once dried the body of a man in an oven, like a brick in a kiln, and, after drying, the body weighed only twelve pounds. This seems an astonishing statement, but it is well attested. Again, rather more than a pound of water is exhaled by the breath daily; about one and three-quarter pounds are given off by the skin, and two and three-quarter pounds pass off by the kidneys, making a total of about five pounds. Rain-water, the water of the clouds, is the purest of all natural waters, and is next to distilled water in absolute purity. It is, in fact re-distilled from the lakes, and rivers, and seas. The beds of these great reservoirs are a kind of still or filter, so to say; the sun's rays take up the water which is condensed in the clouds, and wafted back by the winds over hill and valley and continent, becomes liquid again in the refreshing shower or the unwelcome torrent of rain, the rivulet and the river are thus again supplied, pouring their contents into the mighty sea, which is never full: for unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return. And right here, I think, the light we need begins. In towns, rain water is comtaminated by atmospheric impurities, the sewage of the air, such as dust, leaves, and bird refuse on the roofs of houses. Rain water is thus modified by the locality in which it falls; near the sea it becomes slightly salty, and in the neighbourhood of smoky chimneys of public works it is not so pure as that which falls on the country house or hamlet. The longer the shower continues the purer the water becomes. Rain water contains traces of ammonia, which is present in the atmosphere to a small extent; and when preserved in *old cisterns* it purifies more readily than spring water, though, at best, it is not well adapted for drinking, on account of its insipidity. A heavy shower, therefore, is a capital public scavenger, and, unfortunately, some villages are cleaned only when a heavy fall of rain takes place.

Water takes its character from the nature of the soil whence it is derived.

It is generally hard, owing to the presence of lime and magnesia in certain forms, called salts of lime, salts of magnesia and some other agents, which, unless when in excessive quantity, are not injurious to health. It is chiefly the carbonate of lime that encrusts the insides of kettles and boilers; and till its hardness be neutralized with soap, washing with spring water is imperfect and unpleasant. When the hardness is due to sulphate of lime, boiling will not soften the water by throwing down the lime. Carbonate of soda is sometimes put into tea-kettles in order to soften the water. Hard water causes an excessive use of soap by the lime decomposing the soap, and uniting with its acids to form the well known curd that floats on the surface of the water. Any water that does not contain more than fifteen grains of solid matter in a gallon is considered moderately hard. The following are the characteristics of unpolluted water: 'It is tasteless and inodorous, possesses a neutral or faintly alkaline reaction, and is incapable of putrefaction even when kept for some time in close vessels at a summer temperature.'

Through ignorance, neglect, and carelessness, the water of spring wells is often poisoned with sewage, filth, and for the possibility of unpolluted water it is absolutely essential that the wells be situated remote from ash pits, sewers, and gutters. If situated at the bottom of a bank or hill, the well will receive sewage from the dwellings built at a higher level. Dip-wells should have a stone coping and fence, so that children may be kept back from them. The covering in of the well, and the erection of a pump prevent the admission of leaves, dead animals and other impurities. As an example of the distance to which dangerous matters may percolate to a well, it is recorded that some creosote poured into a trench near the workhouse at Carlisle, Eng., found its way to a well 200 yards distant, where the creosote taint was distinctly perceptible.

The water of springs contains atmospheric air, oxygen, and carbonic acid. When such water is exposed to the air, these gases escape, and the water becomes warm and insipid. No water that has stood in an open vessel all night should be used for drinking or cooking. It has not only lost the freshness and sparkle which aeration gives it, but has absorbed many of the dust germs floating in the apartment. Where spring water can be had free from sewage contamination, it is certainly pure and refreshing.

River water is made up usually from rain water. Near cities and large towns rivers are converted into open sewers. River water should not be taken for internal use, unless when procured from very high levels, removed from the reach of contamination.

Lake water is supplied to some cities by gravitation; its quality has been an occasion of frequent disputation and professional profit among expert chemists and engineers; some claiming that a lake remote from the haunts of men, should be the purest source of water in larger quantities for all purposes; while others assert that lakes are almost stagnant receptacles for the *debris* of the hills,—waste vegetable matter, the excreta of sheep and other animals, as well as a habitat for myriads of the water flea. When water cools down to 32° F. it freezes, and the greater the frost the lower it is below that point. Cold contracts some bodies: at 39° it expands water at least 1-12 greater in bulk. This is of practical importance in connection with water pipes led through houses. The frozen water, by its expansion, causes a rupture of the pipe. And although nothing may appear wrong till ice thaws, yet then will come the deluge.

In a paper read before the College of Physicians and Surgeons on Pol-

luted Water, it was admitted that hardness and softness are qualities in water upon which there are honest differences of opinion; but there can be no doubt about the objectionable quality of water in which the presence of impurities can be proved. The maladies most likely to be generated by polluted water are typhoid or bowel fever, cholera and dysentery. Some families may be more predisposed to such fevers than others—for instance, Prince Albert died of bowel fever; the Prince of Wales was nearly dead with it, and lately one of his sons was ailing with the same disease.

A large proportion of the human family die annually from the effects of impure water, and the important point is the remedy. This is found in securing good drainage and using water uncontaminated from the earth or air, or the refuse of people on the rivers. Since Calcutta has been supplied with pure water, there has been fewer deaths from any cause in which water could be involved. Some ten years ago five persons were sent to the fever ward of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary from the cottages belonging to the Garnkirk Fire Clay Company. The fever ward was under the charge of Dr. Robert Perry, who, remembering that a physician's duty is to prevent disease as well as to remove it, communicated with the manager of the works, and went to the place from which the fever patients came, and traced the source of the evil to the use of water which had been contaminated with sewage and putrifying matter that had leaked into the water supply by means of a broken water pipe. Parties who did not use water delivered by this pipe were unaffected. Immediate measures were taken by the manager of the works to prevent the water being any longer polluted, and a marked diminution of the number attacked was observed; in a little more than a month the epidemic subsided.

Diphtheria—that scourge of children—may be conveyed by means of water.

In May, 1877, the children of a hotel keeper in Ellsmere were at Duddleston, and, being thirsty, a glass of water was procured from a cottage where, it subsequently transpired, a child was suffering from diptheria, and one or more of the children at the door drank of the water. The deadly disease spread through the whole family of six children, and every one died. Six lives were thus lost by drinking a cup of polluted water.

A little plain chemistry, which every one may understand, will serve to guard against such ills.

Water Analysis.—Strictly speaking, this can be undertaken only by chemists, yet the following will be easily understood:—

Colour and Brightness.—When viewed in bulk or examined in a tall glass tube, on a sheet of white paper (looking down upon it), water should be perfectly bright, and nearly colourless. Both of these conditions may be fulfilled, however, and yet the water be unwholesome, owing to organic matter of animal origin or other poisonous substances being in solution; and, conversely, neither of these conditions may be met, and yet the water be quite fit for domestic use—the colour and turbidity being due to such innocent substances as are derived from peat (which has antiseptic properties), and finely divided suspended particles of sand and clay. Water that appears unusually bright may owe its brightness to dangerous matter in solution, but, as a rule, unless local circumstances warrant an opposite conclusion; the brighter and more colourless the water, the better the quality.

Smell.—Pure water has no smell. Any remarkable smell will beget suspicion. Shake up some of the water in a large bottle half full, the hand being placed over the mouth of the bottle, and then observe the smell. Warming brings out the smell of bad water more decidedly.

Filtration.—A good filter removes impurities in suspension, such as sand, woody fibre, leaves, fungi, worms, and fleas. Bone-charcoal, silica, and spongy iron are the best purifying agents in the construction of filters. Either of these not only retains mechanical impurities, but, by its oxidizing power, renders less hurtful any deleterious organic matter dissolved in the water. Sponge, flannel, and similar filtering media, break up by and by, and become themselves impurities.

Boiling.—This probably destroys the vitality of every species of animalcule that may remain after filtration, although no one can say that even boiling will remove the infecting power of water contaminated with cholera or fever discharge. Most natural waters contain oxygen, carbonic acid, and other gases in solution. Boiling repels these, and precipitates carbonate of lime (chalk) when that agent is present in appreciable quantity. By pouring boiled water from one vessel into another for a few minutes, the atmospheric gases will be restored, and the insipid taste partially removed.

Hardness.—The more lime thrown down by boiling, the harder the water has been. Hardness is now stated in figures, by knowing how a sample of water with a solution of lime of known strength is affected with a standard solution of soap, which, while it injures the appearance and occasionally the taste, does not render the water unwholesome. Even animal matter may become oxidized, and so rendered innocuous. This is particularly the case in running streams, when the flow is frequently broken by rocks and other obstacles, causing the water to be churned up with the atmosphere, the oxygen of which is the active purifying agent. To estimate accurately the nature and amount of organic impurities in water is a work of some difficulty; and while there are different processes, it is, perhaps, too much to say that any one gives all the required information. The incineration process is now all but abandoned, but while unreliable as a means of estimating the quantity of impurity present, it nevertheless is serviceable as affording a clue both as to the nature and amount of organic matter present, and, with care, the process can be made useful when more refined methods are unavailable. Two pints of the suspected water should be taken and evaporated to dryness in a platina basin; towards the close of this operation the evaporation must be conducted very carefully at a temperature not exceeding 212° F. This can best be done in what is called a water bath. The residue thus obtained should be weighed and then ignited (incinerated). The organic matter, if any be present, will be decomposed; the residue at the same time becoming black, owing to the liberation of carbon. While the process is going on, both eyes and nose should be on the alert. If nitrates, which are injurious mineral salts, generally of an organic origin, are present, muddy fumes will be given off. If animal matter be present, then the odour will likely reveal it: and so with many other indications which experience will enable the operator to interpret. After the carbon has been burned off, weighing should again take place. The residue will be mineral matters; the loss in weight or organic matter, water of combination, etc. There is a very simple and efficient test known as *the permanganate test.* This may be taken as affording an indication of the presence or absence of offensive organic matters. A few drops of Condy's fluid, which is a solution of permanganate of potash, and is a very powerful oxidizing agent, are to be added to a tumblerful of the water to be tested, and the effect noted from time to time. The more rapidly the solution changes or loses its bright pink colour (the permanganate turns the water a bright pink colour at first), the more the water is to be suspected of containing unwholesome impurities. If iron be present it will

have the same effect on the permanganate, and it is well, therefore, to ascertain what proportion, if any, of that agent is present. This may be done by adding two or three drops of nitric acid to another tumblerful of water, stirring well, and then adding a small quantity of yellow prussiate of potash. If iron be present, a blue colouration will take place.

Presence of Lead.—Cases of lead poisoning occasionally appear in the public journals. The action of lead on the body is manifested on the nervous system, causing the upper extremities to be semi-paralyzed; and the sufferers also frequently experience attacks of colic. The odour of the breath is leady, and if the case is an aggravated one, the presence of lead is exhibited by a bluish line on the gums where they join the teeth. Workers among white lead are special victims, becoming subject to colic, gout, spasms, neuralgia, and sleeplessness. When iron is substituted for lead pipe the lead malady disappears. It is easy to understand why leaden cisterns for house supply and the manufacture of aerated waters are specially dangerous. At investigations made with regard to the prevalence at one time of colic in Devonshire, it was found, after examination of eighteen bottles of cider, that each bottle contained a quarter of a grain of lead. This lead had been disengaged from the lining of the cider troughs.

In the neighbouring parish of Campsie, in 1874, Dr. Wilson was perplexed with the symptoms of disease in a lady whom he was attending. After many inquiries the soda water she was too freely drinking, was chemically examined. In one bottle lead was found in the dangerous proportion of nine-tenths grain in a gallon. Dr. Wallace, of Glasgow, in a certificate, said that *four* bottles of this soda water would contain a quarter of a grain of lead. Now, when one-tenth of a grain of lead in water is esteemed dangerous, nobody need be surprised at the aggravated illness of this lady, who was drinking half-a-dozen bottles of this soda water every day.

Dr. Straton, Wilton, reports the case of a well at Stoford, from which a leaden pipe was conducted to a pump. By and by the inhabitants of the two neighbouring cottages suffered from obscure dyspeptic symptoms; the horses in the stables also exhibited symptoms of slow poisoning. Suspicion led to the well, and about eight feet from the surface Dr. Straton found that the lead pipe, which ought to have hung free, had been allowed to touch the well wall, and was very much crowded for about eighteen inches of its course. Galvanic action had been set up by the contact below the water line, and solution of a quantity of lead was the result. The pipe was drawn away from the side of the well, so as to hang freely, the well was pumped dry for another trial, and all mischief from the lead ceased.

The use of pure water for animals as well as man is ably argued by many. White's 'Compendium of Cattle Medicine,' lays great stress on supplying pure water, not only for the health of the animals, but, so far as cows are concerned, for the quality of the milk, butter, and cheese. Mr. White gives examples of the improvement of cattle by means of a good water supply. Leaden pipe is so easily bent and accommodated to the turns and angles in a house, that its use inside buildings is likely to be continued, no matter what the consequences, therefore, it should never be used outside, however, for any distance; and I have been in the habit, when seeing a new pipe laid, to advise the house occupant to let the water run for three minutes in the morning before drawing any for food purposes, during at least the first three months of the pipe being in use, till a coating is formed on the inside of the pipe over the new lead. Lead cisterns, or any kind of cisterns, are objectionable for storing water to be

used for drinking or cooking; water is so apt to absorb every impurity in its neighbourhood.

Uses of Water.—This is, perhaps, the most important consideration, certainly next to that of its purity: for water has a most important share in the functions of the body. Where there is life there must be water: not only to maintain the bulk of the body, but to supply the waste which it sustains.

Thirst is a sensation expressive of a want of fluid in the animal economy to supply the continual waste in the system. Fever increases thirst, while the appetite for food is then sensibly diminished. Food is largely prepared with water, and when used by itself water facilitates the solution of food in the stomach—all tending to repair the losses going on in respiration and perspiration. On account of diminished perspiration less water is required by the body in winter than in summer; and a man whose work does not cause him to perspire needs less water than a 'heavy sweater.'

There may, however, be too much of even a good thing. Drinking water at any time, unless when thirsty, is injurious, because excess of water weakens the gastric juice, and *overworks the kidneys.* No more than two tumblerfuls of water should be drank at a time on any pretence. It may be taken in so excessive a quantity that the skin and kidneys cannot carry it off conveniently, and it remains in the system to embarrass for a time the solid tissues of the body. I have little faith in the excessive potations of ordinary water and mineral waters which some people swallow. Good may result from drinking an occasional pint of water, so as to flush out the body by setting to action all the emunctories. Two pints of warm water drank during the evening was Edmund Burke's remedy for a bilious attack. Moderation is recommended by the best medical writers in the hydropathic school.

Dr. Balbirnie says: 'In the healthy, drinking during a meal aids digestion, if the solid matters be of a nature to require it; and, on the other hand, it impedes digestion, if the quantity taken renders the mass too liquid. The healthy may safely trust their own sensations, which are often safer guides than abstract principles not clearly understood. But to the *Dyspeptic*, we say, do not disturb digestion by *undue dilution* during a meal, or too soon after it. This relaxes the coats of the stomach, impairs its secretions, and paralyzes its movements. By drinking a little at a time, the risk of exceeding proper limits will be avoided.

Cold water, unless in small sips at intervals, should not be drunk when the body is hot and fatigued; as either inflammation, or shock without reaction, may be the sad result. The shock is carried to the heart by the intimate nervous connection between the stomach and that organ.

A mineral water is ordinary water, plus an extra quantity of salts and gases blended. The ingredients are derived from the soil or rocks through which it passes; and they consist principally of chloride of sodium, sulphate and carbonate of soda, sulphate and carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of lime, carbonate of iron, bromine and iodine, sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, nitrogen, or oxygen, that is to say, some one or combination of these. Hot mineral waters seldom vary in temperature, and their heat is not readily accounted for.

Internally, mineral waters increase the excretion of waste matters from the system, acting both on internal organs and the skin, their influence being largely aided by locality, climate, absence from business, regularity of diet, friendly intercourse and general regimen.

It is evident that people acutely ill, cannot travel to this or that watering place, and no watering place will cure old age; but people with chronic complaints who cannot move about, say, with skin disease, and stiff rheumatic,

and gouty joints, sluggish digestive organs, and nervous disorders, may derive a general benefit from being at a spa. About a month at a time is usually sufficient. Whatever the complaint and the water may be, it is safe to say that a couple of tumblerfuls night and morning will be ample for a beginning; and these drank slowly, not at a gulp. When used to that quantity, then a tumblerful may be taken during the day.

The external use of water, though not so essential as the internal use, is of daily importance.

The necessity of frequently washing the whole body, and not merely the exposed parts of the skin is perfectly obvious. Possessed of a sensitive network of blood-vessels and nerves, the skin, by means of its pores, allows the whole body to be largely operated upon. Medicines can be absorbed by the skin, and through it, by means of water, both cold and hot, powerful principles in the case of disease can be brought into play. This is not the time for going into the science of hydropathy, with multiform baths, plain and medicated. Much good may have been done by hydropathic establishments, but they ought to be under the medical management of persons who have studied the anatomy and physiology of the human body. There has been at least one death in the Turkish bath; and even sponging the body, by invalids, should be undertaken with care. The whole body should be bathed or sponged at least twice a week. Those who cannot afford a sponge may use a damp towel —drying well afterwards. If engaged in a dirty employment, wash clean every night. Children should be washed every day. Washing or bathing, either at home or in a river or sea, immediately after a meal, or when the body is chilled, is highly injurious. Warmth and cheerfulness after a bath indicate that it has been beneficial. The use of ice for drinks and desserts, and for the thirst of the sick has increased very much of late. It is useful outwardly for sun-stroke, while internally it is excellent for fever, sore throat and irritable or bleeding stomach. I do not approve of eating ices after a hearty dinner; the change is too abrupt for the coat of the stomach.

SONNET.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

THE leaves grow green on every shrub and tree,
And meek-eyed flowers are seen among the freshening grass,
The fields are furrowed, as with waves, the sea,—
The world grows young, but I, alas, alas,
Grow older, older as the seasons pass.
Oh, palsied heart, and hand that's lost its cunning!
Eyes that grow dim, and dimmer day by day!
Oh stream of life through cheerless deserts running!
Oh sunshine sweet that's shut from me away!
But such the common lot! so hath fate decreed it!
The staff we lean on, breaks when most we need it,
And all our golden idols turn to clay,
They turn to clay, and mock our child-like trust,
While glittering phantoms, grasped, resolve to dust.

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO MASTERS.

IN Mother England, teeming with progeny as she is, and knowing, alas, often times no more what to do with them than the old woman who lived in her shoe, the population is nevertheless partial. She has probably more sheltered nooks, far from the madding crowd, and known only to neighbours, than any other civilized country; lone spots, visited indeed by man, but occupied only by one or two families in half a score of generations; 'haunts of ancient Peace,' where the echoes only of wars and tumults have penetrated, and those obeying no obedience to the laws of sound, but reaching the stolid ear—for all recluses are stolid—after a huge interval. Some of these spots are really distant (as we count miles in England) from towns and even villages: others again are not so far removed from human communities by space as by circumstance—they are merely out of the way; the road to them leads nowhere else, and therefore no one comes by it save those who have business in the place—a quite inconsiderable number. Now and then, in these secluded glens or plateaux (for they are of both kinds) the vagrant or mistaken traveller comes upon some stately dwelling quiet as a star, which seems, like a star, to have fallen there. He asks himself, for there is perhaps no one else to ask, How came this noble edifice in so retired a spot? It reminds him of some Charles V., in stone, that has embraced the cloister.

Such a spot, and containing such an ancestral mansion, is the hamlet of Halcombe in the north of Devon. You may roam over the purple moors to north and east and south of it for days and never dream of its existence, though it is always, so to speak, at hand; or you may travel along the high road—and it is very high—on a coach top, seeing, as you fancy, everything upon all sides, both on sea and land, and never catch a glimpse of the tall tower of Halcombe Hall, in so deep a glen are its foundations set. At one point, indeed, where a narrow road branches westward, you might ask, if you are by nature curious, 'Whither does that lead?' and the coachman would reply, 'Only to Halcombe,' as though Halcombe were the grave—whither no one goes, with a few exceptions, however—unless compelled to do so.

Even from the west, which is the sea side of it, you can only see the spire of Halcombe Church, which is set on a little hill between the village and the ocean, a landmark to which mariners take care to give a wide berth, for the coast is cruel. True, there is a little harbour, where coal is brought by coasting vessels on calm days; but when the least sea is 'on,' the place is unapproachable; the little blue bay is lashed by the lightest breeze into frenzied foam, beneath which are jagged rocks and far stretching ridges of granite on which many a good ship has laid her bones. No

passenger ever comes to land alive at Halcombe Point, as the place is fitly termed, for it would be irony indeed to call it Harbour, and there is little salvage for the honest villagers, for what the Atlantic hurls and grinds against that rock-bound coast in clouds of spume it mostly whirls away again; then, after some three days' fury, it will lap and smile about the rocks and ledges for a treacherous hour like some marine Macbeth with its 'Thou canst not say I did it.'

Nothing, however, but the church on the hill in Halcombe feels the fury of the gale. The village lies deep in a sheltered dell, where lofty elms and oaks grow to their full height, and never lose a limb or die from the buffets of the storm-fiend. In the centre of the hamlet, approached by a long grassy avenue, sentinelled by giant trees, stands the Hall, a composite mass of buildings, but so irregular in outline from the first that no addition has robbed it of its picturesque appearance. Its main features are Gothic, and doubtless architectural pedants would apply that term, in a deprecatory sense, to the whole mass; but the Poet and the Painter would admit its claim to beauty of a high order. Every room differs from its fellow not only in magnitude but form; here juts out an oriel window, and there a bay; here the long line of building fronts the level lawn without a break, and here again a modern conservatory, wherein the well-warmed air grows faint with alien fragrance, dazzles the eye with its white radiance.

To one who comes on Halcombe on a sudden from the lone moorland it seems as though the trees had been driven into it like sheep, from the country round, and all the flowers. It lies an oasis in the desert, fresh with foliage, and cool with verdure, and bright with blossom. There is nothing new or staring in the little village; even the billiard-room at the Hall, built out by its preceding tenant, has already put on a decent garb of ivy which hides its modernness; and for the most part all the houses are very old. There are no new comers, and consequently no accommodation for them is needed. When a family grows too large for its residence its surplus numbers go forth into the world without and make dwellings for themselves elsewhere.

A few hundred yards from the mansion there is the Manor Farm, almost coeval with it, and besides these two there is no house of any pretensions—the rest are cottages, all the property of the tenant of the Hall, Sir Robert Arden.

This gentleman has no ancestral connection with the place, having purchased the estate of its late tenant about four years before our story opens. It was whispered that the purchase money was no less than 90,000*l.*; if so, it must have been a fancy price, for the Halcombe land, where it is not absolutely barren, is poor, and there are no local industries—unless a saw mill near the Point can be so termed, and some occasional wrecking. Sir Robert, however, is a man who does not count the cost in matters where his sympathies are concerned, and Halcombe seemed in his eyes, when he became a widower, the very place wherein to bury himself and his great sorrow. He lost his young wife, with his only child, in her confinement, and sought this place of retirement, as a stricken deer some solitary spot wherein to sob out its last hours. He did not, however, pass them altogether in this way, for within eighteen months of his bereavement he married again.

His second choice was a widow with four children, all of whom he took to his generous heart as though they were his own. The question, Why did he do so? often put by his neighbours, was like all other inquiries of a similar nature, either very easily answered, or quite inexplicable. Mrs. Nicoll, though not of course in her first youth, was still young, and very beautiful after her own fashion—plump of figure,

gentle of speech, and with a complexion of cream. Perhaps he chose her out of delicate compliment to his first wife, who was her antipodes in every way. No. II. could never remind him of No. I., whose pure image remained in his heart as uninjured by Comparison as by Time. Such was the opinion of one who knew Sir Robert at least as well as he knew himself, though I am aware it is open to ridicule. The second Lady Arden also entertained the same view. Before she married Sir Robert she may have entertained a secret hope that in time she would occupy the first place in his affection, though he had given her fair warning that that could never be; but she soon came to acknowledge that she had no power to oust from his bosom her dead rival. After all it was not a woman, but only the memory of one, which thus came between her and her husband's love; and the subordination was not intolerable. Moreover, it must be considered, that though his dead Madeline thus remained his idol, enshrined in the very temple of his soul, his living Mary was in no way neglected; she had all that money could buy, and almost all that heart could wish. She saw her children possessed of a second father, and herself the object of his tenderest care and regard. He made her as absolute mistress of Halcombe Hall as though he were dead, and had left it to her for use during her life. Notwithstanding that her four children found a permanent home in it, she had *carte blanche* to invite whom she pleased thither; she would ask permission just for form's sake, but his answer was invariable. "Well, my dear, there is surely room enough."

Everybody thought Lady Arden "a very lucky woman," and in saying so perhaps implied that she did not quite deserve it. Not that there was anything to find fault with in her ladyship, who, though she had some fashionable tastes, was both dutiful and simple; nay, though somewhat hypochrondical, she was really genuine, so far as she went—but then she went but a very little way. What her neighbours meant to imply was that though a deserving woman as women go, the widow herself had in her second marriage been rewarded above her deserts.

At the same time, even in her sunny lot there was a crumpled roseleaf. Being by nature more than tolerably just, it was only to be looked for that all friends of her husband would have been welcome under that roof. His nephew, and only blood relation was, for example, as dear to her as one of her own family, indeed he was one day to become such, for his uncle had set his heart upon his marriage with Evelyn Nicoll, Lady Arden's eldest daughter, into which arrangement the young people had fallen without the least remonstrance; he had been prosecuting his studies on the Continent, after he took his degree at Cambridge, and was now expected home. But there was another person 'on Sir Robert's side of the house,' as the simple Halcombe folks termed it, who was not so agreeable to Lady Arden—notwithstanding that he did his best to make himself so. This was Ferdinand Walcot, the brother of Sir Robert's first wife, and who exercised a great and somewhat inexplicable influence over him. Perhaps, to begin with, Lady Arden resented the fact that this person, who was 'neither kith nor kin' to Sir Robert, should in these latter days have been admitted to his confidence solely on the ground of the relationship to his dead wife. This intimacy of the two men dated, indeed, from after Sir Robert's second marriage, and perhaps her ladyship had a shrewd suspicion that had they come together earlier she would never have been Lady Arden at all.

There was nothing, however, in Mr. Walcot's conduct to suggest this; on the contrary, he was polite and deferential to her in a high degree; if he erred in behaviour, it was, if one may say so, in the other direction; on

the very rare and trivial occasions when Sir Robert and his wife disagreed, Mr. Walcot always took the side of the latter, and in so doing occasionally threw into his manner a touch of patronage. The feelings of some wives are very sensitive on a point of this kind; they do not wish to receive foreign aid in contending with their husbands, and especially to owe their victory to it. And it must be acknowledged that, whatever Mr. Ferdinand Walcot took in hand was not only done, and effectually, but also suggested the idea that he could do twice or even ten times as much with equal ease: a state of things, which, when we ourselves have had some trouble with the same matters and have failed, it is not in human nature not to resent.

With the exception of this trifling and only occasional source of friction, the relations of Mr. Walcot with the mistress of the Hall were amicable, if not cordial; while with the other inmates of the house he was on excellent terms. As these persons were of both sexes and of various characters, this must be surely put down to his credit. Nature, too, there was no doubt, had been friendly to Ferdinand Walcot. He was thirty-five years of age, but had still the figure and even the grace of youth. His dark hair, though it could not boast of a curl, was still fine and plentiful; his face was handsome, pale, and full of thought. At the first glance you would have said, 'This is a student;' but there was too much mobility of feature, of the lively play of intelligence, for a lover of books. His eyes were large, soft, and gentle, but could on occasion suddenly become keen and penetrating. He claimed to have some mesmeric powers, of the commoner sort, and had certainly a very attractive manner and address; of this he was very conscious without being conceited about it. He used to say of himself quite simply, 'People like to have me about them whether sick or well.' This was certainly the case with his brother-in-law and host, Sir Robert, a gentleman of such highly nervous temperament that the good folks, his neighbours, while admitting his many virtues, scarcely knew at times 'what to make of him,' and who was never so much at ease as in Mr. Walcot's company.

And yet, as in most cases of intimate friendship, there was little similarity of character in these two men, except that they both wore the intellectual stamp. Walcot was a tall, strong, though somewhat lean figure, dark as a Spaniard, with a musical but decisive voice; Sir Robert a small grey man, frail of limb, somewhat weazened as to face, though comely, too, and like a gentleman in presence. He was the senior of his brother-in-law by at least ten years, and looked older yet; at times, when excited, his utterance was shrill and rapid, like a very old man's, but more generally it was hesitating, thoughtful, and with that sort of echo in it which may be noticed in the voices of those who concern themselves mainly with the past.

CHAPTER II.

A TÊTE-A-TÊTE.

THE two men I have attempted to present to the mind's eye of the reader are sitting together in the great dining room of the Hall on a certain September evening; the ladies, that is to say, Lady Arden and her eldest daughter, Evelyn (who, though she is eighteen, and has accordingly 'come out,' still retains her schoolroom name of Evy), have long retired from the dessert table; and their absence has been, as usual, the signal for producing the cigarette box which lies between the two gentlemen, and within easy reach of either's hand. The table, which is one adapted for a small party, has been laid in the great bay win-

dow, so that three fair scenes are presented to them at once; on one side the avenue, its two straight lines of oak appearing in the far distance to contradict Euclid's definition, by meeting and enclosing a space; in the centre the bowling-green, of late years desecrated by croquet, but yet retaining—thanks to a grand back ground of those 'green-robed senators, the trees'—most of its venerable air; and, on the third side, a portion of the garden proper, still ablaze with red geraniums, with their blue borders of lobelias.

Sir Robert has his gaze dreamily fixed upon this spot, and Mr. Walcot's eyes, as is common with him, follow those of his companion. They are not engaged in conversation, nor have they spoken for some time, a circumstance which discomposes neither of them; they are much too intimate with one another not to be able to endure any amount of silence; but their reflections often run—to some distance at least—in the same groove. The beautiful description of the poet, of two sympathetic minds, whose

> Thought leapt out to wed with thought
> Ere thought could wed itself with speech

was only, however, in part applicable to them. Mr. Walcot often knew what his host and friend was thinking of, but the reverse of this was not the case. Nor was this to be wondered at, the elder living almost wholly in the past—a past with which the other was more or less acquainted, and the younger concerning himself mainly with the future.

It was curious, however, how very clearly Sir Robert's train of thought was sometimes followed by that of his companion—an instance of which occurred at this moment. Into the garden plot comes a young girl, with a pair of 'La Crosse' sticks and a hoop in her hand; she stands sideways to the bay window, and proceeds, unconscious of spectators, to play the game with some one who stands nearer to the house, and is, therefore, not in sight. The effect is peculiar, since she appears to put herself into a hundred attitudes without any other object than to exhibit her grace and beauty. She is tall and fair, with little natural colour, save the rose tints which the exercise is now giving to her, but her complexion is exquisitely delicate; her long brown hair, tossed back from her face, with each quick movement of her shapely neck, flows well-nigh to her waist; and now and again her bright lips part and a merry laugh breaks out from them, evoked by some blunder of her unseen playmate.

> A vision fit to make an old man young.

Sir Robert gazes on it with serene content; Mr. Walcot with a deep-set pleasure that is seldom indeed permitted to reveal itself as at present, but his companion, always unobservant, is now utterly wrapped in his own thoughts. His eyes, however, being presently raised to the top of the tall cedar on the lawn, which sways and swerves as if under the influence of a tornado, though all lesser things in that sheltered spot are calm and well nigh motionless, he exclaims with anxiety, 'There is a storm at sea.'

'George does not start till Thursday,' returns Mr. Walcot in his measured tones.

He understands at once the connection which has led his companion's thoughts from Miss Evy to his nephew, and the apprehension that has been aroused in his mind.

'He said he should pass through Paris, and might be a day or two late, or a day or two earlier,' continued Sir Robert nervously.

'To-day is but Monday, however, Arden. Moreover, this storm would not affect ships upon that route—it is to the last degree unlikely he would come by Bristol.'

'Why!' inquired the other quickly, yet without testiness; he was willing to be convinced.

'Because it is the cheap route.'

Sir Robert laughed good-humouredly.

'Well, George is not very economical, that is true, but what does it matter?—when I am gone there will be enough for everybody, himself included. Did I ever tell you how the dog answered me at Heidelberg, when I rated him for his extravagance, and told him that at his age I should not have dreamt of running into such expenses. "Ah," he said, "but you had no rich old uncle as I have." One cannot help liking a frank lad like that—you allow he *is* frank, don't you?'

'I did not say anything to the contrary, did I?'

'No, but you did not speak, and with you Silence does not always mean Consent.'

'It means, in this case, disinclination to differ, Arden,' answered the other softly. 'I like your nephew; you are as fortunate, it seems to me, in your one blood relation as any man can expect to be; but when you speak of him as though his chief virtue was frankness — there—well, I must be excused for remaining silent.'

'Ferdinand, pray be more explicit,' exclaimed Sir Robert. 'How can you, with your eyes upon that pure girl destined for his bride, treat his hypocrisy—if he has been a hypocrite—so lightly? If he has deceived *me*, may he not deceive *her*.—'

'He has certainly deceived *you*,' put in the other, quietly; 'but a young man need not be rendered an outcast for a mere venial crime. I should not even have thought of mentioning it had you not been so importunate for the proof of his guilt.' Here Mr. Walcot's swift intelligence had a little forestalled matters; for there had been no importunity such as he had described as yet.

'Of course I require the proof,' said Sir Robert, falling into the other's groove that had been thus cut for him. 'I should not dream of condemning George unheard.'

'It is not a question of condemnation, I hope, nor even of reprobation,' answered Mr. Walcot. 'But, since you speak of your nephew's frankness, I will tell you what I saw him do at Homburg, the very day before we left him. Do you remember finding him in the Saloon there, contrary to your express injunctions?'

'I remember forbidding him to play, but not, I think, to enter the gambling room. Otherwise, I should have been annoyed to find him there as I did, standing by the *trente et quarante* table. I remember the circumstance, now you mention it, perfectly.'

'You caused him to lose about forty pounds that morning.'

'I? How could that be? He never played; and, besides, he came away with us.'

'Yes, but he had been playing. He drew back from the table as you entered, and left his stake upon it on the red. The red turned up four times while you were speaking to him, yet he did not dare to take up his gains. At last, as was certain to be the case, he saw them swept away before his eyes. To see him listening, with apparent seriousness, to all your good advice against gaming, while his eyes were fixed upon the cards, and his thoughts occupied with the idea of how he was wasting his good luck, was as good as a comedy.'

'It seems to me to have been a very bad piece of taste, to say the least of it, and nothing laughable about it,' observed Sir Robert gravely.

'You are too serious-minded, Arden; your own feelings of honour are too delicate; and, besides, you must remember George is but a boy.'

'He is old enough to think of taking the responsibility of another's happiness upon his own shoulders,' answered the other; 'it is useless for you to make excuses for him, though I respect the motive which prompts you to do so. Still, even you may have been mistaken. I will tax the lad with it with my own lips, and see what he has to say for himself.'

'No, Arden, you must not do that,' answered Walcot quietly. 'The fact is, I have myself been guilty of a breach of confidence in the matter. I perceived George's error, for it was but that at most—and reproached him with it. He did not attempt to deny it, but he promised amendment for the future. Under these circumstances I am afraid it was tacitly understood between us that I should not mention the matter to your ears.'

'Then I am very sorry you did,' said Sir Robert, in tones of deep annoyance.

'And so am I, Arden. I have done amiss; my desire that your charity—I mean, of course, your kindness of heart—should not be imposed upon has carried me too far. Of course you can tax George with this peccadillo; he will confess to it without much remorse, if I am not mistaken in his character; but he will look upon me, and with reason, as having in a manner betrayed him—he will hold me henceforth as his enemy—'

'Nay, he will not do that, Ferdinand,' interrupted the other. 'No one shall ever do that in my house. Let byegones be byegones. He shall never know that I know aught about it, although it gives me pain to think of George as otherwise than truthful. I had thought him as open-hearted as he certainly is open-handed.'

'Without doubt he is that, Arden, though, having no money of his own, one can hardly put it down to his credit. He has other virtues, however, I make no question.'

'You have saddened me, Ferdinand,' said Sir Robert, after a pause.

Mr. Walcot raised his shoulders and smiled sadly. It was evident that he had said all he had to say, and was sorry it had been so much. There was a long silence. The baronet rose and went slowly to the window; the girl had left the garden, and the light of the moon was on the trees, the tops of which rocked and vibrated more than ever.

'There is a terrible storm at sea, I am sure, Walcot. Hush—is that thunder?'

'No, it is a minute gun.' As he spoke the door opened, and in ran a fair-faced, blue-eyed lad of about nine years old.

'Oh, Papa! oh, Mr. Walcot! There is a shipwreck off the Point!'

The boy's words were significant of much. He had called Sir Robert, who was but his step-father, Papa, as indeed he might well do in return for much loving treatment: and he had then addressed himself to Mr. Walcot, as being the master of the house *de facto* if not *de jure*, and the person to be appealed to in every emergency. The flushed face and glowing eyes of the speaker betrayed intense excitement.

'If there is a shipwreck there is danger to some poor souls, Frank,' said Sir Robert, reprovingly. 'You should be sorry rather than pleased at such a catastrophe.'

'Oh, but indeed, Papa, I am sorry, only——'

'Only we young people are a little thoughtless, eh,' put in Mr. Walcot. 'We are apt only to think of ourselves, even though what is fun to us (as in the case of the fable of the Frogs) may be death to others.'

'Don't let us say "Death,"' said Sir Robert, gently. 'And if it be so, how can the young picture it to themselves? We are not angry with *you*, my boy. If there was any one on board that unhappy ship in which you had any interest or connection you would feel sorry enough, I know—— You smile, Ferdinand. What is it?'

'Oh, nothing; I was only smiling at human nature. As it happens there *is*, in all human probability, on board this very ship some one connected with our young friend; but then it is not likely to be a pleasant connection. Lady Arden expects the new governess from Bristol to-morrow. She should arrive there from the Continent by sea to-night.'

'Good heavens, I had forgotten that, but so, of course had Frank; else his conduct would have been heartless indeed.'

Again Mr. Walcot shrugged his shoulders and smiled his pitying smile.

'You expect too much of poor Humanity,' he said; 'you have been taught to look for too much.'

'That is true, indeed,' said Sir Robert, with a deep sigh. 'There was no one like my Madeline for thinking of others, nor ever will be.' He sat down in his chair again, as though quite forgetful of his intention to go out, and covered his face in his hands. The thud of another storm-gun broke the silence, and once more roused him to a sense of the occasion. 'Come,' said he, 'let us do what we can; it is well to remember the dead, but we must not forget the living.'

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE QUAY.

WHEN the two men entered the hall for their coats and wraps they found all the rest of the family about to start on the same exciting errand—that is, all the able-bodied ones, which did not include 'Baba' Nicoll (aged three and a half), nor Lady Arden herself, who never trusted herself to the tender mercies of the night air (in the country), and objected to all excitements (such as shipwrecks) which were not of a strictly fashionable kind. Notwithstanding her thick Ulster and hard cap, and the great fur scarf that was wound round her shapely neck, Evelyn looked distractingly lovely, as she would have equally done in the shovel hat of a bishop or a coalheaver, for her beauty was such that attire did not so much become her as she it. Cousin George, as she called him (though, of course, they were not relations), used to admire her most in the rough costume that the wind and weather of Halcombe necessitated, and had dubbed her (almost everybody at the Hall had a nickname) 'the Fair Smuggler.

Milly Nicoll (her real name of Millicent was absolutely forgotten—the only record of it being at the Register Office in Marylebone Church, where she had been christened) was two years junior to Evy, and therefore but one year beyond the age described by the poet as 'bashful fifteen.' But no one but a poet could have called her 'bashful.' She was about to become so, it is true—'Tomboys' always do so in due time—but for the present she was like an untamed colt, shaggy as to her hair, which was of a deeper brown than her sister's; wild, though tender, as to her hazel eyes; and as to her limbs a very tarantula. Yet, strange to say, in that perpetual motion of theirs, there was never a false concord—the least awkwardness.

She had equipped herself, on this occasion, in a pea-jacket of Cousin George's, and with her sailor hat, and ever twinkling legs, looked like that marine young person whose gallant conduct under fire was rewarded, as the bard informs us, by the First Lieutenantship of the gallant *Thunderbomb*. Curiously enough, that ballad was Milly's favourite poem (indeed the only one she cared about), and those stirring lines

> Which, when the Captain comed for to hear of it,
> Very much applauded what she'd done,

were frequently on her lips.

Frank himself, with his delicate eager face, and large, soft, restless eyes, scarcely looked more like a sailor boy than his two sisters, which was the cause of much domestic 'chaff.' He had what others beside his mother termed a 'heavenly temper,' but the way to ruffle it was to 'call him out of his name,' to address him in place of Frank or Franky as Finella, or still worse, by its contraction 'Nellie.' He would bear it from the godfather who gave it him (Cousin George), but from

no one else; though oddly enough the first syllable of it, euphonised to 'Fifi,' was an address to which the young fellow would answer with the greatest docility.

It is not to be seriously contended, of course, that these three young people were starting out upon a rescue expedition; but nevertheless each was provided with something or other—if it was but a flask of brandy—that might be of use to some half-drowned wretch if opportunity arose; and if their eagerness had something of delight in it all genuine students of human nature will forgive them. They were looking on no 'sinking ship and praying hands,' it must be remembered, but only going vaguely forth on an errand of high excitement, and of which, as it happened, they had had no previous experience. It was curious and very striking to mark the comparative calmness of the air while the little party crossed the lawn and made their way up the terrace at the back of the Hall, and then to compare it with the fury of the blast that met them on the hill-top. It had blown in the door that led through the garden wall into the churchyard, and was streaming through the aperture like pent up waters through a suddenly discovered channel. 'Fifi,' who was first, went down before it, as though it had been a volley of musketry, and he the first stormer in the breach. The two girls only saved each other by an involuntary embrace and a flank movement (very hurried and confused) behind the sheltering wall. Then Sir Robert moved forward, throwing a word of raillery to the young ladies, upon their pusillanimous conduct. His fate would have been the worst of the four, for the wind whisked him off his legs, and would have laid him as prone as Frank, without that young gentleman's ability to pick himself up again, had not a strong arm linked itself with his at the critical moment.

'Union is strength, and a twofold man is not easily withstood,' said Walcot in his ear as he landed him on the right side of the wall, and with his back to it. It was characteristic of the man to imply that the other was giving him aid in return for his own, instead of being, as he really was, an additional burthen. Frank came after them with a rush, and was instantly flattened against the wall by his stepfather's side, like a small placard beside a large one.

Then Mr. Walcot went back for the ladies; Milly at once seized him by the coat-tails and hung on, and with head depressed and body bent he charged the pass and brought her through triumphantly.

In view of its success Evelyn would, perhaps, have adopted the same simple plan, but Mr. Walcot did not give her the opportunity: doubtless, being a great stickler for the proprieties, he thought it indecorous; he took her left hand in his, and with his right arm round her waist, bore her steadily, if somewhat slowly, through the breach. This Thermopylæ of the winds being thus carried, progress, though very difficult, became possible; the church itself afforded the little party some oblique protection, as they made their way through its God's Acre. This spot would to a stranger's eyes—who did not happen to have a tornado blowing into them—have afforded a curious spectacle. There were but a few homely graves in it; but one corner of it was devoted to the reception of the bodies of poor shipwrecked souls who had been from time to time cast ashore on the rocks below. To these it could hardly have been expected that the parish should supply gravestones; but pious hands had done what they could. Large sea shells were laid on every swelling mound to mark the fate of him who lay beneath it; and in some cases the figure-heads of the lost vessels had been set up by way of monument. One of these, the bust of a young person without raiment, the *Erin*, of Bristol, stood out from the sacred soil

in a manner which, by moonlight, had a very striking effect, and had once frightened a new curate almost out of his wits; his ideas (running in a Scriptural direction) having led him to imagine that she was anticipating the Resurrection Day.

It seemed wonderful, indeed, with that tempest howling and roaring over the long grasses of their graves, that the dead themselves could lie so quietly; for all the powers of the air were abroad that night and working their wild will on earth and sea and sky. The moon was at the full, but was only visible by fits, when the hurrying masses of grey clouds left her pale face clear at intervals of unequal duration. A great master of word-painting has described the wind as coming into 'a rocking town and stabbing all things up and down;' but to no town-dweller can be conveyed an adequate conception of the force and fury of that element as it rages on such a coast as that which lies around Halcombe Point. The very land seemed to shudder as it swept across it; the sea grew livid under its ceaseless scourging. As far as the eye could reach, from the hill above the Point, was a world of wild, white waters, the foam of which was dashed upwards in sheets fathoms high, and carried inland in sharp sleet.

On this white surface there was but one object, from which ever and anon there flashed a jet of flame, succeeded by a dull thud—a hoarse cry for help that it lay not in human power to give; it looked, and was, but a black, inert mass, a broken plaything, of which the storm had not yet tired; but it had been an hour ago a gallant steamship, prompt to obey its master, man. The wind was now the only power it acknowledged, and it was being driven before it at headlong speed towards the Point. The little party, huddled together for foothold, gazed on this spectacle with awestruck eyes.

'Poor souls, poor souls,' cried Sir Robert. 'Good God, can nothing be done?

'Nothing,' answered Walcot, gravely. 'She will go to pieces when she touches the rocks.'

'Thank heaven, here is Mr. Dyneley, with some men,' ejaculated Evy, looking back.

Mr. Dyneley is a clergyman, Miss Evelyn,' answered Walcot, with the least touch of scorn, 'but he cannot work miracles.'

'He has, however, brought the mortar apparatus,' observed Milly, naïvely.

And, indeed, as the tall, brown-bearded curate drew nigh, they could see that he was followed by half-a-dozen stalwart men, who dragged behind them the implement in question.

'A sad sight, Sir Robert,' bawled the curate (for indeed every one spoke at the full stretch of their lungs); 'but if the ladies can bear to look at it you had better bring them down to the mill.'

This was the saw mill, of which we have already spoken, built upon the very edge of the harbour, and the only place for miles upon the coast in which on such a night shelter could be found.

'You are always right, Dyneley,' said Sir Robert, approvingly, 'do you take charge of one of the girls.'

With a diffident, hesitating air that contrasted rather comically with his stature and proportions, the young curate was about to offer his arm to Evy, but Mr. Walcot, who stood beside her, was quicker in his movements, and took possession of that young lady, leaving her sister to fall to the other's share.

Thus they moved down the hill together to the mill, from the windows of which could be obtained almost as good a view of the driving ship as from the hill itself, but, nevertheless, such was the excitement of the little party, that they preferred to stand outside, sheltered only in a very moderate degree by the low stone wall of the quay.

The vessel, we have said, was approaching the point very rapidly, but not in a direct line; it was possible that she might just skirt it, and go ashore a few score yards beyond. In this case her destruction would not be so immediate, but, on the other hand, the life-lines could hardly be shot over her from the apparatus. The curate and his men, however, had everything in readiness; you would have said, to judge by their resolute and earnest faces as they stood beside the mortar, that they were about to defend their native soil against the attack of a foe. Mr. Walcot, too, faced the cruel blast with stern eyes and knitted brow, except when he dropped a word of exhortation to be of good courage to Evy; but Sir Robert and the young people wore looks of fear and pity, and more than one of them already repented that they had come out with a light heart to behold so sad a scene.

'Do you know the ship?' asked the curate of the man beside him. He himself had been on the coast for years, but to his landsman's eyes the shattered mass before him was but a black and shapeless hulk.

'It is the *Rhineland*,' answered the other, confidently, 'the steamer that plies between Rotterdam and Bristol,'

'You may say "that used to ply,"' put in another—it was John Jenkins, parish clerk, who plumed himself on employing terms of accuracy—'for she will never make another voyage.'

'Do you hear *that*, Mr. Walcot?' exclaimed Evelyn, in terrified accents, 'it is the *Rhineland*; that is the boat that poor Miss Hurt is to come by.'

'*Was* to come by,' murmured Mr. Jenkins, fortunately beneath his ordinary ecclesiastical tones, so that the amendment was inaudible.

The huge hull came flying on, like some mighty sea-bird on a broken wing, for whose discordant screams the shrieking of the wind might easily have been taken; her mainmast and rigging could now be clearly seen standing out against the moonlight; without a rag of sail or puff of steam, her ghastly and spectral form was hurrying on, when her headlong course was suddenly arrested: the crash of rending timber was mingled for an instant with the roaring of the storm, and a white shroud of foam enveloped her and hid her from sight.

'God of Heaven, she has foundered?' exclaimed Sir Robert. The two girls uttered a scream of anguish.

'Nay, I still see her," cried the curate, eagerly.

'She is on the Lancet, sir,' said a coastguardsman. 'The wind must have shifted a point to have took her there.'

The Lancet was a long sharp line of rocks, about two hundred yards from shore, but quite disconnected with it, the waves always covered it, but at low tide—which was now the case—only a few inches.

The hull looked considerably higher now than she had been in the water, the wind and waves having probably carried her bodily on to the ledge; nevertheless, in her stationary position, the sea, climbing and raging about her at its will, seemed to devour her more completely even than before.

'Is the position altered for the better by this, Marley?' inquired the curate anxiously.

'She may hold together now for a few hours,' answered the coastguardsman; 'but she will go to pieces at the flow.' He was an old sailor, and his mind was fixed on the fate of the ship rather than on those it carried.

'I mean as respects the poor souls on board, man,' continued the curate, with some asperity.

'In my opinion nothing can save them, sir. If the men at Archester have already put out the lifeboat, it is possible they may be here in time; but not otherwise.'

'But is it not probable they have done so?'

'No, sir; they must have known from its position (judging from the sound of the guns) that the ship would

be ashore hours before they could reach her; and of course they did not take into account the chance of her grounding on the Lancet.'

'A swift horse, even with this wind across him, would reach Archester in an hour,' soliloquised the curate. 'I am a heavy weight; but then I know how to ride, which these men don't. —Might I take your bay mare, Sir Robert?'

'Of course, my dear fellow; and don't spare her. Ten pounds a piece from me, mind, to every man who mans the lifeboat, but don't volunteer yourself, Dyneley; Halcombe can't spare you.'

The compliment was lost on him for whom it was intended, for the curate was already on the slope of the hill.

'He's a rare good plucked one,' observed Mr. Jenkins, approvingly, 'and allus was.'

'Especially at the University,' muttered Mr. Walcot, not so low, however, but that Evy, who was still his close companion, could catch the sneer.

'I can now stand by myself quite well,' said she, withdrawing her arm. The tone was as unmistakable as the action, and signified not only mere disapproval, but disgust.

'A thousand pardons, Miss Evy; I did not intend my little joke to be overheard.'

'I don't think this is a time for jokes, Mr. Walcot.'

'Or rather, Miss Evy,' returned the other, tartly, 'do you not mean that Mr. Dyneley is not a fit subject for them. I had forgotten that a certain Divinity doth hedge a curate in some people's eyes.'

'When he is doing God's work, I think it does so,' answered Evelyn, sharply. 'You are always trying to turn Mr. Dyneley into ridicule.'

'I am very sorry; I had no idea he was under your particular protection; of course if it had been George, I should have known better than in your presence to have taken such a liberty with him. You are his natural defender; but in Dyneley's case I had no idea——'

She turned away from him with a face of scarlet, and fixed her eyes upon the wreck, as it could now in truth be called. Yet for the moment she was not thinking of the vessel, nor even of its unhappy crew. She was full of pity for them, but a still deeper feeling than pity had been stirred within her.

"I think I see figures upon the rigging,' observed Sir Robert, anxiously. 'Is it not so, Marley?'

'Yes, sir; the sea has found its way into the hull, and some poor souls have taken to the shrouds.'

'To the shrouds?' murmured little Frank, trembling with awe. He knew that shrouds and death were somehow associated.

'Yes, my boy,' said Sir Robert, kindly. 'They will thus, for the time, be out of the reach of the waves, and let us trust that they will be able to hold on there till help arrives.'

Mr. Marley shook his head with a grunt. It was his manner of expressing disagreement with the baronet's opinion. They might hold on indeed up in the cross-trees and elsewhere for an indefinite time, but it was not possible, he meant to imply, that the ship could hold together.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

THE storm had abated nothing of its ferocity, yet none of the party at the Point thought of going home. It seemed to all of them, though they could do nothing in the way of help, that it was a forsaking of these poor drowning creatures to quit their post. But the Hall folks did leave the quay, and withdraw into the mill, from the windows of which they continued to watch the doomed vessel.

'Was not this poor Miss Hurt,'

asked Sir Robert of Mr. Walcot, 'to have come to us last month instead of now?' The baronet knew almost nothing of the domestic arrangements at the Hall, which were effected without any consultation with him by his wife —not, however, without some indirect assistance from Mr. Walcot. He never 'meddled,' but her ladyship, who was of an indolent disposition, had always the advantage of his advice, and to say truth it was generally valuable. Mr. Walcot hastened to explain.

'No, Arden, you are confusing Miss Hurt, the German governess, with Annabel Spruce, who, but for some indisposition, was to have come last month to be the young ladies' maid.'

'Oh, yes; I remember my wife said you had recommended her.'

'Nay, it was not quite that. The young person was spoken of very highly by a common friend of ours; indeed I think she mentioned her to Lady Arden first. I never set eyes on her but once in my life; but her story touched me, and would have touched you, with your tender sensibilities, even more. You remember the Swintons who lived at Makerly Hall; our dear Madeline used to rather like them, you know.'

'Did she?' he sighed. 'I had forgotten—and yet I thought I had forgotten nothing in connection with her. Yes, I remember the name of Swinton. This girl, then, was in service with the family.'

'Oh, no; it is a much stranger history. The old man had a son who died at college, and after his death it was found that he had left an illegitimate child. This was Annabel Spruce. His mother was anxious to adopt her, but the old man would not hear of it.'

'Dear, dear,' said Sir Robert. 'It was a difficult case as to morals, but I hope he was not hard upon her.'

'Well, something was done for the child; but Mrs. Swinton died first, and her wishes were no longer attended to.'

'That was abominable,' exclaimed Sir Robert. 'The wishes of the dead ought to be sacred.'

'Of course, that is your view, Arden: but all men are not cast in the same mould. This girl, then, fatherless, and, as it happened, not perhaps so unfortunately, motherless also, was left utterly unprovided for at her grandfather's death. A friend of Lady Arden's did what she could for her—put her in service and so on: but she is now out of place. She has the highest character from her employers. There is nothing against her except the misfortune of her birth; and I judged that that would not be an objection in your eyes.'

'You judged well, Walcot; and my wife also—it was the more creditable in her, however, being a woman.'

'Ah, you know human nature, Arden. It is, as you say, to Lady Arden's credit that this poor girl is her *protegée*. But it is as well that the circumstances of the case should be kept to ourselves.'

'Certainly; though it behooves those who know them to be all the kinder to the girl on that account——Do you know anything of this poor Miss Hurt?'

'Nothing whatever, except that she, too, is an orphan girl, highly accomplished, I believe, who has been recommended to Lady Arden by a German friend.'

'I fear she will never touch English soil,' said Sir Robert, glancing at the foam-covered wreck.

'I fear not; still if she is doomed to meet with so unhappy a fate I had rather it happened now, while she is unknown to us, than after she had been under your roof.'

'Our sorrow would be more personal, of course, in that case.'

'Yes; but I was thinking of Annette Roy. She was poor Madeline's governess, you know; the one that was lost on her passage to Havre, with her father, at Christmas time. Did she never tell you about it?'

'Yes, yes; but my memory is not what it was. I remember it but very dimly.' He spoke with a nervous eagerness uncalled for, as it seemed, by the occasion. 'What was it?'

'Well, it was a strange story; this Annette was an old-fashioned little woman, who dressed in a mob-cap, and looked like a buy-a-broom girl. She was very particular about all her little possessions, and when she went away that Christmas left a huge box in one of the attics with a written notice on it that it was not to be opened till her return. She never did return, and her father who was drowned with her was the only representative she had in the world; so the question was, What was to be done with the box? However, nothing was done. It lay untouched for a year until a certain bill for her happened to come in from some tradesman by whom it had been forgotten; when it seemed only reasonable that this should be discharged by the sale of her effects. On the day that my father had come to this decision one of the maids who had only been with us a few months ran down to him, half frightened out of her wits, to say that there was a strange woman in the attic. She said "she stared at her like a dead creature, and had a baggy lace cap on.'"

'Yes, yes,' said Sir Robert, 'I remember it all now; my poor Madeline saw the figure herself.'

'Well, she thought she saw it,' replied Mr. Walcot, 'I am slow to believe such stories. Still occurrences of that kind are disagreeable in a house; and whether they occur or not they are easily imagined. That is why I said I am glad for your sake that this was poor Miss Hurt's first voyage rather than her second. When any inmate of a house comes to a violent end superstitious ideas are always suggested.'

'I would prefer to say that spiritual conditions are likely to be induced, Walcot,' answered the other, gravely. 'If, for instance, instead of my sweet Madeline having expired tranquilly in my arms, such a fate as that of yonder poor creature had overtaken her, I should, I know, have been haunted by her dripping form, her fair hair draggled in the brine—pshaw; I tremble to think of it.'

There was a look of horror on Sir Robert's face at least as marked as that which the spectacle of the shipwreck had at first evoked on it; it was curious under such circumstances that Mr. Walcot should have pursued the subject; but perhaps he thought the opportunity for the administration of a little pure reason was not to be thrown away. His silence might have seemed too like adhesion to the other's fantastic views.

'I think you should say, Arden, that in the case you put you would have imagined yourself to be so haunted. When the feelings are deeply moved the Imagination becomes a slave to them.'

'One is obliged to believe the evidence of one's own senses,' answered Sir Robert gloomily.

'I do not see the necessity. Moreover, some of our senses are more liable to deception than others.'

Sir Robert waved his hand with a deprecatory air. 'I know what you are hinting at, Walcot, and appreciate your good intentions. It is no use arguing the matter, and especially'—here he threw a glance at the young people, who were crowded at the other window—'since we are not alone. It is enough for me that I know what I know.'

Mr. Walcot uttered a sympathising sigh, and was silent. Nothing was heard in the almost empty chamber—the only room the Mill afforded not used for the purposes of trade—but the roaring of the wind and the rattling of the window frames. The minute guns of the ship had long ceased to fire, and, indeed, so far as matters could be made out, the sea had made a clean sweep of her.

Presently there was a knock at the

door, and a short, thick-set man, with a shawl wound about his neck, presented himself. He held his cap in his hand, and thereby displayed a head covered with red stubble mingled with grey.

'The mistress says,' observed he in a strong north-country accent, 'that it is very late for the young ladies and the bairn to be out of doors, and the sooner they gang hame the better.'

Sir Robert looked displeased. This gardener's rough manner always annoyed him, but for that very reason he passed over certain misdemeanours in the man—especially a fondness for nips of whiskey at premature hours—lest he should act harshly towards him through prejudice.

'That was not her ladyship's own message, Groad,' remarked Mr. Walcot, severely.

'Well, no, sir,' the man's voice took a more respectful tone at once, though it was far from deferential, 'I took the mistress's order from Mr. Beamish.'

'And why didn't Beamish bring the message himself?'

'Because all the breath was out of his body before he got to the kirkyard wall, sir,' grinned the gardener. 'He was blowed down flat—or at leastways as flat as his shape permitted—by the wind in the wicket gap.'

'O, Papa dear, *don't* send us home,' pleaded Frank, removing for an instant his sharp thin face fron the window pane to which it was glued in rapt excitement. 'I do so want to see the lifeboat come.'

'And I,' echoed Milly; 'I am sure I could never get a wink of sleep till I knew what is to become of those poor creatures yonder.'

'You can know that, Missie, by just putting a word to any coast-guardsman,' observed Groad, slowly; 'they all say as they'll be drowned.'

'If it is God's will, man, it will be so, and not otherwise,' exclaimed Sir Robert, reprovingly. 'What do you think, Walcot, about the young people going home?'

Before Mr. Walcot could reply Evelyn interposed, 'Of course, if mamma wishes it we will go home, but she does not understand that we are in shelter here; and I do think that neither Milly nor Frank will get much rest till they know what happens to these poor people. Baba was sound asleep when I came away, so that we have only ourselves to look after.'

'It will be a good many hours,' said Sir Robert, doubtfully, and looking at Mr. Walcot.

'Still, as Miss Evelyn says,' replied the latter gentleman, 'the young folks are too excited to go to sleep. And if they could get refreshments—' Here the door opened again, and admitted a good-looking young fellow bearing a small hamper on his shoulders.

'I have brought some bread and butter and things from the farm,' said the new comer, 'which Mr. Dyneley sent down, Sir Robert, with his compliments; and he says if a bit of fire was lit here he thinks a cup of tea might be of advantage to the young ladies.'

'That is the very thing,' said Sir Robert; 'now the garrison is victualled for the night. Thank you, Gilbert, it was very thoughtful of Mr. Dyneley, very.'

'Well, yes, sir: and he hadn't much time to think of anything either. I met him coming to the Hall stables, and saw him start off on the mare like a flash of lightning. She'll take him to Archester if four legs can do it, but the wind is mad upon the moors to-night and that's the truth.'

'Get some sticks, Groad, and light the fire,' said Mr. Walcot, in a more authoritative voice than he was accustomed to use, even out of Sir Robert's presence. He was a little annoyed, perhaps, by the forethought which the curate had exhibited in sending supplies from his own lodging at the Manor Farm.

John Groad obeyed, though with a very ill grace; lighting fires, except

in a hot-house, being, as he considered, an operation exceedingly derogatory in a head gardener at eighty pounds a year. He brought the sticks, 'as cross as two of them,' as Gilbert Holme afterwards observed, and even produced a kettle and coals. In a few minutes the apartment lost much of its cheerless aspect, and Master Frank found his attention divided between the shipwreck and an impromptu repast. Their exposure to the wind had given him and Milly a vigorous appetite, but the others only took a cup of tea.

'How I wish,' sighed Evy, 'I could give a draught of this to those poor shuddering souls upon the wreck; it seems quite shocking to be warm and have no wants, while they are perishing yonder of wet and cold.'

'Tea would do them little good I fear, Miss Evelyn,' said Mr. Walcot. 'They are past that by this time. There is plenty of brandy for them on the quay, however, if they ever reach it.'

'May it please God that they may,' observed Evelyn, fervently.

Sir Robert said nothing; his eyes were fixed upon the casement, but his finger was raised mechanically, as if for silence.

'What is it, Arden?' inquired Mr. Walcot in a whisper.

'She is speaking to me,' replied he, in the same under tone. 'I heard her say, "Robert, Robert." '

'You mean you imagined you did; pray remember we are not alone.'

'Yes, yes: that makes no matter to her, however. It was a more cheerful voice than usual, Walcot. It seemed to say, "Be of good courage." I believe these people will be saved.'

(To be continued.)

STEWART'S CANADA UNDER LORD DUFFERIN.*

Sir Francis Hincks, in a *brochure*, published some months since, expressed his surprise that no constitutional history of Canada, in English, had hitherto been published; and Sir John Macdonald, in a speech on the Quebec crisis, delivered only this year, urged, with greater point than compliment, 'that, in this age, the people do not know the history of their time.' Both these complaints are well-founded; yet the reason is not far to seek. No writer who desires lasting fame as a historian is willing to expend his time and abilities upon a thankless task; and no man can write the annals of the times in which he lives, with general acceptance, because whether he be fervid or phlegmatic, the result must be substantially the same. In the one case he will find himself assailed by an army of hostile sharpshooters, and, in the other, his work will neither delight partisans, nor possess, of itself, sufficient vitality to preserve it from an early death.

Almost all historians are, from necessity, more or less party men, and there is no power on earth to restrain them from remaining such, when they take up the pen and attempt to transcribe the events, not merely of the present time, or their own country, but of days far remote, and nations long since passed away. The diversity between Macaulay and Hume or Lingard has its analogue in the contrast between Grote and Mitford. In matters colonial, the student of civil polity and constitutional history has

**Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin.* By GEORGE STEWART, JR., Author of 'Evenings in the Library,' &c. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company. 1878.

still greater difficulties in his path. What these are may be indicated, rather than enlarged upon, by a quotation from Lord Dufferin's lengthy despatch on 'the Pacific Scandal' dated August 15th, 1873:—'Unfortunately, in this country, party animosity is intense, and the organs of each side denounce the public men opposed to them in terms of far greater vigour than those to which we are accustomed in England. The quarrel at this moment is exceptionally bitter.'

Now the Earl of Dufferin's Administration, although unusually brilliant, covered some political crises which were 'rugged,' if not 'awful.' It was his singular power of personal attraction that alone saved him and his rule from many a severe jolting in mind, if not, as with Lord Elgin, in body. It was the suavity, the genial temper of His Excellency which enabled him to get over these rough bits of 'corduroy' road, and perhaps to enjoy all the more, by comparison, the even highway lying beyond. The lines in Horace (*Sat.* ii. 7. 35) so often quoted, seem almost written for a Canadian viceroy:

> 'In se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus
> Externi ne quid valeat *per leve* morari,
> In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.'

How Lord Dufferin's 'polish' saved his vice-regal fortunes and made his career seem 'complete, smooth and rounded' when the critics reviewed it as a whole, Mr. Stewart has clearly shown in this handsome volume; and he has performed his duty with skill, tact and discretion. Constitutional questions have been at once the malady of Canada and the cause of its robust political health; and they will crop up now and again, to rally the patient and to harass biographers. The noble Earl who has just left our shores had his share of these vexations, as a maker, rather than a chronicler of history, and has happily survived to learn that, after all the worry, they do no more harm to the doctor than to the invalid.

The history of the theory and practice of what is known as 'Responsible Government' would, if satisfactorily written, be full of instruction, not only in Canada, but other British Colonies, and even at headquarters in Downing Street. Not to go back to those antediluvian times 'while the ark was a-preparing' under the auspices of Lord Durham, it is clear that it was, for many long years, only a shaky bark on the troubled waters of political strife. Lord Sydenham was not spared long enough to do more than launch the vessel; and perhaps, if he had, some perilous snags might have been encountered on the voyage. He was not over conciliatory in his dealings with the Lower Province, had a wholesome hatred for all who had any sympathy with the movement culminating in the Rebellion, and endeavoured to fuse parties which were as likely to unite as oil and water. Sir Charles Bagot's efforts to act loyally to the principles of Parliamentary Government were cut short by disease and death; and then came Sir Charles Metcalfe, who tried to put the brakes on, when the car of progress was toiling up hill, and nearly succeeded in upsetting both the coach and its driver.

It was to Lord Elgin that Canada owes the real fruition of this constitutional scheme, and in spite of the abominable usage received from a people he so loyally served, he lived to overcome the ill-tempers of the hour, and to leave the Province, highly respected and, by those who knew him, deeply beloved. Like the subject of the work under review, he possessed peculiar geniality of temper and grace of manner, and survived any temporary unpopularity he had been so unfortunate as to incur. He ended his career too soon, where Lord Metcalfe served an unlucky apprenticeship as Governor—in India. Nearly a decade after the period of Lord Elgin's troubles, Sir Edmund Head unhappily got into constitutional hot water; but his

successors, Lords Monck and Lisgar, by an unswerving adherence to duty, were saved the anxiety and humiliation of partisan attack, chiefly perhaps because party men had found work more patriotic to their hands.

The Earl of Dufferin reached Canada on the 25th of June, 1872, and but little more than a year elapsed before his qualifications as a constitutional ruler were somewhat roughly called in question. Into the 'Pacific Scandal' *per se* it is not necessary to enter; Mr. Stewart gives all the documents and also a very fair and unbiassed commentary upon them. It is not at all likely that any Canadian Minister will again venture to err in a similar way. It is true that no hands, held up on either side of the House, were particularly 'clean' after the elections of 1872, and that the agents and the means of securing evidence employed on behalf of the Opposition were disreputable; but the fact that the moral instincts of the people, however much they were morbidly excited, were deeply stirred by the sins of those who had been found out, is sufficient to prevent their commission in future. The agitation of that time has purified the moral atmosphere, and the 'Pacific Scandal' will go down to posterity, as a 'negative instruction' forever, to use the words of Junius, not 'as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter.'

The constitutional question raised was a collateral one, and in no way connected with the merits of the case. Matters stood in this position when the new issue was raised, to which it was not only sought to make Lord Dufferin a party, but also to attach him as a partisan. A full and fair account of the whole subject is to be found in Mr. Stewart's third chapter, and only one or two facts need be noted here. On the 2nd of April, 1873, Mr. Huntington formulated his charges, in a somewhat vague manner, and moved for a Committee of investigation. This motion, as one of non-confidence, was rejected by the House, on a division by a majority of thirty-one. On the 8th a motion for inquiry, introduced by Sir John Macdonald was carried, and a committee of five, Messrs. Blake, Blanchet, Cameron, Dorion and Macdonald (Pictou), was named by the House in the ordinary way. The question of oaths then came up, and a Bill passed, with the approval of all parties, to authorize this Committee to administer oaths to all witnesses. Sir John Macdonald expressed some doubts as to the constitutionality of the measure, but acquiesced in its passage.

His Excellency, who had hitherto remained a silent, yet anxious spectator behind the scenes, now appeared for the first time. He had readily assented to the Bill, and it became law; but, in fulfilment of a duty imposed upon him both by law and his instructions, he transmitted a copy of it to the Colonial Office, with an expression of his own opinion that the act was not *ultra vires*. This despatch was of course, not seen by the Canadian public at the time, but so soon as the words 'Oaths Bill disallowed,' were flashed across the cable, much to the surprise of His Excellency, the 'hot haste' with which the measure had been sent home formed the first of the complaints against him. He was, in fact, denounced for a faithful discharge of his duty and because he did not conceal the Bill in his pigeon-holes, until it had served its purpose, whether constitutionally, or the reverse, being a matter of no consequence. There now remained no course open but one of two, either a continuance of the Committee's proceedings without the administration of oaths, or the appointment of a Royal Commission. The first course was obviously unfair to the accused ministers, and became more flagrantly so as the doubtful character of the witnesses and their more than doubtful mode of collecting evidence appeared, little by little.

Meanwhile Parliament, early in

July, had adjourned to the 13th of August, so as to save the Committee from dissolution. To this both sides of the House had agreed in the clearest and most explicit manner. In order to enable the Committee to prosecute the inquiry, an adjournment, instead of a prorogation, was resolved upon; still, the Committee apart, it was to have all the effect of a prorogation. Members at a distance were assured from both sides, that the meeting on the 13th prox. was to be merely a *pro formâ* one, and on that solemn assurance and compact, the majority left for their homes—some on the Pacific Coast, others of them in the Maritime Provinces of the Atlantic.

Before the 13th arrived, the Oaths Bill had been disallowed, and what was more to the purpose, public feeling had been raised to fever point, and kept there, by an ingenious publication of documentary evidence in parts. It was highly important, therefore, to the Opposition, that a blow should be struck before the iron had ceased to glow upon the anvil. Accordingly on the day appointed for the prorogation, ninety members of the House or ten less than the half of it, served upon the Earl of Dufferin the request, couched in the language of a demand, that he would not prorogue Parliament. The reply of His Excellency (p. 206) was what might have been expected from a constitutional ruler; he resolved to adhere firmly, and, at all hazards, to the straight path of duty marked out by Lord Durham, and trodden loyally by the Earl of Elgin. It served also as a practical commentary on His Excellency's views on a Governor's functions, contained in his Halifax Club address of less than a week before. (pp. 193-197). How the representatives of a party historically identified with the struggles and triumphs of 'Responsible Government' could seek or expect any different answer, passes comprehension.

These gentlemen, however respectable in point of numbers and ability, did 'not form,' as His Excellency pointed out, 'a moiety of the House of Commons;' and, more than that, when Parliament was not sitting, they merely exercised the right of petition possessed by all British subjects. Technically, of course, the Session had not terminated; but in fact it had been brought to a close six weeks before, as effectually as if its prorogation had then been declared. To hold the contrary view is to proclaim that political honour and good faith may be preserved or violated at will. Now what was the Governor-General asked to do by a minority of the House? First, to break a compact deliberately made, and to which he had become a party in Council. Secondly, to drive from office a Cabinet which, so far as he was constitutionally informed, still possessed the confidence of the House and of the country, at the bidding of an irresponsible minority of members, who, *quoad hoc*, were not members at all, but private subjects of the Queen. Thirdly, to dismiss his advisers first, as if he were convinced of their guilt, and then have them tried afterwards by a packed House of political foes, on evidence not fortified by the sanctity of an oath.* The Opposition members of the Committee, be it observed, had already prevented the constitution of that Committee into a Royal Commission by their refusal to act—although that measure would have served every

* What His Excellency's personal impressions were at that time may be gathered from a few sentences in his despatch to Lord Kimberley of the 15th of August. After inserting the celebrated telegrams, his Lordship observes:—'But for the appearance of the foregoing documents, I doubt whether so great an impression would have been produced on the public mind by the statement of Mr. McMullen. I myself have no knowledge of that gentleman, and have no right to impeach his veracity, but it is manifest that many of his assertions are at variance with Sir Hugh Allan's sworn testimony, while others have been contradicted by gentlemen whose credibility it would be difficult to impugn. Even with regard to the documents themselves, it is to be observed that they were neither addressed to Mr. McMullen, nor to any one with whom he was associated, and that they could scarcely have come into his possession by other than surreptitious means. They do not, therefore, necessarily connect themselves with those nefarious transactions to which Mr. McMullen asserts he was privy.'

legitimate purpose, by preserving its responsibility as a Committee, while endowing it with the disputed power of taking evidence on oath. All that need be said upon the course taken by the ninety signatories to this address is, that if a minority of one branch of the Legislature could so bring about a change of Administration, there would soon be an end to constitutional government altogether.

This subject has been dwelt upon thus at length, because Lord Dufferin's views and practice as a ruler are likely to be lost sight of in the more attractive speeches delivered during his progresses over the Dominion. The brilliant rhetoric of the officer in undress will no doubt survive in the memory of most Canadians those less showy but substantial merits his Excellency displayed in the discharge of higher and more important duties pertaining to the vice-royalty. When Mr. Mackenzie assumed the reins of power in November, 1873, Lord Dufferin gave additional evidence of his strict impartiality by a loyal devotion to his new advisers. The dissolution of Parliament, recommended by the Premier, was certainly a hard measure from the Opposition standpoint, but it was one which the new Ministry had a right to ask, and which Lord Dufferin, true to his constitutional principles, granted without demur. In the matter of the North-West Amnesty again, he exercised the Royal prerogative of mercy on his own responsibility, partly because the question had become a matter of Imperial concern, and partly because his advisers had been placed in an embarrassing situation by the acts or words of their predecessors, rather than from any fault of their own. The British Columbia *imbroglio* again enabled his Excellency to display a chivalrous concern for the honour and good faith of his advisers, in a vigorous and exhaustive speech at Victoria on the 20th September, 1876. There in an address, logical and convincing in its matter, and almost passionate in its expostulations, his Excellency stood between Mr. Mackenzie and calumny or misunderstanding, with an effect as telling as it should be abiding.

There is no reason for entering again upon the vexed question involved in the dismissal of M. de Boucherville and his colleagues of the Quebec Ministry. Most people will be content to rest satisfied with the authoritative opinions of Mr. Alpheus Todd, the learned Librarian of Parliament, and Sir Francis Hincks, the veteran statesman, who have the best right to speak with weight upon a constitutional question. Lord Dufferin, faithful to his views of Parliamentary government, declined to interfere with the Lieutenant-Governor. The introduction of the subject into the Dominion House was, although strictly legal, on the whole unfortunate. Sir John Macdonald's speech was worthy of his best days; but it was inconclusive, simply because none of his precedents were applicable, and all the *dicta* quoted proved nothing his opponents were unprepared to admit. The question involved at Quebec was not one between M. Letellier and the majority of the House at all; it was a dispute between the representative of the Crown and his advisers touching the dignity and the rights pertaining to his office. All questions and, it may be added, all motions asserting the general principles of 'Responsible Government' were simply beside the question. The plain issue was this: Is a Governor, whose office has been treated with disrespect and himself dealt with as if he had no existence, without any constitutional means of redress? If not, then in what way can he obtain redress but by the dismissal of his Ministry? In his speech, able and forcible as it was, Sir John Macdonald singularly enough ignored the only precedent strictly relevant. Indeed, the right hon. gentleman seemed never to have heard of it. His last cited instance was of 1835,

and he added, 'such a case has not occurred since then.' Yet Lord Palmerston's resignation was demanded by the Queen in 1851 on precisely the same grounds as those upon which M. Letellier dismissed the De Boucherville Administration at Quebec, not much more than a quarter of a century after.*

In taking leave of these purely political subjects, upon which opinions will still be divergent, one cannot but express regret that the Governor-General's name and dignity should have been dragged forcibly into the arena, so often as they have been. It would be ungracious now to refer to the partisan attacks made upon Lord Dufferin simply because he, conscientiously and impartially, performed his duty. Still, although they are half-forgotten, and perhaps entirely repented of, by the partisans on both sides, they remain in the national memory and will be recorded in the historical annals of Canada, upon tablets more enduring than brass. What Lord Dufferin called the 'peculiar animation' of the press in this country, may be a sign of national vigour, but it is one also, at times, of unscrupulous passion and unreasoning partisanship. Now that the 'Pacific Scandal,' so far as it was beneficent, has done its perfect work, it may be wise not to forget that the Viceroy, who, by vigorous determination, withstood the storm that threatened him with annihilation by paper pellets of the brain, was the faithful guardian of the constitution and preserved it intact in spite of those who were its clamorous, not to say officious, defenders.

So much space has been devoted to constitutional matters that the space yet remaining is much too limited for any adequate reference to a phase of Lord Dufferin's Administration concerning which there can be no difference of opinion. In an Address at the Montreal banquet, early this year, His Excellency remarked: 'After all, the Viceroys of Canada are but *ἀμενηνὰ κάρηνα*—fleeting shadows and evanescent *eidolons* that haunt your history, but scarcely contribute a line to its pages. Should we leave behind us a single kindly memory—should our names hereafter mark a date, or identify a period, it is the most we can aspire to. Half a column of a biographical dictionary would suffice to exhibit the sum of our united achievements; so imperceptibly do we come and go, play our small part, and fade from off the scene.' This passage has all the tender melancholy of tone which suggests, rather than speaks, a regretful farewell. Still whatever truth there may be in these remarks as a general observation, Lord Dufferin has proved that a Canadian Governor-General can strike out a path for himself which he may traverse, like the minstrels of old, making the heart-strings of the people thrill with an unwonted melody destined to echo through the corridors of memory during years that are yet to be.

To the toilers of the sea, the mine, the prairie, the forest or the city, politics are, after all, of less account than the sympathy, the encouragement a genial and kindly Viceroy may bestow upon them. An honest grasp of the hand, a tender smile on a kindly woman's face—a feeling of human kinship in all ranks, for ranks there are everywhere, are to most of us, far more than reams of *Hansard*, or floods of editorial ink. Evidently, when Lord Dufferin left his warm-hearted native country, he had already marked out the social path he proposed to make for himself and her Ladyship, as firmly as he had resolved to preserve the old land-marks of the con-

* The explanations, with Her Majesty's previous note of warning, are in *Hansard;* but they are more readily accessible to the general reader in the Rev. Mr. Molesworth's popular 'History of England from 1830 to 1874,' vol. ii., p. 372. It is not a little remarkable that Sir John Macdonald's quotation touching the ignorance of people in regard to contemporary history is taken from a recommendation of Mr. Molesworth's work, by John Bright, and inserted to face its title page.

stitution. The progresses of their Excellencies over the Dominion were not settled at hap-hazard. In the autumn of 1872 they were spying out the land, and reached so far over the western peninsula, as the point where, as his Lordship remarked, both the corn and oil abound. In 1873, they traversed the Maritime Provinces; in 1874, Muskoka, Parry Sound, and the Upper Lakes, taking on the return Chicago, Detroit, and our own thriving cities and towns of Ontario from Sarnia and Goderich to Ottawa. In 1875, on a visit to England, His Lordship sounded the praises of Canada at the 'Albion' in London and wherever opportunity served. In 1876, he was at the other end of the world on the far Pacific, surveying the beautiful scenery of British Columbia. In 1877, he reached Winnipeg and discoursed with French, English, Russian Mennonites, Norse Icelanders, Indians and Half-breeds. In 1878, a more formal visit to Montreal, a tour in the Eastern Townships, with a rapid farewell to Ottawa, and a splendid epilogue at Toronto, closed perhaps the most memorable achievement ever successfully performed by any British Viceroy, even in India.

It would be vain to attempt even to characterize the merits of the addresses delivered *en route*. Happily they are preserved in Mr. Stewart's work, with the advantage of his Lordship's personal revision. To it the reader must be referred. No one who now reads them in their collected form, can fail to recognize the broad humanity—the love of all his kind, irrespective of creed, colour or condition—which breathes in every page. Endowed with all the goodness of heart, all the genial affability, all the sense of humour one would expect in a grandson of Sheridan, there are not a few traits of character which were wanting in the grandsire. Such are the balance and evenness of temperament, and that lovable domesticity not always combined in a mind so versatile. An acquaintance with their homes, their needs, their aspirations, and even their weaknesses was Lord Dufferin's key to the hearts of all Canadians. With that vivid penetration which in some gifted minds seems to be an instinct, his Excellency knew, at once, what his audience were, what they felt and what they wanted, and could clothe all in graceful and polished words, which at once interpreted his sympathy and gave him a place in their affections.

One added element in his Lordship's success was the graceful partner and the happy home he could show glimpses of, ever and anon, to the people. Nothing touches the hearts of the English people—using that word in its broadest sense, for lack of a better—than a picture of home happiness and home virtues. It is true that there is a sacred enclosure about the hearth which only the grossest rudeness would attempt to enter. In Canada, notwithstanding their sincere and grateful regard for her Ladyship, it may be hoped that the Earl of Dufferin has not encountered amongst Canadians much of that American familiarity with a man's domestic privacy, of which he more than once complained. The people of the Dominion were content to know, by that unerring instinct which, in the mass of men, supplies the want of deep logical acumen, that the home, into which they had no desire to pry, was a united and singularly joyous one. The unity of effort for the public good, of desire to learn, not less than to teach, and to please and divert, as well as to instruct, marked every step in the Canadian life of their Excellencies; and, although her Ladyship's genial and kindly share in the common work was externally unobtrusive, everyone felt, and was gratified in feeling, that when his Excellency spoke of education—especially of female culture, of manners, of morals, of æsthetic refinement, and the pursuit of art—he expressed not less her Lady-

ship's feelings and aspirations than his own. In the public mind neither could be, for an instant, dissociated from the other.

There is much more of interest in this memorial of a most successful vice-regal career a reviewer would desire to note. The work itself, however, contains in their best form, both text and commentary. In taking leave of Lord and Lady Dufferin, the people of Canada feel that they have lost warmly attached friends to each of them and to all, and, as his Lordship once remarked, it is no slight achievement to have won the esteem and affection of an entire nation. Having traversed the British domain in North America from ocean to ocean, having listened to the wants, sympathized with the toils, and lightened the burdens of all sorts and conditions of men, they have left our shores amid the gratitude, respect and lasting regret of them all. It is not too much to say that these feelings are deep, abiding, and universally felt over all the vast expanse of the Dominion, from the mines of Vancouver or the scarred and rugged slopes of the Cascade Range, far east to that sea-girt island, where once, from the citadel of Louisbourg, the royal lilies flung out their proud defiance to the foes of France and Acadie.

WM. J. RATTRAY.

BERLIN AND AFGHANISTAN.

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

IT is with the aristocratic, Tory and Jingo England that we in Canada are brought most into contact. This is the England of which the journals are chiefly quoted by the leading organs of our press. But it ought not to be forgotten that there is another England, the England of industry, of commerce, of science, of domestic progress, of peaceful enterprise, of popular education, of philanthropic effort, of Liberal opinion, of rational self-defence and a foreign policy of good will; the England with which, after all, the Canadian people surely have most in common. This England is Anti-Jingo, and recoils from the path of filibustering aggrandizement into which the Jingos are trying to drag the nation. Scotland is Anti-Jingo; so in the main is the North of England herself, the chief seat of her industrial activity and political intelligence. The elections and the journals show it. The *Scotsman*, for example, has been steadfastly Anti-Jingo. Since the beginning of the crisis and the development of the Tory foreign policy, the elections, both Parliamentary and Municipal, have, on the whole, gone against the Government. Evidently the Government, if it dared, would dissolve Parliament and go to the country for a new lease of power, but it dares not. That you may be true to England without being Jingo—that the more true you are to England the less Jingo you will be—is clearly the opinion of at least half the English nation.

It is not to be forgotten either that two Ministers have seceded from the Jingo Cabinet, protesting both against the wisdom and against the morality of its course. Lord Derby, till he seceded, was cried up by the party as the wisest of Foreign Ministers, while everybody has confidence in the honour and rectitude of Lord Carnarvon.

Forty years ago England played her natural part as the leader of free nations by promoting the emancipation of Greece. She now opposes the extension of emancipation alike in the case of the Greeks and the other nationalities which are struggling to

throw off the Ottoman yoke. What is the reason of this change? The reason is that in 1828 the way to India was round the Cape of Good Hope, now it is by the Isthmus of Suez. To secure against hostile interference the passage by the Suez Canal, political death must reign round the Eastern Mediterranean, and the Eastern Mediterranean itself must be made a British bay. The surest mode of effecting these objects is to prop up the Turkish Empire and to defend it against the struggling nationalities and their champions. This is the Eastern Question, and the whole of it, so far as Jingo England is concerned. India in danger has been the cry throughout the Eastern Crisis, as it was in the Crimean War. Liberal England is still what it was; it is still on the side of emancipation; it wishes, instead of holding down the oppressed nationalities under a barbarous yoke, to take the lead in setting them free, and to make friends of the powers of the future.

In the repression of the nationalities England has one ally and coadjutor. Austria had a reason for her existence as a sort of imperial federation of the communities of Eastern Christendom while Christendom was threatened by the arms of Islam. She has no reason for her existence now. She has long been a mere power of reaction. Italy has cast her off. Germany has cast her off. She still feels herself in constant danger of dissolution, and knows that the growth of any young nations in her neighbourhood, especially of Slav nations, will further shake the crazy edifice of her empire, and precipitate her doom.

England, a nation eminently civilized, eminently moral, full of humanity and benevolence, England, who but yesterday gave birth to a famous group of philanthropists and social reformers of all kinds, who at a great cost abolished slavery, and still crusades against the Slave Trade, who in the past has delighted to be called the protectress of the weak, and, above all, of struggling nationalities, is thus constrained, by the fell exigencies of conquest and of Empire, to do utter despite to her nobler self, and to uphold against struggling liberty and humanity the reign of despotism—the brutal despotism of the horde—of polygamy, slavery, concubinage, fatalism, and all the foulness and the desolation which they bring in their train, over some of the fairest regions and the most interesting communities of the world. I say nothing of Christianity, except that the chief English supporters of Islam in the East are in England the chief supporters of the Established Church, which they defend against religious equality, on the ground that it is essential to the maintenance of Christianity, and that Christianity is the moral life of the nation.

In the despatch written by Sir Henry Eliot, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, to his Government after the Bulgarian massacres, are these portentous words:—

'We may, and we must, feel indignant at the needless and monstrous severity with which the Bulgarian insurrection was put down, *but the necessity which exists for England to prevent changes from occurring here which would be most detrimental to ourselves is not affected by the question whether it was 10,000 or 20,000 persons who perished in the suppression.* We have been upholding what we know to be a semi-civilized nation, liable, under certain circumstances, to be carried into fearful excesses, but the fact of this having just now been strikingly brought home to us cannot be sufficient reason for abandoning a policy which is the only one that can be followed with due regard to our own interests.'

Whether it was 15,000 or 20,000 Bulgarians that had perished, mattered not. It mattered not whether they had perished by simple massacre or in the most hideous tortures, and after enduring outrages worse than death.

It mattered not, for example, whether it was true that babies had been nailed to gates. The system which was necessary to the selfish objects of English policy must be maintained. A passage so frankly vile could scarcely be found in the archives of any other nation. And the writer was not rebuked; he remained the trusted representative of England at Constantinople, and the special organ of the Prime Minister and the dominant party in the Cabinet.

After this naked avowal of the real motive, it is needless to discuss pretexts. It is needless to ask whether it was in order to save civilization from Muscovite barbarism that England upheld the worst barbarism in the world. It is needless to ask whether the real cause of British Turcophilism was the 'gentlemanliness' of the Turk, as all British snobs affected to say, or the generous tendency of Englishmen to sympathize with the weaker side. Whether that tendency is universal and uncontrollable we have seen in the case of the Indian princes; we have seen in the case of the poor Chinese, when they tried to resist the importation of opium; and we are now seeing in the case of the Ameer. Sympathy with the weaker side was the reason given for taking the part of the slaveowner, as it is for taking the part of the Turkish oppressor. Was not the Negro, is not the Bulgarian, weak?

As to saving civilization from Russian barbarism, let us hear the special correspondent of the *Standard*, the leading Tory and Jingo organ:—

'There are, of course, many here who declare that Russia will continue to act as she acted before the war, and will foment intrigues in the provinces which she has left to the Sultan, until she has gradually led up to the final catastrophe. This may be so, but if I were a Turk I should dread the good conduct of Russia more than her misconduct. By intrigue she may doubtless destroy the Turkish Empire; but the task will not be unattended by difficulty, and cannot be rapidly accomplished; whereas, by carrying out the Treaty fairly, and in the spirit in which she claims to have framed it, she may destroy the Turkish Empire with ease.

'Let us assume—and the assumption is not an extravagant one—that during her two years' occupation of Bulgaria she succeeds in establishing a good government, in providing for the future maintenance of order, in giving security to life and property, and in framing an equitable system of taxation. If she does this the population of the province will be largely augmented by immigrants, its natural resources will be developed, and its wealth will be vastly increased.

'Is it reasonable to suppose that the people of that part of Roumelia which is left to the Sultan, will not envy the lot of those who are growing rich in that part which is taken away from him? Is it probable that the inhabitants of Adrianople, 150,000 in number, will be content to look out across the Maritza into a land flowing with milk and honey, and not sigh for the removal of the political barrier which shuts them out from it?

'I was talking yesterday with an Englishman who has lived in this country for many years, and who knows it and its rulers well. "The Turks" said he, "ought to have allowed Adrianople to be included in Bulgaria. They would have gained largely by thus parting with it. I see how hard it would have been for them to have given up the first capital of the Ottoman Empire, but still they should have made the sacrifice. Adrianople would soon have grown wealthy under Christian rule, and out of trade between it and Constantinople the Turks would have gained a large revenue." Now if my friend's view be correct, I want to know how long Adrianople will be content to be deprived of the means of growing wealthy? Is it probable that Salonica with its 70,000 in-

habitants, will be content to stagnate, while a new maritime city rises into life and power and wealth in its immediate vicinity? And if Russian rule produces the same results in that part of Armenia which is to be ceded to Russia—if Batoum and Ardahan, and Kars and Bayazid, become rich and flourishing towns—is it to be supposed that the people of Trebizond and Erzeroum will not pine for annexation?'

So then it was not civilization that was to be saved from barbarism. It was barbarism, that, being congenial to English policy, was to be saved from the dangerous contagion of Russian civilization. And how long do the Jingos suppose that this game can be played? Can they doubt that a policy, as abominable as ever was that of reactionary Spain, is sure, like the policy of Spain, to meet its doom?

Evidences of the character of Ottoman rule, and of the moral and social effects of the system which British ambition is upholding, have been accumulated till the world is weary of them; and the fact that the oppression was intolerable has been solemnly attested by the Europe assembled in Conference at Constantinople. Nowhere are the proofs more abundant than in the writings of Sir Austin Layard, then traveller and impartial observer, now British Ambassador, and charged to support the Turk. But I will venture to give one pregnant extract from 'A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece,' by Mr. Senior, who was celebrated as a trained and accurate inquirer, and who assuredly had no religious prejudices of any kind. The passage is in the form of a dialogue between Mr. Senior himself, X., a European resident at Smyrna, and Y., a European physician at the same place:—

'But,' I (Mr. Senior) said, 'there was a time when the Turks were rich and prosperous. What difference is there between their national character then and now?'

'As respects hope,' answered X., 'ardour, self-reliance, ambition, public spirit, in short all that makes a nation formidable, the difference is enormous. Until the battle of Lepanto and the retreat from Vienna, they possessed the grand and heroic but dangerous virtues of a conquering nation. They are now degraded by the grovelling vices of a nation that relies on foreigners for its defence. But as respects the qualities that conduce to material prosperity, to riches and to numbers, I do not believe that they have much changed. I do not believe that they are more idle, wasteful, improvident and brutal now than they were four hundred years ago. But it is only within the last fifty years that the effects of these qualities have shown themselves fully. When they first swarmed over Asia Minor, Roumelia and Bulgaria, they seized on a country very populous and of enormous wealth. For 380 years they kept on consuming that wealth and wearing out that population. If a Turk wanted a house or a garden, he turned out a Rayah; if he wanted money he put a bullet into a handkerchief, tied it in a knot and sent it to the nearest opulent Greek or Armenian. At last, having lived for three centuries and a half on their capital of things and of men, having reduced that rich and well-peopled country to the desert which you now see it, they find themselves poor. They "cannot dig, to beg they are ashamed." They use the most mischievous means to prevent large families; they kill their female children; the conscription takes off the males, and they disappear. The only memorial of what fifty years ago was a populous Turkish village is a crowded burial ground now unused.'

'As a medical man,' said Y., 'I, and perhaps I only, know what crimes are committed in the Turkish part of Smyrna, which looks so gay and smiling, as its picturesque houses, embosomed in gardens of planes and cypresses, rise up the hill. I avoid, as much as I can, the Turkish houses,

that I may not be cognizant of them. Sometimes it is a young second wife who is poisoned by the older one; sometimes a female child whom the father will not bring up; sometimes a male killed by the mother to spite the father. Infanticide is rather the rule than the exception. No inquiry is made, no notice is taken by the police. What occurs within the harem is a privileged mystery. A rich Turk, my patient, was dying of heart complaint. He had two wives, a Greek and a Turk. He suffered much and gave much trouble. His wives were all gentleness and affection in his presence. But their imprecations against him when they had left his room were horrible. The Turkish wife said to me one day, "You know that he must die. It is a pity that he should kill *us*. Can you not give him something to shorten his misery? We would make it worth your while." I have no doubt but he suspected them; he kept imploring me not to leave him. "He was sure," he said, "that he would not live long if a Turkish physician visited him." Probably he was right.'

To ask such a race to reform itself is to ask it to cease to be.

That an end should be put to Ottoman rule and its effects had become the peremptory behest of humanity. That an end could not be put to it by the efforts of the oppressed people themselves, without the intervention of a foreign power, all Liberals lamented, as they had lamented that Italy could not achieve her own independance without the intervention of France. But England had made this impossible by supplying the Turk with loans that enabled him to maintain a standing army and a great fleet. Our ancestors, held down by the standing army of James II., had to call in William of Orange. In that case, also, the motives of the deliverer were mixed; but closely to scrutinize the motives of the deliverer is not necessary, provided the work of deliverance be done. As to the conspiracies with which the Bulgarians were charged by the British upholders of the Turk, no doubt the Bulgarians did conspire with their friends abroad against tyranny at home in 1875, just as the English conspired with their friends abroad against tyranny at home in 1688.

The Emperor Alexander was the natural protector of the sufferers, as the head of the race and religion to which they belonged; as the greatest philanthropist and emancipator on any throne, he had earned a title to a fair construction of his motives; he, in common with the other signatories of the treaty of Paris, had a special claim, if not a technical title, to justice in the premises, in addition to the rights of kinship, religious sympathy and humanity. By calling the Conference of Constantinople, and by his subsequent appeal to each of the powers to give effect to the demands made by them jointly at that Conference, he exhausted the pacific means of obtaining redress before he drew the sword; he carried into effect his professed object by liberating the Bulgarians, as far as the jealousy of England would allow him; and he took as indemnity for his immense sacrifices no more than France and other powers had taken in like cases. There has been nothing in his conduct throughout this transaction to justify the belief that it would not have been the part of wisdom, as well as of humanity, to co-operate with him in pressing reform upon the Porte, instead of leaving him to enforce it separately by war. His personal desire for peace was attested in the strongest terms by both Lord Salisbury and the British Ambassador at St. Petersburgh; and he had recently given his only daughter to England as the pledge of a desire for amity which we cannot imagine to have been feigned. It was said that he could not be sincere in his professions as a liberator because he was keeping

Poland in chains; but the Polish scandal was inherited, not made, by him; and England believes herself to have been sincere in her professions when she liberated Spain from Napoleon, and when she emancipated the negro, though all the time she was holding down an oppressed and writhing Ireland. If perfect consistency were indispensable to sincerity, few indeed could claim the credit of being sincere. That Alexander deceived England as to his intentions is a calumny; before he passed the Balkans he frankly communicated to the British Government the terms which he intended to enforce, the same substantially which were afterwards embodied in the much-decried Treaty of San Stefano; and the British Government at that time entered no protest, but, on the contrary, thanked him for his communication. No power has accused him of deception but the one which was hostile to him from the beginning.

If, with the desire of the Slav and the Christian to avenge the cause of his kinsmen and co-religionists, there has mingled the desire of a great and rapidly growing inland nation to gain access to an open sea, this may be selfishness in a certain sense, but surely it is not for England to cast the first stone. That the Dardanelles shall be closed in order that England may dominate securely in the Eastern Mediterranean is a claim to which other nations can at all events hardly be expected to defer out of respect for the unselfishness and moderation of the claimant.

When the war began, all the powers of Europe declared their neutrality; all but one honourably observed it. The Tory Government of England had made the Conference of Constantinople miscarry by keeping Sir Henry Eliot, as the organ of the policy advocated in his despatches, at the ear of the Porte; by privately assuring the Turkish Ambassador that it would be no party to coercion; and by allowing, and, it cannot well be doubted, inciting the whole of the Ministerial press to write against the object of Lord Salisbury's mission and abet the Turk in his resistance. It again displayed its animus when the war broke out by launching, alone of all the powers, a hostile manifesto against Russia, in which it preposterously accused her of creating the difficulty by putting her army or part of it on a war footing, as though there would have been the faintest hope of bringing the Turk to reason if he had not seen that some means of coercion were prepared. Another manifesto took Egypt practically under British protection, while she was allowed to send her forces to fight against the Czar. During the war, the neutrality of Tory England was just what that of the Tory party had been during the civil war in the United States. Moral support of every possible kind was given to the Turk, and Mr. Layard, the British Ambassador, acted openly as the bottle-holder of the Porte. His bottle-holding cost the Porte rather dear, since at the crisis of its fate he persuaded it to decline moderate terms of peace. When the fortune of war brought the Russian army near the enemy's capital, the British fleet was ordered up, in violation of the Treaty of Paris, on the pretext of protecting British life and property, which had never been alleged to be in danger.

All this time the Jingo orators and the Jingo press poured without ceasing upon the Czar, his army, and his people a torrent of slander and insult just like that which had been poured by the same party on the North and its soldiers during the American Civil War. 'Booty and beauty,' the wholesale violations of women, the dreadful massacres, the prison camps full of Confederates starved to death, the stories of cowardice, vileness and infamy of every kind—we had them all over again with immaterial variations. And the hero of these Bayards all the time was Baker Pasha! The very

same charges of cruelty and brutality which the Turk, who was the only authority, made against the Russians, are now made by him against the Austrians; but Jingoism turns a deaf ear. It is as well proved as any fact of the kind can be by the evidence of British and German officers as well as by that of newspaper correspondents, that while the Turks regularly refused quarter, murdered the wounded and mutilated the dead, the Russian armies, during those campaigns, gave quarter, usually treated the enemy's wounded in the hospitals like their own, and committed no excesses but those which always attend the cruel steps of war.

For the gift of his daughter to England, the Emperor Alexander was repaid by Mr. Martin, the English Court biographer, with the third volume of the life of the Prince Consort. In that volume there is an attack on the Russian soldiery, in the shape of an extract from a letter written from the Crimea, so gross and venomous that the reader, when he sees it in such a work, can scarcely believe his eyes. This passage and the book generally are not unlikely to cost blood if Alexander's son, less gentle and pacific than his father, should mount his father's throne. History will do justice on these calumnies. Amidst all the trickery, all the treachery, all the solemn technicalties, all the hollow bombast and vainglorious fanfaronading of the High Mightinesses and High Mountebanks, the Russian soldier, by his valour, his endurance and his discipline in the murderous days of Plevna, and in the terrible marches through the Balkans, has wrought a solid work of deliverance for humanity. It may be true that he fought and bled in obedience to the command of his Czar, and under the impulse of his peasant faith, with very imperfect light as to the real nature of his mission; but perhaps a being endowed with a vision larger than ours might say pretty much the same of the life's work of us all.

In the imbroglio which ensued upon the promulgation of the Treaty of San Stefano, England, for the first time, had recourse to that vilest and most dangerous of all the instruments of national ambition, a mercenary soldiery. Till then the Sepoys had been kept for India, or at all events for the East alone. Amidst the loud applause of all Jingos these barbarous and savage hirelings were now mingled with the British army and brought on the European scene to add, at some future day, new crimes and horrors to European war.

Then came the Congress of Berlin. That Congress was to be an august international tribunal, an 'Areopagus' of Europe, deciding all questions not by the rule of force but by the rule of right and public law, a great example to a violent and intriguing world. To prove that force was not to prevail in the assembly all the weaker nations were excluded from the outset. Next, when the Congress met, it was found that the chief questions had been already settled behind its back, by agreements entered into with felonious secrecy between the several powers. Two of these agreements were sprung upon the Congress at the time, and others are evidently in reserve, though Sir Stafford Northcote styles them 'only confidential communications.' Strong Areopagites—England, Russia and Austria—took what they pleased; everything weak—Greece, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Crete, Montenegro—went to the wall. England, in proof of her disinterestedness and as a rebuke to all selfish and hypocritical ambition, filched Cyprus from the ally, the integrity of whose Empire she was in arms to defend. Egypt she would have taken, had not France growled. It was not for the purpose of holding stock in a French company that four millions were paid for shares in the Suez Canal. Cyprus, however, was not all. Mr. Forbes, in his famous article in the *Nineteenth Century*, has proved with superfluous

cogency that the island is of no use for the purpose for which it was ostensibly taken, that of defending the Turkish frontier in Armenia. It is of no use for the purpose of defending the Turkish frontier in Armenia, but it may be of more use as a starting point for the gradual annexation, under the guise of protection and reform, of the Asiatic dominions of England's confiding client. Such is the hope which Jingoism does not scruple to avow.

It is necessary always to bear in mind that at least half England is against this policy. For it are the drawing-rooms, the clubs, the stock exchange, the music halls, the taverns and the rowdies to a man. Against it is most of the intelligence and the real manhood of the nation. The Tory government, as has been already said, is conscious of this, and shows its consciousness by recoiling from the test of a general election for which it had manifestly begun to prepare.

As a final settlement the Berlin Treaty was a total failure. To arrive at a final settlement, from the point of view of the framers, it would have been necessary to arrest the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire; and to arrest the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire you must transform the Turk. This diplomatic edifice, lauded as the masterpiece of statesmanship, was built on a foundation which was rushing down into hopeless ruin.

From Berlin to Afghanistan. The wisest men in the councils of British India have always been, as Lord Lawrence is now, opposed to unmeasured aggrandizement, and especially to pushing the frontier of the British Empire aggressively up to that of Russia. Russia, they know very well, will never attack British India if she is only let alone. She has enough to do and room enough to expand in her own sphere. But the Jingos in those councils have always craved for the annexation of Afghanistan. Forty years ago, being in the ascendant, as their political heirs are now, they made the attempt, on the ever-ready pretext of counteracting Russian intrigue, though the reports of their own envoy at the Court of Cabul, in their genuine form, were against the design. The result was terrible disaster. Then the despatches of the envoy, who had himself perished, were laid before Parliament with the damning passages cut out. Many years afterwards, authentic copies of the despatches were discovered and the fraud was dragged to light; but by that time the ashes of those who had perished in the Khyber Pass were cold.

The Ameer has a perfect right, as an independent prince, to refuse to receive an envoy from a power which he mistrusts. He knows, from the examples of other Indian princes, that the envoy would not be an ambassador but a master. It is idle, however, to discuss the ground of quarrel. Jingoism is bent on striking a blow at Russia and effecting the coveted annexation at the same time. In every country but one the hearts of all who love justice and hate iniquity will be on the side of the Ameer. Of course if he ventures to resist, he will be crushed, and he and the gallant mountaineers, of whom he is the chief, will be trodden down with the other two hundred millions into that general mass of spiritless, featureless and hopeless servitude, which owns the sway of the Empress of India.

The people of England have reposed in the belief that conquest, which in all other cases had been a curse both to the conqueror and the conquered, might be and was in their case a blessing to both. They have fancied that the Indian Empire was conducive at once to their own aggrandizement and to the elevation of the Hindoo. The hideous reality now stands unveiled before them. They know now, or are beginning to learn, that the state of the Hindoo peasantry under their rule is one of utter misery and despair. India, though some of her products

are gorgeous, is as a country very poor. Her native manufactures have been killed. The bulk of her people are small cultivators, whose income is estimated at little more than seven dollars a year per head for the whole population. This is starvation point, and the people are brought below that point by the taxation. England takes no tribute in a direct form, nor do her officials steal as they did in the days of Warren Hastings; on the contrary, remarkable purity reigns in her administration. But the burden of taxation required to maintain a great army of occupation, to keep up a civil service on an enormously expensive scale, every member of it being paid exile price and pensioned besides, to build military railroads, to maintain all the other apparatus of conquest, and to supply the means of Imperial aggrandizement, is enormous; and it is increasing every year. Under its steady and unrelenting pressure the ryot is being ground down more effectually than he could be by irregular exaction; and his outlook is now desperate. 'I again state here,' says Mr. Hindman, in his article on the Bankruptcy of India, in the *Nineteenth Century*, 'what I have stated before, that this taxation so increased is levied from a people who are becoming poorer, and consequently is becoming more and more crushing in proportion to their means. Whenever the Government examines into the circumstances of a particular district, there this same appalling fact is found, that so far from becoming richer, the ryots are losing what little means they had, and are falling fast bound into the grip of the usurers.' In regard to the district of Cawnpore, Mr. Halsey says, 'I assert that the abject poverty of the average cultivator of this district is beyond the belief of any one who has not seen it. He is simply a slave to the soil, to the zemindar, to the usurer and to the Government. On the first symptom of scarcity in this province lately, thousands immediately died or came upon the hands of the Government.' There is a chorus of witnesses testifying the same thing as to different districts. Whether it was four millions or only a million and a quarter of these wretches that died in the late famine, nobody can exactly tell.

Twenty millions sterling England drains away from poverty-stricken India. Then, in a great famine, she gives back one sum of £400,000, and calls upon the world to witness her immense generosity. The Indian Government provided relief, no doubt. But out of whose pocket? Out of the pocket of the Hindoo.

The ryot being able out of his hunger and nakedness to yield no more to the British taxgatherer, the Government would be bankrupt were it not for the opium trade. Eight millions sterling a year are raised by forcing poison, physical and moral, on the Chinese. The opium trade is not merely a trade licensed by Government, it is a government trade. Semi-civilized but paternal, the Chinese Government struggles to save the bodies and souls of its people by keeping out the hellish drug: the British Government forces it in at the point of the bayonet and has compelled the Chinese Government to permit its importation by a special clause in the treaty of Tientsin. English Christians appeal to the Indian Secretary, Lord Salisbury, who professes to be pre-eminently Christian and High Church, against the continuance of the iniquity. Lord Salisbury tells them that the traffic 'is questionable in principle, but is bound up with our finance.' All the wars with China have been opium wars, though under the pretext of 'national honour.' In the hideous annals of conquest, there are things more ferocious, there is nothing more deeply vile.

What are the relations between the dominant and the subject race? Is the presence of the Englishman ex-

ercising a beneficent and civilizing influence on the Hindoo? Hear Lord Elgin.* 'It is a terrible business, however, this living among inferior races. I have seldom from man *or woman* since I came to the East heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the object. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house. When one first passes by their salaaming one feels a little awkward. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them, not as dogs, because in that case one would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy.'

Of a murder of a Hindoo by one of the dominant race, Lord Elgin says that 'it was committed in wanton recklessness, almost without provocation, under an impulse which would have been resisted if the life of the victim had been estimated at the value of that of a dog.' Of another case he says—'The other day a station-master, somewhere up country, kicked a native who was, as he says, milking a goat belonging to the former. The native fell dead, and the local paper, without a word of commiseration for the native or his family, complains of the hardship of compelling the station-master to go to Calcutta in this warm weather to have the case inquired into.' It is not altogether wonderful that it should be necessary to secure by a gagging act the loyalty of the Indian press. So far from being bridged over, the gulf which separates the two races is always growing wider. Increased facilities of communication with England make the Anglo-Indian more than ever a mere sojourner without interest in the country over which he rules. In this respect the British Empire in Asia essentially differs from that of Russia. The Russian Empire is not a distant conquest, it is a natural extension over adjacent territory sparsely occupied by unsettled tribes, incorporating as it advances, and turning the people into Russians.

Then comes an insurrection or a mutiny. Insurrections and mutinies as Sir James Stephen serenely tells us, are inevitable incidents of Empire; and so no doubt he would say are the butcheries which attend their suppression. Some wretched tribe, placed between death by fiscal extortion and death by the sword, flings itself on the sword. A body of barbarian mercenaries, whose fidelity can only be secured by vigilance, is left without the proper complement of officers to watch and control it. At the same time its superstition is alarmed by an aggression, or fancied aggression, upon its caste. It mutinies; it is put down; and then we have the spectacle of a Christian nation rioting in butchery under the name of necessary vengeance. The massacre of the people of Delhi by Nadir Shah is one of the monster crimes of history, but Lord Elgin says, on authority which he deems trustworthy that it was exceeded in real cruelty by the British reign of terror in the same city. A Sepoy regiment which had not so much mutinied in the proper sense of the term has been seized, as barbarians are apt to be, by the contagion of frenzy, and upon being summoned had laid down its arms, was slaughtered like the rest. An English officer, Lieut. Majendie, has told us with great simplicity his personal experiences. Here is one of them. The British officer of a Sikh regiment has been killed in storming a post held by the mutineers; the post is carried and all the garrison cut down but one.

'Infuriated beyond measure by the death of their officer, the Sikhs (assisted, I regret to say, by some Englishmen) proceeded to take their revenge on this one wretched man. Seiz-

* Letters and Journals, p. 199. (Calcutta, August, 11th.)

ing him by the two legs, they attempted to tear him in two. Failing in this, they dragged him along by the legs, stabbing him in the face with their bayonets as they went. I could see the poor wretch writhing as the blows fell upon him, and could hear his moans as his captors dug the sharp bayonets into his lacerated and trampled body, while his blood, trickling down, dyed the white sand over which he was being dragged. But the worst was yet to come; while still alive, though faint and feeble from his many wounds, he was deliberately placed npon a small fire of dry sticks, which had been improvised for the purpose, and there held down, in spite of his dying struggles, which, becoming more feeble every moment, were, for their very faintness and futile desperation, cruel to behold. Once during this frightful operation the wretched victim, maddened by pain, managed to break away from his tormentors, and already horribly burnt, fled a short distance, but he was immediately brought back and placed upon the fire and there held till life was extinct.'*

These are the soldiers by whom civilization is to be defended against the barbarism of the Muscovite! Englishmen, we see, took part, and others were looking on; such is the effect of Empire on the character of the Imperial race.

The poor villagers of Oude, as Lieut. Majendie truly says, were not mutineers: they were fighting, if they fought at all, for their own country and for their native dynasty. Nevertheless they were involved in the butchery. Lieut. Majendie moralizes on the scene with his usual artlessness:—

'I do not mean to say that we did wrong in shooting down in open fight any man, Sepoy, budmash, villager, be he whom he might, that used arms against us; but I do mean to say that it would have been more satisfactory if for the people of Oude—Sepoys excepted—there had been some mercy and quarter; that they at least should be treated as fair enemies, and that unless proved to have participated in, or connived at, the murder of Englishmen, captives of this class should not necessarily be put to death, but treated as prisoners of war usually are. At the time of the capture of Lucknow—a season of indiscriminate massacre—such distinction was not made, and the unfortunate who fell into the hands of our troops was made short work of—Sepoy or Oude villager, it mattered not—no questions were asked; his skin was black, and did not that suffice? A piece of a rope and the branch of a tree, a rifle bullet through his brain, soon terminated the poor devil's existence.'

Behold the real character of the Empire for the sake of which England is to sully her bright escutcheon, deny her glorious past, and become the enemy of nations.

People wonder that Christianity does not make more way in Hindostan. The converts are few. Yet the religion of Jesus of Nazareth prospers as much as it could reasonably be expected to prosper in partnership with the pride of conquest, the insolence of race, fiscal extortion, massacre, and blowing away from guns. The preachers themselves are imperial. Lord Elgin found reverend gentlemen outheroding even lay terrorists in the ferocity of their sentiments at the time of the mutiny; and he says that if he were to pursue a humane policy in China, the loudest outcries against him would be raised by the missionaries and the women.

To do Jingoism justice, it does not now talk much about propagating Christianity, or even about propagating civilization. It has pretty well dropped the mask and revealed the frank features of the buccaneer. During the whole course of these events there has been, as might have been expect-

* *Up Among the Pandies*, p. 186.

ed, a marked and rapid evolution of Imperial morality.

The native manufactures of Hindostan have been destroyed; the native art has been destroyed; the native germs of progress and civilization have been destroyed; the vigour and variety of the native character have been destroyed. In place of them, India has large consignments of English goods not always the soundest; and a few Hindoos of the wealthier class, varnished with European civilization. Ten years of friendly intercourse with Japan have done more good than a century of the conqueror's rule in India.

And now the Asiatic dominions of Turkey are to be turned into another Indian Empire; so the Jingos boast, and such is evidently the game. Upon those lands, too, a swarm of officials and adventurers will descend, suck out their wealth, destroy every germ of self-development, kill in the bud whatever promise there might be of gifted and fruitful addition to the family of nations, and when resistance is offered, re-enact the massacre of the Sepoys and of the villagers of Oude. This will be the result, unless some power of right interposes and curbs the filibuster of his will. Jingoism has its eye on China too, and when Afghanistan has fallen the turn of China will surely come.

Are the people of England accomplices in these deeds? Not a hundredth part of them even know what is being done in their name. Nor do they share the gain. Not a particle of the plunder of India comes in the shape of increased comfort or happiness into any artisan's or peasant's home. They pay the cost of Jingoism, not only in taxes, but in wars, and enmities which close the hearts and ports of nations against British trade. Worse than this, Empire is sapping by its contact, as it never fails to do, the foundations of free institutions at home. British liberty is in danger of expiring in the deadly embrace of Indian servitude. If Asiatic Turkey, Egypt and China are annexed, the fatal process will be quickened. Retribution always comes at last, though often in the most unexpected forms, sometimes in the form of supreme success. It came to the oppressor of the Negro, and it will come to the oppressor of the Hindoo.

To say that those who wish to arrest their country on the slope down which she is being dragged by unprincipled ambition are bad Englishmen, is to say what great calamities, brought on by the present policy, are likely only too soon to disprove.

A MODERN DRYAD.

BY FIDELIS.

WITH soft blue eyes and curls of gold
And cheeks like a rose leaf, fresh unrolled,
Like a very Dryad of story old,
She smiles at me from her airy hold;
Sunny and bright and fair to see
Brimming with laughter and bounding glee
Is my fairy who dwells in the apple-tree.

When spring buds, on the branches bare,
Are kissed into life by the sweet spring air,
And rose-flushed clusters, so bright and rare,
Are bursting forth into promise fair
Of the coming fruits, so fair to see,
Fairer still than the blossoms is she,
—My fairy who dwells in the apple-tree.

When the sun of June has turned to snow
The tree that was tinged with a rosy glow,
And over each bough that droops so low
Showers of white petals come and go,
Crowned with the snowy flowers is she,
And she shakes her curls and laughs at me,
My fairy who dwells in the apple-tree.

When autumn has brought the October glow
To the rosy apples with hearts of snow
My fairy is ready to merrily throw
Her treasures down to the grass below,
Laughing aloud with joyous glee
As she slyly throws the largest at me,
My fairy who dwells in the apple-tree.

When winter comes, and the tree is bare
Of the last brown leaflet that fluttered there,
And the snow drifts whirl in the biting air,
I know a nest, somewhere, somewhere,
Warmly lined and there shall she
If she's more than a vision—dwell with me—
My fairy who haunts the apple-tree.

RICHARD REALF.

BY W. H.

THE period between February, 1854, and December, 1859, was remarkable in the United States for the appearance of many singular characters, who seemed to have followed the perception of a great struggle, the clouds of which were then darkening the political horizon, to a point where all that was heroic, of body or mind, was in demand. The 'Irrepressible Conflict' between slavery and freedom was narrowing down to actual battle, and the fighting men were rallying. They who fought with arguments; they who poured out torrents of eloquence in speeches; they who reported and execrated the wrong in the newspapers; the poets who wrote fiery songs; the minstrels who sung them; and they who quietly provided themselves with Sharp's rifles for the more deadly and earnest encounter, were on the *qui vive*. The new Territory of Kansas was the immediate battle ground; and thither every heroic philanthropist who was loose-footed repaired. There, with their representative leader, JOHN BROWN, they took up land, built cabins, laid out towns, made settlements of free State men, built school-houses, in which they preached, prayed, and stored their arms and munitions of war, and from which they wrote letters to the newspapers, especially the New York *Tribune*. The City of Lawrence sprung up as if in a night, and some of the ablest and brightest writers for the press, with many lesser lights, lit down there as if in a flock, and made a centre of public opinion, that spread over and permeated the Northern States. It was the great rendezvous of a crusade, to which every 'Peter-the-Hermit' sent his recruits; where they prepared for the strife which ended ten years later.

Among these recruits appeared a young Englishman, who was already known for his genius as a poet, his ability in general literature, and his altogether remarkable career. RICHARD REALF, the subject of this sketch, was born in England of obscure parentage, so poor that they were unable to give him an education of any kind, or even provide him with the commonest necessaries. Somehow, he attracted notice at a very tender age, when he was taken up and provided for at school by Lady Byron, who gave him the benefit of her patronage in a most liberal manner. This lady not only assisted him by ordinary patronage, but supported him with her bounty, as a part of her household, for a time. She introduced him to her literary set, and thus enabled him to bring out a volume of poems, that were received in that and other literary circles with great favour. In this relation he enjoyed the friendship and patronage of such people as the Bishop of Chichester, Charles de la Pryme, who collected and published his verses, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Mitford, Harriet Martineau, Walter Savage Landor, Samuel Rogers, Sheridan Knowles, Leigh Hunt, and Bulwer.

In this position, he told me, he felt like a caged bird, and often chafed to madness under a sense of the weight of chains, which, though golden, he could not endure. He felt that he did not belong to them, and that his relation to his patrons was unnatural and overpoweringly oppressive—so much so, he said, as to degrade him

before himself and crush his feeling of independence to a degree that prevented a sense of gratitude. He characterized his condition as imposing ingratitude upon him as a means of asserting himself against an intolerable humiliation. He spoke of this to me once, with feeling, when he related this incident. Lady Byron had made him a present of a watch, that he valued as her present, but which seemed to him a badge of slavery, but intolerably so on one occasion, when she lectured him upon some departure from the line she had marked out for him. He could not return the present to her, and in the exasperation of his madness he could only find relief by dashing it upon the floor and crushing it under his heel! In the cooler reflection of after years he condemned this conduct, but he could not explain to others the frenzy that swayed him. I have no doubt that much of his life was of the same character—broken, distorted and mad,—like a caged bird that tears itself at a thought of its wild freedom,—an uprooted plant that has been set awry in uncongenial soil, to grow and bloom in fruitless shapes.

His restless spirit could not endure the quiet and restraints of the social condition into which he had been transplanted; and as a thing of course, he left England, to seek—not fortune, but freedom in America. At New York, he entered upon a philanthropic life, in the mission work of the Five Points; where he worked earnestly and industriously for a time, in a subordinate position, till the opening scenes of Kansas beckoned him to a grander and more natural field. Here he joined his fortunes with John Brown, and remained with him or near him, writing letters to the Eastern papers, and occasionally turning off a song or poem adapted to the times. How he was employed in other respects I do not know.

When John Brown came to organize his Provisional Government, under which he designed to take and set Virginia in order, he engaged three or four eccentric young men, whom, perhaps, no one else could have handled, to whom he assigned positions; and among these, Richard Realf was made Secretary of State; and, I believe, most of the writing was done by him. A few months before the attack on Harper's Ferry, Realf, having leisure on his hands, started off on a lecturing tour, in some kind of relation to the Roman Catholic Church. His principal subject, however, was Lord Byron. He was growing into popularity with the more cultivated people of Texas, when Brown was captured at Harper's Ferry, and his plans made public. Realf was in a close place. Far in the heart of the South, and exposed to the fury of a maddened people, his ingenuity was taxed to the utmost to get out; but he managed it, where many a sane man would have failed. He gave out that he had secrets which the South could not afford to lose, and thus not only secured himself against a summary lynching, but procured his transportation over a thousand miles to a place of safety, and got pay as a witness: for the United States' Senate, then under Southern management, sent a Sergeant-at-Arms after him to Texas, who protected him on the way. He really had but little to tell, beyond what was already notorious; still he gave it consequence enough to make it serve the purpose of saving himself and making it pay. On arriving at Washington, he shrewdly contrived to shape his testimony so as to save himself and not implicate his friends; and, thanks to John Brown's sagacity, he really knew but little. He left the Capital with a handsome sum received as witness fees, with which he travelled North, delivering eulogistic lectures on John Brown, who had faced and suffered death with the rarest heroism; which Realf pourtrayed in glowing colours and exalted terms.

After this he spent a few months as a newspaper correspondent. When the war began he enlisted in an Illinois regiment (the 88th), in which he served till he was transferred to a captaincy in the 50th Coloured Infantry, which he left as Brevet Lieut.-Colonel. At the close of the war he declined a commission as lieutenant in the regular army, and soon after enlisted as a private, with the hope, as he said, that a kindly bullet would close the scene. Soon after, he married, unhappily and disreputably, from which he was relieved by a divorce. In 1868, he was teaching a negro school in South Carolina, and soon after held a position on the editorial staff of the Pittsburgh *Commercial*. Thence he drifted to New York, where, having married again, he was reduced to the severest straits to live. His health, and particularly his sight, failed, and he was thrown upon the charity of friends. These interested themselves, and raised the means to send him to California, to retrieve his health and fortune. A recent account from Oakland tells us that he closed his fitful and varied career by suicide, on the 28th of October last.

Thus ended the unhappy story of a broken life, a shattered genius—splendid in the ruins of unavailable talent. Wherever he wrote or spoke, he was brilliant and grand. When he acted he was fated to fail—one of the many wrecks that strew the shores of life's sea, whom we mourn and love, but cannot praise.

What he might have been under other stars we cannot say. Born to poverty, a poet and a chartist, he might, perhaps, have borne fruit, though wild, in his native sphere; transplanted to the aristocratic association of his early patrons, he withered into barren acerbity and fruitless ruin. We point to such lives as warnings of danger, and mourn the loss of what might have been.

Perhaps nothing can tell his story better than this one of his poems—a witness of his talent and his sorrow:

MY SLAIN.

This sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee,
  This amber haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,
  With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so
  You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,
  Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh,
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
  I tremble at the touch of your caress;
I am not worthy of your innocent faith,
  I who with whetted knives of worldliness
Did put my own child-heartedness to death,
  Beside whose grave I pace forever more,
  Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now,
  To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple bough
  Laughs into blossoms, or a butter cup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas! alas!
  The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet,
  It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years,
  O, moaning life, with life irreconciled;
O backward-looking thought, O pain, O tears,
  For us there is not any silver sound
  Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
  Which makes men mummies, weighs out every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
  And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain
Woe worth the peering, analytic days
  That dry the tender juices in the breast,
  And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
  Nor any God except Necessity.
What can ye give my poor, starved life in lieu
  Of this dead cherub which I slew for ye?
Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
  My early foolish freshness of the dunce,
  Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once.

But perhaps the following lines, found among his effects after he had committed suicide, best describe him and his wild and shattered life. They certainly say what one would like to say of him, in the best way possible, terms and manner:

'*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.' When
  For me the end has come and I am dead,
And little voluble, chattering daws of men
  Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to speak the truth,
  Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
  To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
  He wrought for liberty; till his own wound,
(He had been stabbed) concealed with painful art
  Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned.
And sank there where you see him lying now
  With that word 'Failure' written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
  World's honours and world's plaudits and the wage
Of the world's deft lackeys, still his lips were kissed
  Daily by those high angels who assuage

The thirstings of the poets—for he was
  Born unto singing—and a burden lay
Mightily on him and he moaned because
  He could not rightly utter to this day
What God taught in the night. Sometimes, nathless,
  Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
  And benedictions from black pits of shame;
And little children's love; and old men's prayers;
  And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
  With thick films—silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered: greatly, too, he erred;
  Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait til Freedom had become
  The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;
But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb
  And all his arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,
  And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light
  And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

SONNETS.

BY WATTEN SMALL.

I.

I LOVE the art by which the Poet seeks
  To give expression unto thoughts which dwell
Within the mind; who fondly hopes to tell
  The beauty that he finds in field, and dell,
And mountain bare, far hills and placid creeks.
My mind is spell-bound to old Chaucer's verse,
  And Milton's pure and sacred song;
While Shakespeare's diction, noble, sweet and terse,
  Floats thro' my brain with memory long;
And he the gentlest of all spirits who died young
  In that wild storm which swept the Italian Bay,
  I think of oft when earth is fresh and gay,
  With thoughts of pensive tenderness alway,
Whose songs the sweetest are that ever Poet sung.

II.

Once more O God! in this calm twilight hour,
  Thy wonders take my loving soul away;
  I fain to Thee pure orisons would pay
And humbly now adore Thy wondrous power.
Yon sunset dieth as a monarch dies,
  Who clad in jewelled pomp takes his last leave
  Of kingly rule, and splendour, ah! why grieve
When such a scene can gladden mortal eyes,
  And thrill the heart with pure and sacred joy,
  Which nought of earth unhallowed can destroy.
O gentle maiden, who can interpret now
  Our untold longings, visions manifold;
Whilst thou who walkst with me, even thou
  Art cloth'd in fairer beauty than of old.

UNDER THE TREES BY THE RIVER.

BY JOHN READE.

I.

UNDER the trees by the river
We lazily float along,
And the dreamy hush of the summer day
Is broken by jest and song.

II.

Under the trees by the river—
Long years have passed away,
Since a boat went by with jest and song,
As this boat goes by to-day.

III.

Under the trees by the river
There is shadow late and soon—
But these happy young hearts only feel the joy
Of the summer afternoon.

IV

Under the trees by the river—
Oh! strangely two-fold scene!
Oh! joy that is unconsciously nigh
To the sorrow that has been!

ROUND THE TABLE.

I HAVE no claims to authorship beyond, perhaps, an occasional letter to the newspapers. I do not write poetry. Indeed, I scarcely ever even read it. Humiliating as the confession may be, I must confess also to a heinous sin, and admit that I do not read Huxley, nor Darwin, nor Spencer, nor any of those *heavy weights* in letters. I take in the *Fortnightly Review* merely because it is the best English magazine published, and after I have cut the leaves and placed a book-mark between them, for I am never guilty of turning down a page, I throw myself into an easy chair and look about me with a vague but thoroughly literary air. I do this

once or twice every month, or at least as often as the magazine comes in. And yet I am a great reader. My leisure moments are always devoted to literature of some kind and I am rarely to be found in the evening without a book in my hand. I think every one should read that which is congenial to his tastes and feelings, without regard to the opinions or high-minded notions of his friends. I love to read novels and don't care much who knows it. I am not ashamed of my taste in this respect, though perhaps some will look upon it as a very depraved taste indeed. Well next to reading books, I like to read about what is going on in the great world of letters, and for that purpose I regularly take in *The London Academy*, *The Athenæum*, *The New York Nation*, and *The Boston Literary World*. I find just what I want in these ably conducted journals. Literary paragraphs about new books, criticisms, announcements, and chit-chat about books and authors regularly fill the pleasant pages of these papers. And I find my liking in this respect is a predilection which finds a ready echo in thousands of persons situated like myself. Every one wants to know something concerning the hundreds of new books which come every month or two from the press, whether he is a book-buyer or a borrower of books, or one who merely likes to talk about books at the expense of the reviewer. I have often thought that in so far as criticism and reviewing are concerned our great Canadian papers are wofully behind the times. The smallest English or American newspaper employs a literary editor, and a feature in the journal is a column or two of carefully prepared reviews of new books, every week or oftener. The conductors of these newspapers find that it pays to give attention to this important branch. It is inseparably connected with the success of the paper. It is ever an interesting department of the daily, or the semi-weekly or the weekly. The ladies of the household turn to it second, for of course the births, marriages, and deaths, are looked at first. It is melancholy to see the way in which the Canadian editor, proper, notices the books which the publishers send to him. Generally only the title and names of author and publisher, and bookseller, are given; rarely anything more, except perhaps a few lines written from the Preface. Like Sydney Smith, may be, they are afraid that if they read the book before they reviewed it, their judgment might become prejudiced. I have no fault to find with the papers. There is plenty to read in them, but sometimes I must admit, I would rather read a good slashing criticism, even if it were half a column in length, than twenty columns of fires, runaway horses and boat-races, important as these latter may be to the "fancy."

E. N. G.

—The *irreverence* of *reverend* men strikes one as rather a curious combination; but however great an anomaly it ought to be, unfortunately it is not always one.

I have often been shocked with the pious (?) jokes of preachers, deacons, and other *good* men, and though an irreverent speech is always disgusting, it is doubly so from consecrated lips.

I do not mean that I expect or want solemnity of either the sepulchral or owlish sort from ministers of the Gospel. On the contrary; nothing is more charming than a sunny, genial, even gay participation in things temporal by the teachers and leaders of our spiritual lives. Intelligence without pedantry, wit without levity, and always dignity and reverence upon sacred themes. This is little to ask. There is extant at the present day a class of ministers who, in and out of the pulpit, say and do irreverent things, and glory in the notoriety which accrues to themselves therefrom.

Relying upon the popularity which

draws crowds, and the sensationalism which fills their churches, they grow bolder and more startling in their departures from accepted ideas of what is sacred and appropriate.

Ambitious to afford a show to the curious throng who have come to be entertained, they sacrifice, not only their own dignity, but what is of more value, that of the calling they are supposed to honour.

'Now,' said an *eminent divine*, the other Sunday, in giving out the hymn to his *audience*, 'I want you to sing like h—— (laughter)—heaven!'

Another and equally gifted brother also made his listeners laugh, one very warm day, when he ascended into the pulpit, pushed back his coat sleeve, wiped his brow with his cambric handkerchief, and remarked: 'It's a d-- d hot day! — as I heard a young man say just now in the street.'

No need to record here the many blasphemously irreverent speeches uttered in the pulpit and paraded in the newspapers as the eccentricities of genius. I should fill too much space *Around the Table* if I brought forward too many specimens of the feasts afforded the congregations of these clerical leaders in this new departure *from* religion.

They are numerous, and have a host of imitators.

And how base the imitation of a base thing.

I believe it is Swedenborg who says that a passage of Scripture quoted without reverence, or used with levity to point some distorted joke, is, to a certain extent, desecrated for ever—that is, that whenever you read or think of that passage again, however piously, the ludicrous sense put upon it remains in your memory and obscures its holiness.

And yet how constant a habit it is with many clerical men to quote lightly and joke heavily with scriptural subjects.

I wonder if they look upon holy things as their stock in trade, which they may handle as they please. Surely familiarity in this case does not breed contempt.

***

—We have 'Poems of Places'—and charming little volumes they are—'Poems of the Affections,' 'Poems of Peace and War,' 'Poems of Travel,' 'Poems of Wit and Humour,' 'Personal Poems,' and no end of 'Libraries of Poetry and Song,' and collections of rhyme without limit. It may be said that these books enjoy great popularity and are much appreciated in the circles where they circulate. I have been dipping into poetry of late, and I am struck with the remarkably long list of poems which are descriptive of the noble savage and his haunts, manners and customs. It has occurred to me that a very entertaining book might be made out of what our eminent poets have said about the Indian. Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Campbell, Moore, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Aldrich, Joaquin Miller, Edgar Fawcett, and many others have written very pretty things on the subject, which would look exceedingly well in a single volume. The book would prove attractive I am sure. The design would be quite new, and the material is so abundant that such a collection as I have in my eye could be easily made. I throw out the suggestion for what it is worth, and charge nothing for the hint. Won't some guest at the table edit the book?

RED JACKET.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. Edgar Fawcett is one of the sweetest of the younger American poets. His skill lies in the concentrated effort which he puts forward, the elegance of his diction, and the depth and harmony of his thought. His verses betray a cultivated intellect, a love for the mystic, the impenetrable and the unseen, and occasionally strong passion and fire and vehemence. He can be tender, too, and in his sonnets and some of his minorchords he displays great warmth of feeling and much natural delicacy. His descriptive powers are good and ample. He has plenty of motion and grace and poetic fervour, but he lacks playfulness and the element of humour. He is not an imitator nor a parodist, but it is easy to see the effect which a mind like Swinburne's or Tennyson's has upon a temperament such as his. As Huxley and Mill and Herbert Spencer influence in a manner his thought, so do the Laureate and the author of *Bothwell*, and perhaps Browning,—though in a lesser extent,—assist somewhat in shaping and individualizing his poetry. Mr. Fawcett copies no one, and recognizes no one as his master; but his mind, perhaps unconsciously to himself, is strengthened largely by the intimacy which exists between him and the writings of these older men. Mr. Fawcett is still a young man, having barely passed his 31st year. He began writing poems and stories and short essays at a very early age, and was known as a magazinist while he was yet in his teens. Already he has written three novels, two books of poetry and a drama. His literary work is much sought after, and the care and systematic way in which he prepares his manuscript for the press, render his 'copy' an acceptable boon to the printer. Mr. Fawcett has plenty of fancy, but he is deficient in the quality of light. His poetry wants this element. He has joyousness, but this faculty is overstrained and seems to be assumed on occasion. Despite these shortcomings, and many perhaps will not consider them as defects, or wants in his literary style and spirit, there is a good deal in Mr. Fawcett's poetry which will evoke the admiration of the reader, and enlist his hearty sympathy and appreciation. There is an almost Homeric vigour and glitter about his work, and even in some of his shorter and less ambitious pieces this characteristic may be observed. Mr. Fawcett belongs to the mystic school of poets. He does not impress his reader at first. His poetry requires study and examination and thought. He will always have a select audience, but we doubt whether his poetry will ever become popular, in the common acceptation of the term, or that his poems will be found, like Whittier's and Longfellow's, among the masses.

'Fantasy and Passion'* is the title of his latest volume, and the reader will recognize in it many pieces which have appeared in the current numbers of the English and American magazines, and in some of the newspapers. The book is divided into three parts. 1st. The Minorchords; 2nd. Voices and Visions; and 3rd. Sonnets. Mr. Fawcett has been quite happy in his selection of topics, and the collection cannot help adding largely to his reputation. Among the Minorchords especially, some exquisite fancies will be found, notably the lines to 'An

* *Fantasy and Passion.* By EDGAR FAWCETT. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Old Tea-Cup,' 'To The Evening Star,' 'Immortelles,' and 'To A Tea-Rose.' We take the liberty of quoting the latter poem to show the delicacy and grace of the poet, who reveals in these lines some of his daintier characteristics.

'Deep-folded flower, for me your race
Bears what no kindred blooms have borne
That gleam in memory's vistas,—
A charm, a chastity, a grace
The loveliest roses have not worn,
Of all your lovely sisters!

'Half-tinged like some dim-yellow peach,
Half like a shell's pink inward whorl
That sighs its sea-home after,
Your creamy oval bud lets each
Pale outer petal backward curl,
Like a young child's lip in laughter!

'And yet no mirthful trace we see;
Rather the grave serene repose
Of gentlest resignation;
So that you sometimes seem to be
(If we might say it of a rose)
In pensive meditation!

'Ah! how may earthly words express
This placid sadness round you cast,
Delicate, vague, unspoken?
As though . . . . some red progenitress,
In some old garden of the past,
Had had her young heart broken!'

In his poem, 'A Toad,' Mr. Fawcett certainly contrives to invest a most unpoetic subject with more than an ordinary interest. It is chiefly remarkable for its descriptive power, and may be regarded as a portrait. We do not care especially for the subject, nor are we greatly taken with the lines in its honour. As a bit of natural description the poem is good. These lines are quite striking:

'Gray lump of mottled clamminess,
With that preposterous leer!'

And

'* * Thick-lipped slaves, with ebon skin,
That squat in hideous dumb repose,
And guard the drowsy ladies in
Their still seraglios!'

But little more can be said of them.

In his treatment of 'The Bat,' Mr. Fawcett is equally successful. He describes, with the skill of a true artist the 'half-bird, half-reptile,' and some of his lines have a real dramatic flavour about them, and a verisimilitude that cannot be mistaken. 'Grapes' is another fine poem, and, though it consists of but seven short verses, each stanza is a perfect picture, and reveals a rich and charming fancy. This verse is particularly grand, and full of true poetry and allusion:

'Ripe clusters, while our woods in ruin flame,
Do yearnings through your rich blood vaguely thrill
For glimmering vineyard, olive-mantled hill,
And Italy, which is summer's softer name?'

The last line will strike the reader as the utterance of a poet who possesses a positive genius for happy expression and comparison.

The 'Voices and Visions' part contains poems of stronger calibre than the 'Minorchords.' Some of Mr. Fawcett's mystical pieces may be found here, as well as his more subtle verses. The poem on 'Individuality' will bear reading and re-reading. It has been most carefully constructed and elaborated on the principles of the fascinating science which relate to man and his future. Mr. Fawcett concludes this majestic and stately poem thus:

'I marked how some large purpose was fulfilled
That power supernal had sublimely willed;
I marked, in thrilling vision, while I read,
How the full flower of manhood backward bore
From the white splendour of its dazzling core
The large rich petal, and was perfected!

'But through this dream of marvels that should be,
One strange sardonic thought came haunting me
With the mute pathos of weak yearning tears:
In all such halcyon times what joy or pain
For him whose dust inertly shall have lain
A nothingness through millions of slow years?

'What message in this lofty cheerless creed
Aids personality's commandant need?
What comfort in this cold imperious plan,
Where all men, whether ill or nobly wrought
Lie crushed beneath one awful Juggernaut,
The universal commonweal of man!

'The love, hate, hope, fear, passion that is I,
The throbbing self that loathes to wholly die,
Disdains a future where it holds no place,
As one with lot beside the Euphrates cast
Might carelessly disdain that stately past
When Babylon's domes dared heaven, in mighty grace!'

'Conception,' headed by Spencer's motto, 'In its ultimate essence nothing can be known,' is another poem which contains an immense thought, a grand central idea, which the poet developes with consummate skill. 'Winds,' 'A King,' and 'Attainment' are three poems, different in scope and power, but equally brilliant in elaboration and poetic expression.

Indeed, in poetry which requires thought Mr. Fawcett is eminently successful. His mind runs on the higher things which engage sometimes the attention of mankind, and his book is filled with the fruits of his study of the unfathomable.

The Cradle-Song is very musical. It is tender and sweet, and the refrain which comes in at the close of each verse is pretty and tuneful. There are other bits, here and there, in the second part of this book, which on even a first reading will commend themselves to the general reader, such as Wine, The Atonement, One Night in Seville, and some three or four others. These will likely interest the reader at once on account of their musicality and freshness and brightness. Of a far deeper texture are D'Outre Mort, which is very grand, From Shadowland, which reveals one of Mr. Fawcett's best phases, Pest, which is odd and bold, and To-Morrow which is full of the poet's characteristic manner and thought. In the third part we have some noble sonnets, some of them nearly equal to Keats'. This one on Whittier is peculiarly appropriate,

'Fresh as on breezy seas the ascendant day,
And bright as on thick dew its radiant trace;
Pure as the smile on some babe's dreaming face:
Hopeful as meadows at the breath of May,
One lofty aim his melodies obey,
Like downward larks in roseate deeps of space
While that large reverent love for all his race
Makes him a man in manhood's lordlier ray!

His words like pearls are luminous yet strong
His dutcous thought ennobles while it calms;
We seem to have felt the falling, in his song,
Of benedictions and of sacred balms;
To have seen the aureoled angels group and throng
In heavenly valley lands, by shining palms!'

This is all very charming and very graceful. There are other personal sonnets which do credit to the poet. These are Keats, Doré, Dumas, *père*, Dickens, Thackeray, Andersen, and the lordly lines to

'A spacious-brained arch-enemy of lies.'

A sonnet to Baudelaire is a perfectly finished production, and rich in all that wild fancy and boldness of thought which distinguish at times Mr. Fawcett's better work. His more enduring work we might add.

Here is something worthy of Swinburne

MEDUSA.

(*For a Picture.*)

'A face in whose voluptuous bloom there lies
Olympian faultlessness of mold and hue;
Lips that a god were worthy alone to woo;
Round chin, and nostrils curved in the old Greek wise.
But there is no clear pallor of arctic's skies,
Fathom on crystal fathom of livid blue,
So bleakly cold that one might liken it to
The pitiless icy splendours of her eyes!

Her bound hair, coloured lovelier than the sweet
Rich halcyon yellow of tall harvest wheat,
Over chaste brows a glimmering tumult sheds.
But through the abundance of its warm soft gold,
Coils of lean horror peer from many a fold,
With sharp tongues flickering in flat clammy heads!'

Indeed, Mr. Fawcett is quite successful in his management of the sonnet. His book contains many beautiful things—the best specimens of his genius, perhaps, that he has thus far given to the public. Occasionally a feeling of morbidness creeps into his lines, and this tendency, which so far is but slight, he should check.

In the volume of brief biographies of Modern Frenchmen,* which Mr. Philip Gilbert Hammerton has just published, the reader will gain a correct and clear insight into the careers of five famous men, who in different directions shed lustre on their country, and by their works increased the world's store of knowledge. Each in his way was a devoted student, a lover of his especial calling, and a large contributor to the general information possessed by mankind. Mr. Hammerton is a sympthetic biographer, and a true artist. Believing that a biography should be like a painted picture and that the canvas should never be disfigured by coarseness or roughness, he brings to bear on his subject all that is tender and delightful. He is an adoring biographer, but conscientious withal, and he

* *Modern Frenchmen.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMMERTON. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

never allows the admiration which he may feel for the man he describes to overpower his judgment or obscure his faculties. He delicately refers to his work as merely the result of the labours of the picture-cleaner, and says with reference to some cases that his duty 'is not so much to paint a new picture as to make one that has been already painted more clearly visible, by removing what obscures it, whilst reverently respecting and carefully preserving those delicacies of tone and detail, those thin glazes of transparent and semi-transparent colour, on which both its beauty and its truth depend. This is not to be done by scraping down to the bare canvas, and it is not to be done by daubing additions; but it may be accomplished by method and patience, united to watchful care.'

In this amiable spirit, Mr. Hammerton proceeds to sketch in his artistic and splendid way the lives of the eminent traveller and naturalist, Victor Jacquemont; Henri Perreyve, the pure-minded ecclesiastic and orator; François Rude, the greatest character in the book and a sculptor of magnificent genius; Jean Jacques Ampère, the historian and traveller; and Henri Regnault, whose skill as a painter has been compared to that of Eugène Delacroix, and whose lofty patriotism holds no second place among the patriots of the world.

Mr. Hammerton's materials consist for the most part of letters, though in instances where these are wanting, notably in the case of Rude, he has been aided by accounts furnished by near friends of the subject. His narratives may be accepted as accurate, for he has been careful to sift and verify every detail contained in them. The story is most delightfully written. Every page is distinguished for its grace and symmetry and beauty. The anecdotes are told spiritedly and well, and the incidents and description are admirable. Mr. Hammerton hints in his Preface of other lives among his little list of eminent Modern Frenchmen which he would like to write. We hope he will not lose sight of this idea. A supplementary volume would be gratefully received by the admirers of scholarly and astute biography.

Scholars and students of English literature everywhere will thank Mr. Matthew Arnold for his edition of 'Johnson's Lives of the Poets.'* In an article in one of the magazines some months ago, Mr. Arnold alluded to the great value such a work as the volume under notice would prove, and he expressed the hope that some one, properly qualified, would undertake the issue of such a book. No one coming forward, Mr. Arnold has himself taken up the task, and the volume he has given us shows how admirably he has carried out his original idea. It is well known that Johnson's Lives are of unequal merit. They were written for the booksellers in the great author's 'usual way, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste.' But for all that they stand as Byron has said, 'the finest critical work extant.' In the shape in which the public have been in the habit of getting them, in the best four-volume edition, or in the very good single-volume copy which is accompanied by Scott's Memoir, the book has proved most inconvenient for text-book purposes. There is much that is both insignificant and unnecessary. And as the editor of the edition before us says, 'The volumes at present are a work to stand in a library, "a work which no gentleman's library should be without."' Few are acquainted, therefore, with this splendid work—a work which Scott declared 'displayed qualifications which have seldom been concentrated to the same degree in any literary undertaking,'

* *The Six Chief Lives from Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' with Macaulay's 'Life of Johnson.'* Edited with a Preface by MATTHEW ARNOLD. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

and which with equal truth Lord Macaulay pronounced 'the best of his works,' 'as entertaining as any novel,' 'well deserve to be studied,' and much more to the same effect. Mr. Arnold has selected from the original source the six chief lives, viz., Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope and Gray —the representatives of a century and a half of English culture and literature—from 1608, the date of Milton's birth, to 1771, the date of the death of Gray, To this admirable volume, Mr. Arnold has written a masterly preface, illustrative of his object, and pointing out to the student the works he should read in connection with the sketches of the lives which are contained in the book proper. Read in this way, the student will get, as Mr. Arnold says, 'a sense of what the real men were, and with this sense fresh in his mind, he will find the occasion propitious for acquiring also, in the way pointed out, a sense of the power of their works.'

But a greater treat awaits the reader. Lord Macaulay's powerful essay on Samuel Johnson—a piece of writing which exhibits the eminent author at his best—is prefixed to the lives, forming a volume of great compass, scope, beauty and character. This 'Life' by Macaulay is the famous one which he wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, permission to use which was generously accorded by the Messrs. Black and Mr. Trevelyan, the biographer of the historian, especially for this work, which is handsomely published by the Messrs. MacMillan, of London and New York. Mr. Arnold has not burdened his text by unnecessary notes, explanatory of trivalities, which only confuse the reader and overtax the mind of the scholar. But one note of any material length appears, and this explains away an error into which Johnson fell in his account of Addison and The Old Whig. 'Little Dicky,' Johnson thought, was an allusion to Richard Steele, but Macaulay, whose astuteness was as wonderful in little things as it was in greater ones, with some confidence declared that Johnson was wrong, and that 'Little Dicky' was the nickname of some comic actor. It afterwards transpired that Macaulay was right, and that the actor's real name was Henry Norris, a favourite comedian, who was nicknamed 'Dicky' because he first obtained celebrity by acting the part of Dicky in the 'Trip to the Jubilee.' Macaulay was quite proud of his discovery.

Mr. R. Hamilton Lang, late British Consul at Cyprus, has just given the public the benefit of his nine years' experience of life in the somewhat misknown island.* Mr. Lang writes without any affectation and a good deal of skill. He filled various positions in Cyprus, and his means of gaining information were quite large and of the best character. As manager of the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Larnaca, he was frequently brought into intimate relations with the people, and he had fine opportunities for studying the questions of taxation and administration, as well as acquiring an intimacy with the mode in which business was transacted, and the general spirit which obtained regarding commercial operations and mercantile affairs. Mr. Lang's tastes led him to prosecute farming and antiquarian researches, and in the pursuit of these he came often in contact with the Cyprian peasants. His materials have been all gained from his residence in the Island, and he has certainly contrived to write a very agreeable and pleasant account of his experiences there. He exhibits a faithful picture of the character of the people, the resources of the country, its mineral wealth, and general characteristics. There are four carefully engraved maps and two engravings in the book,

* *Cyprus; its History, its Present Resources, and Future Prospects.* By R. HAMILTON LANG, London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

and these will assist the reader a good deal in his examination of the letter-press.

The introductory chapter consists of a good description of Cyprus, its origin, early settlement, and the various phases through which it passed, together with an account of the Lycian and other inscriptions which must prove of great interest to the reader of antiquarian tastes. Specimens of these curious writings are also given. The other chapters take up, in order, the early history of the country, the towns of ancient Cyprus, the Assyrian period, the time of Evagoras, the annexation to Rome, and its history down to modern times. The prospects of the new era are practically set forth, and a succinct account of the agricultural resources of Cyprus follow. A chapter on drought and locusts, another on minerals and salt, and an examination of the Turkish and future administration, together with a carefully written sketch entitled 'A Trip Through the Island,' the archæology and the rock tombs of the place, and a brief description of Mr. Lang's farm bring this acceptable book down to the present day, and throw a vast amount of light on a subject about which little has hitherto been known.

There are many people still living in Canada, and especially in Toronto, who retain a somewhat vivid recollection of that remarkable woman, Mrs. Anna Jameson, the author of 'Sacred and Legendary Art.' Mrs. Jameson belonged to that brilliant literary circle of forty and fifty years ago. She was the elder daughter of a talented miniature painter, and was born in Dublin in the year 1794. Her father was a patriot and an adherent of the party of 'United Irishmen.' A professional engagement, at an important juncture of his affairs, called him away from Ireland and he went to England before the rebellion broke out, and the destruction of his friends Emmett and Lord Edward Fitzgerald followed. Thus through accident alone, rather than from any wisdom of his own, it may be said, were his life and talents spared. Brownell Murphy had an English wife, and in 1798, before the last struggle occurred, the little family were safely residing in Whitehaven. Little Anna lived with her parents but the two younger children remained with their nurse near Dublin. In Cumberland a fourth daughter—Camilla—was born, and for a time things prospered well with the young artist and his home was bright and happy.

Mrs. Jameson's biographer is Mrs. Gerardine MacPherson, niece of the subject under notice, who writes with much power and expression, and who unfortunately was not spared to complete her work. Mrs. MacPherson was one of those tender women so often found in literary annals, of fine æsthetic tastes and aspirations, of delicate frame and sensitive disposition, she was early thrown on the world, and while suffering from an incurable disease was forced to earn her bread by the intensest application to labour of the most harassing and wearying kind. She and her husband —an artist of fine abilities—settled in Rome, and for a while things went very well with the young couple. MacPherson's eye-sight, however, failed him at an early age, and he was forced to take up some other occupation. He went into the photographic business, and for a number of years his career was quite prosperous. He was fortunate too, in discovering Michael Angelo's great picture of 'The Entombment' which he was afterwards forced by circumstances to sell at a price much below its real value. In 1873 he died, leaving his wife and family to struggle on 'through a sad entanglement of debts and distress.' Mrs. MacPherson's history is a sad one, and every circumstance connected with the preparation of the Memoir*

* *Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson.* By her niece, GERARDINE MACPHERSON. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

of her aunt is of the most painful description. The book was commenced last year, and the labour of its composition must have seriously weakened the constitution of the author, and hastened her death which occurred on the 24th of May.

Mrs. MacPherson's descriptions of the home of the young Murphys, their juvenile sports and pastimes, their 'adventures,' the literary precocity of Anna, and other pleasing incidents in the life of the excellent lady who afterwards asserted such an influence on her own future career, is done with a loving and tender hand. Little Anna developed talent at a very early age, and anecdotes of her poetical effusions, her fairy tales, and the fictions with which she delighted the nursery, and numberless other characteristics and episodes of her youth, are related with charming simplicity. Mrs. MacPherson's pen is quite minute, and she tells us, with careful regard to detail, everything she knows about Mrs. Jameson. We expect this in a memoir fashioned as this one has been, and no one will be disposed to quarrel with the book on that account, when it is remembered that the materials have been quite scant and the sources of information are few.

While yet very young Anna Murphy married Mr. Jameson, and though a prosperous career seemed destined for the young lovers, it soon became apparent that the marriage was a most unfortunate one. Both husband and wife had kindred tastes. Both were fond of literature, music, the drama and cultivated society, but it was not long before incompatibilities of temper and disposition began to show themselves. This unfortunate state of affairs went on for some years, and finally led to a separation. In 1829, Mr. Jameson went to the Island of Dominica as puisne judge. His wife remained with her father, and presently Mr. Murphy, and Anna, and Sir Gerard Noel left England for a tour on the Continent. A charming series of sketches, entitled 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad' was the result of this journey.

In 1833, Judge Jameson returned from Dominica, and rejoined his wife at the house of her sister, Mrs. Bate. They remained together in London until the spring, when Mr. Jameson left for Canada, with the full intention of preparing a home for his wife. In the meantime she went to Germany, and was warmly welcomed in the highest literary and social circles. Her papers on Shakespeare's heroines were already familiar there, and her other writings were equally as well known and esteemed. She travelled all over Germany, and gathered much material, which was afterwards embodied in her books. In January, 1836, she met the great Humboldt, and the account of her introduction to him is related in a vivid and striking way.

In sixteen months she had only received two letters from her husband and these were cold and formal. In February, 1836, she wrote him from Weimar, in which she complained of his long silence and said:

'Between October, 1834, and October, 1835, I wrote you *eleven* letters. In August, 1835, I received from you a bill of 100*l.*, and in January, 1836, I received from Henry the intelligence that you had sent me a bill of 100*l.*, but *no letter for me*. I wrote immediately to beg for some information concerning you, and Henry by return of post sent me your letter to him. It is a letter of about two pages, in a jesting style, complaining that you never hear a word from me, but not saying that you have written, or giving the dates of any letters you have forwarded to me; not saying anything of your position in Canada, although the state of affairs there, as it is reported in all the papers, English and German, made me expect either the news of your return, or some intelligence from you that should tranquillise me about your situation and movements. You say

in the same letter that it is your intention to marry again immediately. My dear Robert, jesting apart, I wish it only depended on me to give you that power. You might perhaps be happy with another woman—a union such as ours is, and has been ever, is a real mockery of the laws of God and man. * * * If it is your purpose to remain in Canada, to settle there under any political change, and your real wish to have me with you and make another trial for happiness, tell me *distinctly* and *decidedly*—tell me at what time to leave England—tell me what things I ought to take with me, what furniture, books, &c., will be necessary or agreeable, what kind of life I shall live, that I may come prepared to render my own existence and yours as pleasant as possible.'

This letter had some effect with Jameson for he sent for his wife, and in September she sailed for Canada. She reached New York in November, and was greatly depressed in mind to find herself alone in the great city. No one met her at the boat, and friendless and alone she sought shelter in a hotel. On the 11th she wrote to her husband, who was still in Toronto, to ask why she had not been met, and for directions as to her future journey. No reply was returned to this letter. Three weeks later she received a letter from Jameson through the British Consul, and she left for Toronto. During her stay in New York she was visited by the leading literary and artistic people of the place, notably Washington Irving, Chas. Augustus Davis, the author of 'Major Downing's Letters,' the widow of De Witt Clinton, and several others. Mrs. Jameson pursued her journey and the impressions of this tour and the history of her life in Canada may be found in her book 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles.'

Our readers may be curious to know what impression Toronto made upon this lady as she approached its shores in the very worst season for travelling. She slept all through the sail on Lake Ontario, and was roused as the steamer touched the wharf of the 'Queen City.' She says:—

'The wharf was utterly deserted, the arrival of the steamboat being accidental and unexpected; and as I stepped out of the boat I sank ankle-deep into mud and ice. The day was intensely cold and damp, the sky lowered sulkily, laden with snow which was just beginning to fall. Half blinded by the sleet driven into my face, and the tears which filled my eyes, I walked about a mile though a quarter of the town mean in appearance, not thickly inhabited, and to me as yet an unknown wilderness, and through dreary miry ways, never much thronged, and now, by reason of the impending snowstorm, nearly solitary. I heard no voices, no quick footsteps of men or children. I met no familiar face, no look of welcome.'

And again she says:—

'What Toronto may be in summer I cannot tell; they say it is a pretty place. At present its appearance to me, a stranger, is most strangely mean and melancholy. A little ill-built town on low land, at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church without tower or steeple; some Government offices built of staring red brick in the most tasteless vulgar taste imaginable; three feet of snow all around, and the grey, sullen, uninviting lake, and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect. Such seems Toronto to me now.'

This picture will be new to many of the residents of the Toronto of the present day. In May, Mrs. Jameson writes:—

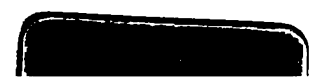
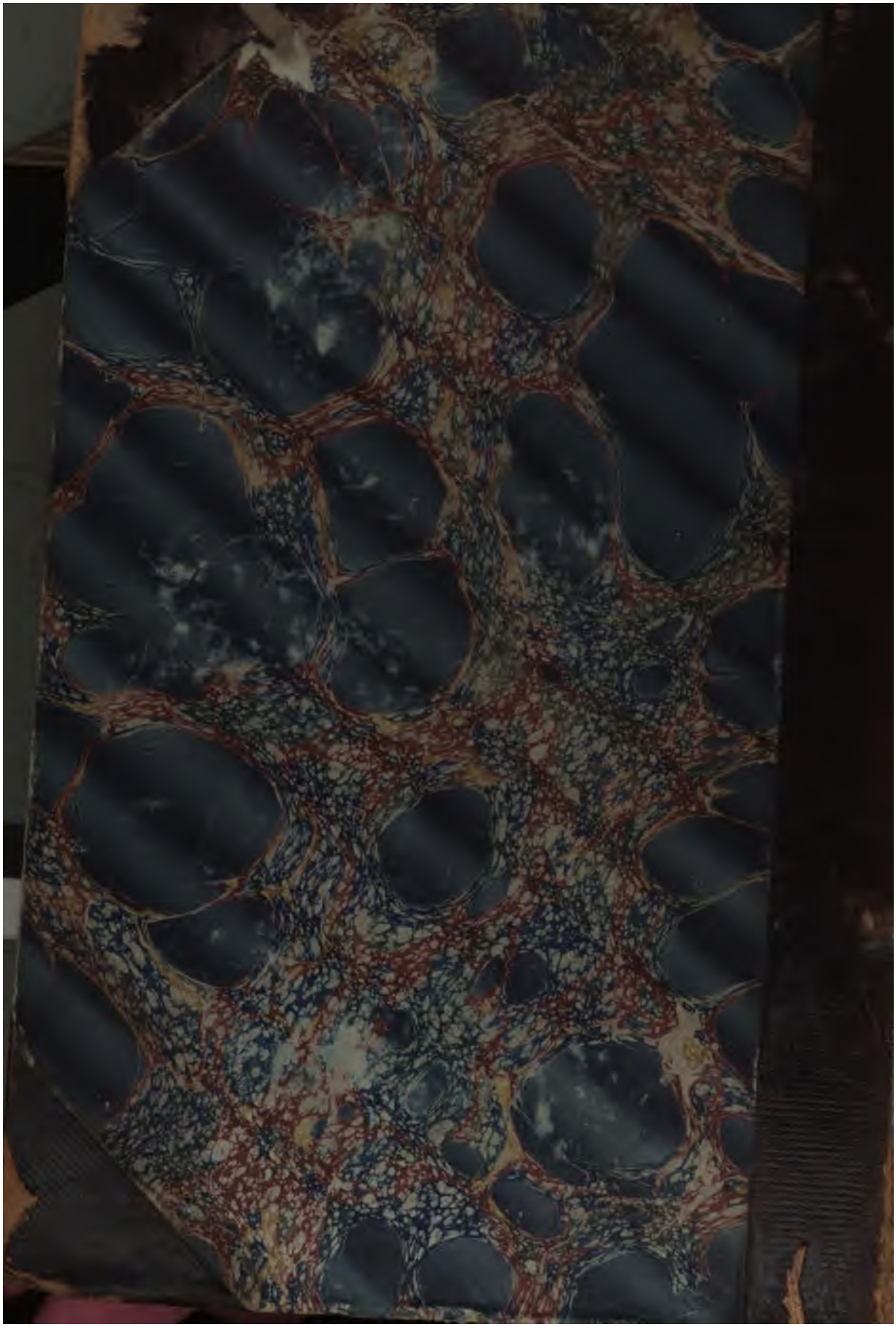
'This beautiful Lake Ontario—my lake, for I begin to be in love with it, and look on it as mine—it changes its hues every moment, the shades of purple and green fleeting over it, now dark, now lustrous, now pale like a dolphin dying, or, to use a more exact though less poetical comparison, dappled and varying like the back of

a mackerel, with every now and then a streak of silver light dividing the shades of green. Magnificent tumultuous clouds came rolling round the horizon, and the little graceful schooners falling into every beautiful attitude, and catching every variety of light and shade, came curtseying into the bay; and flights of wild geese and great black loons skimming away, sporting on the bosom of the lake, and beautiful little unknown birds, in gorgeous plumage of crimson and black, were floating about the garden; all life, and light, and beauty were abroad, the resurrection of Nature. How beautiful it was! How dearly welcome to my senses— to my heart— this spring which comes at last, so long wished for, so long waited for.'

These letters from Toronto are charmingly written, and later on she alludes to her 'ill-humoured and impertinent tirades' against the city she was doomed to leave with regret. Mrs. Jameson penetrated to the depths of the Indian settlements, and explored Lake Huron. Her life in Canada was a very stirring one throughout, and this part of the biography will interest Canadian readers especially. The authoress spent some time in the United States, and at Boston she met Father Taylor, Miss Sedgwick, and several other people of note; and in the early part of spring, 1838, she returned to England, and went to reside at her sister's.

This biography is very attractively written, and accounts are given of Mrs. Jameson's literary life, the eminent persons with whom she was brought into contact, and letters from distinguished people appear at frequent intervals. There are anecdotes, too, about her books, how they came to be written, her trials, misfortunes, and successes, and many other things of interest; and, in the Appendix, Mrs. Jameson's able paper—the one she contributed to the *Art Journal*—on John Gibson is given.

Few books have been written which appeal more directly to the reader's sympathies than this kindly memoir of a noble woman, written by an equally gentle lady, in the last days of a grief-stained life. We have only words of praise to bestow upon it. The great delicacy with which the veil is removed from certain unfortunate circumstances in the life of the accomplished author of 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' must commend the book to all persons of sensitive and delicate minds. A portrait of Mrs. Jameson, at the age of sixteen, forms the frontispiece to the volume.

One of the most dramatic stories which we remember to have read is 'Remorse,'* a really powerful romance of the very highest order. It is from the French of Th. Bentzon, and forms No. xiii. of Appleton's Collection of Foreign Authors, and is translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is artistic throughout and brilliant, the plot is skilfully constructed and carefully elaborated, but the morality of the story is quite another thing. When we say that it is 'Frenchy,' perhaps the reader will understand what we mean. The story—which is a perfect study of itself—reveals impassioned glimpses of human life, and the subtle workings of the heart. Its movement, incident, and spirit, and character drawing belong only to the great novel, and *Remorse* is certainly a great novel.

* *Remorse; a Novel.* From the French of Th. Bentzon. ('Collection of Foreign Authors, No. xiii.') New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.